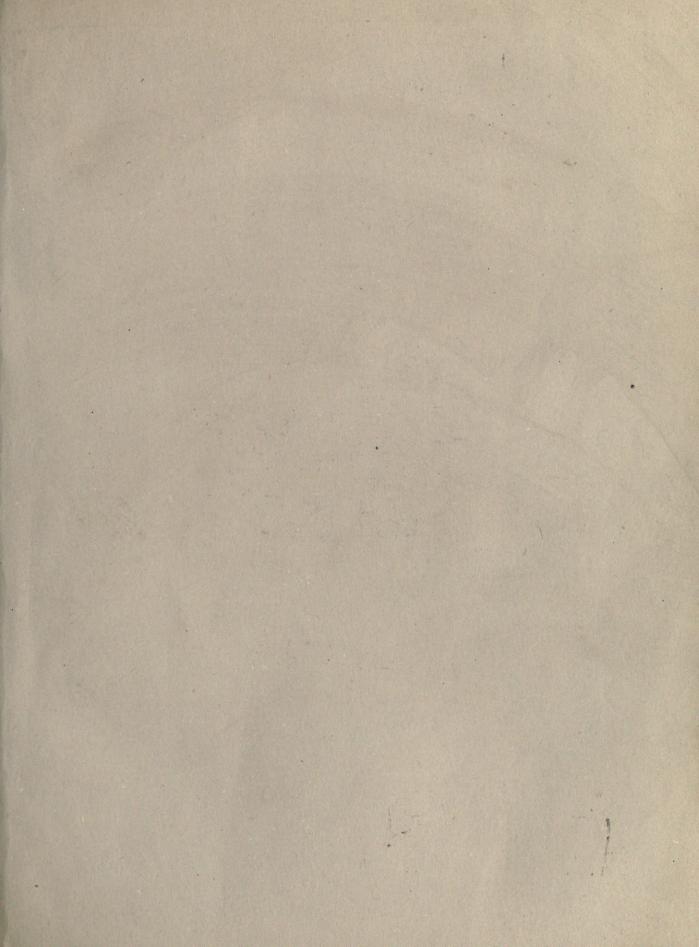
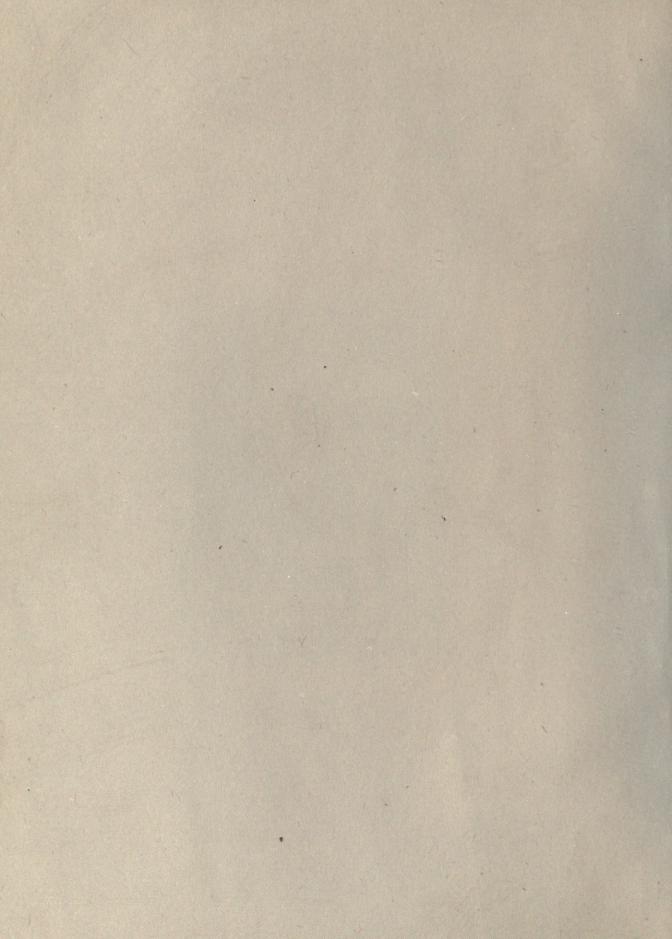
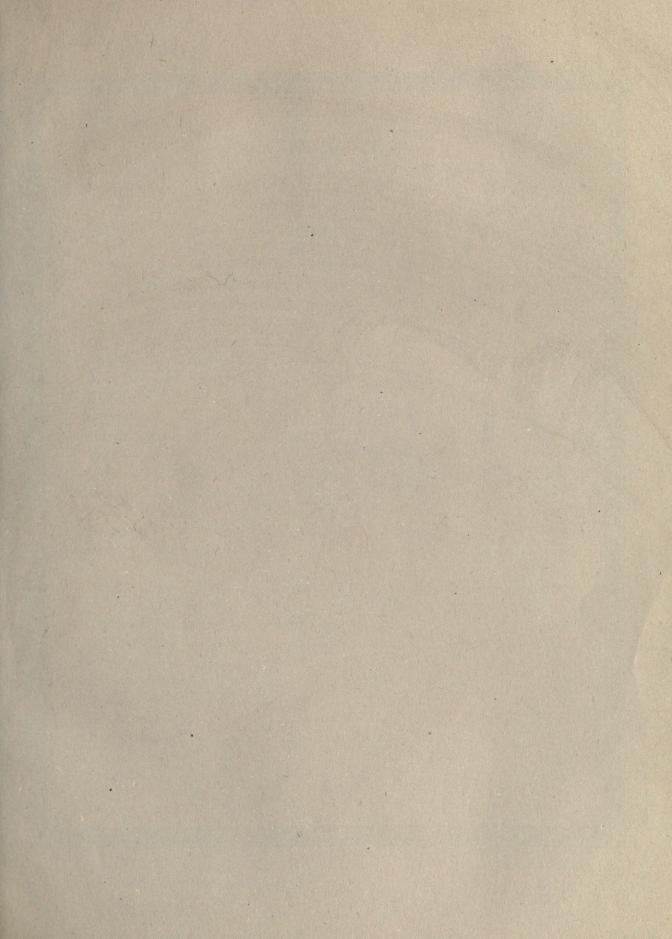


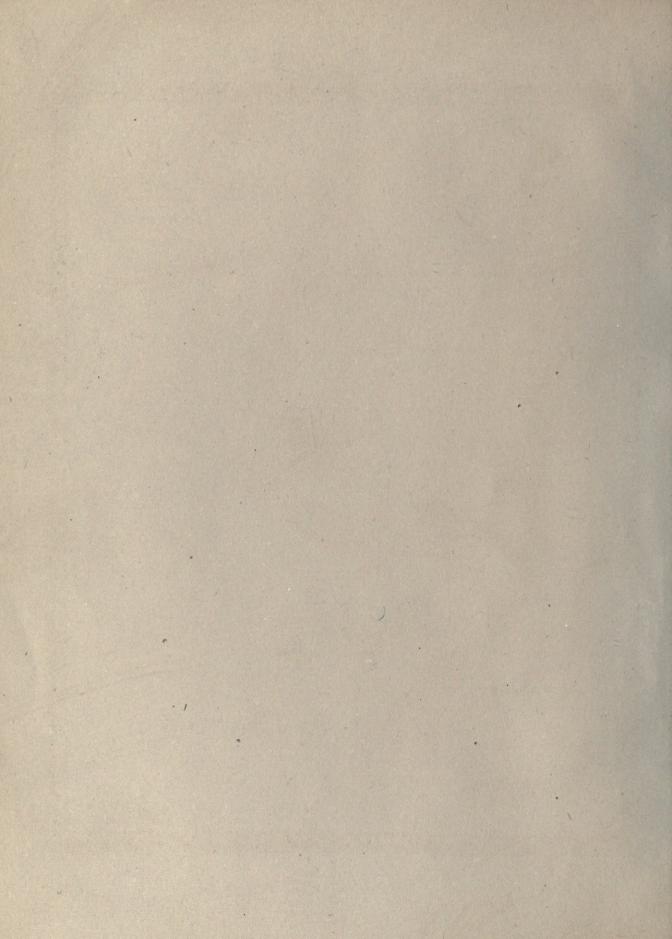


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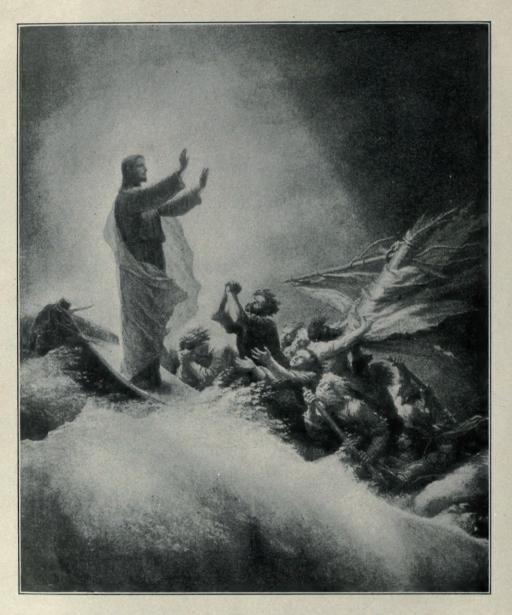






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"When tempests toss and billows roll.
And lightnings rend from pole to pole,
Sweet is the thought to me,
That one day it shall not be so;
In the bright world to which I go,
The tempest shall forget to blow;
There shall be no more sea."



# RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing-a woman perfected

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## Dewman.

OFTEN heard the late venerable Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, N. Y., relate how he once visited Newman at the time when he was under the cloud; and the Bishop used to add that he was so touched by the union of humility with genius that he could have fallen down upon his knees at Newman's feet and kissed them. Those who knew Bishop McOuaid will remember that he was by no means prone to kissing people's feet indiscriminately; I myself never · knew him to do it, unless perhaps on Holy Thursday, for he was a man naturally of high and fiery spirit, although at the same time he had a very affectionate, tender heart which he carefully concealed, and in his old age he became like Moses a very meek man. But he never could admire any but the highest human excellence.

Do you like to form pictures in your mind of your heroes? I always do. When I read about any great man, I am as anxious to know exactly what he looked like, as Tennyson was to have a portrait of Shakespeare. Froude, the historian, who was at Oxford when Newman was between thirty-five and forty, told us long ago that he was "above the middle height, slight and spare, and that his head was large, and his face remark. ably like that of Julius Cæsar; the forehead and the shape of the nose and ears were almost the same; the lines of the mouth very peculiar, and I should say, exactly the same." Mary Anderson (to call her by her best known and best loved name) who saw him in his old age, says that the eyes were light in color, small but full of expression, and that when he smiled they had the look of a boy of ten, and when he jested they twinkled with merriment. I am enabled to add to this, by the courtesy of one of the Oratorian Father, that the exact color of the eyes was blue-grey and that his hair in youth was brown. These notices concerning the eyes will perhaps remind you (for the readers of The Rainbow are learned in poetry) of a fine and delicate observation of M. Arnold about some eyes that he once admired in a light, poetic way:

Eyes too expressive to be blue, Too lovely to be grey.

But those eyes, you will say (for I know you remember all about the poem) were a lady's But then there generally is something feminine, as Coleridge reminds us, in the face of a man of genius. Milton was nicknamed "The Lady" at Cambridge, and Virgil was called at Naples "The Maiden." Newman in his Oxford cap and gown reminded Aubrey de Vere, when he first saw him entering a room, of some high-bred great lady, and then of some monk of high birth from the Middle Ages, whose asceticism could not quite conceal his distinction and elegance. "He entered very swiftly and quietly, with a kind of balance of the figure, like a very great lady sweeping into the room. He is the most monkish-looking man I ever saw,very dignified, very ascetical,-pale and thin almost to emaciation, and so very humble and gentle in manner that it would almost have the air with which the Jesuits are reproached (you will remember that De Vere then was not a Catholic) if it were not accompanied by an equally remarkable simplicity. . . . There was a kind of virginal remoteness, mixed with extremely tender grace. . . . He was swift of pace, but when not walking intensely still. When touching on subjects which interested him much, he used gestures rapid and decisive though not vehement. . . . His forehead is very high but not very broad."

"Newman's natural temperament," writes Froude, "was bright and light; his senses, even the commonest, were exceptionally delicate. I

was told that, though he rarely drank wine, he was trusted to choose the vintages for the college cellar. He was careless about his personal prospects; he had no ambition to make a career or to rise to rank and power. Still less had pleasure any seductions for him. He could admire enthusiastically any greatness of action or character, however remote the sphere of it from his own. Gurwood's 'Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington' came out just then. A friend asked Newman, who had been reading it, what he thought of it. 'Think?' he said, 'it makes one burn to have been a soldier!' His mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything that was going on, in literature, in science, in politics. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial, if it threw light upon the central question. He studied modern thought and modern life in all its forms."

After seeing Newman perform divine service and preach in St. Mary's, De Vere added that he looked like a very young man made old by intense study, and noticed that his reading (and remember that the sermon as well as the prayers was read) was beautiful, "a sort of melodious, plaintive, and rather quick half-chant; the voice sweet and pathetic, and so distinct that you could count each vowel and consonant in every word."

Gladstone, who was at Oxford in the years 1829-31, inclusively, describes Newman's preaching thus: "His manner in the pulpit was one about which you would arrive at a very unsatisfactory conclusion if you considered it in its separate parts. There was not much change in the inflexion of the voice; action there was none; his sermons were read, and his eyes were always bent on his book; and all that, you will say, is against efficiency in preaching. Yes, but you take the man as a whole, and there was a stamp and a seal on him; there was a solemn sweetness and music in the tone; there was a completeness in the figure, taken together with the tone and with the manner, which made even his delivery, such as I have described it, and though from written sermons, singularly attractive."

Froude, who heard his sermons, from six to ten years later, thus describes them: "No one who heard Newman's sermons in those days can ever forget them. They seldom were directly theological. Taking some Scripture character for a text, he spoke to us about ourselves, our temptations, our experiences. He seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us, as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in a room. A sermon from him was interesting from its originality even to those who were careless of religion; and to others who wished to be religious, but had found religion dry and wearisome, it was like the springing of a fountain out of a rock."

Matthew Arnold, who could not follow Newman into the Catholic Church, and who strayed far enough away into the wilds of German pantheism and German agnosticism, thus speaks of the golden days of the Movement: "Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music,—subtle, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still, saying "After the fever of life, after wearinesses and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, langour and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state,—at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision." Or, if we followed him back to his seclusion at Littlemore. that dreamy village by the London road, and to the house of retreat and the church which he built there,—a mean house such as Paul might have lived in when he was tentmaking at Ephesus, —who could resist him there either, welcoming back to the severe joys of church-fellowship and of daily worship and prayer, the firstlings of a generation which has well-nigh forgotten them? Again, I seem to hear him: "The season is chill and dark, and the breath of the morning is damp, and the worshippers are few; but all this befits those who are by their profession penitents and mourners, watchers and pilgrims. More dear to them that loneliness, more cheerful that severity and more bright that gloom, than all those aids and appliances of luxury by which men nowadays attempt to make prayer less disagreeable to them. True faith does not covet comforts; they who realize that awful day, when they shall see Him face to face Whose eyes are as a flame of fire, will as little bargain to pray pleasantly now, as they will think of doing so then."

Newman was a shy man, though less so than Addison or Peel or the younger Pitt, and a sensitive man, but much less so than Tennyson. "From a child," he wrote to a friend, "a description of Ulysses's eloquence in the Iliad seized my imagination and touched my heart: 'When he began, he looked like a fool.' This is the only way in which I have done anything."

Perhaps, as Macaulay says of Addison, Newman's modesty and shyness had the effect of making him more loved and less envied than a bolder man with such talents would have been.

But with all this, there was in Newman great force, energy, and tenacity. "I have often thought of the resemblance to Cæsar," says Froude, "and have believed that it extended to the temperament,"—to the temperament, not to the genius, for Newman had not either the military or the political gifts of Cæsar. But "in both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper wilful and imperious but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers, and in both cases, too, perhaps the devotion was rather due to the personal ascendancy of the leader than to the cause which he represented. Credo in Newmannum was a common phrase at Oxford. . . . The simplest word which dropped from him was treasured as if it had been an intellectual diamond by hundreds of young men. He seemed to be always better informed on common topics of conversation than anyone else who was present. He never was condescending with us (undergraduates), never didactic or authoritative, but what he said carried conviction with it. He was interesting because he never talked for talking's sake, but because he had something real to say. Perhaps his supreme merit as a talker was that he never tried to be witty or to say striking things. Ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. Not a malicious anecdote was ever heard from his lips. Prosy he could not be; he was lightness itself-the lightness of elastic strength."

The parallel to Cæsar, as I have said, must not be misunderstood. Newman did not desire high place or power either in Church or state; he never would be the leader of a party. The influence which he desired was in the propagation of principles and sentiments and the formation of character. "I have taken this long penance of slander and unpopularity which had been on me for thirty years," he wrote in 1864, just before the occasion of his Apologia, "nay, rather I have taken it almost from the time when that thirty years began, and have said so, indeed, more or less clearly in print,—as the price I pay for the victory, or at least the great extension, of those principles which are so near my heart; and I think I shall go on paying it while I live, because I trust that soon after my life those principles will extend."

The position of Newman and his followers in relation to the other three parties in the Church of England,—the Evangelicals, the Latitudinarian or anti-dogmatic party, and the Erastians—has been compared to that of the first disciples in front of the Pharisees, the Sadduccees, and the Herodians, and certainly serves to illustrate it for us.

Newman owed none of his success in any sphere to the arts of the politician or the man of the world. He was a simple, honest, straightforward, chivalrous man, with a temper naturaly impetuous, and a great love of fairness. He has by nature the temperament of the poet and the philosopher. But the literary strain was completely subordinated to religion; nay, so ascetical was he that from the time when, afterhis conversion, he went to Rome to study, he denied himself for as many as fifteen years the pleasure of the violin; a piece of self-denial of which he afterwards disapproved because music enabled him both to sleep better and to write more freely.

And now before I conclude this, I know my readers would like to find something in Newman at which they might smile. He could make a bull like any of the rest of us, for he says of a sermon which he heard preached at the opening of a church that it was "half screaming, half bellowing, and half whining," so that here you see, there were three halves within one whole.

How did the story arise, you will ask, that

Newman was by descent a Dutch Jew? This story well illustrates the growth of a myth. Newman had a Roman nose, which in his old age naturally grew more pronounced in form. writer in the Encyclopædia Brittanica for some reason or whim suggested that he might be a Besides this, his mother's family left France for Holland in the beginning of the seventeenth century, remained there half a century, and then came to England, where his mother was born, and perhaps her father, too. There are Dutchmen named Newmann, and some Jews in Holland have taken that name. On this foundation, a brilliant novelist, writing a literary life of Newman, coolly imagined that the English Newmans were Dutch Jews, and deduced a priori all Newman's intellectual characteristics from the Jewish national character. Such is the manner in which too often history is composed by writers who have not imagination enough to create a poem, but have enough to spoil a REV. M. J. RYAN. biography.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY.

## A Rainbow Mosaic.

A slave in Rome-each day Marked by abuse and toil-Such was Callina's life. But on the tears distilled From her sad heart, by pain, And want, and woe, there shone A Great White Light—her love For Christ, the Lord—and formed A rainbow glorious With virtue; for faith was The blue, hope, the yellow, And charity, the red. Purity was the green, Fortitude, indigo, Truth, orange; and that sweet Humility of heart Christ taught in Galilee. Was richest violet.

WOODLAWN.

ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.

#### The Rainbow Bnight.

Long, long ago in the days of knighthood, there lived a young noble, Alston, who, when the time drew near for his entry into the tournament, to prove his ability and merit for the title of knight, went to an aged and holy hermit, living in a cave on the mountain side to ask for suggestions concerning an emblem for his shield. While conversing, a light, soft, summer rain began to fall. Suddenly in the sky appeared the beautiful rainbow—symbol of hope, shining through defeat, joy through sadness-and the hermit pointed to the heavenly arch saying, "There, my child, is an emblem fit to emblazon the shield of a knight, but stay, it must needs be sought for and merited. Note the blending colours of the bow and list while I tell you their signification. For the red you must gain bravery and the pure spirit of love; for the orange, generosity and strength; for the yellow, piety and knowledge; for the green, hope and enthusiasm; for the blue, honor and devotion to Our Lady; for the indigo, dignity and steadfastness in sorrow and perhaps temporary defeat; and for the violet, modesty with the humility requisite for bearing gracefully the honour which will come to you if you are worthy. Then, when all these are won, there at the foot of the rainbow you will find your 'pot of gold.'"

On hearing this the youth went forth and strove manfully to gain the qualities signified by the emblem, and his fame went far and wide as the Rainbow Knight, "Sans peur et sans reproche." He was indeed honoured by all men and when the time came for him to lay down the shield and resign his soul to his Maker, ah! then he found the pot of gold, the reward of a pure and blameless life, the treasure of eternal happiness.

LIDA PIRRITTE, '18.

LORETTO, ENGLEWOOD.

#### The Rainbow.

It was in a green valley of Wales, on a beautiful fresh May morning, that I heard the pretty legend of the rainbow. May had just come upon the world and trailed her shimmering green and silver robes all across the valley. The warm spring sun set a golden diadem upon her fair young brow. A light shower had bedewed the grasses over night and a chain of sparkling jewels—the rainbow colours in all their exquisite beauty—hung from the heavens.

I sat upon a grassy knoll and my heart overjoyed in the world's beauty, till I was startled by a very slight movement in the grasses close by. I looked around and my fascinated eyes beheld a small brown figure walking towards me. It appeared to be that of an old man, a very little old man, about five inches high, with a dark, wrinkled face, and clad in brown velvet from head to toe. He walked quietly towards me and seating himself on a flat stone at my feet, regarded me with interest. I gazed at him openmouthed. He was very fat and brown and friendly, but had I come upon him lying prostrate in a marshy place, I should have called him a mushroom!

Presently he opened his tiny mouth and spoke in a shrill voice, as absurdly small as himself.

"I saw you looking just now at our rainbow and I knew you were admiring her as all mortals do, so I am going to tell you a story about her."

He settled himself more comfortably and dangling his small brown feet in the air, began his story in the way that all good stories are begun.

"Once upon a time, long years ago, when God set the rainbow in the heavens as His holy covenant, the rainbow was very naturally proud of her position. Soon she began to dress in more gaudy colours and to look with scorn upon the world beneath her. Why, Cousin Fungus, upon yonder tree-stump, says it hurt his eyes to look at her, dressed as she was in gorgeous violets, greens, sapphires and flame-colours!

"Well, the time came when the big pot of gold which lay at the foot of the rainbow and whose contents she had been using to obtain her gay dresses, yielded its last treasure and lay there sadly empty. Then our rainbow saw the folly of her past conduct and made a resolution to become modest and gentle instead of bold and scornful. Accordingly, she asked the South Wind to aid her and it lifted up the end of her bow and tipped out upon the world below all the seven pools of glaring colours.

"The sleepy, white poppies by the fence in the hay field woke up and caught the crimson, the laughing sunbeams bore the glints of orange away for the most beautiful sunset, the yellow fell straight into the hearts of the field daisies and turned them to gold. A little corner of the desert found the green and made of itself an oasis; a baby cloud floating by, caught up the blue and sailed away with its gift for the summer skies; and a vellow pausy stained half of her velvet petals with the violet.

"Then a very wonderful thing happened. The rainbow found that in spite of all the lovely garments she had given away, she herself was more beautiful than ever and the pot of gold at her feet again brimmed over with treasure. More than that—a wonderful new thought was born in her heart. 'More blessed,' it ran, 'More blessed to give than to receive.'"

The little voice stopped and I opened my dreamy eyes. I stared at the place where the little brown velvet man had sat, but it was empty. I looked up and the rainbow, too, had vanished from the heavens.

Annie Sutherland.

LORETTO, GUELPH.

#### The Rainbow.

Now there was a land, wherein dwelt a people wondrous wise, full of the results of labour,—either their own or handed down by some ancient amiable ancestor. But there was one among them who knew all things; so wise was she that she was feared and respected throughout the land. So wondrous was she that even the almighty gods bowed down before her, and Hermes made countless trips from Olympus to the abode of this mortal. 'Twas whispered that Athene had presided at her birth, and no one has ever dared deny it.

On a day, when she sat resting on Parnassus, looking out over the world, she beheld a strange people, who were making a great moan, and among whom there was much bloodshed and cruelty. The kind lady suffered much as she gazed on so sad a spectacle. Thanks to the fates, Hermes chanced to pass by. She called him to her, and bade him tell her who these people were, and why Zeus was so blind to the misery of his children. Hermes was used to "posers," and after the manner of his legal votaries had ever a reply on his lips.

"Most august child of Demeter," he made answer, "those unhappy peoples are awaiting your holy words of wisdom, which have been denied them so long. Do but look upon them, O beloved of Athene, and behold, there shall come in their stead a people wise and widely ruling. Look but in the Pierian Spring, and what you shall find therein shall be yours. Write thereon the words of wisdom and a world shall be saved. Sic volvere Parcae."

He vanished. She hastened through Thessaly

and arrived at the Pierian Spring where a multitude of youths and maidens were drinking deeply of the sacred waters. Eagerly she bent over the holy place, and beheld, deep down, something which seemed composed of all the colours in the world, exquisitely blended. As she gazed at it, it slowly rose to the surface, and spoke in accents which might have shamed almighty Zeus himself.

"O thou blessed mortal, I have been kept in bondage since the world began, until thou shouldst be born and be ready to begin thy mission. Without me much that thou hast been destined to do will remain undone. Behold, I

am thy servant."

Up it came, this wondrous thing, filling the air with beauty. Inspired by Athene she cried, "Lo, men shall know thee as The Rainbow, for thou wast born of water. I shall open to thee the gates of knowledge, and the fruits thereof thou shalt spread throughout the world."

Out it flew, this glorious centre of light, and the world was filled with a great peace and joy, and men bowed down before this most glorious gift of the gods. Zeus, looking down, smiled complacently, and the whole creation resounded with the chant of celestial voices in praise of her who gave to the world The Rainbow, "O terque quaterque beata, tu mater sapientiae!"

ANGELA O'BOYLE, '18.

LORETTO, SAULT STE. MARIE.

#### The Rainbow.

Like every little child, I often wondered what a rainbow was. Did some angel drop his scarf as he flitted by, or—what was that calling? Then I heard the answer from I know not what. "I am a little water prism, glistening with colors that vary from violet to red, produced when a ray of white light strikes me at a certain angle. I break that light into the colors that gleam in the veil that stretches across the heaven. There are countless numbers of us thus changing white streams into this symbol of peace, the promise that water would give beauty, but not again destruction to the whole earth. Cannot that band of blue recall to your dreamy gaze a starry sky stretching over shepherds and sheep? Cannot the yellow bring visions of the lonely stable overflowing with the radiance of glory?"

Then I saw that the red could symbolize the

love that brought our God to earth, it could recall to me the tiny Babe that stretched out His-Arms in the blessing: "Peace on earth, good will to men." Yes, Rainbow, I understand now, you mean love, you mean harmony, you mean SARA MORTIMER, '18, peace.

LORETTO, ENGLEWOOD.

#### The Rainbow.

Like gladness coming after sorrow, the rainbow appears after the rain: An emblem of joy it seems during its short visitations but it soon fades from one's view leaving behind it but a memory of happiness. A glimpse of the rainbow has often been compared to a vision of heaven. Its many-coloured beauty is symbolic of the many-sided joys of eternity. Just as an artist, who has once attained perfection, will never be satisfied by anything less perfect, so a soul with one vision of eternal peace will never cease to struggle for the celestial reward. As the poet says:

> "Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky When storms prepare to part! I ask not proud Philosophy To teach me what thou art; Still seem, as to my childhood's sight, A midway station given For happy spirits to alight, Betwixt the earth and heaven."

LORETTO, GUELPH.

MARTORIE CRAY.

#### The Rainbow.

God placed the rainbow in the heavens as a sign to Noah and all mankind that never more would He destroy the world by water, and as often as we look upon it, we are reminded of God's loving promise.

In the New Law of grace, God has given us Mary, that "Rainbow of hope to trembling mortals shown." Just as in the rainbow all the colours are harmoniously blended, so in her all the beauty and delicacy of spiritual light and color are blended. In the rainbow there is no colour harshly drowning another, but all in perfect harmony, likewise in Mary, every spiritual colour is sweetly perfect in its place. How refreshing is the sight of the rainbow after a storm! And in our lives are terrible storms, sometimes, in which we would surely be lost, were it not for

the love and care of Mary, a true rainbow of hope in all our trials.

MARY PORTER.

LORETTO, SAULT STE. MARIE.

How much does the word "Hope" mean to each one of us! It plays a most important part in the life of every man. If it were not for its rays which are capable of piercing through the blackest trouble clouds, I am very much afraid that despair would take its place in many, many lives. Do we ever stop to think of the symbol of Hope? It is the Rainbow, one of God's most beautiful gifts to man. Every time we see it in the sky, we are reminded of His promise, that never again will the world be destroyed by water. Its colours, which blend harmoniously, each of the seven shades melting into the one nearest it, present such a delicate artistic combination, that man's efforts to reproduce it in all its glory, fade into insignificance beside the original itself. Our School Review has the honor of being called "Rainbow." Its bright little stories have cheered many a dull hour. May it always be a beam of hope, sending its rays far and wide. even into the war-darkened lands beyond the sea.

EDNA CLANCY.

LORETTO, GUELPH.

## King William.

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge, his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was.

The pointed beard, the courteous mien, The equal port to high and low, All this they saw, or might have seen— But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest grey or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or crown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 'twas the king of England's kings!

The rest, with all their pomp and trains,
The mouldered, half-remembered things,—
'Tis he alone that lives and reigns.

T. B. A.

## The Catholic Atmosphere of Shakespeare's Dramas.

THE extraordinary and spontaneous celebrations staged over the English speaking world last April to pay honor to the memory of the great dramatist, William Shakespeare, were splendid manifestations of reverence and of admiration for the genius of the undisputed king of Elizabethan literature. People of every clime, complexion and degree entered enthusiastically upon these orations to a great name. Shakespeare, with the vision of a seer, anticipated in his "Julius Cæsar" the universality and popularity of the admiration of yet unborn generations for the marvellous productions of his genius. When Cæsar, struck to death by the hand of Brutus, fell at the base of Pompey's statue, Cassius cried out: . . . "How many ages hence shall this, our lofty scene, be acted over, in states unborn, in accents yet unknown." Only Shakespeare could have framed that sentence and now Shakespeare himself and his "Julius Cæsar" are being acted over by all the races of the world.

Perhaps the greatest tribute paid to the memory of the poet was that of Sir Sidney Lee who, in brief anticipation of the public ovations, contributed to Shakespearean literature "A Life of William Shakespeare." In this scholarly work of critical research the author apparently demolishes the foundations supporting the Baconian authorship of the plays and rejects as idle gossip the "irresponsible report that the poet 'dyed a Papyst.'" Father Thurston's clever article in the Catholic Encyclopedia on "The Religion of Shakespeare" does not affirmatively answer the question in favour of the poet's orthodoxy. Dr. Thomas Walsh in "America," (April 24, 1916) after carefully summarizing the testimonies for and against the Catholic belief of the dramatist. concludes his paper, "Was Shakespeare a Catholic?" with this positive statement:

"After this review of the evidence I cannot but conclude that Shakespeare died a Catholic but also lived one." Dr. Walsh's arguments, while not convincing, are very plausible and persuasive. The learned Doctor maintains that Shakespeare's mother lived and died a Catholic, and that "one of the prominent members of her

family (the Ardens) suffered death for the Faith."

There are extant two documents which, if their genuineness could be proved, would settle to a finality the religion of Shakespeare. These are (a) "The Tile Will" and (b) "The Davies Statement." The Tile Will is a parchment said to have been found, in 1770, under the tile shingles of a house in Stratford on the Avon, owned or occupied by John, the father of William Shakespeare. This statement, if authentic, would at least prove that William Shakespeare was baptized by a priest, and lived for a long time in a Catholic atmosphere. Father Thurston, who has examined closely into the matter, is inclined to believe in the genuineness of the document.

About seventy years after Shakespeare's death, the Venerable Archdeacon Davies edited the biographical works of Reverend W. Fulman, a Church of England clergyman. Archdeacon Davies was an antiquary and local historian, living in the county of Staffordshire. He was an Anglican clergyman, whose studies and researches carried him into old libraries and out of the way places. In his supplementary notes to Fulman's writings, the Archdeacon stated that a monument had been built in Stratford to Shakespeare, who "Dyed a Papyst." Adverting to this declaration Father Thurston writes: "It is by no means incredible, but it would be obviously foolish to build too much upon an unverifiable tradition of this kind." But Father Bowden, who wrote "The Religion of Shake'speare," ably contends for the reliability of the tradition, while Sir Sidney Lee attaches no importance to it. Dr. Thomas Walsh assures us that the Archdeacon is writing what he knew to be the truth, but Malone, having gone carefully into the matter, relegates Davies's statement to the scrap heap. So there you are. It's a case of "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

Before we begin to examine the internal evidence of the dramatist's religious belief furnished by his writings, we must advert to the traditional religious and moral laxity which, with rare exceptions, belonged and belongs to a stage-player's or actor's profession. We may also remark that the poet also lived in an age of religious transition when the prejudices and opinions of his time were so bitterly hostile to

"popery" that a deadly feud existed between the partisans of the old religion and those of the new formed creeds. Shakespeare, in his role of a popular dramatist, might, in harmony with human experience, have yielded to human frailty and to the prejudices of his day, and have exposed Catholic dignitaries, Catholic institutions, ceremonies and practices to the ribald laughter of the members of a dissolute court and aristocracy. He might have held up for ridicule the bishops and priests of the old and despised religion, and have pilloried before the public the members of their religious orders, did not some reason stronger than self-interest, impel him to withhold his stroke.

Now, along the whole range of his wonderful plays we do not encounter a solitary sarcasm, sneer, nor insulting remark, levelled against a religion which the Parliament of his time had vilified, condemned and stigmatized. His church dignitaries, his bishops, abbots and priests are from the mint of Rome, not from the new creed pulpits whose fulminations were a defamation.

Assuming that the religion of Shakespeare was known to his patrons and to the public of his day, we could not have received from his pen more accurate and faithful illustrations of Catholic life and character than those with which his dramas abound to the shame of Dryden, a professing Catholic. We find in his writings, apart from his "Hind and Panther," no Catholic atmosphere enveloping his religious characters. But Shakespeare's cardinals and priests, friars and nuns, are invariably introduced to us as honorable men and women, who invite our respect and admiration. In confirmation of what we may regard as the Catholic spirit of the poet, and in support of our contention for the Catholic atmosphere of his drama, let us illustrate our affirmation by a few examples selected from his plays. Note the respect for the character of a priest, and entire freedom from levity, in this passage from "Twelfth Night." While Olivia and Sebastian are discoursing, a priest enters the hall:

Olivia-

"Now go with me, and with this holy man, Into the chantry by; there beforehand, And underneath that consecrated roof, Plight me the full assurance of your faith."

Sebastian—

"I'll follow this good man, and go with you; And having sworn truth, ever will be true."

Olivia-

"Then lead the way, good Father; and Heavens to shine

That they may fairly note this act of mine."

In "Measure for Measure" how respectful and reverential is the manner of the Duke to Friar Thomas, in the scene when he asks the Friar to assist him in obtaining a monastic robe as a disguise. The nun, Francisca, and Friar Peter, in the same play, though comparatively unimportant characters in the drama, are presented under color in harmony with the sacredness of their vocation.

The Friar in "Much Ado About Nothing" is a dignified gentleman who gives expression to some of the finest passages in the play. Read the following striking language in which he champions the innocence of Hero:

Friar-"Hear me a little; For I have only been silent so long, And given away unto this course of fortune, By noting of the lady; I have marked A thousand blushing apparitions start Into her face: a thousand innocent shames In angel whiteness bear away those blushes; And in her eye there hath appeared a fire, To burn the errors that these princes hold, Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool; Trust not my reading nor my observation, Which with experimental seal doth warrant The tenor of my book; trust not my age, My reverence, calling, nor divinity, If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here Under some biting error."

"Good Friar," "Holy Friar," are the complimentary terms by which he is addressed by the actors in the drama, in seemingly direct opposition to the no-popery opinions which popularly represented the monks of the Catholic Church as types of vulgarity and sensualism.

It is the abbess who delivers these splendid lines on melancholy in the "Comedy of Errors": "Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue, But moody and dull melancholy, Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair, And at her heels a huge, infectious troop Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?"

Not even in English history has there been a more constant and perhaps effective mark for book and pulpit invective against Papist supremacy in England than the historic surrender of his kingdom to the Pope by King John, and his resumption of it as a fief of the Holy See. Here was an invitation to Shakespeare to yield to the "no-popery" spirit of his country by denouncing the papal legate, Pandulph, whose strong language and firm attitude compel the act of submission. We know from the temper of the times that Shakespeare would have been hailed with applause if he yielded to popular clamor and denounced as priestly insolence and usurpation the demands of the legate. Now how does the poet present Pandulph to his audiences in "King John"? Not, indeed, as an object of hatred, nor of ridicule, nor of contempt, but as a man in the full pomp of his legative character, and in the garb of historic and unvarnished truth. King Philip of France thus proclaims the entrance of the Roman dignitary:

"Here comes the holy legate of the Pope!" to which Pandulph replies in the language of grave and dignified authority:

"Hail, you anointed deputies of Heaven!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the Church, our holy mother
So wilfully dost spurn, and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee."

He who was so courageous as to frame such language for a vatican legate must have had exalted opinion of the authority and prerogative of the Catholic Church. King John challenges with haughty air the credentials of Pandulph, and the cannonicity of his summons, upon which the legate excommunicates the monarch. Here an opportunity opens for Shakespeare to hurl into

the face of the Roman legate insult and reproach from the ribald tongue of the bastard Falconbridge, but the poet does nothing of the kind; he suffers Pandulph to deliver, unattacked, his extemporary addresses. When the King, trembling for his own security, delivers his crown to the papal envoy, the language of Pandulph is full of proud dignity:

## Pandulph-

"Take again (giving John the crown)
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

It was my breath that blew this tempest up Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope: But since you are a gentle convertite, My tongue shall hush again this storm of war And make fair weather in your blustering land."

Even the anger of Louis of France, when the legate proclaims John's submission to Rome, expresses itself more in the language of strong protest than of disrespect.

Then notice how strictly in harmony with the character of a Christian prelate is the Bishop of Carlyle's dignified exhortation to Richard II.:

"Fear not, my lord; that power which made you king

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.

The means that Heaven yields must be embrac'd,

And not neglected; else if Heaven would, And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse; This proffer'd means of succour and redress."

The Archbishop of York in Henry IV. is too robust a member of the Church Militant to pose as a very edifying prelate, yet how finely Shakespeare unites the dignity of his office to his ardour for martial enterprise. And what a happy sentiment is expressed in these lines:

"A peace is of the nature of a conquest, For then both parties nobly are subdued And neither party loser."

The great dramatist might pardonably have yielded to the temptation to contrast the piety and subdued language of the Christian priest with that of the warlike and haughty prelate.

The play of King Henry V. opens with a strikingly dignified conversation between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely. Persuaded by the arguments of the Archbishop, the King declares war on France. Returning from the victory of Agincourt, Henry orders a public thanksgiving by a proclamation befitting a Catholic monarch. In Henry VI., Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, is a faithful portraiture of the haughty and ambitious prelate who, to attain his purpose, stopped not at crime itself. His participation in the burning of Joan of Arc excludes him from human sympathy. But, notice this, Shakespeare does not overcharge him with atrocity, but from the side of his unrepentant deathbed he draws this truly Catholic moral:

## King Henry-

"Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be; Lord Cardinal, if you thinkst on Heaven's bliss, Hold up thine hand; make signal of thy hope. He dies and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

Warwick, so bad a death argues a monstrous life."

## King Henry-

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all; Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close, And let us all to meditation!"

In Richard III. the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of Ely are characters more prominent in the pageantry than in the piece.

'Tis not easy to conceive a more delicate subject for the pen of Shakespeare to have attacked than that portion of Henry Eighth's life which covered the repudiation of his marriage with Queen Katherine of Arragon, and his espousals with Anne Boleyn. Had the poet wished to pay court to the reigning sovereign, he could have thrown around the affair less of the historic and more of a fanciful coloring.

It was easy to have minimized the argument in favor of the validity of Katherine's marriage, the nobleness of her personal character; to have blackened the character of Cardinal Wolseley; brought into more brilliant prominence the conduct of the subservient Cranmer; to add poetical embellishment to the conduct of Anne Boleyn, and to have given more plausibility to the imperious Henry's reasons for placing her beside

him on the throne. This method of dealing with the principal personages of his drama would have been pleasing and complimentary to Elizabeth, and would have suited the temper and spirit of the times.

Shakespeare, however, preferred to illustrate, not to distort history. For, from the reading of the play, the pivotal point of which is the divorce of the King from his lawful wife, which subsequently led to the separation of England from Rome, we are impressed with admiration and compassion for the injured Katherine and contempt for the meanness of her despotic husband.

How magnificent is her defence, when cited before the papal legate and assembled prelates, and how noble are the sentiments of the language of the dispossessed Cardinal in his fallen estate. Our deepest sympathy and commiseration go out to him in his humiliation, as we read his advice to Cromwell:

## Wolseley:

"When I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee:
Say Wolseley, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way out of this wreck to rising,
A sure and safe one, though thy master
missed it.

Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate
thee.

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st,
O Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King.

O Cromwell, Cromwell,

Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served the King, he would not in mine age Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Could any one have looked from the pen of a professed Catholic for expressions of sentiments more befitting the repentant last days of an ambitious prince of the Church?

In "Romeo and Juliet" how happy is the contrast of monastic calmness and philosophy, blending with the kindly sympathies of human nature, in the person of Friar Lawrence! Who does not feel that the "Benedicite" of the venerable priest falls on the hearing of the love-stricken Romeo with a soothing and beneficent sound? The consent of the Friar to unite the lovers in wedlock is grounded on the Christian hope of putting an end to the feud of two noble families. The subsequent device for rescuing the unhappy Juliet from the misery of a forced marriage, though calamitous in its results, proceeds from the sympathy of a tender and philanthropic heart. Even to minds darkened with prejudice against the religious orders of the Catholic Church, the noble bearing of the good Franciscan honorably commends itself.

Writing in an age when every tongue wagged against the invented abuses of the old Faith, which the Queen, her Parliament and her subjects had repudiated, and by law exterminated; when to denounce and calumniate her priests, her religious orders and institutions, was to increase his influence and popularity, it is singular and remarkable that without any exception, Shakespeare has taken particular care to clothe his ecclesiastical personages in garments of respectability. If he could not always, with historical accuracy secure for them admiration and reverence, he, at least, did what he could to shelter them from the storm of ridicule and contempt then enveloping his country. W. R. H.

## The Cherubim.

### " Theirs is the Bingdom of Beaben."

They are the flowers of Heaven, and their eyes

Are like young pansies fresh with morning

dew;

What things are sweet and innocent and true These are their kingdom. Every cherub tries To make of Heaven a playground to surprise

Earth-wearied hearts unto delight anew; With wings of gossamer they cleave the blue, Hasting to serve His will with glad surmise!

But chiefly by the open gates they throng, Waiting for baby souls that wander there; Them they make welcome, and entrain along And clothe with bright new wings and garments fair,

Then to the Throne they hurry with gay song And leave them safe in Mother Mary's care!

#### The Little Roads.

There are little roads in Heaven, just like those We knew in Ireland, set in hedge-rows fair, And banked with thyme and woodbine. Often there

Leading a band of children Mary goes,
Her feet are whiter than a snow-white rose.
Her cheeks are bright as berries. Free from

Her little charges shout, and laugh, and stare At every bee that hums and flower that blows!

And there are daisies to be garlanded,
And primroses whose perfume is divine,
Wild strawberries are peeking, creamy red,
And sloes and plums are glistening ripe and
fine.

How strange their mothers think that they are dead,

Those happy ones whose eyes with rapture shine!

#### To a Doung Poet Wibo Died Unknown.

He sang his songs unto the silent stars;
Tho' no one heard and no one cared to hear,
Yet still he chanted out his hope and fear
Till Heaven itself let down its golden bars.
And then he bared his soul and showed its scars
To the compassionate seraphim anear,
Who listened to his plaint, while many a tear
Dropped down and diamonded their bright
cymars.

And men, who had disdained his priceless songs, (Too gross their wondrous pulchritude to know)

Lost him forever—all their slights and wrongs
He straight forgot, for he was glad to go
Where, through the halls of heaven, applauding
throngs

Followed to hear his lyre's entrancing flow.

JAMES B. DOLLARD.

## Tenderness In Art.

HE stern virtues of endurance, chivalry and self-control find place in all good art; but in the clefts of these great rocks are found graces of amazing sweetness—fern and violet and primrose growing in shady corners.

They are called by many names, such as gentleness, meekness, loving-kindness, but their root is one. The last seems to include all the others in its ample folds. "It is a genuine, warmhearted, brotherly interest in whatsoever is important to others, sweetly covering up their faults with kindly wishes and thoughts." doubles the word again when speaking of His own pity, and adds tender mercies. In the Scripture these words gleam like daisies in a meadow, homelike and comforting. Ruskin thinks, that in art-if it be great and good-its first universal characteristic will be tenderness. and that "a tender rest in the loveliness of what they have learned to see in nature, betokens the true artist." Through the art of every age, the loving soul has expressed itself in its work.

A well-known writer on art singles out four artists who, to his thinking, embody this divine quality of tenderness in their paintings, in a special degree. Luini's exquisite ideals of motherhood are a source of endless delight. His hand brought out what his heart felt. One can always recognize his Madonnas by the atmosphere of love and purity and trust, he has created round them. A gentle sincerity lies behind every picture of Carpaccio's.

The Virgin, Babe, angels and shepherds of Botticelli might all stand as models of tender grace, the "Nativity" still leads in artistic sweetness as well as popular approval. Albert Dürer's direct and unfailing simplicity is the abiding charm of his pictures, and was the natural outcome of his beautiful, self-sacrificing life. We might add to the list the gentle painter brother, Fra Angelico, who brought heaven into the cells of San Marco, because it was already in his own soul.

Love in art at one time sat on heights of selfabnegation quite apart from every-day life. It has come down from its lonely pedestal, to mingle with, and to cheer the toiler at his work. The touch of the human hand and loving heart has been added. The choice of homely subjects and their sympathetic treatment, lure our working classes into our galleries and open to them new sources of pleasure.

The toiler himself, his rustic tools, and his work-a-day surroundings have provided material for some of our best pictures and it is small wonder that they reach and hold the affections of the people. The brooding tenderness of the word "loving kindness" at once suggests the Saviour and the child. The word pictures of the Gospel reveal childhood lifted from the dust tenderly and reverently, and placed next to the heart of its Lord. Art was at one time entirely taken up with the one perfect Child, His little companions, and the child-angels that attended Him. But art found out that all children are God's and she gives us lovely pictures of the innocence of childhood. With wonderful insight its charm has been made real. It moves and smiles on the wall, lifelike and natural. Art at one time favored beggar children, at another, conventional children. To-day, the child is coming to his own in the thought of the nation, in the care of the Church, and in the pictures of happy childhood that hang in our Nation's Galleries.

Painters seem to enjoy painting children. Sir Joshua described his "Strawberry Girl" as "one of the half-dozen original things, which no man ever exceeded, in his life work." Of Greuze's girls of tender age and childish beauty, the simplicity of his titles bewilders one. It is so difficult to understand just where the fascination of his picture lies. Only "A Girl with a Gauze Scarf"; or a "Boy with a Dog" and yet they are darkened by sorrow, or gleaming with joy. The painter touches every note of feeling, as he works. It is said that Turner, in his later years, went back to his boy's sketches and his boyish thought, and looked at them yearningly and tenderly. The flush of spring lay on them.

Not only does art busy itself with happy children, but the pathos of the sick or helpless child is nowhere more strongly and appealingly set forth than in a picture. Loving eyes moisten as they look at it. There, before them is the natural setting for the low-voiced and sweet ministries of tenderness. Sir Luke Fildes' wonder-

ful Doctor was a child's doctor. Full of compassionate love is the kind eye, the absorbed attitude, the silent waiting for the turn of the receding tide of life!

His strong presence may help it back. How gentle is his touch, how earnest his thought! To him it is a matter of life and death as well as to his suffering little patient. His utmost skill and his personality are bound over to all, but here there is a throbbing warmth, a loving-kindness, that touches all hearts. Cold indeed would the heart be that failed to respond to this "People's" picture.

Mr. La Thangue's picture, with the sadly suggestive name-"The Man with the Scythe" -throbs with the tenderest mother-love. The little invalid has been dressed and taken into the sun. The mother has come out of her cottage for another look at her darling. Her anxiety gives her no rest. Noiselessly she slips out and in, just to watch him. The thoughtful kindness that grudges no pains, that never tires, never relaxes-you see it all in her bowed figure, tense and all-embracing. Even while she watches a new fear comes into her face. Her hand tightens on the chair unconsciously. All her heart is in her eyes. She sees something she has not seen before. The father turning round for a last look, marks the lengthening pause, and shares the agonized suspense. It is only a thatched cottage, with its latticed windows and its stone-path—the parents are poor enough, it may be, but what a wealth of domestic tenderness dominates the scene!

And though the other Reaper, who severs and gathers the fairest flowers of earth, may be in the picture, though invisible, yet even in this canyon of sorrow there will spring up the fragrant flowers of gentleness, of trust, of submission, of heartsease. The picture understands mother-love and its patient, untiring devotion. The constant flow of tender feeling, and gentle words, and beautiful deeds, comes from an inward wholesomeness and graciousness of spirit. It is no shallow covering, its roots lie deep. It is as of one who has suffered and to whom suffering has yielded the promised fruitage of a softened and selfless nature, gladly ministering to others. M. HERRIES.

## The Call.

THE second year of the war was nearly finished; one half of the great world lay torn and bleeding and barren; one half laughed and sang along its pleasure-seeking way, forgetting the danger, the unspeakable horror knocking at its doors; forgetting those who were sacrificing their lives that it might live, and that all we hold dear might not be destroyed. "This is not our war, why worry about it?" they asked. "It is not our fault that Belgium is in ruins. That is their business, not ours. We could do nothing to prevent it," and so on. Ah, can we ever say before the Throne of Justice that it was none of our business, if the hands of tiny children were severed from their wrists, or worse still, if the means of their livelihood are taken from them, and they are compelled to eat their own flesh-or starve? Oh, what hypocrites we are, if we can stand off complacently and say, "This is not our war."

Edward Elmsley stood at the window of his studio, looking out over the great city as it lay under the gathering shades of twilight. It always seemed so calm and peaceful at this hour, after the strenuous day, and God seemed nearer to man, as if He were whispering—what? Those secret communings can never be put into words,—we do but feel them. It is as if God laid His hand upon our head, and we are content, supremely content for a moment. But some bright toy gleams in the distance. We tire of the soothing hand and rush madly after it and find—a bubble! Is that all there is in life, only bubbles?

By the world's standards, Edward Elmsley should have been a very happy man. It was but a few months since he had made his début into the musical world and the critics had pronounced him to be a leader of the age. All America was ringing with his name; he was sought after by the foremost in society and art, and as he was still a young man, he should naturally have been the man of the hour. But he was not happy; even his art which he had brought to such a pitch of perfection could not soothe him. What the cause of this strange sorrow was he could not tell. As he turned away from the window, he reflected bitterly that after all life was but

one toy after another, each seeming more desirable than the first, and none satisfying.

Not long afterwards. Elmsley left for an eastern Canadian city where he was to give a series of recitals. While there, he chanced to attend a patriotic meeting. He listened, half cynically, to the speeches, and thought the utterances of some rather far-fetched. But he remembered very vividly the picture that one man gave of the effect that this war is having upon the children in Europe; in Poland no child under six years of age is alive; in Belgium children have eaten their own poor little hands lest they starve. He described the scenes with such impassioned sorrow that women wept, and many a strong man blinked very hard behind the screen of a huge white handkerchief. At the close of the discourse, the speaker called for recruits, to be the champions, as it were, of these poor little ones. It seemed to Elmsley that every man in the house rushed up to the platform, eager to have his name signed. He himself had half risen, carried away, as he was, by the tense excitement of the moment, but he caught himself up, saying, "I am not one of these peoples, why should I go? This is not my country's war," and it was with this paltry excuse that he tried to ease the unrest in his soul.

The days passed. Elmsley's time was continually taken up and he had little left for anything save his art. But a new spirit had crept into his work; he seemed to play upon the very soul of his instrument, and as he stood upon the softly lighted stage, his violin tucked caressingly under his chin, through the melody would creep a sob, wild in its agony, desperate in its grief; the sob of-was it a little child left alone, suffering? the moan of a sorrowing, desolate people? Down in the darkened pit women sobbed, and big, strong men felt their hearts tighten and their eyes smart with unshed tears. Elmslev's fame was increasing. played what was in his heart, confiding to the soul of the violin what he could not express in words. To it and it alone could he voice the sadness, the darkness that was filling his soul.

One evening at twilight, the hour he loved best, he stood in his darkened studio playing he knew not what. The door opened and a strange, soft light filled the room. A man clad in flowing white robes, a cruel crown of thorns on his broad blood-stained forehead, and unspeakable agony in his eyes, approached Elmsley, who gazed at him in fear and amazement.

"You are unhappy, my son, yet I have given all that the world calls happiness; but you are starving your soul. I have called you to a nobler cause, but you do not listen. Happiness to you means death to all that this world holds dear; you are free to make the choice as you wish, but follow Me, and I will show you why I have called you."

He took Elmsley's hand gently in His and they went out together into the night. As they walked on farther, the wind blew with greater force, a freezing sleet whipped their faces, and Elmsley shivered beneath his wet clothing. Desolation everywhere; there were great holes in the fields and along the roads, as if some great wild beast in a fit of rage had tried to tear the earth asunder. A land of desolation it was, bleak, dark and cold. Elmsley felt sick at heart, and he was so exhausted that he stumbled and would have fallen had it not been for the strong arms of his Companion.

"You are weary, My son," He said, gently. "Do you wish to turn back? The way is rough and narrow; it is not too late to return."

"And you?" questioned Elmsley, "will you come back also?"

The Man looked at him for a moment, and Elmsley saw the tired lines in the pale face, the poor bruised forehead above the dark, sorrowful eyes; but as he looked in those eyes, shining with something not of this world, he read his answer before it was spoken.

"No," was the reply, "I am going on. There has never been any turning back in My life. Do not fear for Me. I am accustomed to being left alone."

The unutterable sadness in the Speaker's voice stung Elmsley like a whip, and he suddenly lost all sensation of weariness, and a feeling of exaltation filled his soul:

"Lead and I will follow you-to the end."

A smile of ineffable tenderness lit up the Man's face and His whole person radiated with light.

"I have not called in vain; one at least is with Me."

That was all, but it was enough. Suddenly a sound as of the distant boom of a huge gun

broke the stillness. The noise rapidly increased, and soon the air was lit up with sparks, and pieces of shell fell around them. One great fragment came whizzing through the air, and struck the Man on the right side. His face whitened with pain, and He staggered under the force of the blow; yet He spoke no word, but kept on. Elmsley thought, with a swift pang of compunction, that he might have averted the blow had he been quick enough, and he watched carefully after that, but it did not occur again. Now the noise was terrific; cries and groans mixed with the dreadful booming of guns and the sharp, quick report of rifles rent the air. On all sides lay the bodies of men, mangled and bleeding and piteous; some were dead, some dying, some moaning. One man, as they passed him, held a tiny crucifix in his hand and whispered "Jesus." Swiftly the Man knelt beside him, raised the poor bleeding head in His arms, and in a tone tenderer than all the music in the world, said, "Beloved, I am here." That was all; the form of the man stiffened, and he died in the embrace of his God. On they went, the Man comforting and healing poor, tired souls with the flame of His infinite love. German, English, French, Canadian, Bavarian, all were alike to Him; they were His children and He loved them and sorrowed over them.

In this field of death, among those who should have lived as brothers, Elmsley and his White Comrade stood. The latter looked about Him. He raised His arms slowly until He stood like a white, illumined cross and said slowly and reverently as in prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. Each tries to do his duty as he sees it; let not the whole be punished for the few who deserve it. Willingly yea, eagerly, do I receive the suffering which they are imposing upon Me. Only let not all that I have done in obedience to Your commands have been done in vain. Do not desert Me or My people." The prayer ended; the tumult abated for a moment, only to continue with increased vigor. The Man's face saddened, but He bowed His head, as if in submission, and passed on.

The scene changed. The air was still, still with that dread awaiting something, which is a thousand times worse than tumult. Somewhere near, Elmsley heard a child cry out; then an-

other and another, until the whole night was filled with a wild, sad sob.

Elmsley stumbled over something that lay in a heap. Stooping he found it to be a little child, or rather, what had once been a child and was now naught but a bundle of rags and bones.

"Papa, papa," she cried, in a weak little voice. "Oh, dear papa, I knew that you would come for little Collette. I prayed so hard to the good God to make you come. Papa, Collette is so

millionth part of the pain they bring to the hearts of nations, this world would be a better place, and men would not be so self-centered and ambitious.

Throughout it all, the White Comrade had moved silently, blessing and praying. To some He gave merciful death; others had missions to perform later in life, and over these He lingered lovingly.

Elmsley had followed Him silently, but the



THE DYING SOLDIER

hungry and oh, so tired, so—very—tired—" and the little head fell upon his shoulder, exhausted with the effort of speaking. The White Comrade bent down, touched his lips softly to the wan forehead, and Collette went to live forever with her papa, for whom she had waited so long and trustfully.

And so it was everywhere: children crying for food, for their mothers and their fathers. Ah, if those who cause wars could feel one selfish, worldly man had given place to a new one: a man who saw life as men make it, and who saw, in the person of his Companion, life as it should be lived. He felt wave after wave of rebellion and shame at mankind, that they should offend a God Who is so good. Humbly and silently he offered Him his life and his heart. The Man stood beside the body of a woman over which two children were weeping bitterly; the little girl patting the cold cheeks, and kissing

the still lips; the boy, with his arms around the lifeless neck, lay across her body. Perhaps he realized—war makes old men out of children. Silently He gazed at the pitiful scene, similar to hundreds of others. As He looked, His great heart seemed to break; tears coursed down the worn cheeks, and looking upwards as if He saw Someone, He cried, "Father, have pity. In Thy great mercy, hear Me and spare these My little ones. Though all mankind has deserted Us, the hearts of the children are still with Us. Let not their hearts be turned away also; but still, My Father, Thy will and not Mine be done for ever."

The infinite trust of the last words lingered as a benediction on the air. Elmsley with a cry sprang forward and fell on his knees before Christ.

"Tell me what to do; let me do something, however small, for You. I, at least, can not turn from You. Poor and despicable as I am, I offer myself to You. Never again while I live shall You say that the hearts of all men are turned against You, for with my whole heart, my whole soul and all my being I love You, and adore You as my Lord and my God."

The Man laid His hands gently on Elmsley"s head, and His eyes burnt into his very soul.

"Men do not care for My friendship, but rush madly after some petty passion which dies before the end of life. Compared to all the souls whom I have created and loved, My friends are very few; but those few remain My friends for all eternity, as you shall, My beloved."

The crash of a falling instrument and Elmsley was aware of perfect darkness. He felt blindly with groping fingers and struck the keys of a piano. Was it nothing but a dream after all? Ah, no, it must have been something more than that, and kneeling down he made again his humble offering.

The next evening Elmsley played at the Metropolitan. He seemed inspired; the violin sang and wept things that the world thought were secret and hidden. On and on he played, and the whole house sat as if turned to stone. The melody grew sadder, the movement slow and lingering; now it rose in a fierce, impassioned crescendo as if in rebellion, and now fell slowly and softly into the most delicate pianissimo, like

a farewell to one we love, our hearts well nigh breaking under the strain; then a few strong chords echoing the call of duty, and a brave "I will," and it ended.

After it was all over and Elmsley was home in his studio, he took out his violin, patting its brown sides lovingly, and sat down with it across his knees. How long he sat there he knew not, but it was only when dawn came racing across the sky that he arose. He packed his dearest possession in its case and laid it away with a few of his choicest treasures.

Six months later, Sergeant Elmsley was reported missing. A few of his men, who idolized him, volunteered eagerly to search for him. And there they found him on the dread No Man's Land, lying with his arm across the breast of a dead comrade. A small flask in his hand told the tale: Elmsley at the risk of his own life, had stopped to aid a wounded man, and had been shot through the heart. Together they had gone forth "God's Friends," into the Great Unknown. Elmsley had answered and fulfilled every obligation of the call.

ANGELA O'BOYLE, '18.

LORETTO, SAULT STE. MARIE.

## The Dision in the Chapel Dark.

KNELT in prayer. My thoughts ran to a tired soul whose anguish I well knew. How discouraged she was, and how sad! I sighed in the darkness there, to the God of consolation in His tabernacle home. I asked His blessing, His strength for her wearied soul. I dreamed a dream—or was it with wide awake eyes that I beheld? I know not. But as I knelt this I saw:

A Sister walked to the marble gates of the sanctuary—it was she. She knelt and bowed her head. Her frame shook with heart-felt emotion. She cried as if her heart would break. She was finding relief in her abundant tears. From where I sat on her right, and a little back of her, I could see, when she looked with loving confidence toward the little golden door, the pitiful, sad, tear-stained face; and, too, the tear-blessed hands which covered her face while she wept. I wondered if—no, I prayed that the Saviour would step out to console her.

Tears of joy, of holy ecstasy were mine, when in answer to my prayer-no, in answer to the vearning of the love-stricken heart of the virgin at the gate, the God of Heaven opened the little golden door. I saw her start. My heart stood still. Tears anew ran down her cheeks, and with love that seemed beside itself, she threw out her arms in a soul stirring appeal to her soul's All Was it a tear I saw in the Saviour's eye as He graciously smiled, and stepped down from the altar and walked to the sanctuary gate with His arms inviting her embrace? Her arms encircled His neck, her head rested on His breast, and again she wept and wept. He stroked her head as one would a loving child. At last she found her voice. "Dear Jesus, why do You not take me to Yourself. My heart is breaking to be with You. My every sigh, and my every breath is a sigh, is to leave this earth to be with You. You know I love You with all my heart. Take me, Saviour, take me. My trials are breaking my spirit, and though I offer them again and again to You, I long to begin my happy eternity." He gently lifted her head, saying: "Sister, look up." She looked, but lowered her eyes when she encountered the reproach in His. "Sister, do you love Me?" In startled anguish, like St. Peter she cried with heart-felt pain, "Lord, You know that I love You." "Then you wish to become more and more dear to Me?" She bowed her head in assent; no words would come. "Sister, you are ever growing more and more dear to Me, while you suffer with Me for the souls of others. I know your sacrifices, I know your pains. Each pang brings to Me a soul, which, but for your love, would never have known Me. Would you take from Me so great a pleasure— Would you be so-? No, you would not. You give joy to the saints, to the angels, to my Blessed Mother, to God the Father, to God the Holy Ghost, and to Me. You bring blessings without number to your community. Now, what is your wish?" With sobs she answered, pleadingly, looking up into His face: "My dear Jesus, forgive me. I had forgotten the lesson You Yourself taught me; not my will but Thine be done." head once more rested on His breast. He whispered: "Sister, you know that doing My will in all things is the surest way to perfection. While you try to do this I am always with you, blessing you, aiding you, and beautifying your soul by My sanctifying presence." He took her face in His hands, blessed her, and whispered a word I could not hear. A look of heavenly joy came over her countenace. She buried her face in her hands and wept. This time I knew that the tears were tears of joy.

When she raised her head she saw not her Saviour. He had returned to His throne of love. She prayed—thanksgiving it was. She kissed the marble of the altar's gate, and left the chapel.

And I—What did I? Again I had seen a vision. Dreams are not of such sort. At Mass in the morning I gave the Sisters communion. My hand trembled as I placed on the tongue of this spouse of our Saviour, the Saviour Himself. She noted my awe and suspected the reason, for now when I meet her in the corridor she acts the least confused. Her secret she feels is shared with another. Thank God we have such secrets to keep.

M. J. Blake, C. M.

## Royal Polunteers.

At last! At last!

Have Right and Wrong their gath'ring forces vast

Assembled to the trumpet's deaf'ning blast,
And laid aside their old disguise? Ah then,
In league the enemy to overthrow
Vast companies of volunteers I know
Of women as of men.

At last! At last!

The hour for compromise and parley past,
Their units now are must'ring thick and fast.
Adown the ages comes the mystic call,

"our King and Country—Heaven—need you now!"

"We're Thine," they answer, "Lord, by triple vow!

Thine till the heavens fall!"

At last! At last!

Can any doubt the sequel, or forecast Defeat? Look at their armour—'twill outlast

The utmost onslaught of their utmost foe! Heaven has proved their swords. Lo! they are shod

To tread the parapets of Hell—if God Will have it so. Rose Underwood.

## Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

Loretto Abbey, Wellington Place, Toronto, Ont.

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## Special Notice to Subscribers and Advertisers

Contributors and advertisers are requested to notify us if they fail to receive The Rainbow at the proper dates of issue. As the October number of The Rainbow was cancelled, owing to the illness and death of the Editor, advertisers are notified that the omission of their advertisements is made good in this issue.

Kindly notice the new address of The Rainbow office, quoted at the head of this department.

THE RAINBOW has much pleasure in presenting to its readers three brilliant contributions from the pens of a distinguished trio of men, whose names would grace the most pretentious periodical in the land. But condescension, especially to novices in the field of letters, being a characteristic of the truly great, it inspires more pleasure and gratitude than surprise.

To the first of this trio—Reverend M. J. Ryan, D. D., Ph. D., of Saint Augustine's Seminary, we are indebted for a learned pen picture of Car-

dinal Newman. He gives us a life-like portrait of the late Cardinal at new and interesting angles of vision. The simplicity and directness of Dr. Ryan's style excludes few from a share in his thought, however deep or erudite the subject that engages his pen. His intellect can soar but it can also perform the more difficult and the less practiced art of stooping, and this without any loss to the dignity of his theme—a feat, we all know, which few can accomplish successfully. That he succeeds in interesting both the big and the less big among his readers we are ready, upon demand, to give ample proof.

The second, one of Toronto's prominent men of letters-Reverend Dean Harris, received last spring from the Toronto University, the degree of LL. D. in recognition of his eminent literary work. Most appropriate and timely is his paper on "The Catholic Atmosphere of Shakespeare," the late performance of "Henry VIII.," by Sir Herbert Tree, having aroused such a storm of renewed enthusiasm in these wonderful plays. The Catholic atmosphere of this performance was strikingly evident, and must have impressed the audience, whether it pleased them or not. We recommend this essay of the Reverend Dean's to our readers as a wholesome antidote to our many biased text-books of literature. It is an earnest and faithful study of this subject, involving the principal plays of Shakespeare and presenting an interesting and convincing chain of evidence in favour of the poet's Catholicity.

Reverend J. B. Dollard, Litt. D., who completes this trio, holds the exceptional post of a "Prophet who is honoured in his own country" as well as in the land of his adoption. All true poets are prophets, whose office it is to reflect for those beneath them the gleam of their larger vision. Father Dollard has never wavered in his loyalty to this vocation and to the highest ideals of his art. We are fortunate in having secured from his pen three very fine sonnets. The last of these, could not we feel, in the face of the

warm appreciation its author has aroused, sound a subjective note. May we be forgiven for having stolen another sonnet on "The Sparrow," which seems to us to be more than usually replete with the author's peculiar charm and manner.

With no less pleasure and pride we notice that our sister-journal, The St. Joseph Lillies, has been from time to time the object of like favours from these eminent writers. We congratulate them upon this, as upon their other high achievements, while we reflect that though the fame of our patrons may not rest on our pages—our fame, The Lillies' and The Rainbow's—may well be assured us under such distinguished auspices.

We take this occasion of expressing our warm appreciation of the courteous relations maintained during all these years between the Editor and the publishers of The Rainbow. We learn from several quarters that this intercourse was never interrupted by misunderstanding or complaint. While making our grateful acknowledgement, we account this a matter for mutual congratulation, as well as an earnest of future harmony. The class of workmanship, quality of paper, typing and illustration, have been pronounced by expert judges, quite beyond criticism, if not the very best attainable.

"Robert Kane's Schooldays." The first of four books narrating Robert Kane's life. (Catholic Union and Times Press, Buffalo.)

A welcome addition to the library, in Catholic homes especially, this book should prove, presenting as it does, the everyday life of a normal, manly, though mischief-loving lad, in the surroundings of a truly Catholic home, and later, of a Catholic school.

A feature of the book which will commend itself to the boy reader especially, is that the playground is assigned a place befitting its importance, since it is on this arena, no less than in the class-room that the real character of the boy is revealed, developed, and tested. Robert Kane stands this test, and did his story exist but in the pages of a book, it could not fail to exert more than a passing influence. No boy can read this first volume without wishing to know more of Bob," and to follow to the end a career so full of promise.

The New Year will usher in a new book: The Life and Letters of Reverend Mother Mary Teresa Dease. It comes from the pen of Mother M. Bride, who was encouraged and aided in the accomplishment of this work by Very Reverend W. H. Harris, LL. D., whose foreword forms a valuable introduction, as well as an interesting historical setting.

(Life and Letters of Reverend Mother Mary Teresa Dease—Price \$1.50.)

"My Home in the Field of Honour." (Mc-Clelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto.)

This "simple narration of the woman left at home in her chateau sixty miles northeast of Paris, during the perilous times of the great retreat," in 1914, is told with charming simplicity and yet, with a vivid directness and vigor in keeping with its theme.

From the forced abandonment of the chateau, on the first alarm, until the return a fortnight later to a dismantled, ruined home (which bore unmistakable traces of its recent occupation by "Uhlans") we follow the recital with breathless interest through tragic experiences, and providential escapes from others still more tragic.

Now and then a touch of humour or of pathos relieves the tension and the writer's personality revealed incidentally, is not the least interesting feature of the book. An American in a foreign land, she has unbounded confidence in the protection of her Country's flag, in the event of invasion, and her resourcefulness in emergency is

only surpassed by the all-embracing kindliness to others in distress, which would not allow her to abandon even the poor little dog, chained and forgotten by others in the hurry of departure.

What speaks most eloquently from the pages of this little book is the heroism that saved Paris: heroism displayed by the French men and women alike in the splendid response to their country's call to arms.

"Jessie Alexander's Platform Sketches, Original and Adapted." (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto.)

To the appreciative public, to whom this volume is dedicated, and especially to those who have a personal acquaintance with the gifted author, the title, "Jessie Alexander's Platform Sketches," bears its own recommendation. In the "heart-to-heart" talk with which she prefaces her "Sketches," Mrs. Roberts announces her intention of retiring from the "Platform," and in graceful terms of acknowledgment to "the big, generous public" for the encouragement never denied her, gives her readers some charming reminiscences. The Sketches are selected, not so much for literary merit, as for their human qualities, and the volume is sent forth as a souvenir of "happy hours of relaxation," when the enthusiastic audiences imparted fresh inspiration by their response to "Wee Jessie's" efforts to touch the springs of humour or pathos in their hearts.

"The Catholic Soldiers' and Sailors' Companion." "The Catholic Policemen's and Firemen's Companion." By Reverend Thomas S. McGrath. (Benziger, New York; price, 50c each.)

The first-named volume, dedicated to "The Catholic Soldiers and Sailors . . . who do, dare, and suffer for love of country and flag," is an elegant "vest-pocket" edition of the necessary prayers for a practical Catholic, prayers at mass, confession and communion, etc., and contains besides a series of inspiring "talks," cal-

culated to keep alive that "beautiful, chivalrous courtesy" peculiar to heroes, and that "manly bravery and generous self-denial" without which no genuine service can be rendered to Church or State.

It comes highly recommended in a preface by Reverend P. Chidwick, chaplain of "U. S. S. Maine," who has in his own person given proof of his words in the preface, "Patriotism is best when blessed by the Almighty."

The second volume follows the same plan as the first-named, except that the "talks" are adapted to policemen and firemen, in whom it is no less necessary to find the loyalty and devotedness which religion alone truly inspires.

"The Mass and Vestments of the Catholic Church." Right Reverend Monsignor John Walsh. (Benziger, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.) \$1.70 net.

To Catholic readers this volume will prove a veritable treasure-house of information on matters pertaining to the various phases of the Mass, in rite, language, and usage, and all the elements involved in its celebration. Besides a full analysis of liturgy and an exhaustive treatment of the fruit and efficacy of the Mass, it contains the recent decisions of the Church, a point which will be of special interest to the reverend clergy. It is above all, a book for busy people, to whom its catechetical form will be an invaluable aid to its complete index, in locating specific information on the various subjects treated.

"The Wandering Dog." By Marshall Saunders. (Copp Clark & Co.; \$1.50.)

This appeal in behalf of the poor dumb animals who, instead of being used with care and kindness, are often sadly abused, should secure for them more consideration; and the zeal with which the writer pleads their cause might well put to the blush the indifference of many to the still nobler and more binding duty of effective sympathy with their poor, suffering fellow-creatures.

We record with feelings of deep sorrow and regret the death of our beloved sister, Mother Mary Filomena, late of Loretto Convent, Hamilton, and editor of the Rainbow since its inception. Her death came as a surprise to many who had not seen its slow approaches. After a gradual decline, extending over ten or twelve months, during which period she disregarded the seriousness of her state, she passed to her well-earned reward on the fifteenth of October, 1916.

A lifetime of close devotion to duty seemed ever to make the role of invalid impossible to Mother Filomena. Her whole life emphasized the superiority of mind over matter—the spirit over the flesh. Medical advice had to be forced upon her. Hence it became a problem for the Community how to impose the necessary health precautions. And yet, when the truth dawned upon her at last, her resignation was childlike and complete. It is pathetically significant that but one issue of the Rainbow, an organ which received its first impulse and attained its subsequent growth through her sole enterprise and labor, was omitted because of that illness.

Mother Filomena was always an important figure in the Community. During the many years she held the post of Mistress of Schools at Loretto Abbey, Toronto, as well as during her long teaching and editing career at Niagara Falls, she made numerous friends whose warm regard for her person and her rare qualities of heart and mind did not wane with time. Space will not permit a review of the many letters of regret and esteem which followed directly upon the news of her death, but we insert the following lines in prose and verse from the pen of a devoted friend and valued contributor to the Rainbow. They tell their own story:

"With the passing of Mother M. Filomena is lost to the world of letters a gifted writer, and to the world encircling Loretto an ideal woman, lady, teacher, and religious.

As an intimate associate in literary work for many years, I beg to testify to her memory, that Mother Filomena was the cleverest woman I have ever met. Her intelligence, super-keen, always, reminded me of that of a disembodied, flesh-freed, self-freed, spirit; while her interests and sympathies were worldwide, world-deep, and heaven-high.

Mother Filomena's 'mind' verified Carmen Silva's adage—'Study well the body; the mind is not far off.' That study could but result in allotting to that rare mind, all beauty, proportion, symmetry and grace.

Indefatigable attention to duty, utmost precision in her work, and appreciation of fast-fleeting time were characteristics of Mother Filomena's discharge of her duties, whether as editor or teacher. Worldlings saw in Mother Filomena the 'Grande dame'; but she prided herself upon being the true daughter of that country—that little green Isle—'Where the people pray much.'

Loretto's watchword—'Earth's noblest gift, a woman perfected,' seems ever to suggest our lost Mother M. Filomena.

## In Memoriam

My brain benumbed with grief
Guides my poor pointless pen with sad endeavour;
Hopes measure of relief
Will follow on my mourning numbers never.

My part was for an ear

Now cold in death and heedless of my weeping;

An eye that sheds no tear,

Forever closed, and in the grave's dark keeping.

All inspiration gone,
Bewildered, lone, and dazed, my loss deploring,
I wait another dawn,—
My inspiration and my Friend restoring!

IDRIS.

The following tribute to our beloved sister comes from the Press, which has had the work of printing her little magazine since its first adventurous number:

Quietly, unostentatiously, Reverend Mother Filomena of the Sisters of Loretto did her work. She was not known in the world, and still she was a wonderful woman. Thousands of girls who came under her benign influence will testify to this fact. Literature was her delight. Along this line she was so well informed as to be almost an infallible authority. Her conversation was an inspiration.

For years Mother Filomena had charge of The Rainbow, the official magazine of the Sisters of Loretto. She was as careful of its contents as if it were one of the most widely-read publications in the world. Every contribution was assiduously scrutinized by her ere it was turned over to the printer. Before publication every line was as carefully read. The result was that The Rainbow was as near perfection as it was possible to make it. She loved, too, the artistic side. The illustrations of her selection were of high merit. She was an excellent judge of good printing and any trifling inaccuracy was certain to bring mild complaint.

But with it all, Mother Filomena was a true nun, a real spouse of Christ. Highly educated, she placed all her wonderful gifts at the feet of Him whom she had elected to serve. Hers was a life of prayer, of good works, of kindness to and thoughtfulness for others.

The *Union and Times* extends to the order of which Mother Filomena was so devoted and shining a member its heartfelt condolence. We ask our readers to offer a prayer for the eternal repose of her soul. May she rest in peace.

"Cupid of Campion," by Reverend F. Finn, S. J. (Benziger Bros., New York and Chicago.)

The facts of life are not all of life, and ofttimes fiction, especially in the hands of such an artist as Father Finn, becomes a most effective medium for the presentation of the "eternal verities" that underlie all human life. A case in point is "Cupid of Campion," a romance of the Upper Mississippi, the setting of which is the vicinity of the well-known Campion College, Prairie du Chien. This "romance of childhood and innocence, and the sure guiding hand of Divine Providence," teaches its lesson of Truth, Goodness and Beauty incidentally, but none the less impressively.

The hero, Clarence Esmond, a lad of fourteen, "blithe, debonair, clever of speech, and quick of wit," fired with the spirit of the "divine knighterrantry of youth," sets out to seek the "brighteyed Goddess of Adventure," in which quest he is eminently successful.

Through a series of thrilling experiences—separation from his parents, hunger and cold, capture by a gypsy band, providential escapes from dangers "by forest, field and flood," etc.,—the youth claims our sympathetic interest, and charms us by a "gallantry that goes with high ideals, and a serene and lovely purity of heart."

The character of Dora, a child of twelve, radiant in the purity and innocence of a childhood in which faith and love have been its moulding influences, is a fitting companion-picture for that of Clarence. That the artist does not show equal deftness of touch in its execution is less a proof of inefficiency on his part, than the fact that the complex nature of the gentler sex, even in tender years, does not lend itself readily to analysis.

Amongst the other characters, that of the genial Rector is revealed somewhat dramatically, while the *real boy* is seen under varying situations, in Dora's brother Will, and the "amiable" John Reiler.

The Gypsy Camp furnishes abundant material

for depicting the darker side of life, besides forming a striking contrast in character grouping.

Naturalness and charm are intensified by a style in perfect keeping with the theme.

## Modern Gallantry.

HE twentieth century is one in which no statement can pass unchallenged. "How can you prove it?" is the demand of the literary and scientific world today. So it is not enough to assert that gallantry—the chivalry, based on respect for woman, that on all occasions seeks to protect and serve her—does or does not exist; our assertions must be supported by undisputable proofs.

Can the existence of gallantry to-day be proved by the fact that women are frequently seen standing in cars filled with comfortably seated men?

Can it be proved by the fact that numerous jokes and cartoons making fun of "wives" and "mothers-in-law" are circulating in this country?

Can it be proved by the fact that in many cases women employed in shops must stand hour after hour, because their employer will not furnish seats for them to use when they have a moment of leisure?

Can it be proved by the fact that numberless women toil desperately hard for long periods at a time, ruining their health in so doing, and receive the meagerest wages as compensation?

By the fact that the power of the law is necessary to regulate conditions in these factories, to prevent members of the "fair sex" from working in constant danger of their lives?

No. Yet the fact that men occasionally surrender their seats to women, that seats are sometimes provided for women employees, that attempts are made to better factory conditions and laws passed to provide for the safety of women, proves that though gallantry is not the rule today, it is at least the exception.

And why is gallantry not the rule? The answer may be found in the following lines from Coventry Patmore:

"Ah, wasteful woman, she who may On her sweet self set her price, Knowing he cannot choose but pay, How she has cheapened paradise!

"How given for naught her priceless gifts,

How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine, That, spent with due respective thrift, Had made brutes men, and men divine!"

As gallantry is founded on respect for woman, when woman does not command man's respect there can be no gallantry; and it is her part to command respect—which is the "price" she should set—and her "priceless gifts," i. e., the virtues and charms God has given her, are indeed "given for naught" when she does not use them to command it.

And does modern woman always do this? No, she falls short of man's ideal far too often. He can only respect some one better than himself, and, therefore, much more is expected of woman than of man.

A small boy, reciting his catechism, once announced that "the chief creatures of God are men and women." Being told that the correct form was "men and angels," he replied, "Well, it means the same thing."

We have seen that gallantry is not universal at the present time and that woman, who molds man, is, in a great measure, responsible.

Let us hope that woman, instead of complaining of the lack of gallantry, will bring it back, by trying to prove, through the wise use of her "priceless gifts" that "woman" and "angel" are synonymous.

Antoinette de Roulet.

LORETTO, WOODLAWN.

## The Magi.

Evening fell,
And lo! their star came softly beaming
O'er the Eastern Princes' way,
Till its rays, divinely guided
Rested where Emmanuel lay.
Entering with unsandall'd footsteps
Came the wise men to the cave,
Bending low their Orient treasures
To the Infant Saviour gave.

Burnished gold was Jaspar's offering,
Precious gift from Persian mine;
Let us kneel with him and offer
Love to Mary's Babe Divine!
Love to Jesus and to Mary,
Love we trust will ne'er grow cold,

Our Infant Saviour smiles His welcome, 'Tis to Him the purest gold!

Melchior with perfumes laden,
Opes his jewell'd casket rare,
And rich frankincense arises
On the mystic midnight air.
With the simple humble-hearted
Let our pleading prayers arise,
And their incense shall be wafted
Far beyond the vaulted skies.

Myrrh, by far the meetest offering
In the lowly cavern shed,
For Baltassar's gift foreshadow'd
Paths of pain the Babe should tread!
"Sursum Corda"—Let us follow,
He will lead our steps aright,
Till our souls shall rest forever
In the realms of endless light.

LORETTO, FERMOY.

M. M. M.

## A Piano's Memories of Its Players.

AM an old-fashioned grand piano. It is forty years since I passed from beneath the careful, dexterous fingers of my maker. I was beautiful then, young and beautiful, not scratched and battered and huskythroated as now. No shining case was of such rich walnut, no ivory keys of such glistening whiteness, best of all, no musical language so sympathetic, so beautiful as mine.

Small wonder that my first young owner took such delight in me! Small wonder that she draped me in silken covers and ornamented me with shining silver candelabra!

Four long happy years I spent in her loving care, and ever her wise fingers guided me so, that I gave to the world no discord, but all beauty. On a dusky June evening, when the windows swung open to admit the scent of the roses and the lacy curtains floated out in the gentle grasp of the garden breezes, all that she felt of the wonder and sweetness of a hushed evening world in June-time, she whispered to me, and for her I proclaimed it aloud.

And when the jewel-studded December skies blessed the white world beneath with a fresh covering of snow and diamonds, the holy joy of the Christmas-tide entered the firelit room where the young musician sat weaving, in the warmth of rose and shadow, a marvellous tale of the Nativity, making of me her confidante.

I lost her in May of the fifth year. She had ever possessed that pitiful frailness of body, which too often goes with the big-souled, and at twenty-one she gave up the fight for existence, and her beauty-loving spirit journeyed to its far home where the joy and sweetness and purity she crayed might be hers forever.

I stood untouched for days in the darkened drawing-room till, when they had laid her away, the broken-hearted father and mother, unable to bear the sight of me, sold me to a dealer in musical instruments, and I was exhibited for months in his window to all passersby. The rich glanced at me with indifference, the poor gazed at me with covetous eyes. Many came to see, but few to buy.

At last, one day, a poorly-clad Italian laborer entered the store, studied me carefully, touched me with practised fingers and held a short conversation with the dealer. The following day I was carried up a steep, narrow flight of stairs to a dingy, sparsely-furnished room in the poorer tenement section of London. I was now the property of Luigi Marco, day-laborer and amateur composer of music, and I began a very strenuous existence. I read for myself in that pitifully bare and cheerless room the old, old story of the struggle of a pauper-genius for name, and fame, and a livelihood.

Luigi Marco worked by day in the West London stone-quarries. When his work-day was over he would return to the old room and to me and proceed to work harder than ever. Clad in his workman's overalls, ragged and white with lime-dust, his thick dark hair rumpled, his eyes after with the heat of the inspiration that lay behind them, he would sit down and pick at my keys feverishly, with greedy fingers, then suddenly, without warning, the quick, searching, staccato notes would cease and the room would be filled with a wonderful melody.

The player would sit tense, his soul calling, calling, praying through his burning eyes for the fulfilment of his desire. And always the music would cease in the same way, at the same note, and the despairing head would bow above the keys in the old piteous way.

Luigi Marco knew that somewhere in the

depths of his soul he held material for the making of a song which would be a world masterpiece. Already the half-finished composition lay on the table near us. But it lacked one beautiful phrase. Marco had dreamed it—and lost it!

I knew what he sought. I had it in the heart of me, deep beneath the outer surface of walnut and ivory. But I was powerless to give it to him. Dumb, helpless as I was, I could only grieve for his grief, suffer pain for his pain.

There came disaster to Luigi Marco. And I who would have given my all to satisfy his craving, I who had shared his secrets, I whose language he knew, who had striven so hard to make him happy, had brought it on him.

Marco, it seemed, had once been in the employ of the music-dealer, and the latter, having known Marco as an honest man and a genuine lover of music, had sold me to him on trust.

Marco had taken me in trust. He felt that the day was not far distant when he could give a full payment for me from the money derived from the sale of his song. But alas! There had been the evasive phrase. Marco had hoped and prayed and sought, but the song still lay, incomplete, upon his poor, dilapidated table.

The music-dealer was a hard man—this in explanation of the fact that within the first month of my stay in the tenement room, Marco was behind prison bars, and I was back in the dealer's window.

I do not dwell upon my life since then—or my various players. Some have played upon me with mechanical skill, some have abused me, none have understood me during all the years of my service but my beloved Marco and my first youthful owner.

I stand in an obscure corner of a cheap dancehall now, and paid performers draw from my yellowed keys a meaningless jumble of notes and phrases, dance-music, popular songs, rags. But none of them touch the heart of me, for there is locked away from the world's ruthless fingers the one beautiful phrase that Luigi Marco sought and could not find and that cost him the honor of his name.

My treasure is well hidden—for the world says I am useless.

ANNIE SUTHERLAND.

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH.

## Alumnae Column

## Loretto Alumnae Association, Loretto Abbey. Toronto.

Patroness—Reverend Mother Stanislaus. Honorable President—M. M. Benedict. Honorable Vice-President—Mrs. Maloney. President—Mrs. Lalor. First Vice-President—Mrs. Phelan. Second Vice-President—Mrs. Rooney. Recording Secretary—Miss Devaney. Corresponding Secretary—Miss Rooney. Treasurer—Miss Dorrien.

Convener of House Committee—Mrs. Mc-Laughlin.

Convener of Entertainment Committee—Miss Seitz.

Convener of Membership Committee—Miss M. Mallon.

Convener of Press Committee—Miss A. Kelly.

Resolutions of condolence on the part of the Alumnae were tendered to the Ladies of Loretto at the death of Mother M. Filomena, editress of The Rainbow. She was ever an interested and true friend of the Alumnae, and will be a great loss to us as well as to the Community. We owe to her initiative the establishment of this department.

A note of sympathy was also sent on behalf of the Association to Mrs. Dandy at the death of her husband. We wish to record our sincere regrets.

The opening meeting of the Alumnae in October was most successful. A large number were present to hear the brilliant program arranged by Miss Seitz. Those taking part were: Miss Pearl Burford, who gave a piano solo, and Mrs. F. Woods and Miss Mona Coxwell, who contributed vocal numbers. After the concert a reception was held by the president, Mrs. Lalor, in the drawing rooms, where Mrs H. T. Kelly and Mrs. Mallon were tea-hostesses. They were assisted by Miss T. Lalor, Miss A. Small, Miss F. Boland, and the members of the Executive.

A special meeting of the Executive was called in October to name a delegate for the International Federation of Catholic Alumnaes. The Honorable President, Mrs. Maloney, was appointed to represent the Alumnae at Baltimore.

Requiem High Mass was solemnized by Reverend Father Carey, C. S. P., in the Abbey Chapel November 18th, for the repose of the souls of the deceased members of the Alumnae. Special invitations were issued to the members, many of whom attended.

At the suggestion of the President, Mrs. Lalor, the Alumnae decided to have this Mass celebrated annually.

The resignation of the Recording Secretary, Miss Devaney, has been accepted by the President. General regrets are expressed that Miss Devaney is forced to give up her position with the Executive. She leaves shortly for England. The Alumnae thus loses one of its most able members.

At the Second Biennial Convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae at Baltimore, Loretto was well and ably represented. From Canada, besides Mrs. H. T. Kelly, First Vice-President of the Federation, and Mrs. J. Maloney, Delegate, four of our members went as guests: Mrs. Cassidy, Miss Gertrude Kelly, Miss Josephine Maloney, and Miss Madeline Small. Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie, sent a delegate and an alternate while from the Loretto Alumnae in Illinois came three delegates as well as the State Governor.

The informal opening on Thursday evening was most enjoyable. The reception was under the special management of the Alumnae of the Visitation Convent. On Friday morning his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, formally opened the convention by addressing the officers, governors, delegates and guests in the ballroom of the Hotel Belvidere. The next two days were devoted to business meetings and reports of the various committees. Saturday evening brought the business sessions to a close and a banquet was tendered to the Convention, at which the speakers were all members of the Federation. Our Ontario Governor, Mrs. A. J. Small, responded to the toast, "What Religion Has Done for the World." A grand High Mass was celebrated on Sunday morning, at which the Cardinal presided, and Dr. Pace of the Catholic University

of Washington preached. Afterwards at the Palace the Cardinal received in person the Federation members. During the afternoon the delegates and their friends were entertained at tea by five convents of Baltimore and their Alumnae. Monday the Convention members almost without exception accepted the invitation of the Catholic University and spent the day at Washington, where they were royally entertained by the faculty and students. Those who remained for Tuesday had the privilege of visiting Trinity College, the women's branch of the great Catholic University.

The trustees of the Loretto Alumnae Association Scholarship Fund wish to announce that the scholarship for 1916-17 has been obtained by Miss Estelle Walsh of Hamilton. Miss Walsh has the congratulations of the Alumnae on her success.

The Alumnae extends heartiest congratulations to Mrs. Cassidy, whose success in the contest for a Federation seal has brought honour upon her country and her association, no less than upon herself. The incident is one which excites very genuine feelings of pleasure and pride on the part of all concerned, the Alumnae in particular.

## The Dld Wooden Bridge.

Y name is Jerry. That is all, just Jerry. Tramps don't have surnames. Pard hasn't a surname either—for Pard is a tramp-dog. Pard and I are very happy. Sometimes we have no food, sometimes we have no shelter, but we are very happy, for Pard has my affection. I have his dog's devotion and we have, together, the great highway.

Many people have acquired the idea that the real meaning of the word "tramp," not mentioned in dictionaries, is thief, swindler and general good-for-naught. But that is a mistake. I have never worn clothing obtained by other than an honest method. We have never touched food which was not, by all the laws of right, our own. Pard and I have little in the eyes of the world. Leave us our honor.

Though we have had many adventures, have seen many sights, heard many sounds, felt many emotions in our lives of roaming, there is one spot we love the best of all—it is a tramp's "Home, Sweet Home." It is by an old wooden bridge over a rivulet at the foot of the rainbow where the pot of gold should be.

It is a spot of mist and dreams. The earth is dank and rich about the stream and straight ranks of purple and white iris grow among the maiden-hair and sword ferns, like sentries guarding a sacred place. Sometimes the sun seeks out the little spot and then when the heat of its rays meets the earth-moisture, little frightened mist-clouds rise and hurry away up the rainbow-ladder to the sky.

Pard and I love to come to enjoy the restfulness of this quiet corner. The little wooden bridge is broken and the frogs use part of the rotting timber for a diving-board. A placid grey heron has her nest hidden among the iris and a musk-rat dives in the water, but human footprint is never seen in the moist earth. Pard and I look upon our little corner of Nature-World from behind a leafy screen of birches and revel in its beauty without disturbing its solitude.

We are rough fellows. We know little of the life which follows this one, but we look upon our bridge corner as a little bit of Heaven—the earthly thing which nearest resembles the Home Sweet Home of the Homeless to which even tramps may go some day!

Annie Sutherland.

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH.

## Dur Chaplain at The Front.

THERE are losses in our midst, official losses, too, which are not recorded even on the reverse and, therefore, less optimistic, pages of our daily papers. The bare news item that the "Reverend D. M. Staley of St. Mary's, Toronto, is a chaplain in the Canadian forces" gives but the outline of the story, as it lives, and will continue to live in the hearts of those to whom Father Staley has ministered in the capacity of "Abbey Chaplain." We had the honor of his presence, and that of his successor, Reverend Father Dutton, at our school supper-table, one day before his departure; and some expression of our feelings was attempted on that occasion, in a series of toasts full of regrets for his departure and of praise for his kindly ministrations.

But one may not, in these days, give way to un-

due regrets. Life has become one vast universal sacrifice, and in order to sustain our own part therein, with a fortitude becoming the great cause, we must, instead of measuring or estimating its height and depth, regard rather the larger portion of sorrow dealt out to many around us.

The order of toasts proposed and answered was as follows: (We report the text of three of the toasts, and regret that we lack copy for the replies given by the two guests-elect.)

"Our Country," Miss Genevieve Twomy.

"Our Alma Mater," Miss M. E. Flanagan.

"Our Chaplains," Reverend Father Dutton.

"Our Boys at the Front," Miss Collette Herbert.

"The Girls They Left Behind Them," Miss Ada Sullivan.

"Peace," Miss Madeline Smyth.

"Our Sacrifice," Reverend D. M. Staley.

Right warmly and eloquently did our present Chaplain, Reverend Father Dutton, reply to "Our Chaplains." His own grief at losing the companionship of so good a friend and fellowlabourer as Reverend Father Staley was touchingly evident. At the last Reverend Father Staley, a striking picture in his regimentals, arose, and in a few well chosen and forceful words, responded to the sentiments of regret and the words of praise contained in every toast. He dwelt upon the weight of his new obligations, the burning cause to which he was about to devote his energies, and to give his life, if necessary. He exhorted the pupils to adhere to the high principles of their Alma Mater, to honour their instructors, and to render themselves worthy of the care expended upon them, but above all, he exhorted them to be persevering in prayer for himself, that he might be able to do much for the great and noble cause which he was about to embrace.

There were few dry eyes in the refectory when he ceased speaking, and many felt that in giving up so valuable a friend and counsellor they were entering upon their own supreme sacrifice. All blessings attend him in his great work, and bring him back to us on the wings of peace!

#### The Boys at the Front.

The toast to our boys at the front must necessarily meet with a hearty response. Could our glowing enthusiasm for their bravery, our admiration of their undaunted courage, our proud boasts of their daring deeds, but reach the trenches tonight! We trust that our sentiments might bring a sparkle to some eyes, a smile upon some lips, a pleasant tingle in some pulses, even perhaps an uplifting of some souls in the fervent utterance of a "God bless them!" We are proud to call them "our boys," for so they are; many of them united by ties of blood or friendship, all of them united by a bond of sympathy.

When history was but a school subject for us, a task to commit to memory, we learned in a humdrum fashion—"How many fell at Marathon?" "Give the causes, events, and results of the 100 years' war, with dates," "The remote causes of the French Revolution." These and similar horrors appalled us as mere memory tortures. When history was a romance, dull practicality became highly colored—our lively imagination pictured a dauntless knight galloping off to war on a foaming snow-white steed, flaunting his lady's colors, and we sighed because we did not live

"In days of old, when knights were bold."

As history becomes a reality to us, and we realize that the boy next door and the boy across the way and, perchance, the butcher's and the baker's boys have suddenly become imbued with the spirit of the medieval knight, the truth comes home to us that the twentieth century is no sordid age after all, but has its chivalrous ideals, and is crowded with a glory all its own. To our boys, then, is due the uplifting of twentieth century humanity, and of spreading broadcast lessons of unparalleled self-sacrifice. Fathers and husbands and brothers and lovers from every rank and condition in life are answering the country's bugle call and readily responding to the magnetic words, "Come over seas!" The Church as a watchful mother knows full well that her children have to fight another fight besides that which is to decide national supremacy, that they must be fortified by Her rites before they have the courage to leave the battle-field and face alone the dim, dark expanse stretching out before them. which they know as the region of death; so she summons her ministers to make a second sacrifice and leave all in a still stricter sense than when

they renounced the world—to face the dangers of the battle-field that, through the awful din, their soothing voice might reach the wounded and the dying.

To this noble cause we contribute indirectly, by making the sacrifice of our esteemed chaplain, whose indomitable energy will, we know, conquer the hardest heart, and whose gentle sympathy will soothe the most timid soul. We have no fear for him—his call is even higher than a country's call, it comes from God Himself; we have no fear for him who knows not fear, we have no fear for him whose name will be on our lips in prayer until he returns. We have no fear for him "whose strength is as the strength of ten because his heart is pure."

#### The Girls They Left Behind Them.

I would wish indeed, Reverend Father and Ladies, that some oratorical gifts were mine tonight, that I had the tongue of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, that I might fittingly voice the sentiments of the girls who are left behind-more especially the bright galaxy who surround me here, each one of whom may lay claim to this title. For who of us here tonight has not given of our dearest and best? Who does not boast some hero at the front? Or whose heart does not beat high at the thought of welcoming her hero home, or weep at the vision of a lonely grave in a foreign land? But though sometimes sad, we are proud, too, proud of our boys in khaki and now that we shall number our beloved Chaplain among their ranks we are prouder still. If, as they say, it cheers the heart of every soldier lad to feel that he is enshrined in the heart of one girl left behind, I beg our dear voyager to glance down the board, and let it solace him to know that he will be enshrined in the hearts of some three score girls whom he has left behind him.

As, however, it is always harder to wait and watch than to do and dare, the lot of the girls left behind might be a hard one, if they had no part in this great world's drama. But at the first boom of the cannon came the call which has sounded down the centuries, the call for the valiant woman, strong to forget self, and brave to help others. In response to this call, thousands of women are devoting their money, time, and even their lives to bring succour to the wounded and dying. And we, whose lives are

circumscribed, whose times and tasks are set, have we no chance to answer the call? Is there no field of glory to be ours? Must we stand by idly and wait? But if the bravest battle ever fought and won, not with shot and shell on the world's great battlefield, but deep in the walled fortress of a woman's heart; and if the spoils and trophies of such bloodless conquests will win priceless blessings for those we love, who stand facing death, then is a field of glory never lacking to us, though no Victoria Cross marks the victory.

In all our works and prayers, Reverend Father, unworthy though they be, you will ever be fondly remembered. In return, we beg that when comforting the wounded and ministering to the dying "Somewhere in France" you will sometimes breathe a prayer for the "girls you left behind you," that the dawn of Peace may find them indeed valiant women.

#### Peace.

Peace! Have we not almost forgotten in these few cruel years, the very lineaments of her face, the letters of her name! Yet her price for the wrongs she has suffered has not yet been paid. Sacrifice, and still more sacrifice she demands from one and all. Not two months will pass, however, before the Prince of Peace will again shed the blessings of His first coming upon us. May it be, this time, a universal laying down of arms—a healing of wounded hearts—a beginning of the reign of good will among all men!

Our prayers to this end will be redoubled, now that war has entered into our very sanctuary and is taking from us one who has brought Peace to our hearts so often when another enemy, not the Kaiser, has striven to deprive us of the same.

#### All's Wiell.

"The clouds which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain.
The wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain,
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into Heaven,
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew."

WHITTIER.

# School Chronicle, Loretto Abbey, Toronto

September fifth—School reopens. Many back? Lend me your fieldglasses. O degenerate age!

September eighth — Steeplechase of late-comers.

September twelfth—Physics says "Like attracts like." This may explain the irresistible longing of the school in general on a holiday to go to the Zoo to see the monkeys. Now, Kay, stop torturing the elephants. It is cowardly to strike one smaller than onesself.

September twenty-second — Literary circle formed: President, Mary Ellen Flanagan; Secretary, Marguerite Wilson; Freasurer, Tillie Canning. After the election each young lady makes a touching speech, dwelling on the terrible blow dealt to her humility.

September twenty-third—Election of officers for B. V. M. Society: President, Helen Galligan; Secretary, Marjory Murphy; Sacristan, Collette Herbert.

September twenty-fourth—Father Staley honours us with his august presence at our humble repast in the evening.

October third—Meeting of Alumnae. Estelle Walsh of Loretto, Hamilton, obtains scholarship for matriculation. A short program to celebrate the occasion, running thus: Vocal solos by Miss Coxwell and Mrs. Wood; piano, by Mrs. Pearl Burford.

October fifth—Officially reported killed in action, Vincent DeFoe. Heartfelt sympathy to his sister, Eileen.

October eighth—Thanksgiving. Only twelve girls left. Transported by submarine (alias magic) to the Regent. Musicale after return. Vocal solo, "Banan, Nice Banan," by Marjory Murphy.

October tenth—Nothing unusual—"The even tenor of our way" till even.

October eighteenth—Saint Mary's Bazaar—supper included in the programme—remain for whole programme.

October nineteenth—Paderewski fills Massey Hall with heavenly music. A number of girls went to hear him (and make it more heavenly, I suppose).

October twenty-ninth—Farewell banquet to Father Staley; epidemic of blues.

November sixth—Soldiers! God bless them all! And three cheers for the Kaiser! "The "Kaiser?" "Yes, the Kaiser! Were there no Kaiser there were no war, were there no war there were no soldiers, were there no soldiers there were no stockings to fill, were there no stockings to fill there were no trips down town to buy the filling."

November ninth—"Now this is awful—fourteen young ladies reclining till the double hours of the day.

November tenth—Our Soldier-Chaplain's last Mass in the city celebrated in our Chapel; left for the front next morning.

November twelfth—Free Day in honour of Reverend Mother's feast. Talk—TALK—TALK—and then talk some more. Tennyson charmingly rendered in the evening.

Sweet and low, sweet and low, Voice of matriculation. Flow, flow, farther go,

Thoughts of examination.

Merrily down to His Majesty's go
Then to the little Dutch tea room below,
Back to the Abbey, go, go, go-o-o-o!

Wake, my pretty one, wake, my dreaming one—
Wake!

November fifteenth—College students give tea for the promotion of soldiers' stockings. Notice —"No trespassing in the front hall." Many flowers on the scene, but no "Violets."

Twinkle, twinkle, little star, Irene's crossing the vocal bar.

November twenty-first — Mother Agatha's golden jubilee celebrated with much pomp and general joy. A High Mass, a rally of old friends and new, and many valuable offerings. We wish her another long run of years and good works.

December fifteenth—A Lilliputian sale for juvenile Extensionites. Much fun and sale of things not on sale elsewhere—dolls' millinery,

lingerie, gowns, and boudoir caps, besides a display of miniature drugs and midget candies.

December eighteenth—"Everymaid," a morality play, in which abstractions come alive and turn into very lovable realities, was the feature of our Christmas entertainment. Judging by the repeated applause which formed the interlude to each act, "Everymaid's" acquaintance and commerce with Fame, Pleasure, Beauty, Duty, and Knowledge, etc., the roles so uniformly well sustained in the play, found echo and approval in the hearts of all present. The costumes were charming and appropriate. The tableaux, songs, and dances lent graceful and beautiful variations to the text. The choruses were adapted to music from the "Silver Cloud" by Franz Abt.

### Close of Convention of the Knights of Columbus of Ontario.

In Session for Two Days at the Clifton House, Riagara Falls, Followed by Reception Siven by Students of Loretto Convent.

HIS famous convent has entertained, in the course of its fifty-five years of existence, not a few of the Princes of the Churchthe beloved Cardinal Gibbons, the wise and witty Cardinal Logue, our American citizen, Cardinal Falconio; his Eminence, Cardinal Merry del Val, Secretary of State to his Holiness, the loved Pius X., and Cardinal Protector of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary (the ecclesiastical name of the Loretto Nuns); their Eminences, Cardinal Vannutelli and Cardinal Bourne; delegates to the Eucharistic Congress; the late lamented Cardinal Satolli and many eminent and saintly archbishops, bishops and priests of this and other lands, but no more notable gathering has ever assembled within these sacred precincts than that of his Lordship, the Right Reverend M. F. Fallon, D. D., Bishop of London, and the delegates of the Chapter from the Province of Ontario Knights of Columbus.

The Mother General of the Institute, the Superior of the House and the other Religious met the distinguished guests in the reception rooms, whence Dr. Mahony and Mr. V. Quarry ushered them into the concert hall. Here, the white-robed students greeted his Lordship with the "Salve!—Ecce Sacerdos Magnus!" followed by a

song of welcome. Miss Gertrude O'Neill then stepped forward and, in a clear, well-modulated voice, addressed the Right Reverend Bishop of London and Knights of Columbus:

"Right Reverend and Dear Father, and You. Most Noble Knights—Loretto's children joyously, gladly welcome you within the precincts of their loved convent today!

"The very presence of your Lordship, zealous Pastor of Christ's Church, indefatigable labourer in His vineyard, is an inspiration to us for greater zeal, nobler efforts in the extension of His kingdom on earth. In many varied scenes has your Lordship's name been honoured, in many lands the deeds of the noble Knights of Columbus have been proclaimed, but no truer note of praise, no gladder sound of welcome has resounded in your ears than that with which we greet your Lordship and you, most noble Knights of Columbus, champions of truth and justice, true servants of the King of kings!"

Miss Marjorie Mitchell sang, with artistic expression and much feeling, "Believe Me, if All These Endearing Young Charms," and, to the sustained applause that followed, responded with the great prophetic war-song, "The Minstrel Boy to the War Is Gone, in the Ranks of Death You'll Find Him." Miss Sprague gave two piano selections with marked delicacy of touch and daintiness of interpretation. Out of compliment to the delegates of Hennepin Chapter, New York, the Choral Class gave an American selection. The climax of the programme was Miss Lucile Sanders's recital of the superb lines, "Columbus," by Joaquin Miller. To the preluding notes of "Ave Maria Loretto," the closing words of the poem rang out clear and clarion,

> "He gained a world; he gave that world Its grandest lesson: 'On, Still on!"

His Lordship Bishop Fallon arose and, in a most happy manner, expressed kindly appreciation of the hour's enjoyment, which had passed all too soon. He referred to the traditions that were for nigh on three centuries behind the educational system of the Institution it was the Loretto's students' privilege to attend, and encouraged them to live up to the high standards now set before them. He thanked them on behalf of the attending Knights and, in conclusion,

granted them—that choicest of boons, rare in these strenuous days—a holiday!

At the close of the function all, rising, joined in singing "God Save the King," the piping notes of the Juniors, the mellow, soft voices of the Seniors, blending with the sonorous tones of the Knights of Columbus.

The following notes of appreciation go to prove that the pleasure was an all-around one:

To the Mother Superior and Ladies of Loretto, Niagara Falls, Ont.:

DEAR MOTHER SUPERIOR—I have been deputed by our Grand Knight, Mr. D. Toomey, officers and members of this Council, to express to you our sincere thanks for the delightful entertainment provided by you and the young ladies of your Academy on last Thursday afternoon, in honour of his Lordship Bishop Fallon and the delegates of the Knights of Columbus, whom we had the honour of having as our guests during the Convention.

We are deeply indebted to you for the reception accorded, and sincerely voice the sentiments of one of the prominent delegates, who expressed this as one of the most successful conventions held by the State Council, and thought the trip to Loretto Convent and the entertainment provided by the Sisters and their pupils one of the most unique and enjoyable he had yet experienced.

Wishing your Institution every success, and again thanking you on behalf of Hennepin Council, I am, Yours very sincerely,

JOHN J. HALL, Acting Financial Secretary.

REVEREND AND DEAR MOTHER SUPERIOR—I wish personally to thank you and the good Sisters of Loretto, for the very delightful entertainment accorded the visiting Knights of Columbus during their recent convention.

As his Lordship, the Bishop of London, truly stated, it was indeed a bright, refreshing hour during two days of strenuous work. The Bishop and the Knights were charmed with the pupils and their programme.

Again thanking you for your kindly interest in providing such a treat to us all, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

T. F. BATTLE.

# School Chronicle, Loretto Conbent, Biagara Falls.

September—From home and camp and beach, where the pleasant summer days passed so quickly, we have returned, newly invigorated, to resume our studies within sight and sound of the mighty cataract—and to entertain each other, for at least a week, with the recital of our varied experiences since parting in June.

Our loving sympathy is extended to a dear post-graduate, Miss Mary Sheppard, Niagara Falls, who has recently suffered an irreparable loss in the death of her beloved mother.

September seventeenth — The magnificent golden ostensorium presented by Mrs. Paul Rohr, in memory of her father, Mr. Hugh Rogers, was used for the first time at Benediction today. Many a prayer was offered and will continue to be offered by the Community and students alike for the dear donor's intentions.

September twenty-eighth—A very great surprise and pleasure came to us to-day in the form of a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Leon Wilson Van Deusen of Canandaigua, N. Y., who are at present on their wedding trip. Mrs. Van Deusen—dear Cornelia Barringer of Class '15—is quite as charming as in her Loretto school-days when she was a universal favourite. The happy young couple left amid the reiterated good wishes of their many friends at Loretto. The fact that Miss Florence Mullin, also of Class '15, is at present spending a few days with us added greatly to the enjoyment of the reunion.

September thirtieth—The great desire we had all cherished for the past year of hearing Mr. C. E. W. Griffith read for us again was realized this afternoon when the peerless interpreter of the mightiest dramas in our language gave us, in "Shakespeariana," a vivid and comprehensive idea of the great master's plays, and, again, in the evening, when we listened spellbound to the dire tragedy of "Macbeth."

Already we have begun to look forward with delight to Mr. Griffith's next tour of the United States and Canada when, we hope, he will once more favour us.

A beautiful little oil-painting of Innisfallen, the "Sweet Innisfallen" of Moore's enchanting verse, "the acknowledged queen of all the islands in the Irish lakes," has been added to the mural decorations of the convent parlor and is greatly admired. It is particularly prized as the lovely scene portrayed is not far from Loretto Convent, Killarney, and was sketched by Mr. C. E. W. Griffith, the gracious donor, on the occasion of his last visit to Ireland.

To our surprise and delight on entering the recreation-hall one afternoon recently, we found a Victor machine emitting sweet strains, and learned that the instrument, as also a fine variety of records, was the gift of our dear little companions, Misses Frances and Doris Shreve. To say that we are grateful conveys but a slight idea of our appreciation of this splendid contribution to our means of recreation.

Through the thoughtful kindness of friends, the number of records for the library Victrola is steadily increasing. Amongst those to whom thanks are especially due for these latest additions are Mrs. Brennan, St. Catharines; Mrs. Doll, Mrs. Vieira, Buffalo; Miss A. S. Cruickshank, Detroit; and the Misses Frances and Doris Shreve.

October sixteenth—The annual entertainment provided by the Saint Teresa's Literary Society, in honour of their patroness, was given this evening and proved most successful. The programme, consisting of vocal, mandolin and piano solos, duets and quartets, a scene from Dickens and two choice Hungarian dances, was well-rendered and occasioned no small degree of pleasure to all present. Miss Gertrude O'Neil, on behalf of the Saint Catherine's Literary, expressed thanks and said that this had been one of the prettiest programmes yet given. Refreshments were served later by the executive committee of the Saint Teresa's Literary.

The announcement has reached us from Switzerland of the marriage of Miss Helen Fox, a fondly remembered post-graduate of Loretto, Niagara, to Monsieur Marcel Geneux of Geneva. Heartfelt congratulations and good wishes are herewith extended to the happy bride and groom. For the benefit of those who may wish to communicate with their dear former class-mate, we append her address: Madame M. Fox-Geneux, Rue Fréd. Amiel 8, Genève, Suisse.

Through the kindness of Mrs. John Bampfield, who acted as chaperon, several of us nad the privilege of hearing the renowned Sara Bernhardt on the occasion of her recent visit to Niagara Falls, Ont., when she delivered an enthusiastic speech on patriotism.

October thirty-first—The Hallowe'en revels began at seven-thirty and were both varied and entertaining. Deserving of special mention was the witches' scene from "Macbeth," most realistically performed by Miss Mary Bampfield, Miss Ruth Sprague and Miss Lillian Seitz.

November twelfth—This afternoon Mr. Ernest Seitz, a pianist well known in America and in Europe, entertained us with a choice programme, most artistically rendered and consisting of the following numbers:

Etude Liadoff
Impromptu Fauré
Gavotte Glasounow
Prelude Rachmaninoff
Danse NègreScott
Two Etudes Chopin

November thirteenth—A very pretty ceremony was performed in Sudbury this morning when Mr. S. A. Donegan of the 227th Battalion, Hamilton, and Miss Irene Curley, a former Loretto, Niagara, pupil and sister of Miss Gertrude Curley, at present one of our school-mates, were united in the sacred bonds of matrimony. All kind wishes are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Donegan, who purpose residing in Hamilton for the present.

November thirteenth—Another wedding which greatly interested us took place in Toronto this morning, viz., that of Mr. Arthur Baldwin and Miss Luella Smith, a former Loretto pupil and a sister of Miss Kathleen Smith, at present attending Loretto, Niagara. As Mr. Baldwin has been appointed bank manager in La Jord, Saskatchewan, their wedding trip will be to their far western home. May all blessings attend them on their way!

A most beautiful piece of needle-work has just been shown to us, for the exquisite perfection of which we have not yet found words of adequate praise. The pointed lace, some inches in depth, has for design alternating cross and chalice and is, in all, about six yards long—an antependium for each of the three altars in the Convent Chapel. The lace had been attached to fine linen altar covers, still further enhancing the value of this superb gift from one of Loretto's most beloved post-graduates, Miss Madeleine Mac-Mahon. The countless, countless stitches, each one perfect, tell of a reciprocal love on the part of her who fashioned them and it would rejoice her to know how absolutely prized is every stitch in that most delicate and flawless piece of handiwork, and, still more, the sweet remembrance which the gift bespeaks.

November eighteenth—The members of the

extended to Mr. and Mrs. Seitz by all at Loretto, Niagara. Our dear companions, Misses Lillian and Mildred Seitz, sisters of the groom, are at home until after the ceremony.

December first—Mrs. Fox and the Misses Ruth and Jeannette Fox received an enthusiastic welcome at Loretto this afternoon, when they paid us their first visit since their return from Switzerland, where Mrs. Fox and little Jeannette have spent the past two and a half years and Miss Ruth some nine weeks—the latter having ventured on the ocean trip, even in these perilous times, to be present at her sister Helen's wedding. The many pretty souvenirs sent by Helen to her former teachers have been greatly admired



CAST - SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL

Little School delighted us this evening with a charming and unique programme, given in honour of Saint Hilda, patroness of their dear Mistress of Schools. While each number deserves praise, we must confine ourselves to two for special comment, namely, "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star," with its duly-timed, electrically-managed "twinkle" that did not once fail as the oft-repeated dissyllable fell upon our ears, and the very sweet closing hymn and tableau.

November twenty-second—Another chime of wedding-bells! This morning, in the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Mr. Ernest Seitz was united in marriage to Miss Clare Cosgrave. Good wishes for many years of happiness are

and are much prized by the recipients. All that the dear travellers had to relate of their experiences while abroad was of keenest interest to their appreciative audience.

# Loretto Conbent, Hamilton, Shakespearean festival, Pob. 29th and Dec. 1st.

HE hall at Loretto Academy was crowded last night when the tri-centennial Shake-spearean Festival was presented by the young lady students of that Institution. The affair developed into a gorgeous patriotic and dramatic spectacle, which reflected unstinted credit alike upon the teaching Sisters of the Academy and the members of the cast. The

Right Reverend T. J. Dowling and Mayor (Major) C. S. Walters, were the patrons of the historical event. Among the audience many men prominent in military circles were noticed.

The programme was long, but unusually interesting and instructive and made the opportunity for the young ladies to display some excellent dramatic ability. Musical numbers were interspersed with the other features of the performance. The entertainment may be summed up as one of the most pleasing ever produced by amateur talent in this city. The costumes were correct from a historical viewpoint, and the stage settings were a work of art.—(Press notice.)

"All the world's a stage and men and women merely players." (As You Like It.)

While admitting that it is the poet not the bookbinder that carries the torch of poetry; the painter, not the frame-maker, who upholds the Art of Painting; the sculptor, not the owner of the quarry, who gave us the Venus of Milo, yet we must admit, that since Shakespeare wrote his plays for the stage, much is gained by what is "Properties" and "Scenic Effects"; swords, helmets, doublets, casques, crowns, are the inevitable paraphernalia of Shakespearean drama—so he of the celestial brow, of the deep, thoughtful eyes—(those windows of his glorious mind)—would smile serenely at the setting afforded to his Richard II. at Loretto Academy. The military sentiment, the pomp and circumstance of kings was well revealed by the heraldic decorations—shields, helmets, etc., while the patriotic character of the play was embodied in the artistic posters that decorated the hall. The rich elegance of the costumes of the players was a perpetual delight. The "Elizabethan Court" made a gorgeous background for the "Lists of Coventry," the historic Kings and Queens, "now turned to dust"; the assembly of his heroines all conjured back from fields Elysian, the melancholy Dane as he stalked across the battlements of Elsinore, recalled "the questions and philosophy that stirred the poet's mind." These all added to the stage mounting. Indeed, the severest critic or the stickler for Elizabethan methods could find no fault with the perfect illusion, nor were these details allowed to overshadow the principal theme of the entertainment, viz., "The Tragedy of King Richard II., as played at Whitehall with William Shakespeare, one of the cast, April 26th., 1611," in which the young ladies acquitted themselves most creditably to themselves and to their instructors.

The Feast of Our Lady of Loretto was duly celebrated at Mount St. Mary's on Sunday, December 10th, by a reception of sixteen young lady students into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

His Lordship, Bishop Dowling, assisted by Reverend F. J. McReavy, Chaplain of the Convent, graciously officiated. After an instructive and interesting address by His Lordship, the ceremony was closed with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament,

The evening was pleasantly spent by Community and pupils, not in entertaining their loved and revered Bishop, but in being entertained with his usual charming conversation. What a fund of pleasant reminiscence is his and what a happy, enviable mode of conveying it to others does he not possess! The hours were all too short—the end of the annual conge with His Lordship had come, and the pure, grateful heart of each young Child of Mary could not fail to breathe forth to her Blessed Mother an "ad multos annos" for their loved father and friend.

# Life of a Loretto Birl at the Sault.

Being a Series of Letters From the Frivolous Girl, Interspersed With Telegraphic Dispatches From the Athletic Sirl, and Plain Statements From the Studious Girl.

September 6th.:

My LITTLE MOTHER—You see I have arrived safely, burdened down as I was with good advice. blessings, articles of piety, a huge trunk and a club-bag. I piloted every bit of me across the river, and advanced cautiously through the congested streets of the Michigan Sault, till I reached this haven of peace and rest. Such it was last night, at least, when there were only a very little girl with very big black eyes and myself to take to bed. But to-day, everything is quite after the fashion of the busy world outside which I have, alas! renounced for ten long months. There are girls and nuns everywhere and all seem so happy. My teachers are perfectly adorable, and one is not afraid to breathe when they look at one. I begin Virgil this

afternoon. I'm dying to find out all about him. Yours happily and busily,

ROSALIND.

#### September 12th.:

Western Union Telegraph Co. Went to the theatre; "Swiss Bell Ringers," under Alumnae auspices. Heard some good music and some poor jokes.

# September 16th.:

Bessie given a license for one slang word a month.

### September 17th.:

W. U. T. Annual welcome party in honor of the Holy Name of Mary. Refectory decorated in blue and white. Fathers Stenglein, Rémillard and Mier, guests of honor. Wonderful company, wonderful talk, wonderful happiness.

### September 18th.:

No tennis this term in this pluvious, brumous region. Bessie used up her one slang word on the situation and must fast for the rest of the month.

# September 20th.:

"Route Marches" are becoming quite the vogue now, dear person, and we had one the other day. Of course, in our case, it is an annual affair, handed down to posterity by our strenuous forebears. It is known as "The Day Scholars' Walk," and these always insist on the observance of the custom, but to my mind, the Boarders get the lion's share of it. After an hour or so the former begin to develop a limp, and skulk down by-ways to their respective habitations, but the boarders must see it to the bitter end. The end this year was exceeding bitter. When all the day-scholars had vanished into thin air and we were beginning to hope for a return by way of Ashmun Street, where there are perfect dreams of hats to be seen, impossible dresses, etc., the commander-in-chief sent up an envoy with the order, "To the Grave Yard!" A subtle way, thought we, of cutting down expenses, for none of us hoped to survive the hills that lay between. Survive we did, as you see, but

"How our feet recrossed that dreadful ridge, No memory in usalives."

'Twas but a meagre satisfaction to reduce the commissariat to the verge of bankruptcy as we did that night at supper.

All the love in the world, from

ROSALIND.

### September 26th.:

Election of officers for St. Teresa's Literary. President, Elizabeth Marston; vice-president, Mary Galley; secretary, Loretto Killacky; treasurer, Irene Wescott.

# September 27th.:

Mirabile dictu! We were allowed out alone in honor of the great annual event, the Chippewa County Fair. "Eye hath not heard, ear hath not seen," what I adventured at that fair. It lies deep in my dreadful past. Did you ever know that I had a past? All the girls have one. Tis just the fashion. They are very easily obtained—use a magnifying glass on a trifling incident and behold! you have a past. This is to be added to mine. We have a French class now. Do send me some money, please.

Yours on the verge of bankruptcy,

ROSALIND.

#### October 8th.:

Our pursuits are not wholly literary, most beloved parent. Do you know what we did yesterday? Packed our baskets with wieners (did you ever hear of anything more unpatriotic?), Parker-house rolls, the "Cerealia arma," and other adjuncts, and under these burdens set out very blithely to walk to "The Shallows" which, as every well-informed person knows, is about ten miles distant. If anyone asserts it is but four, heed him not. It simply proves he's never walked there.

It had threatened rain when we started, but living up to our motto, "Nitor in adversum," we went anyway. Oh, ma petite mère, never before did I know just how long a road could be. Since we were far beyond the bounds of civilization there was no necessity of keeping ranks, and we strolled along for all the world like a broken down theatrical company. Some of us walked like the Peripatetics of old with Aristotle in our midst, the wondrous words of wisdom falling from her lips. But one cannot

live forever on things spiritual, ethical or intellectual, and we would have sold our birthright for a mess of pottage long before we reached "The Shallows." Arriving at last, we built a bon-fire, and feasted mightily on pickles and lemonade. Aristotle alone lived on the food of the wise, tasting not of the base sustenance of ordinary mortals. She roasted wieners for all who would eat, saying great things over them, and before our repast was over, behold! Aristotle was rivalling the famous Mirabolant in the excellency of her art. We had a most glorious day, and finally set out for home. Dreading those endless dusty roads we took a path through the most beautiful autumn woods. All went gaily for a while till we came to a barbed-wire fence. Now no object is more terrible to the female eve than a barbed-wire fence. On all sides it faced us. Finally someone spied an opening about the size of a Lacedemonian letter and we crawled through. How Aristotle fared is not known as she had deserted us some time ago. My gloves won't bear inspection and my hat is more fit for a freak of nature than a decent Christian child, and I-Oh, mother, I need some more money.

Yours in a parlous state,

ROSALIND.

### October 15th.:

Some Thracian huntresses might be seen, "Spumantis apri cursu clamore prementes" but the "aper" got away, which was a pity. The Literary wanted to give a Chaucer evening and it all had to be given up, "a roast pygge," which they couldn't afford to buy, being a "Sine qua non" of the affair. 'Twas hard that the one sent by Providence couldn't be caught.

#### October 18th.:

"An Hour with Browning," informal monthly programme by St. Teresa's Literary.

#### October 20th .:

Though all the world agrees that marshmallows are much better in a state of nature, yet all the world finds fun in roasting them, and so did we. The Roast developed into a torchlight procession with incidental music which lasted till nine o'clock. Bessie alone was faithful to the original intention.

#### October 24th.:

First meeting of the newly-organized Latin Club. Roll call, answered by Latin proverbs; patron chosen, St. Augustine; motto, "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit"; class song, Gaudeamus nos alumnae; Mother Goose rhymes and stories in Latin; Virgil (a biography), Catherine Phalen; preface and invocation from the Aeneid, Mary Galley; The Storm, Ella May Dacey; To Virgil, Angela O'Boyle; discussion of Latin plays.

### October 30th.:

Surprise party—witches — apples — guessing games and sheeted ghosts. Many thanks to S. M. C. for a pleasant evening.

#### November 1st.:

A free day and a party.

#### November 6th.:

Alumnae informal dance at Armory. Graduates invited. Very much excitement and trepidation on the part of those. Juniors not invited, great damage to the Tenth Commandment on the part of these. Result: nobody happy till next morning, when the former found out they had had a good time and the latter were consoled by the thought that it was all over.

#### November 9th.:

Successful card party given by St. Agnes' Circle for benefit of church.

#### November 12th.:

Ella May Dacey being blessed with a generous parent and one that can shoot, this institution was presented with a noble deer the other day, hence the weary followers of Aeneas "implentur pinguis ferinae."

#### November 13th.:

Quarterly examinations begin.

#### November 23d.:

Carissima, so many things have happened lately that I haven't had time to write. First I must tell you about the Miracle. We had a Sleep! I woke up no less than three times, and still I wasn't called. I kept waiting to hear that

horrid little bell, but it never rang at all. Was everybody dead but myself? or had I died and gone to Heaven where felicity consists chiefly in a total absence of bells? I was certain of it when the door opened and a couple of blessed saints entered with buttered buns and hot coffee. The matter was explained later on as a result of mundane conditions—a beneficent plot between the furnace and the thermometer.

Last Thursday we gave a card party in Baraga Hall at which, adding the donations of kind friends, we made about ninety dollars. half our capital went to the dear little sick boy I told you about, and one half to the library in Algonquin.

On Monday last a musical was given in honor of St. Cecilia, of which I shall enclose the programme. The choral class is very good. "The Story of St. Cecilia" was a dramatic rendering, with tableaux and incidental music, of Mrs. Crawford Fraser's lovely narrative. Ella May Dacey made an excellent St. Cecelia. death scene, "Glory to the God of Love" was sung, and so powerful was the effect that many of the audience were moved to tears. We are thinking of dramatizing the unabridged dictionary next. I do believe I'm getting serious. Hope I'm not going to be a nun. No more, dearest, as I expect to see my kith and kin once more at Thanksgiving.

Lovingly,

ROSALIND.

# A Prophecy.

EARS ago, when I was a school girl at Loretto Academy, Englewood, my castles in Spain were always built on the proceeds of a literary career. I expected to become a great writer of short stories and articles. Alas, for the dreams of youth, the highest pinnacle of art I have been able to reach is the position of special writer for the Chicago Tribune. However, this work has its interesting sides and through my activities in this line I have been able to meet many old friends whom I should never have met otherwise.

One day I went to interview the designer of a large department store. The window displays in this place were admired by all who saw them, and the one who originated the designs was indeed an artist. Of course, I reflected, some foreign trained artist, a Frenchman or Italian, must be the one responsible for these beautiful fancies, these exquisite drapings against fairy back grounds. But no, when I was ushered into the private office of this wonderful person whom did I see but my old school-mate, Helen Ryan, modest and quiet as ever, with no visible sign of the genius that could set a whole city wondering and admiring. And still, I remembered, when we sat side by side in school, she had a vein of romance and imagination that showed in all her work.

At another time I was sent to Mercy Hospital, to cover an interesting operation. The attention of the entire medical world was centered on this particular piece of work and the interest in our city was especially keen because the operating surgeon was a Chicagoan and a woman at thatanother boast for woman suffrage! When I stepped forward to meet the successful operator, I met my old friend, Frances Thornton.

It was while I was travelling in the Blue Ridge Mountains in search of what we newspaper people call "local color" that I came across another friend of my school days. Riding through a pretty valley I met a group of tourists, listening attentively to the rapid flow of description and historical comment uttered by their conductor, who was helping them to get acquainted with their own country. Who was she? Why did her voice sound so familiar? Ah! I had it! She was the studious girl who sat behind me, and who was able to name the presidents with one breath,—Olive Moberg.

Were you ever arrested for speeding and forced to appear in the speeders' court? If so, you can appreciate my feeling, when one day, as I was hurrying in my Ford to write up a famous traveller, a motor cycle policeman interrupted my flight and ordered me to appear in court and answer to charges of violating the city's speed laws. "Fifty and costs, I'm thinking," was his grim comment. And I believed that it would be at least that—perhaps jail would be my portion. However, I was excused with a reprimand, publicly given, and a cordial smile, privately given for old times' sake, for the Judge was dear, old Thelma Sackett. Just think, in the old days no woman could aspire to the position of judge or of any other municipal office, while now suffrage is nation-wide.

While Thelma and I were chatting over old days who should come in but Marie Leinen, and when I was making my adieux to the Judge, Marie invited me to accompany her to an exclusive swimming school where she had an appointment with an old friend. Ascending to the roof of the Court House we stepped into Marie's aeroplane and in a few minutes were soaring over skyscrapers, river and park. Arrived at the school, we donned swimming suits and Marie soon began her performance. I, poor novice, awaited my first lesson from the instructor, Madame de Montford.

All too soon, this person approached, buckled a fat rubber belt around my waist, attached one end of a pulley-rope to my belt and gave me a push into the water. How I gasped and kicked and tried to call for help or reach the railing that ran around the edge of the pool! Whenever I came too near this much-sought goal the heartless creature standing above gave a shove with a long pole which sent me struggling towards the center of the pool. And this person with no heart, who was she? At first I could not recognize the portly, medal-bedecked form. But after I had been fished out and had gotten my breath, Marie introduced me to no less than Berenice Sweeney, a champion swimmer and the best instructor of swimming in the country.

The most distinguished event I ever described was the wedding of one of our Loretto girls to a President of the United States, the Honorable James A. Davidson. It seems that these two had known each other since early school days and the Honorable James Davidson had often carried Stella's books home when both were struggling over the knotty problems of Eighth Grade. Through hard work, honourable dealing with his fellow men and possession of a fine intellect, Mr. Davidson had risen rapidly from one position to another until finally he had been chosen as chief executive of the nation. And straightway he invited Miss Stella to become the first lady in the land. All her old school mates were on hand when the Archbishop arrived at St. Bernard's to solemnize the marriage, and the soloist for this notable occasion was our dear Miss Mulvihill. After the ceremony was over the bride and her

distinguished husband paid a brief but enjoyable visit to the convent, where some of their former teachers wished them joy. The bridal party consisted of the Misses Lucille Field, Gertrude Newton, Mary Tierney, Florence Keena, Ada Maloney and Helen Hilgarde.

Miss Tierney was already known as a member of the Chicago Real Estate Board; Miss Newton occupied the position of State Horticulturist in Alabama; and Miss Keena held the enviable position of diamond expert for a large jewelry firm in New York. Miss Ada Maloney had invented a machine for washing and drying dishes and now had retired on her income, while tired housewives called her blessed. Miss Lucille Field was the owner of a large restaurant noted for its famous cookery, and Helen Hilgarde drew large audiences wherever she went by her beautiful soprano voice.

At one time I was sent to get a feature story concerning a well known author who had lived in the boarding house district north of the river before she had attained fame and fortune. The author's former chum, who lagged behind on the road to good luck entertained me at dinner while she told the story of her friend's rise to popularity. It seemed that the first story which won favor for the author was founded on the people of this very boarding house. And chief among them was a lady of the house who had now become a well known character through the writer's skill. While I gazed in wonder at the astonishing slimness of the landlady, I marvelled at the good-nature she presented. Here was a student of human nature and one who could not easily be hoodwinked. Do you wonder I had some difficulty in identifying her as my old friend, Marion O'Shea? And when I met her after dinner and chatted familiarly over the old times, she told me that Catharine Hogan who had sat beside me in school was the famous writer of short stories who had taken the types for her first good seller from this very boarding house. Devious are the paths to fame.

The society functions of a certain lady sent me out one day to a beautiful home on the Lake Shore Drive. An impassive footman ushered me into a small but handsome reception room. I gazed around admiringly at the exquisite furnishings and decorations until I was startled by a

familiar voice saying, "Well, of all the pleasant surprises!" and there before me stood Margaret Smith, now Mrs. Pierre de Fontaine. She took me to her boudoir for a confidential talk where I learned that she had married Mr. de Fontaine shortly after leaving Loretto while travelling in Europe after the end of the great war. "He was one of the heroes of the French army who was decorated for conspicuous bravery," she explained with pride. Then she went on to say that Bernadine Seery and Mary Hanton had accompanied her on that trip and both girls had stayed in Europe.

Bernadine was now the wife of a noted Italian artist and lived in a beautiful villa overlooking

the Bay of Naples.

Mary Hanton had taken to mountain climbing and at last reports was attempting Matterhorn. "Well, Margaret, that leaves only one of our girls whom I have not met or corresponded with since we left school," said I.

"And, pray, who is she?" my friend asked.

"Lida Pirritt."

"O, I can tell you what became of her. Last year she attended the Republican convention and after Colonel Roosevelt had delivered one of his famous speeches, she got up and gave such a clever reply, ridiculing all his well known theories, that she was hired by the Grand Old Party to travel through the country and let common people become acquainted with the Colonel as she knew him. It is said that many politicians are living in fear that she will pick on them next."

Well, as I said before, my work has given me many interesting moments and I look forward with pleasure to meeting some of those old friends again in my line of duty.

SARA MORTIMER, '18.

# Chronicle of Events — Lovetto, Englewood — September to December, 1916.

September fifth—The first day of school is always a day of rejoicing and regret. Regret that vacation is over, rejoicing to be once more among old friends and teachers. Pupils seemed to have little time for regrets, so absorbed were they in recounting some very interesting episodes of their vacation, or commenting on how tall, or

stout, or thin some seemed to have gotten. But after a few minutes' chat, each knew that the other was the same dear girl at heart she knew a few months before.

October twenty-sixth—On this day our mistress gave the girls a surprise party. Goodness! how girls love a surprise! Especially when it is given in form of the last period off, and dancing in the recreation hall. The glad tidings were imparted to us when we were assembled for prayers before dispersing to our classrooms. Many exclamations of "Dancing!" "O goody!" "Thank you, Mother E-!" At the appointed hour the girls were ready to enjoy the surprise. Presently soft strains of music and—"on with the dance!" Everyone enjoyed the privilege. As the big clock struck four Mother E. entered the room and found it in perfect order and only one girl in sight. She expressed her delight at the manner in which her wishes had been respected. Oh! yes, we are very obedient girls sometimes not all of the time.

October twenty-eighth—Our Alumnae had a meeting to elect a delegate to attend the Federation of Catholic Alumnae at Baltimore. After a great deal of discussion Miss Berenice Hanlon was decided upon. Miss Hanlon is a very charming as well as a very capable young lady and the Alumnae is proud to call her their delegate. The convention was opened by a solemn ceremony at which our venerable Cardinal Gibbons presided.

November fourth—The crowd on election night.

"Election Night!" One need only say those two words and a vivid picture rises before my mind—a picture throbbing with excitement, anxiety, hope and despair. I see a crowd standing before the *Tribune* Building, awaiting the returns of the presidential election. All types of people are present, all nationalities seem to be represented—for it is in just this sort of crowd one is able to realize the cosmopolitan nature of this city. Rich and poor, large and small, old and young, side by side, eager, intent and rapt in the excitement of the day, unmindful of their surroundings, thinking, hoping, fearing for their favoured candidate, send up cheer upon cheer as the returns are flashed on the screen; and then,

mayhap, a few minutes later those faces which had been so happy, so confident, change, and their owners seem in the depths of despair, as they watch the fatal screen. So it goes on and on until the final returns, when part of the crowd in a frenzy of joy stay on cheering for the winner—while the rest, disgusted and disappointed, return home, wondering at the want of judgment of the rest of mankind." [So wrote Marie Leinen, '18.]

November fifteenth—The pupils of Saint Bernard's Commercial College gave a very unique and entertaining reception to their friends on Wednesday afternoon of this week in honour of Saint Gertrude, their class patroness. The rooms were artistically decorated with palms, ferns and roses. An amusing incident of the programme was the presentation of "Arrested and Tried for Hyperbole,"—a comedy in two acts, in which the young ladies gave proof that veracity still holds a high place in the estimation of the rising generation, destined to uphold the honour of the Father of our country.

At the close of the program a dainty luncheon was served, and the remaining time enjoyably passed in music and social intercourse. After expressing their appreciation of the dramatic ability displayed by the pupils, no less than the satisfactory results exhibited in their school work, all departed much pleased with the afternoon's diversion.

November twenty-second—The feast day of Saint Cecilia, the glorious patroness of that sub-lime art—Music. A delightful programme was rendered very artistically by the seniors and music pupils, to the school, the Community and a few visitors. The programme lasted only an hour, but it was a source of enjoyment and education to all who were present, and the number was not small.

November twenty-ninth—This day is memorable to the Seniors as it held a treat in store for them. This was an invitation from Saint Ursula Literatae of Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, to share with them "An Hour with Tennyson." We most gladly accepted. They rendered a very delightful programme, including two solos, "Tears, Idle Tears," and "Come Into the Garden,

Maud," and a sketch of "The Falcon," which was very effective. Our girls enjoyed every minute of the programme, I am sure. After it was over. Mother N—took us all through the building, and I must say it is very lovely indeed. The classrooms are especially bright and cheerful in appearance. Mother N—became a favourite with our girls and she seemed to like us in turn. We have been promised an invitation to their next Literary and we hope to have the Woodlawn young ladies as our guests some day very soon.

December fourth—Some of us were present at the inaugural of Mr. John J. Sullivan as Judge of the Superior Court of Cook County. Judge William E. Dever, acting as chairman, introduced Governor Edward F. Dunne, who spoke of his long friendship with Judge Sullivan and predicted for him a notable career as a Superior Court Judge for the next six years.

"It is always a pleasure," said the Governor, "to participate with friends in honouring another friend. I congratulate this friend of ours who has been elevated to a position of honour and power. A just and fearless judge can do immeasurable good, a lazy or inefficient one may do immeasurable injury. Judge Sullivan, I am happy to say, is not of the latter sort.

"A successful judge must be impartial. Of course, he is human and may, like other men, acquire likes and dislikes off the bench, but once he takes his seat, it should be his aim to divest himself of all these likes and dislikes. If he feels at the opening of a lawsuit that he cannot do so, it is his bounden duty to call counsel before him and ask them to try the case before some other judge."

Judge Sullivan responding, said: "I desire to thank all of my friends here—and particularly Governor Dunne, who came from Springfield for this occasion. It is my ambition to live up to the traditions of this bench, and I shall always endeavor to be courteous and civil and loyal to all during my term of office."

We are proud to say that Judge Sullivan's three nieces, the Misses Sarah, Ursula, and Leonore Mortimer, attend our school. They are charming and industrious girls of whom the Judge may well be proud.

EILEEN KEARNS, '17.

### School Chronicle, Loretto, Woodlawn.

September sixth, nineteen hundred sixteen—School is opening again, and again we see the familiar faces of old friends, and also those of the strangers, whom we hope to make our friends.

September twenty-seventh—Our sodality being organized for the year, we meet to hold the annual election of officers for both the sodality and Saint Ursula's Literary Association.

October twenty-third—Today we celebrate the feast of Saint Ursula, the patroness of our Literary Association.

October twenty-fifth—A visit from Father Rielly—something always appreciated by the graduates. Father stayed only a few moments and left promising to come again.

October thirty-first—Hallowe'en is delightfully celebrated by a marshmallow roast in the grounds, which was the occasion of much enjoyment for all.

November eighth—Well chaperoned by two of the nuns, the graduates and third year girls spend the afternoon at the Art Institute. The collections of American sculpture and painting, and the Henry Field collection of pictures are especially admired by them.

November sixteenth—A trip to Garfield Park to see the chrysanthemum show. The flowers were beautiful and the outing was enjoyed and appreciated by all.

November twenty-ninth—The Saint Ursula Literatae entertained their teachers, companions and the graduates of Loretto, Englewood, with a programme, "An Hour with Tennyson," consisting of the following numbers:

Ave Maris Stella
President's Greeting.
The Victorian Age
An Interpretation—Ulysses
Liebestraume Liszt
Essay—Tennyson as a Dramatist
The Falcon
The Rustle of Spring Sinding A Comment—Maud
A Comment—Maud
Vocal—Come Into the Garden, Maud
Merlin and the Gleam gard

Vocal—Tears, Idle Tears
Essay—The Lyrics of the Princess
The Bugle Song
Essay—Tennyson as We See Him
Sweet and Low.

November thirtieth—Thanksgiving Day.

December sixth—A great musical treat. Miss Theodora Treondle, a pupil of Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler, played the Schüet G Minor Concerto. Miss Treondle will play this same concerto with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra in January, 1917. We feel favoured, as this will be the first time this concerto will have been played in America.

A. DE R.

# "A Legend of the Abon, or the fairy of the Abon."

otell us a story, Grandma," said sixyear-old Dorothy, as she perched herself on the arm of Grandma's chair.

"Yes, Grandma, do," said her sister Marjorie, "But what shall it be?" said the grandmother. "Oh! All about the fairies."

"Very well, then, sit still and I will begin."

"Long, long ago there was a little girl, of your age, named Mary." She lived with her mother and father, and three brothers in a little log house in the forest. Her one sorrow was that she had no other little girls of her own age, with whom she could play.

"Every evening Mary went to gather flowers in the woods. One night she wandered farther than usual, and coming upon a river, she saw many beautiful little girls, dancing and playing along the shore. Mary stood watching them. Suddenly one spied her, and coming near, said: 'Why do you look so sad?' 'Because I have no one to play with,' answered Mary. 'Then come and join us. I am Melda, Fairy of the Avon, and these are my sisters.'

"So every evening Mary went to play with the fairies, and she no longer wished for other playmates.

"Often good Fairy Melda would come home with her, but if her brothers were in sight the fairy would disappear, for she did not like little boys.

"One evening Mary went out as usual, but she

did not join the fairies, nor did she come home at dusk. Her parents grew anxious and set out to look for her, but they could not find her anywhere.

"They were standing by the river, wondering where to look next. Suddenly a little girl appeared and asked them what had happened. When the father told her, she said: 'Follow me, and I will help you to find her.' And so they set out. The girl led them on and on through the forest, but still they did not see Mary. Then the little girl darted ahead. 'Here she is!' They ran to where she was standing, and sure enough there was Mary, lying on the grass, fast asleep. 'Mary, Mary!' called her mother. Mary awoke quickly.

"'Oh, dear!' she cried, 'I am so glad that you found me. I couldn't find my way and so I sat down here and fell asleep. I dreamt that a big wolf was chasing me.'

"'It was this little girl that found you,' said the father, turning to where the girl had been standing, but to his surprise she had disappeared.

"When he explained all, Mary said: 'Why, it must have been the good Fairy of the Avon,' and she told them all about the fairies.

"'Then we shall call this river "The Avon,"' said the joyful father; and ever since the good Fairy of the Avon found little Mary, this river has been called the Avon.

"Now, then, children, kiss Grandma goodnight, and run to bed."

And the two little tots went off happily to dream of the Fairy of the Avon.

ANNA BURKE.

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD.

# A flashlight.

A quiver of the cable-wire, A brief inditing,

Eyes that have wept their fill of fear and love Spell out the writing.

Words with a world of agony concealed Beneath their meaning! A woman's head upon her crucifix

In anguish leaning!

Rose Underwood.

#### Spray.

Recipe for trouble in second blue.—A tin of pork and beans, a dear little pair of queens, a pinch of noise.

Teacher—Were you talking, Margaret?
Margaret—Yes, mother, but I didn't say anything.

Teacher (with disgust)—As usual!

The only vessel insured against submarine attacks—Noviceship.

Latest Titles in Fiction—Fair and Warmer—The Dormitories.

Twin Beds-Ursula Murphy, Margaret Moran,

The White Sister—M. McAuley.

The Three Twins—Isobel Guinane, K. Coles, Evelyn Harris.

Stop! Look! Listen!—In the halls.

Ninety Degrees in the Shade—Fourth Year Latin.

The Common Law—No eating in the dormitory.

Good Night Ladies—The alcoves about 9.15.

The Only Girl—Helen Galligan.

The Passing Show of 1916—Literary Circle concert.

The Great Divide—Doors of the noviceship.

Help Wanted!—Mary Ellen Flanigan.

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine—From station to the Abbey.

The Siren—Louise O'Reilly.

The Girl Who Smiles-M. Murphy.

The Fourth Floor Back—College corridor.

Within the Law—Attending patriotic teas.

Watch Your Step-Mary Moran.

- Mutt and Jeff—Antoinette Godbout and Ethel Ashley.

Quo Vadis?—To Loretto Abbey.

Freckles-Violet McCausland.

Excuse Me—Eileen McCool.

Green Stockings-Francis Moloney.

Talk! Talk! Talk!-French girls.

Ada Sullivan's Downfall—The new rule, "No hair-curling allowed."

Phoebe (aged 6) was much affected at her first Requiem Mass. It seemed to her a proper occasion for tears, so she wept copiously. When asked why, she replied: "I'm crying for my grandmother, boo! hoo! sh-sh-she d-died the very day I was born! boo! hoo! And I never even saw her! Boo! hoo-oo-oo!"

Nothing daunted by the long empty board before her, Miss Simpkins summoned the waiter and called out, "Mushrooms!" "We sarve dem tings separate, Miss; we're out o' de mixture."

#### A Song of Grippe-land.

"The day is done!" And the sunlight
Fades from my window-sky.
"The day is done!" Done *out*, perhaps,
And so—and so—am *I*.

I see the lights of the students
Gleam through the transom pane,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That I never can explain.

A feeling of physical sadness,
That follows in Grippe's sad train,
And the slightest of finite noises
Creates an infinite pain.

When my night is filled with noises,
Then the cares that infest the day
Will swoop on my helpless spirit
As an eagle on its prey.

"The day is done!" as I said before, But not more done than I, Yet I cannot change my quarters now For a mansion in the sky.

So, until Grippe will fold his tent, And silently slip away— O! a little less noise in his hearing! A little less noise! I pray.

"Here's something for Burbank to try his hand on."

"What's that?"

"Training a Christmas tree to sprout its own Christmas presents."

# The Sparrow.

Small symbol of the commonplace, I find
My spirit rested when I gaze on thee;
No doubt of life, no tremors of the mind
Are thine, but trust, in all simplicity.
Thou chatterest on the eaves, though worlds
decay;

Thy matutinal gossip must have vent, And all the little cares that make thy day Have place, though kings and empires be forespent!

Ah, who shall say, but that thy fearless faith
And gay ascent to His benignant rules,
More pleasing are to Him, Who gave thee breath
Than all the solemn searchings of the schools?
O, brown philosopher, more wise than all,
Thou knowest He watches, "Lest a sparrow
fall."

REV. JAS. B. DOLLARD, Litt. D.

"You are wrong to find fault with this thing and with that, or to try and make everyone see things as you see them. We desire to be "as little children," and little children do not know what is best. To them all seems right. Let us imitate their ways. Besides, there is no merit in doing what reason alone dictates."—Soeur Therese.

"Ever judge of men by their professions. For though the bright moment of promising is but a moment and cannot be prolonged, yet, if sincere in its moments of extravagant goodness, why, trust it and know the man by it, I say, not by his performance—which is half the world's work, interfere as the world needs must with its accidents and circumstances. I judge people by what they might be—not are, nor will be."—

Browning.

Member of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants.

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HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

Earth's noblest thing-a woman perfected

Vol. XXIV

APRIL. 1917

No. 1

# Review.

The Rainbow is offering to its readers, in this issue, a number of exceptionally good articles. There is a beautiful rarely-quoted Latin poem by Gladstone, with the English from which he translated it—An interesting article on His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV., with an account of the war department of the Vatican—A Character sketch of Mr. Wilfred Meynell by a personal friend—A letter to the children of the Abbey by Reverend W. R. Harris, LL. D.—A scholarly paper on the great Apostle of Ireland by Reverend M. J. Ryan, D. D., Ph. D., of St. Augustine's Seminary—An account of the Governor-General's visit to the Abbey—A short dramatic story, "Vis-Omnipo," and a poem, "Tall Pines," by Reverend J. B. Dollard, Litt. D.—The first instalment of a study of the Canadian Poet Drummond, by Reverend J. Dutton—A description of St. Winefride's Well, by Miss Hoskin, President of the Women's Branch of Church Extension—Several poems of high merit, besides other interesting features to be found on the regular list of contents.

# Pope Benedict Fifteenth.

Some of Dis Activities in This World-War.

HE universal nature of Our Holy Father's sympathies may be taken for granted, but an incident of recent date is given in a magazine\* which illustrates this special note in a graphic and happy manner.

Mr. George Barr Baker, a non-Catholic and a member of the "Committee for Belgian Relief," felt so strongly the woful condition of that stricken nation and the powerlessness of his organization to meet its further demands by public subscription, that he decided to waive all formality and to seek an audience with the Father of all Christendom in order to secure his active co-operation.

That his faith in the Pope's desire to aid in this, as in every good and holy cause, was not misplaced, may be gleaned from the following narrative, which is duly signed and accredited:

"We walked through what seemed to me the most magnificent palace in all the world. Rich room after rich room, vast chambers adorned with the art treasures of the centuries, unfolded into one another, until finally we came to a little door. It opened into the private library of Pope Benedict XV.

The door swung back into a high room, rather narrow for its length, and sparsely furnished. At the far end, on a great chair slightly raised from the floor, sat the most remarkable man I have ever seen.

Clad all in white he was, even to the white

<sup>\*</sup> The American Magazine.

skull cap on his majestic head. From a face as white and clear as parchment looked out eyes sunken and sad, yet gleaming with a spiritual voltage that startled me.

I made a bow and started forward, but immediately the Figure left the throne and came toward me, meeting me before I had taken six steps. After the regular formalities, he took hold of my arm and graciously led me back to the throne, drawing up a chair for me beside it.

"We can never thank you enough—" I began, only to stop at the sound of a voice, silver-clear and resonant, which said slowly and gravely:

"My son, never thank Us."

In the conversation that followed, Benedict XV. always referred to himself as Us or We. I spoke in English; he in French; we had no

difficulty in understanding each other.

"During two miserable years," the Voice went on, "We have prayed for guidance and We have sought diligently a way in which We could show Our love for Our people and help them practically. On all sides We have been besieged with requests for action—impossible requests for the most part, because all these peoples are Our people. . . Our children are murdering one another—" there was a sorrowful vibration in the Pope's voice. "We are compelled to witness horrible fratricide, devastating war, death, unparalleled.

"Even some of Our own clergy have failed to see why We could not take one side against the other. They have all come to Us as politicians, until now"—and Benedict XV. bent his head with a smile that illumined his face, a smile magnetically fascinating—"until now you, a non-Catholic, have come to Us a lone crusader from that far America and approach Us spiritually. For this We thank you. We thank you always."

He hesitated a moment, his eyes lifted toward

the high ceiling.

"And further We thank you," he went on at last, "that you have presented to Us a practical plan of service, a plan in which there is no politics—only love.

"We appreciate this so strongly that, although the present demands on Us are very great—Our people have been stricken terribly by War—We shall still prove Our sympathy in a practical way by opening the list of your new form of contribution with a gift of ten thousand lire (\$1,-930). This We are sending to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons in Baltimore, and We are writing him a letter commanding him to place the matter before the bishops and priests and congregations in America. Further, We are going to promise Our Apostolic Benediction to al! people, of whatever race or creed, who will join in this so noble and necessary an undertaking."

Before this audience I had been told that the Pope not only would grant my request but that he would have a surprise in store for me. How

great a surprise I did not dream!

Meanwhile Benedict XV. was speaking to Signor Cortesi, who turned to me and said: "His Holiness wishes you to repeat what you told the Vatican about your right to approach him." I did so; it was evident that the Pope was much pleased.

"If the Pope be the Vicar of Christ on earth," I replied, "then all men, Catholic or Protestant, Jew or pagan, have the right to go to him in distress. By the same token he may not refuse a single one who so approaches him."

Now that the immediate purpose of my mission had been met, Benedict XV. began questioning me about America. I told him of my country, of its freedom of thought, of its religious tolerance, of the spirituality, too often concealed, that lies in the hearts of its people."

"They must be a dear people," he broke in. "We are very much circumscribed here. Our tasks are numberless. We have neither the time nor the strength to learn as much as We should like to know about your Americans, but we always hear concerning them the most charming things."

At last I rose to go. Benedict XV. walked along with us almost to the little door, which opened automatically. Then, suddenly, he made a sign, and the door closed. He led me to a desk at the opposite end of the room and bade me be seated again.

"Tell me some more about your America," he said.

We talked for several minutes. Now he seemed more the simple, kindly priest than the potentate, yet I could not get away from the tremendous intellectual grasp with which he seized all subjects, or the reserve force that resided so evidently within him. His face is not so full as it appears in the photograph which he autographed for me at that desk—the photograph

which accompanies this narrative. Nor does the likeness do justice to his hands, thin and strong and beautiful.

After a little he rose to accompany us to the door. It opened and we passed through. I took out my watch. It told me that we had been in the Pope's presence for an hour, less two minutes—a longer audience than had ever before been granted to a Protestant.

As we passed back, the art-laden walls of the Vatican were blank to me. I could see only the sad, peaceful, powerful face of Benedict XV. Try as I might, I was not able to remember a single detail of the Papal library—its walls, ceilings, its furnishings. I had not the remotest idea of the sort of chair which I had sat in. So dominant had been the personality of the man!

I knew that a load had been lifted from me. The grisly night that had shrouded the children of Belgium seemed broken and rolling away. I said so, exultantly, to Signor Cortesi. He smiled and rubbed his hands happily. From some faroff tower a bell struck the hour. Then the guard saluted, and the gates of the Vatican closed behind us.

The Literary Digest gives an account of a new office which has been opened in the Vatican since the war:

Every day the Pope receives about two hundred letters "from distracted parents, wives, and sweethearts in all of the belligerent nations, pleading that he use his good offices to learn whether their loved ones, about whom they are unable to hear anything, are dead, wounded, sick, or prisoners." And, as we learn from an Associated Press dispatch from Rome printed in the Intermountain Catholic (Salt Lake City), he reads every one of the letters himself. Of course, he can not investigate every case personally. But after reading an appeal, he makes a memorandum on its envelope and sends it to the department of lost soldiers, which has been established in the Vatican, and employs some thirty clerks under the supervision of one Father Huisman. The work of this office is described as follows:

"The department has access to official records transmitted by the Prussian Minister of War to the Holy See at Lugano, Switzerland, who has offices at Paris, Constantinople, Vienna, Brussels and Padeborn, Westphalia, Germany, with several minor branches in other countries.

"The department has become one of the most highly organized of any in the Vatican. It writes several hundred letters a day, and to date such letters have run up to a total of more than five million. As the department returns all money enclosed in letters of appeal, and as a person writing from England can not well enclose Italian stamps for international correspondence, the stamp bill alone of the department has been upward of two hundred thousand dollars.

"After making an official demand on the government of the country where the lost soldier is supposed to be, the department causes each new name to be posted up in the military prisoncamps, by the aid of a Catholic chaplain always present, in the hope that some of the lost soldier's comrades may see the name and offer some clue that will lead to his location. Several thousands of such lists have been printed. There are one hundred and ten lists, each containing two hundred names, for the Italian army alone, making thus a total of twenty-two thousand lost Italian soldiers. Aside from this, the department has copies of official army prisoner lists, arranged by nations, and it immediately searches these lists carefully for the name of the lost soldier.

"Despite the difficulties of the task, the department has so far been able to find more than ten thousand lost soldiers, and the Pope has received a treasured collection of letters of thanks from families, often from little children, who address him as 'Mister,' or who give him the title-names of Popes dead many hundreds of years.

"The correspondent of the Associated Press on a visit to the department saw a bundle of letters that had been just sent by the Pope, possibly seventy-five in number, and on the envelope of each one in his own handwriting were written directions concerning its disposition. Among the heap was a letter from his sister, the Countess Persico della Chiesa, of Genoa, the Pope's home city, asking that a search be made for a certain soldier of Genoa. 'The Countess begs attention again,' the Pope had written on the letter. Another one of the letters was one of thanks from a French family whose son, Jean Laforgue, had been for two years in the Orient without being able to send news to his family of himself, but the Pope had been able to discover this lost son at Samsam, in distant Turkey."

# hymn for boly Week.

F the two translations below, the English one is by Neale, the Latin one by Gladstone. The Latin has been made not immediately from the original but from the English. It has long been in print but can scarcely be said to have been published because it is very little known, being found only in the biography of Ambrose Phillipps DeLisle, the English convert, to whom the author sent it in a letter. Every reader will notice how felicitously Gladstone in this Latin verse has imitated the style of mediaeval Sequentiae, such as we find in the Mass for the Dead and in the Masses of Pente-

cost and Corpus Christi. Anyone who compares this translation of English into Latin, with the same author's translation from the Greek and Latin classics, and from the Italian into English, cannot fail to perceive the great superiority of this Sequentiae. The cause of this excellence is probably to be found in Gladstone's religious sentiment, which was not only strong, but deep and tender. But whatever may have been the cause it is a noble work of Christian scholarship, doing credit alike to the heart and the head of the writer, and giving ground for hope that he was united by Divine Grace to the soul of the Church.

#### Responsory Hymn.

BY SAINT STEPHEN, THE SABATTE.

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,
And His Side."

Hath He diadem as Monarch That His Brow adorns? "Yea, a Crown, in very surety,

But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow, What His guerdon here? "Many a sorrow, many a labour,

Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till Heav'n
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling, Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

Scis te lassum, scis languentem Malis inhaerere? Audin' "Veni, veniensque Pacem consequére,"

Habet notas, quas agnôrim Istum consectatus? "Manus, plantae cruentatae Cruentatum latus."

Ecquid portat, pro coronâ Quae monarchos ornat? "Diadema, sed spinarum Frontem hanc adornat."

Sin obnitar, sin attingam, Qui remunerabit? "Luctus, fletus, ac laborum Largitatem dabit."

Sin obstrictus adhaerebo, Quis in fine status? "Viae meta, luctûs fuga, Labor exantlatus."

Si receptum supplicabor, Votum exaudiret? "Quanquam Terra, quanquam Coelum In ruinam iret!"

Persistentem, perluctantem
Certus est beare?
"Quisque Vates, Martyr, Virgo,
Angelus, testare!" M. J. R.

#### The Crucifix in the Shattered Shrine.

O pallid Christ within this broken shrine, Not those torn hands and not that heart of Thine Has given the nations blood to drink like wine.

Through weary years and 'neath the changing skies Men turned their back on those appealing eyes And scorned as vain Thine awful sacrifice.

Kings with their armies, children at their play Had passed unheeding down this shell-ploughed way; The great world knew not where its true strength lay.

In pomp and luxury, in lust of gold, In selfish ease, in pleasures manifold. "Evil is good, good evil," we were told. Yet where nightly the great flare-lights gleam, And murder stalks triumphant in their beam, The world has wakened from its empty dream.

At last, O Christ, in this strange, darkened land Where ruined homes lie round on every hand, Life's deeper truths men come to understand.

For lonely graves along the countryside, Where sleep those brave hearts who for others died, Tell of life's union with the Crucified.

And new light kindles in the mourner's eyes,
Like day-dawn breaking through the rifted skies,
For life is born of life's self-sacrifice.

—Rev. Canon Scott, Montreal, in London Times.

# Dur New Governor-General the Duke of Devonshire.

are always much more interesting and sink deeper into our memory than those which we read of in our school histories; and the visit of our new Governor-General, Victor Christian William Cavendish, ninth Duke of Devonshire, to the Abbey on the twenty-second of February, is something that will live in our memory and our grateful feeling. If I had to undergo an examination about the occurrences of that day, I should not fear that my paper would receive any disparaging mark. I purpose to give a slight sketch of the Duke's character as we have heard it described.

The term "the Duke" has been attached by some to the Duke of Devonshire; by others to the Duke of Norfolk, the vastness of their estates constituting their respective claims to the To begin with, the Duke of Devonshire has one hundred and eighty-six thousand acres. and is therefore the territorial chief in a land where many have large holdings. On this land are to be found enormous forests with their wealth of lumber, more deer than on the estate of any other English landlord, mines worth fabulous sums, palaces worthy of royalty. His picture galleries at Chatsworth outdo even those of American millionaires. His libraries contain some of the glories of literary England, and rare editions and statues, for one of which an offer of two hundred thousand dollars was refused. Devonshire House in London stands stately and second to none in the city of many mansions.

The Duke's Eastbourne House is one of the sights of the south of England. Chatsworth, an estate of eleven miles in extent, rich in itself, but richer far in tradition and historic meaning, was built in 1706, and it housed among others, the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots. The Duke's castle in Ireland, for he was a big Irish landlord, is Lismore, a rare beauty spot in a land of such. His personal wealth is enormous, but the old aristocracy, though they grumbled at Mr. Lloyd George's assaults a few years ago, have readily and generously borne their full share of the taxation imposed by the war.

The Duke has already some connection with Canada, for his father, Lord Edward Cavendish, was here in the early sixties. He was Rifle

Brigade Officer. The Duke, himself, however, has not been in Canada before. His wife, the Duchess, knows the Dominion generally, and Rideau Hall in particular. She spent her early teens there, for her father, the Marquis of Lansdowne, was Governor-General from 1883 to 1888. She was then Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice. The Duchess is a kindly and gracious woman who will be very popular, for she has a sprightliness and vivacious charm, expressed in a winsome smile.

The Duke himself is very much of the Cavendish type, and to understand the manner of man he is, it is necessary to see the characteristics of those in his line who came before him. The House of Cavendish has one of the world's supreme scientists, and one of the world's supreme statesmen. The Cavendish type comes to us from the fourteenth century. James I. created the Cavendish of his time an earl. Since then there have been nine dukes. Invariably, each has had the "garter," that rarest of orders, which has never included a commoner except Sir Walpole, until our own time, Sir Edward Grey (now Viscount Grey) received the honor. The Cavendishes have always been remarkable for good sense, and one for scientific genius. The outstanding quality has been a certain desire for service and a manhood and solidity which make a good governor or administrator. The exception was the Cavendish who was England's greatest chemist, Henry Cavendish, who ascertained the composition of water and arrived at the defining of the density of the earth. The present Duke, we hear, is keenly interested in science. His laboratories are extensive and replete, and it is said that he personally is so interested in science, that his main ambition is to make some sort of mark in the scientific world, comparable to that made by his great ancestor.

Simplicity is the key-note of the Duke's disposition, simplicity in its best sense. He is extremely democratic, and therein he will well suit us in Canada. Mr. Balfour once remarked to him, that the most useful word in the language is "Hullo." "I agree with you," said the Duke laconically. This simplicity causes him to rebel sometimes against the circumstances and world into which he was born. He would rather pass his time with a friend or two walking across the moor, or, in old and comfortable clothes, the Norfolk suit and knickers of the English sports-



VICE-REGAL PARTY AT LORETTO ABBEY.

man,—shooting or golfing. He delights in such small parties, rambling abroad, taking things as he finds them, dropping his ducal rank, and as plain Mr. So-and-so, putting up at a country inn and taking what he can get like anybody else. In that connection a story is told, which is significant of the man. A few friends and himself put up one night at a country inn in the year when Mr. Lloyd George was seeking the scalps of the landed aristocracy. A grocer, a furniture dealer, and a tailor were in the room, and with these the Duke and his friends conversed.

Said the grocer: "This 'ere Lloyd George is on the right road. The big estates of these country gentlemen keeps such as me from making a

living."

"Yes," said the furniture dealer, "if wealth was properly distributed, everybody would want a few new sticks of furniture, and that's where I'd come in."

"You wouldn't be wearing such things as them," said the tailor, pointing to the Duke's old and worn clothes, "if the land hadn't passed into the possession of the few."

"I agree with you," said the Duke with quiet

humour.

The Duke, in short, is man's man, companionable, a good story-teller, gifted with a dry humour and able to enjoy a joke at his own expense. He is essentially democratic. He has a modern mind. He is quietly philosophic and he needs to be, for more than fifty per cent, of his income has been taken away from him for war tax purposes. He may be relied upon to steer a middle and tactful course between the extremes of democracy and aristocracy, and therefore should suit the Canadians to a "T." ancestress Georgiana, he might be dubbed "The most amiable and the best bred person in England." He will be faithful in all things to the heraldic motto of his house, "Cavendo Tutus," and will make a worthy successor to the line of illustrious men who have filled the office of Governor-General of Canada.

# A Disit from the Dice-Regal Party.

ORETTO ABBEY was gay with flags and patriotic drapings on the morning of February the twenty-second, in preparation for a visit from the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. Their Excellencies were met at the

entrance by His Grace Archbishop Neil McNeil and the Lady Superior of the Abbey.

The Vice-Regal party included Lady Blanche Cavendish, Lady Violet Henderson, Sir John and Lady Hendrie, Captain Ridley, A. D. C., Captain Kenyon-Slaney, A. D. C., and Col. Alex. Fraser.

The auditorium presented a very beautiful appearance. The senior girls were drawn up on the floor of the room and were all dressed in white, except the score or so of the members of the college class, who wore caps and gowns. The junior girls, also dressed in white, were seated on a platform at the back of the flag-bedecked hall.

As the vice-regal party entered the pupils sang the National Anthem. As soon as the party had taken their places on the dais, Miss Helen Mullins, accompanied by Miss Irma Guinane and Miss Irene Mulligan bearing bouquets of roses, read the address of welcome to the Duke and Duchess.

After a reference to the pride and honour felt at the visit, the students declared that their spoken words were but a surface indication of the deep undercurrent of true sentiment. Referring to the Duchess, the address became reminiscent, and declared that her Excellency, who spent her girlhood days in Canada, had left behind her a tradition of grace that has never faded from Canadian memory. It concluded with the hope that long ere the Governor-General's term in Canada expired the Empire would be enjoying a victorious peace.

The Governor-General in his reply expressed the pleasure he felt at being able to visit the institution. "In a moment like this, when our thoughts naturally turn to the great struggle in Europe, it is a great pleasure to see that you are able to continue and be doing so much in education, and preparing yourselves for whatever your fate or lot may be," said his Excellency.

Educational matters, he said, had taken on a new and more important position, not only in the Empire and Canada but in relation to the whole civilized world. "The more a man or woman is equipped the better it will be, not only for this but for the community as a whole."

The senior pupils went gracefully through the evolutions of the "ministry" drill, a combination of flag and Swedish drills, which was clearly

appreciated by the visitors. During the drill the girls sang such patriotic airs as "Good Luck to the Boys of the Allies," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall."

At the conclusion of the drill the Duke and Duchess held a reception in the drawing-room, and were interested to know that the late King Edward had danced in the room during a visit to Toronto.

After signing the Abbey guest-book the Governor-General and party were conducted to other parts of the building, the class-rooms, chapel, dormitories. They were interested in all they saw, and upon their return gave a sitting to the camera in the reception room; the results of which are reproduced upon these pages.

Among the guests assembled to meet their Excellencies were Bishop McDonald of Victoria, B. C., Dr. Kidd and Dr. Ryan of St. Augustine's Seminary, Dean Moyna, Dean Harris, Fr. McBrady, C. S. B., Dr. O'Leary, Fr. Carey, C. S. P., and other members of the clergy, also Mrs. Angus MacDonald and Miss Marie MacDonald, Miss Church, President Falconer of Toronto University, Professor Keyes, and Justice and Mrs. Kelly, and Mr. Claude McDonald, M. P.

# Wilfred Beynell.

(Mr. Wilfred Meynell is Assistant Editor of "The Tablet" and of "The Dublin Review," and the author of many charming literary works.)

T is with affectionate delight that I write of my meeting with Wilfred Meynell. was in Rome in the spring of 1909. I had gone there to begin a life of seven years of vagabondage, which did more for me than all the years of discipline that went before. Mr. and Mrs. Meynell came to Rome in the spring of 1909. We met first at the apartment of the Military Attache, Col. Landis. My strong interest in the writings of Francis Thompson and Coventry Patmore was a sufficient introduction. Our next meeting was at the tomb of Augustus (of all places!), now, the Corea, which is the best concert hall in Rome, and afterwards many times in Rome, Florence and London. We became warm friends. Afterwards in England I had a wonderful visit in their home. A more delightful, noble, and united family does not anywhere exist. Their kindness to me and the privilege I enjoyed of being in their circle are among the richest memories of my life.

My impression of Wilfred Meynell remained from the first to last unaltered. He is one of the most remarkable men I have ever known. Men of this stamp are, I think, the fruit of old and rich civilizations. Wilfred Meynell is short, of medium weight, with round clipped white beard, a twinkling blue eye, giving the impression of immensely developed and sympathetic comprehension of everything and everybody. This, in fact, is his most prominent character-All the Meynells, and Wilfred Meynell especially, have a keen sense of humour. Wilfred is a great tease. I think I never met so fine a talker—one who omits so much commonplace that other people are apt to say—and fixes on the human significance of all happenings. Such a person is really an artist who dramatizes subtly the things he hears and sees.

He is always full of news of interesting people, which does not get into print. He begins to write at day-break in bed—with papers and books strewn around him and the ink bottle in perpetual danger of tipping over. By nine or ten o'clock he has done a day's work. Then he descends to his office at Burns & Oates. By the time the morning has gone he is ready for his errands of friendship and of mercy—the inevitable daily call upon his friend Mr. Snead Cox, the editor of the *Tablet*—or perhaps a visit (with a bundle of warm underclothing under his arm) to some "needy fallen spirit" on Charing Cross Road.

He will hate me for saying it, but my view is that he is a saint—as well as an artist, the greatest of his art works being the Meynell family itself—not to speak of their virtue of creation by salvation, of Francis Thompson's poetry. As I have said, Wilfred is a great tease, and I rejoiced in being his target. Everyone loves him who knows him, and some who do not.

The home life of the Meynell circle was a joy to me. Books and papers lying about, the literary projects in the air—easy, free, generous hospitality, and one code reigning throughout all its members. I need not name its name, for everyone knows it is the greatest thing in the world.

C. B. C.

# A Letter Mritten to the Hinims of Loretto Abbey.

By REV. W. R. HARRIS, LL. D.

My Beloved Little Girls:

From Bermuda we sailed for Barbadoes, and on the second day we had a brisk gale. my surprise the Caribbean Sea was swarming with life, the life which is found only in the waters of the Great Deep. The sea was alive with porpoises. Then there were sharks and grampuses. Some of these grampuses were more than twenty feet long. The grampus swims with great speed and prodigious vigour and spouts sea-water through its nostrils like the Gooderham fountain at the Toronto Exhibition. It is able by its gigantic strength to upset a large We saw this monster attacked by the thrasher shark and the sword-fish. The swordfish pierced him from beneath while the shark sprang out of the water and struck the grampus on the head with its tail.

The pilot, a little fish striped in colours like a zebra, always accompanies the shark, sometimes riding on the shark's fin, and is said to warn him of danger and at times direct him towards his prev.

Another marine curiosity which, perhaps, you never heard of, is the Portuguese Man of War. It is of a beautiful pink colour and, while it floats on the surface of the water, looks more like a flower than a fish. When you touch it, you at once feel a numbness in your hand, and the hand for some time is insensible of feeling.

But nothing which I saw pleased me so much as the dolphins and flying fish. The dolphin is the swiftest and one of the most beautiful of fish, and I sometimes wonder why it is represented in pictures so crooked and ugly. It feeds upon the poor flying-fish which has no means of escape save by its wings, or rather long, slender fins which resemble the wings of the oriole. This fish, which is about the size of a herring, can fly only when its wings are wet. These little wings dry very quickly; then the flying-fish dips to wet them and at once the dolphin swallows it.

I have seen them spring out of the water before the bows of the boat by thousands and now and then one of them, when the night was dark, would drop on board our steamer. In Barbadoes they are called Spike's Pigeons because they are very numerous and are caught in thousands off the coast near old Spike's town. Such great numbers of them are sometimes caught that they are sold on the market at Bridge Town, the capital of Barbadoes, two hundred for twenty-five cents or a shilling English money.

Now how may I convey to you a portion of the pleasing sensations we all experienced when, early one morning, we saw the hills of Barbadoes peeping over the horizon.

"Far less delight, far meaner joy, Reprieve, from strap to truant boy; To drowning fly a floating straw; Sleek mouse to hungry pussy's maw; To famished rat, fat bacon lard, Than sight of land from top-sail-yard."

A brisk wind was blowing and a strong current flowing when we anchored in Carlisle Bay just as the morning gun on Pelican Island was fired. An hour before we landed we saw a water-spout, which I thought was very wonderful. A black column of clouds descended into the sea about five miles from our boat. As it passed us it became threatening, black and ominous. Then the cloud narrowed, lengthened and, descending, struck the sea, sucked up its waters and, rising again, took on a rotary motion and whirled from our sight. It was awesome and terrifying.

We had a fine clear sky the day we made land, and as we ran along the coast, at not more than the distance of three miles, we had full facility for admiring its beauties. The Island of Barbadoes rises from the sea gradually to a good height. It is spread with verdure, rich from cultivation and adorned with many houses, huts and sugar mills, that dot, not only the shore lands, but the plains, the rising grounds and even the highest hills. After weathering St. Austin's Point, there opens a wide and extended prospect over a beautiful champagne country, bounded in the distance by ridges of high land, where the buildings scattered, here and there. seemed to form one long inhabited sheet for more than ten miles to Bridgetown. This fertile plain is beautiful with gardens, planted with mangroves, royal palms, date and cocoanut trees. which flourish down to the very wash of the sea and present a pleasing prospect of tropical luxuriance.

Delighted as I was with the first view of the

fair island from the sea, still I fully expected to have found whole districts of the interior parched from heat and burned by the sun to the colour of brown paper, but I experienced a delightful disappointment, for I assure you the ground had more freshness than that of our own country in June, and no field of greenest grass could exceed the bright verdure of the cane fields from Bridgetown to Bathsheba. Barbadoes is said to be the most level of all the West India islands, yet it has a pleasing variety of high and low land. Considering the size of the island the view from the tower of the sports club. Savannah, is pleasingly attractive and diversified. The country to leeward—that is the part to which the wind blows—affords some very romantic prospects and is richly adorned with silk cotton trees and towering cabbage palms. On the northern coast of what is called Scotland District, the rocks and hills and land around exhibit scenery little inferior to Switzerland and Savov.

From the windy summit of Mount Helibe (about a thousand feet above the level of the sea), the eye takes in a most extensive horizon and, without the aid of a field glass, one can easily discern the island of St. Vincent sixty miles to the north-west. It is hardly possible for me to give you an idea of the translucent brightness of the atmosphere here, so striking to one who has lived in the milder radiance of our northern climate. One might be pardoned for believing that the sun which in winter looks down upon us in Canada, is not the same refulgent orb that glows within the tropics where, "robed in flames and amber light" he imparts to sea and sky a blaze of glory.

I have many more things to tell you of my wonderful voyage but I shall keep them for my next letter.

W. R. H.

"I love vast libraries, yet there is a doubt
If one be better with them than without.
Unless he use them wisely, and indeed,
Knows the high art of what and how to read;
At learning's fountain it is sweet to drink,
But 'tis a nobler privilege to think,
And oft from books apart, the thirsting mind
May make the nectar which it cannot find.
'Tis well to borrow from the great,
'Tis wise to learn, 'tis God-like to create."

# St. Patrick.

By REV. M. J. RYAN, D. D., PH. D.

HERE is no saint, except S. S. Peter and Paul, whose memory is celebrated over so wide an area of the earth's surface. and no saint at all whose memory is celebrated with such warm-hearted enthusiasm and wholesouled affection as that of St. Patrick. Romans themselves do not commemorate the Apostles whose blood consecrated their city, so devotedly and fervently as the Irish do the Apostle of Ireland. A few years ago, the successor of St. Patrick in the See of Armagh crossed the Atlantic, and when he landed at New York, he found there a Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, on the banks of the Hudson; and he went on to Rochester, New York, and there also he found a Cathedral Church of St. Patrick on the banks of the Genesee River and of Lake Ontario; and he came to Montreal, and there too he found a Church of St. Patrick. And if he could have gone farther West he would have found the coast of the Pacific studded with churches dedicated to the same saint; nay, if he could have crossed the Pacific to Australia and New Zealand, there too under the Southern Cross as under the Northern Lights, he would meet with the same honor for this saint. Even if he visited Japan, he would have been received there by sons and daughters of St. Patrick in schools and convents founded by the daughter church in Australia.

The facts which have come down to us concerning the life and character, as distinct from the work of St. Patrick, are comparatively few, but sufficient to indicate clearly what his character was. Patrick was a Celt; and alike by natural character as by supernatural gifts, he was distinguished for warmth of heart, benevolence, and love. He has been much loved because he loved much. The saint with whom he has most resemblance is Francis of Assisi. In both we see the same universality of affection even for the inanimate creation of God. The hymn called the Lorica (or Breastplate) of St. Patrick, in which he binds around himself against enemies invisible and visible not only the virtue that is in Christ's Incarnation, Death, and Resurrection, and in the preaching of His

Apostles, and the faith of His Confessors, and the purity of His Virgins, but also—

The power of the heavens, The light of the sun, The whiteness of snow, The strength of fire, The gleam of the lightning, The swiftness of the winds, The depth of the sea, The solidness of the earth, The firmness of the rocks,

reminds us irresistibly in its spirit, of the hymn in which the Italian Saint praises the Lord for "Our brother the sun, and our sister the moon, for our brother the wind, and our sister the water, and our mother the earth."

It was this lovingness in St. Patrick which won the hearts of the race to whom he was sent by God:

The Island race,—in feud of clan with clan Barbaric,—gracious else and high of heart, Not worshippers of self nor dulled through sense,—

Beholding not alone his wondrous works
But wondrous more the sweetness of his strength
And how he neither shrank from flood nor fire
And how he couched him on the wintry rocks
And how he sang great hymns to Him who
heard

And how he cared for poor men and the sick And for the souls invisible of men,— To him gave way.\*

He seems to have had a special genius for winning the love of children. As we read in his "Confession," it was the voices of children which he heard—the children in the West of Ireland, near the wood of Foclath (in what is now Mayo)—calling to him to return and live once more amongst them. It is in perfect keeping that the life of St. Benen (Benignus) relates how, as Patrick wearied with his journey and labors, fell asleep, the little Benen gathered sweet-smelling flowers and laid them in the Saint's bosom.

And as St. Francis in his hymn specially praises his Lord for "all those who pardon one another for His love's sake," so Patrick too was remarkable for his forgiveness and love of those who had ill-treated him, and on this he bases his proof that he had a special mission and divine

call, in spite of the warnings of his friends, and the opposition at first of his "elders"† (that is superiors) to the apostolate of Ireland. what else could it be but a special divine grace, he asks, that not only enabled him to forgive but to devote his life to the service of the people who had invaded his country, attacked his father's house, slaughtered his father's servants, and carried himself off as a captive, made him a slave, and set him to the work of a swineherd, and forced him to remain out on the hills of Ulster in the winter nights guarding the herds? And we read too in the old lives that when he arrived in Ireland, the first of his missions was undertaken in the hope of converting his former master and tyrant,

And it is because St. Patrick gave this example to the people whom he converted, and because he planted this spirit deep in their souls, that the genuine, native, Celtic Irish are the most benevolent, generous, charitable, forgiving hearts in all the world. Sir James Mackintosh remarks that he himself could speak of both the Irish and the English with as little partiality for either as if he were a foreigner, for he was almost a foreigner to both, and that he judged the Irish to be of all nations the freest from vices that are ignoble and sordid, and the English to be the most good-tempered of all nations,-too goodtempered towards foreigners, perhaps some may think; certainly more good-tempered than towards their fellow-subjects or towards one another.

For the majority of the Irish race within the Empire, and for all that is best of it outside, England's difficulty has been an opportunity to show their magnanimity, their high-souled generosity and forgiveness; their opportunity to show how the soul of Ireland turns like the sunflower to the light and embraces the righteous cause in whatever quarter it may present itself. Sir Roger Casement was not a genuine Irishman either in race and religion. And in fact not only now but in the whole history of Ireland,—the exciters of treason, as distinct from the revolts against oppression, have been generally Cromwellians or Covenanters or some other kind of spurious Irishman.

And I am glad to be able to say that in the United States the staunchest and boldest friends

that England has are to be found among the sons of St. Patrick.

A Canadian priest told me that he was traveling in the United States and was dining one day with an Irish-American Bishop. One of those at the table began to censure the British Empire, and the bishop at once checked him. "You should not speak so," he said; "you should remember that the British Empire has a Providential mission."

Who is the greatest among all the great men that have been born in the island of Britain, and who did the most enduring work? Undoubtedly St. Patrick. Next to him I would place St. Boniface. But St. Boniface's work has not endured like that of St. Patrick, for he had a different kind of people to deal with. St. Patrick, as all historians are now agreed, was born in the northern province of Roman Britain,—a province which was called Valentia, after the Emperor Valentinian, and which was founded by Count Theodosius, father of the more famous emperor of that name. The site of his birth was probably identical with that of Old Kilpatrick, near what is now called Dumbarton (that is, Dun-Briton). The evidence on this point is absolutely overwhelming, St. Patrick's "Confession" states that he was born in Britain. In his letter to the British Chieftain Coroticus who had made a raid upon Ireland to carry off captives for slaves, he warns that chieftain that he will no longer regard him as a fellow citizen. Now it seems to be proven that Coroticus belonged to Strath Clyde. The constant old tradition of the Irish, as found in the oldest life in the Book of Armagh, ascribes St. Patrick's birthplace to the neighborhood of Ail-Cluade, the Rock of the Clyde, that is Dumbarton Mount. The old versified Celtic Life places his birth at Nemthur, which is known from the Black Book of Caermarthen to be the name of a place on the estuary of the Clyde. It may be noticed too that this place is directly opposite to the place on the coast of Ireland where he was brought as a slave. How then did the notion arise that he was born in Brittany where there were then no Britons? Why, the Ulstermen in the eleventh or tenth century, to clear themselves from the reproach of having carried off the saint as a slave, invented a story that he belonged to the Britons of Brittany, and was kidnapped by Saxon pirates, and sold in Ulster; and it is amusing to see a later

life trying to reconcile this fiction with authentic history by saying that he did, indeed, belong to the island of Britain but was on a visit to relations in Brittany when he was carried off by the Saxons.

It is certain, however, that St. Patrick after his escape from captivity, was connected with the Church of Gaul. It seems most probable that he made his escape first to Gaul, for it was by the West of Ireland that he got away, from some place in Tirawley, Co. Mayo; and tradition has it that this was one of the first places to which he made his way after his return to preach the Gospel. Indeed the old tradition of Killala, Co. Mayo, is that this was the first Bishopric founded by Patrick. Now a ship trading with this part of Ireland was much more likely to have come from Gaul, as the old lives affirm, than from Britain. Tradition has always connected him with the Monasteries of Gaul. The Bishop Amator (sometimes called Amatorex) by whom he was ordained priest was probably St. Amator of Auxerre, the predecessor of that St. Germanus who was sent to Britain by Pope Celestine to strengthen the hands of the British Bishops in suppressing the Pelagian heresy. Patrick is said also in the old lives to have spent some years in the "Insula Aralensis." This does not refer to the islands or Monastery of Lerins, as some have supposed. There is an island, or delta, at the mouth of the Rhone, on which the old city of Arles is built. But it must be remembered that the word Insula in those times was also used to signify a Monastery, or place of isolation from the world. The monastic character of the early Irish Church makes it impossible for us to doubt that its founder was a monk,

But though Patrick lived some years in Gaul, and there received priest's orders, his mission was really a British one. This is shown by many evidences. The old Irish tonsure was the same as the British; the Irish celebrated Easter according to the same old (and inaccurate) calculation as the Britons; and the Irish name for priest was derived immediately from the British term Prevtur, which was a corruption of the Latin Presbyter. According to the laws of the change of consonants between those two branches of the Celtic language, the Irish turned Prevtur into Crivtur.\* The change of P into K (as e. g., the Irish "Mac" and the Welsh "Map" correspond to one another, both signifying Son) some-

<sup>\*</sup> I spell this phonetically.

times happened; as we must remember, to the name of Patrick himself. Patricius, the reader must observe, was pronounced then as Patrikius; and this became in Irish popular pronunciation Kotrikius. Thus there was a large stone on the rock of Cashel that went by the name "Leace Cothrigi," or Patrick's Stone; and anyone who remembers this law, by which the sound of Patrick's name was changed, will not pay any attention to the ridiculous etymology given for the name Coithrige by which Patrick is found to have been called in some parts of Ireland.

St. Patrick's mission to Ireland is recorded in the old Chronicles to have received in the year 441 a special approbation and confirmation from Pope Leo the Great, and thus it becomes a mere antiquarian detail whether he at first was sent to Ireland by the Pope (or by the Papal Legate St. Germanus). What is very certain is that the first Bishop given to the Christians in Ireland that is Palladius-received his mission from Rome. Patrick's allegiance to Rome has never been questioned but by sectarian prejudice, and is freely acknowledged by men like Professor Bury who are as far away from sympathy with Rome as a human being can probably be. The old dictum ascribed always to St. Patrick runs thus: "In order that you may be Christians, even as you are Romans, you must always say Kyrie Eleison and Deo gratias."

Did Patrick convert all of the tribes of Ire-There were a few tribes which never claimed to have received the faith from him. In the 6th century there was a second great mission from Britain; and the old Irish lives of those British missionaries speak of a considerable relapse of the Irish into paganism. But is it not more likely that the paganism found in Ireland in the 6th century was a survival rather than a relapse? If the writers of those old lives were under the impression that Patrick converted the whole population, then, when they found evidences of the existence of paganism, they would infer that it was a relapse; and, as is the way with historians even at the present day, would set down their own imaginations as facts. Of course this is only a conjecture of my own; but to any one who knows the ways of historians, it will seem just as probable that the paganism found in Ireland in the 6th century was a survival as that it was a relapse; while this is in itself much more probable.

One characteristic of the Irish, even in their pagan days, deserves to be noticed specially: they were not persecutors. We read of no such savagery as the Christian missionaries met among the Teutons any more than of the refined and systematic cruelty which was practised by the Romans.

St. Patrick went forth to the conversion of Ireland in the days when the Roman Empire, and with it civilization, was tumbling down before the onslaught of the Huns; and he thought that he was living in the last hour of the world even as he thought that Ireland was the furthest land to the west. His knowledge was limited but his faith and obedience were great. He foresaw nothing of the long and glorious spiritual history of the race which he went to save, nor ever dreamed of the wide extent of the earth's surface over which it was destined to carry the banner of Christ. But he knew that blessed is the servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching; and he was not disobedient to the heavenly call. And, if his work has endured better than that of St. Boniface, it was not merely because he went to a nobler people, but because, by the fact that he had suffered much, and forgiven and loved his persecutors, he deserved to have a greater blessing upon his work.

He has not lead my feet
Through pastures green and sweet
Nor by still waters-imaging blue skies.
But He has deigned to share
My desert's parched air
And made of it another Paradise.

R. U.

"After the fever of life, after wearinesses, and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding—after all changes and chances of this troubled and unhealthy state,—at length comes death, at length the white throne of God—at length the Beatific Vision."—Newman.

"He willed to lack,

He willed to bear,

He willed by suffering to be schooled,

He willed the chains of flesh to bear,

Yet from her arms, the world He ruled."

—Aubrey de Vere,

# Dis-Omnipo.

By REV. J. B. DOLLARD. LITT. D.

HE great scientist worked on with feverish activity and the most intense concentration, though the night was far advanced. Sweat-beads stood out on his brow and his heart thumped heavily and fast against his breast. He knew that he was on the brink of a most stupendous discovery—a discovery that would revolutionize the ideas of men, and make them monarchs, not only of the earth but of the whole universe. In splendid previsioning he saw whole islands, and even continents, shifted hundreds of miles out of their present positions, and the very planets and stars drawn down to earth for closer inspection by the new lord of all!

Gigantic forces were at his beck and call in the very room where he worked. Enormous dynamos were revolving at terrific speed close by, and he had placed several huge magnets in position around a group of suspended stone balls representing the solar system.

And now the supreme moment for which he had waited and hoped through long years of travail and anxiety, was at hand!

From a strange and wonderfully intricate machine he projected upon the suspended spheroids a new Force—his own tremendous discovery—which he called "Vis-Omnipo," and with bated breath and dilated eyes watched its effect!

Suddenly his lips formed inaudible words—"Yes, yes, Oh, God, it works, it works!" The suspended balls began to move. Swiftly the scientist snipped with a shears the threads that held them suspended from the ceiling. The balls did not fall to the floor! Instead, they proceeded to take up a beautifully ordered motion, the smaller spheres revolving about the larger one that represented the sun. Their velocity grew. They made a high, whining sound, as they spun in their small orbits.

The scientist abandoned himself to an ecstacy of feeling as he gazed upon his handiwork. Ineffable pride surged up in his soul. And with the pride came the whisper of the Tempter. Gradually an unholy and Satanic joy began to burn on his drawn and pallid features. His lips and tongue strove to form words, but, for several seconds, only simian and unintelligible gibberings resulted. At last by a supreme effort he spoke aloud, and as he spoke, blaspheming, all

creation seemed to shudder in affright. "And now," he screamed, "I too am God."

One of the whirling balls had raised itself about a foot above its former level, and at this moment a little breeze from the partly opened window blew a suspended thread against it. The contact, slight though it was, deflected the whirring globe from its course and it came into violent collision with another. Instantly a sharp fragment was shot off with the velocity of a bullet, and entering by the eye, pierced the scientist's brain. For a moment he swayed, pawing wildly with his hands, and overturning the delicate and intricate machinery, which crashed to pieces as it fell. The whirling balls ceased at once their beautiful and ordered motion, and dropped with a loud clatter.

Then, the scientist fell forward on the floor,—dead.

Outside, the stars were shining peacefully and passionlessly. The lustrous diamonds of Orion's Belt seemed to flash fire into the empyrean. A gibbous moon, large, solemn, and inscrutable, overhung the western horizon. In Heaven and on Earth there was still but one God!

#### To Ireland in the Coming Times.

They sing Thee dreaming by the western sea, Thy proud head with the thorn-crown garlanded:

Thine eyes fulfilled of grief and memory, And in Thy heart the dead.

They dream Thee languishing in rusty chains, Waking Thy harp to music sad and slow, Wild with the passion of Thine ancient pains, And unimagined woe.

Far other be the theme my song would sing, Mother of memories and of bitter days; A gladder music my fond harp would string Unto Thy nobler praise.

I sing Thy future, Mother, spreading bright Lit by the rays of freedom flashing far; I sing prophetic glories in the light Of Thy new-risen Star. . . .

I sing the passing of the age-long strife, That bowed Thyhead, somournful and lovelorn;

I sing the pulsing of the new-born life— Thy resurrection morn!

HUGH A. MACCARTAN.

#### Call Pines.

I heard the tall pines on a wild bleak height,
Through the long winter night,
Sing a brave song defying snow and gale,
A song of deathless hope—of never-fail—
And in the dark I heard a tall tree speak
Unto the rest: "Let the rough wind-blast wreak
Its worst—stand fast like brothers—let each hear
The other's voice in comforting and cheer!
The night shall pass tho' cold it be and long,
And Winter too shall die who now so strong
Rages about us—and again the sun
Shall flood our boughs, and strife and toil be
done.

The twittering birds shall soar on joyous wing And paradisal flowers round our rough boles upspring.

So, in life's battle, lofty souls and good,
Like tall trees of the wood,
Feeling the fiercest raging of the gale,
Cry to their weaker brethren lest they fail—
They say: "Confront with courage, death and sin!

Endure the night—fear not the Tempter's din—His reign is short—he cannot aye torment,
And soon from Heaven shall light and grace be sent.

We who are sorest tried, being placed on high Hearten our lowly brethren lest they die. Endure the night—we who gaze long and far Already view the dawning morning star, Already feel like warm wind in our hair The breath of God that thrills the world now cold and bare.

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, LITT. D.

"It is a blessed secret this of living day by day. Anyone can carry his burden, patiently, lovingly, and purely till the sun goes down, and this is all that life ever really means to us, just one little day. Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to the things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them. God gives nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make our life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living."

# Drummond and the Babitants.

By REV. J. DUTTON.

T is a mistake, I think, to confine ourselves too much in our reading and literary pursuits to the writers of ages past. We ought to try to be familiar with all the best writers of our own day. They are the products of our own age and conditions, they reveal the influence of the past and reflect the results of the present day. The writers of another age help us to understand our forefathers and show us how to profit by their experience. But in the better understanding of ourselves and of those around us, lies the chief merit, I think, of the study of contemporary writers.

Dr. William Henry Drummond was a writer of whom some of you may never have heard, and with whose writings but few of you are acquainted. His literary production was not large; he never undertook literature as a profession, and he died early. Again, his writings consist almost exclusively of poetry, or at least of verse. They are written in dialect, not perhaps, the highest form of literature-a dialect unfamiliar to many of my readers. They deal with a particular class of people, the French Canadian habitants or country folk, known to most of you, if known at all, merely by reputation or casual acquaintance. These poems are of such recent composition, that they are still in the ante-room, as it were, of the world's literary tribunal, awaiting their turn for trial and judgment. Drummond in his country, Canada, is undoubtedly the pioneer among poets, and his fame has already gone abroad.

Some critics of good authority have compared Drummond's idylls with those of Hans Breitmann, a German-American dialect poet—of James Whitcomb Riley, the "hoosier" poet, of Eugene Field, a writer of the American middlewest, and of others who write in dialect. Drummond has one feature in common with them: that he writes of the common people, and in the common people's speech, but here the resemblance ends. His use of the Franco-Canadian dialect is absolutely original, and he occupies a place apart among dialect poets. If we were to extend comparison at all, it would be more correct perhaps, to say that Drummond has done for the French-Canadian peasant that which

Burns did for the lowland Scotch labourer, Riley for the farmers of Indiana, Cable for the Louisiana creole-he has been the discoverer of the habitant. Indeed, he has been called the Poet Laureate of the habitant, though the French-Canadians themselves were not at first disposed to recognize his fitness for such a title. niceties of form and feeling in a foreign tongue are never easy of perfect comprehension, and Drummond was once unjustly suspected of caricature. The very thought wounded the sensitive writer: "I would rather cut off my right arm than speak disparagingly of the French-Canadian people!" he exclaimed. The same adverse critics also feared that a false impression of the speech of the French-Canadians generally might be obtained from the dialect which Drummond puts in the mouth of his habitants. But whatever fears may have been had along these lines, they were soon dispelled by the greatest living French-Canadian litterateur and poet of the time, Dr. Louis Frechette. His warm appreciation of Drummond's poems, found in the introduction of the latter's first volume, will ever stand one of the brightest gems in Drummond's crown of fame. Here Frechette willingly accords to Drummond, Longfellows' words of praise to himself, when he styles him "The pathfinder of a new world of song." He fully recognizes the patriotic and altruistic motives which underlie all his work and appreciates the great influence which his poems have exerted and will continue to exert in the future, in fostering more and more friendly relations between two widely differing peoples.

I quote from Drummond's preface to his first volume: "Having lived, practically, all my life, side by side with French-Canadian people, I have grown to admire and love them, and I have felt that while many of the English-speaking public know perhaps as well as myself the French-Canadian of the cities, yet they have had little opportunity of becoming acquainted with the habitant, therefore, I have endeavoured to paint a few types, and in doing this, it has seemed to me that I could best attain the object in view by having my friends tell their own tales in their own way, as they would relate them to English-speaking auditors, not conversant with the French tongue."

It is impossible, however, to appreciate fully

Drummond's poetry unless we know something of the people of whom we write. You all know, I think, that the native population of Canada comprises in the main, two distinct races, the English and the French. At the present day, though not so in the beginning, the English-speaking population, whether of English, Irish or Scotch descent, is by far in the majority. Except for a few scattered settlements in the other provinces, the French-Canadians have made the one province, namely, Quebec, their home.

Now the province of Quebec has always occupied and still occupies a singular, a unique position among the colonies. The early settlers brought the language and laws, the traditions; religion and literature of France into the wilder-To all of these they have clung and in them they have persisted throughout wars, and despite changes of rule and of the influence of their neighbors, the American people. language being preserved to them by law, French is still, after about a century and a half of English rule, the speech of the Canadians of French The cultivated French-Canadian understands English, as a matter of course, but it is almost obligatory, if you mingle at all in their society, to speak French.

The French-Canadian of the upper class as of the lower is pronouncedly democratic in his political sentiments. It would be far from his desire, however, to exchange English for French rule. He holds dear his mother tongue, but his regard is sentimental only, and the France to which he is so deeply attached is the France of the old regime, the France of Louis XIV, from which his ancestors sprung. True, in the beginning, the separation from their motherland must have caused these early settlers many a pang. It was affected only after much shedding of blood. But with the lapse of time the wounds left by this strife have healed, and the French-Canadians to-day are among the most loyal subjects of the British Crown,

How bitter must have been the strife and the grief of separation in the beginning, and at the same time how wondrous the change which time and succeeding events have wrought, is well portrayed by Drummond in "The Habitant's Jubilee." In this poem England, in a quaint conceit, is likened to a kind stepmother, and the inter-

minable quarrel betwen the French and English, culminating in the deaths of Montcalm and Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, is described in picturesque phraseology, in which as usual, he lets his "Habitant" speak forth his mind for himself. After soliloquizing on the events which led up to the struggle on the Plains of Abraham, the habitant continues thus:

"Dat's finish it all, an 'de English King is axin' us stayin' dere

We're we have sam' right as de 'moder peep comin' from Angleterre.

Long tam' for our moder so far away de poor Canayens is cry,

But de new step-moder she's good and kin', an' it's all right bimeby.

If de moder come dead w'en you're small garcon, leavin' you dere alone

Wit nobody wachin' for fear you fall, and hurt yourself on de stone,

An' 'noder good woman she tak 'your han' de sam' your ow moder do,

Is it right you don't call her moder, is it right you don't love her too?

Ba non, an' dat was de way we feel w'en de ole Regime 's no more,

An' de new wan come, but don't change moche, w'y it 's jus' lak' it be before.

Spikin' Français lak' we alway do, an' de English dey mak no fuss,

An' our law de sam', wall, I don't know me, 't was better mebbe for us.

So de sam' as two broder we settle down, leevin' dere han' in han'.

Knowin' each oder, we lak' each oder, de French an' de Englishman,

For it's curi's t'ing on dis worl', I'm sure you see it agen, an' agen,

Dat offen de mos' worse ennemi, he 's comin' do bes', bes' frien'."

But notwithstanding their peaceful social relations with their English-speaking brethren, experience and observation have shown that the French-Canadians are very clannish. They seem to be afraid of the English people as a nation—they consider them unjust and cruel and very Protestant. They are born hunters, trap-

pers, woodsmen. They love to roam quite as much as the Indians, facts which are well illustrated in Drummond's volume entitled the "Voyageur." Furthermore they are masters with their ax and hence in all the wood camps of northern Ontario you will meet the French-Canadian. The bosses will hire one before any other man for this kind of work. On the drive, that is, in getting the logs out from the streams and down to the lakes, the French-Canadians are the nimblest and cleverest fellows in the world. Hence they are always in the majority in such work. They call it "Le Drave," a corruption of "Drive." In fact their whole language up in these regions is a jargon of French and broken English, that only the expert can perfectly grasp. Drummond gives a vivid description of one of these log drives in his poem, "The Log Jam." Indeed, there is hardly a single phase of French-Canadian life and character which is not portrayed in some one or another of these poems as I shall verify later on.

The French-Canadians have their characteristic, or rather their national food. Pea soup is always the exordium to a hearty dinner, and made as they alone make it, it is a delicious dish to a hungry and hard-working man. In fact, pea soup seems as much a necessity to the habitant as potatoes to the Irishman, sauerkraut to the German, beans to the Bostonians, porridge to the Scotchman. Pancakes and pastry are also decidedly national dishes. Green onions too are in great favor. Pork (hot and cold) is always found on their tables. Eggs broken into maple syrup is, so far as my experience of national foods goes, a decidedly French-Canadian dish. The egg is, of course, in a few seconds boiled quite hard by the syrup and is served red hot. The dish is very indigestible for any but a French-Canadian stomach. As for what they drink,-well, suffice it to say that they do not always restrict themselves to the use of pure crystal water. But if comparisons be not odious in such matters, I would say that they do not, in this, resemble the Germans. Their taste runs rather in a Celtic direction. Indeed, there are often times when they pride themselves-and quite naturally—on the drop—nay, more than a drop of Irish or Scotch which courses through their veins. They care little for milder forms of beverages. So you must not be scandalized if

at times you find some of Drummond's characters praising the excellence of their w'isky blanc—white whiskey—which, I have been told, although I am not prepared to vouch for its truth—is almost pure alcohol.

French-Canadians are very affectionate and impulsive. Their feelings are easily aroused, and that is why demagogues have such a hold on them. But they are not stable. Like all imaginative people, they change easily. They are very religious, and as their clergy enter into all the everyday concerns of life, this intimacy easily begets familiarity and at times a sort of contempt, which shows itself when the clergy wish to rise to their true position of rulers and guides. "Mons. Le Cure" must not "boss" them. They won't stand it. This of course, is not the general feeling or, if you wish, the national relation of the cure and his flock. But it is a fact which I have heard remarked by men of wide experience among the French-Canadians, and of which I have seen some striking examples. I mention them not by way of disparagement, but because my purpose here is not to give a eulogy of the French nation, but to depict their character and their life, in both its lights and its shadows.

Far from being hostile to religious authority, the French-Canadians as a people, and particularly the labouring and peasant class, have the reputation of being the most devout and submissive in the Catholic Church. They love and revere their priests, and look to them for counsel and guidance in all the various problems of life. Nowhere, I venture to say, will you find more genuine piety, a truer religious devotion than among the simple, lowly peasantry of the province of Quebec. Of this I am able to bear personal testimony. Though I have been in close touch with the French-Canadians during a great part of my life, it was not until about three summers ago that I had the privilege and pleasure of meeting them in their real home, the picturesque valley of the mighty St. Lawrence, the cradle of their race.

I spent only a week with them altogether. It was during a pilgrimage to the beautiful and far-famed shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. But that one week gave me glimpses into their mode of life, their character, their religious feeling and practices, which I shall never forget. I would

like to describe all that I saw which was characteristic of these simple, humble, lovable people, but time will not permit me to go further into detail. If you ever have the opportunity of going to St. Anne de Beaupre, by all means do so. I assure you you will find it well worth your while and money.

Just another one or two of the little characteristics which peep through the writings of Dr. Drummond—and then we shall consider the poet The French-Canadians are smokers—(I do not say if this is a virtue or a vice, or an accomplishment—probably here we might call it simply a misfortune). Many, even of the older women, use the weed. There is nothing, of course, among the young women of the modern fad of cigarette smoking. The young women (and men too) are great dancers. It is a passion with them, and they spread this fondness for "La Danse" wherever they go. In the cities this is not so perceptible, but among the poorer classes and in the country, dancing is the stock-in-trade of their amusements. Drummond in his poems often speaks of "courting"—and this is almost a national peculiarity. At an early age the French-Canadian girl is already planning out her future home and the means to secure it. Family tendencies are strong among them. Hence, early and fruitful marriages. In fact the French-Canadians are noted for their large families. Drummond calls it their "national policy." Just listen to this habitant explain their stand on this question. I quote his poem entitled "National Policy":

Our fader lef' ole France behin', dat's many year ago,

An' now we get along since den, wall! ev'rybody know.

Few t'ousan' firse class familee was only come dat tam,

An' now we got pure Canayens; t'ree million peop'—!

Dat's purty smart beez-nesse, I t'ink we done on Canadaw.

An' we don't mak' no grande hooraw, but do it tranquillement

So if we're braggin' now an' den, we mus' be excusay

For no wan's never see before de record bus' dat way.

An' w'y should we be feel ashame 'cos we have boy an' girl?

No matter who was come along, we'll match agen de worl':

Wit' plaintee boy lak w'at we got no danger be afraid.

An' all de girl she look too nice for never come ole maid.

If we have only small cor-nerre de sam' we have before

W'en ole Champlain and Jacques Cartier firse jomp upon de shore

Dere's no use hurry den at all, but now you understan'

We got to whoop it up ba gosh', for occupy de

In another poem on the same subject he draws a very amusing sketch of the habitant, contrasting his own policy on the family question with that of his American neighbors. It is entitled "Yankee Families."

As with most nationalities, if you are looking for the real, genuine type of the race, you are most apt to find him in the country. It is here that you find people most "themselves," most natural, most at home, and perhaps best of all, most interesting and happy, because free from the bondage of sham and cold formality and the conventions of city life. The rural population of French Canada is unlike that of any other country. The habitant is the result of peculiar conditions. Transplanted from the north of France, modified and transformed by the new world, they nevertheless retained the simplicity and poetic temperament of the old stock, combined in a measure with the vigor and self-reliance of pioneers. Yet, almost untouched by the influences of modern civilization, we find them even to-day living on their life of happy contentment in their own sufficient way, oblivious of many of the things which we think indispensable.

It is this odd product of the old and new France that Drummond in his poems has drawn with unerring skill and sympathy. Is it any wonder that a warm-hearted, generous, sensitive, and imaginative person such as Drummond was, should have found fruitful material for poetry in the French-Canadian peasant?

### St. Minefribe's Well.

T is sad that after an uninterrupted flow for over twelve hundred and fifty years, the spring supplying the water to the celebrated well of St. Winefride should have been tampered with by miners, and the water cut off. Yet this has been reported as being the case within the last two months.

Winefride, or in Welsh, Gwenfrewy, was the only child of a famous chief named Tenyth, who lived in the days when Gadwan was king of North Wales. From her earliest years she dedicated herself to her heavenly Spouse. Her father, consenting that she should dispose of her life according to her own pious desire, placed her under the instruction of a holy prelate named Beuno, who had been driven from his dwelling by branches of the house of Selym.

Tenyth built for Beuno a cabin and a little church in a place called Sachnant, or Dry Valley, a wild place where there was no village or settlement of any importance. Tenyth and his household assisted at the daily Mass celebrated there by the holy man who gave instruction to the maiden Winefride. One day Tenyth and his wife went early to Mass while Winefride remained at home to attend to some duties. It so happened that Caradoc, a prince of royal birth, passed that way returning from the chase, and being thirsty, came to the house to ask for a drink. On beholding Winefride, who was alone in the house, the prince was instantly struck with her great beauty and grace. He followed her into the house, and demanded her hand in marriage. Winefride replied that she was already betrothed to another, whom she was about to wed. The prince became more urgent in pressing his suit, so that the girl was seriously alarmed, and set her wits to work to devise a means of escape. Pretending to acquiesce in his demands, she begged leave to retire to her chamber to make some change in her attire, to which the prince consented.

The girl passed quickly through the chamber, and ran down the valley to seek help at the church, which she had reached and was about to enter, when Caradoc, who had discovered her escape, and followed in a fury, reached out his sword and cut off her head.

Her parents and Beuno witnessed the tragedy. and the latter went out to see who had committed this murder. He saw Caradoc, standing with his bloody sword in his hand, and he cursed him as he stood. The miserable man melted away before their eyes like wax before a fire. The severed head had rolled inside the door. Beuno took it up, and carrying it to the body, fitted it to its place, praying God to restore her to life. His prayer was heard, the maiden returned to life, bearing a slender scar around her neck. On the spot where her blood had run the earth opened with a loud noise, and a great stream of water rushed forth which has continued to flow ever since in that valley, hitherto known as "Dry Valley."

This is the origin of St. Winefride's Well. It would take too much space in an article such as this, to follow the life of St. Winefride. We must be content to speak a little about the Well, which for centuries has been a place of pilgrim-

age.

I had the happiness of visiting this holy spot a few years ago, and I was very much interested in the well and its surroundings. It is approached by a handsome portico and a long flight of stone steps, and covered by a vaulted roof of great architectural beauty. The buildings over the well were erected at the close of the fifteenth century by Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. The water flows from the spring at the rate of six hundred tons an hour. There are numbers of crutches, splints, canes, and supports of all kinds, hanging on the There were several pilgrims there at their devotions. The pilgrims bathe in the water, and at twelve o'clock the priest comes and says prayers in honor of St. Winefride, and the relic is venerated. After the devotions, I spoke to Father Ryan, S. J., who took me all around and explained things; then he took me to the Hospice for poor pilgrims who are kept for a shilling a day; it is attended to by nuns. Father Ryan took me in and introduced me to some nuns, who showed me around, even to the kitchen, which is a very comfortable, nice place. He then took me to his house, and through it, and the sacristy to the church.

Over the vaulted roof of the well rises a structure that was once the chapel of St. Winefride, but is now used by the Anglicans as a schoolroom.

Popular belief in the miraculous properties of St. Winefride's Well has survived the change of religion, and the Well is still frequented by pilgrims in search of health. The promise of St. Beuno to St. Winefride that her intercession would always be efficacious, at least on a third visit, is still remembered.

Among the miracles recorded, few have reference to spiritual graces. This, we are assured, is not because such are lacking, but because the recipients are more reticent about them. In reality, wonderful conversions are continually occurring, and we are told that no pastor can exercise his ministry in the Holy-Well for any length of time without feeling the efficacy of St. Winefride's prayer for the souls of her clients. The Well is public property, and is held by the Local Board of Holy-Well, who rent it for the annual sum of one hundred pounds to the Jesuit Fathers of the Holy Well Mission. Holy Well contains about nine thousand inhabitants.

MARY HOSKIN.

#### Recompense.

(Written on the Somme battlefield by a Canadian soldier.)
Although I do not know God's wondrous ways,
Yet I believe from out life's puzzling maze
I shall be brought.
He knows.

I do not ask to see the journey's end,
For He walks at my side just like a friend.
So all is well,
He sees.

I will not care, though roads are long and rough, Sure will His grace sustain, and that's enough To bear me up. He cares.

I would not be my own guide if I might, But rather trust to His unerring sight To lead me on, He guides.

I could not guard myself for that were vain, Yet this I know: He faithful will remain, And keep me safe. He guards.

I would not live when done my task is here, For I can heed His summons without fear. He died for me, He lives.

So when from scenes of earth He beckons hence To fairer realms, 'twill be sweet recompense,

For evermore With Him.

### Pergil.

BY REV. M. J. RYAN, D. D., PH. D.

O degli poeti onore e lume Vagliami 'l lungo studio, e'l grande amore Che m'ha fatto cercare lo tuo volume!

- Dante I. 1-82.

F there is a writer in all the world to whom the title of poet is by the general suffrage of ages and nations divided in time and place and character, it is Vergil. Yet the widest diversity of opinion exists as to his merits and his exact rank among the poets of the world. I, of course, am not going to assume the office of deciding between those various criticisms. Rather, I will offer a few reflections that may assist the reader to form an opinion for himself about his characteristic merits, if not about his relative rank. Indeed my own tastes do not lead me to spend much time or thought upon the comparative rank of poets. If comparisons, or rather contrasts, are in general, odious, as the proverb tells us, nowhere are they so displeasing and so useless as in literature and art. Let us enjoy all that is good and beautiful; each one will have his own preferences; but in matters of taste there is little use in disputing. It is certain that Vergil's works are models of beauty in their kind, whatever it is, and it is equally certain that there are different forms of beauty and different kinds of poetry.

No critic places Vergil quite on a level with Homer, with his own countryman Dante, or with Shakespeare. It is said, and truly, that Homer and he are types of two different kinds of poetry, that of action, and that of reflection, that whose object is man, and that of which the object is nature. As Schlegel said that all philosophers might be classified in two schools, the Aristotelic and the Platonic, so it is thought by some critics that all poets are of one or the other cast of mind—Vergilian or Homeric. The special characteristic of Vergil's poetry is its power to soothe, tranquilize, and refresh the mind.

"Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta, Quale sopor fessis, in gramine, quale per aestum Dulcis aquae saliente sitim restinguere rivo."

Homer was in temperament a man of action and fire; Vergil was *il pensieroso*. Hence, as men always love change and variety, as the young

and cheerful, tragedies, and the old and grave, comedy—the young autumn, and the old, spring, —as in general we seek that which we lack, and therefore like that which is in some way different from ourselves,-so men of action, excited or wearied by the conflict of mind with mind, turn to Vergilian poetry, because it calms and soothes their feelings, while the literary or speculative class love to stir their blood with Homer or with poetry in which they find the Homeric spirit. Thus it happens that Homer is admired by the critics, while Vergil, who is less praised by them, is enjoyed by men of action,—that is, such of them as have studied and remember their classics. Charles Butler relates that whenever he called upon Edmund Burke in the evening, he always found him with his well-worn Vergil on the desk beside him.

There is a paragraph in Newman which is said by a reviewer in the London Times to have "ushered in the new Vergilian criticism." Newman remarks that it is the experience of life which enables us to understand how after thousands of years his lines have a power over the mind, and a charm, which the current literature of anyone's own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival: "Perhaps this is the reason of the mediaeval opinion about Vergil, as if prophet or magician; his single words and phrases, his pathetic half-lines, giving utterance, as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time."

The beautiful, the pathetic, and the playful (the molle atque facetum, as Horace says of him) were Vergil's field, rather than the sublime, the energetic, and the passionate. The one character in which he has plainly shown creative genius is Dido. Not in Homer, nor in Shakespeare is there a female character more living and more forcible. Goethe, who habitually behaved so ill to women, has several times exhibited the feelings of a deserted woman, and always skilfully and movingly, but nowhere with more force and impressiveness than Vergil in this case. The struggle between love and duty in the heart of Aeneas is depicted with comparatively little force or life. Many critics have thought that his treatment of Dido shows the hero of the poem a very base character. But this is to forget altogether the difference between our ideals and those of the ancient Romans of Vergil's time. It did not so appear to the poet's contemporaries any more than to himself. The Carthagenian was the old enemy, hated as an enemy, despised as a defeated one. But there was more than that in the feelings that produced this picture. Vergil belonged to a generation which had seen both the case of Julius Caesar and Cleopatra and that of Anthony and Cleopatra. The poet doubtless had those affairs in mind and he wrote for men who remembered them well, especially the fate of Antony. There was no Roman but despised Antony for becoming the siren's slave, and abandoning ambition for love, and equally there was no Roman who did not admire Caesar for shaking off her fascinations. Vergil's story of the desertion of the Carthagenian queen by the founder of Rome is a virtual expression of contempt for Antony and of admiration for Caesar. The connection between the different histories of those two Romans and Vergil's fiction seems so manifest, that I could not help suspecting that the thought of it must have occurred to some critic, yet I have not been able to find anyone that has mentioned the parallel.

And to the Roman, the Carthaginian queen was even more hateful and contemptible than the Egyptian enchantress. Dido was as Circe. Africans, like Augustine, might have their eyes dimmed with tears for her woes, but the Roman reader would regard her as a temptress, seducing Aeneas from the fulfilment of a mission given by the gods—the grandest of all enterprises the founding of the Roman nation and its empire. Tannhauser in Venusberg is the nearest modern equivalent that we have of the position of Aeneas at Carthage, as it would be viewed by Roman minds. Yet, I think, that in the story of Dido and Aeneas the poet unconsciously has been too strong for the Roman; his sympathies have become entangled with the fair creation of his own mind, and with the woman; he could not make his hero as masculine a character as the victim of fate is feminine. In fact Vergil, like Goethe, had less talent for exhibiting men than women. It is perhaps due to his national sympathy (which as we shall see, was very warm) that Turnus is made such a living character compared with Aeneas. There is perhaps another reason. English critics have for some time recognized, and doubtless others will learn it from them, that Vergil had a Celtic strain in his blood and genius, and that he is a remarkable example of a Romantic poet working under the forms and laws of classic Greek art. Mr. H. W. Garrod, one of the lecturers upon literature at Oxford, says, in part: "This poet, whom we regard as so typically Roman, is half a Celt. Vergil came to Rome from the other side of the Po, from the country called by the Romans Gallia—Cisalpina. They were before all things a passionate race. They had a poetry of their own. There was probably more poetry as we conceive it, pure poetry, in Cisalpine Gaul than in all the rest of the Roman Empire taken together. Vergil is a spirit forever overmastered by purposes deeper than its own. . . . . How has it all happened? It has been wrought by the operation of that spirit which in every great poet is greater and stronger than himself; which makes Vergil pitiful when he would be stern, weak when he would be terrible, romantic when he would be classical, a Celt when he would be a Roman."

Notwithstanding his one great success in depicting the Carthaginian queen, Vergil's genius is not dramatic or epic. He is by nature a pastoral poet, a Wordsworth with a playful humour that Wordsworth lacked, or a Tennyson of a higher style. By study and practice and imitation of Lucretius, he became a philosophical and didactic poet. In his youth he had tried his hand at an epic (as he tells us in his sixth ecloque), the subject of which was the Alban Kings, as Tennyson planned in his youth, an epic of Arthur. But that good sense and good taste and knowledge of himself, which was his greatest gift, warned him that his proper turn was for the pastoral; and he first imitated those poems of rustic life by which Theocritus has won such popularity with the Alexandrians. Then for a time he turned from poetry to the study of philosophy, under the Epicurean Silo, for Epicureanism was the fashion of the time, and had been expounded by Lucretius in verse worthy of a nobler theme, and suited with Vergil's own temper.

"Ite hinc CamenaeDulces Camenae; nam fatebimur verum,
Dulces fuistis."

Then came the period in which he dreamed of

writing a great philosophic poem like that of Lucretius, whom he might have hoped to surpass in art if not in native genius. I need not quote the lines in the Georgics (II., 475) in which he addresses the great philosophic Muses of Astronomy and Geology—"Quarum sacra fero ingenti perculsus amore," and the lines (II., 490) which express his ideal of happiness—"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas"; where the term causae refers especially to the final causes, the end in which all things issue; (corresponding, of course, to the first cause from which they come) as in Juvenal's noble verses:

"Summum crede nefas, animam preferre pudori Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas";

where the term refers to the end for which life is given, that is, honor and virtue.

Thus Vergil belongs to the class of learned poets, like Dante, Milton, and Goethe. In the Aeneid he has changed his philosophy to the Platonic or rather the Stoic. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose a heathen poet had any strong and earnest convictions upon the questions of philosophy and religion. The Epicurean theory suited well with pastoral poetry; but a patriotic and heroic poem required the Stoic tone.

One of the most remarkable traits in Vergil is his affection for his country, its past history, its historical places, its antiquities, and its beauties of nature. We who live on the shores of an inland sea, who have before us the chain of great lakes which in Asia or Europe would be called seas, can scarcely help smiling when we find the poet dwelling on the "great size" of the lakes of Como and Garda, and the "ocean-like" swell and roar of their waves, rather than their beauty:

"Anne lacus tantos? te, Lari maxume, teque Fluctibus et fremietu assurgens, Benace, marino."

Yet it is a very human trait, and its simplicity wins us. In the Aeneid the story becomes more interesting as soon as the scene is laid upon Italian soil, amid associations which the poet loves. And perhaps, as I have said, a certain sympathy with Turnus as a native Italian against the destined Conqueror reveals itself in the greater life and vigor of the character.

The morality of the Aeneid, of course, is the official heathen principle that the man or the power which is conscious of a mission from the gods may break through all moral laws by force and by fraud for the sake of success,—a principle upon which even in Christian times, all the great powers of Europe and America have acted, but which in our time has been taught as a moral philosophy by one power in particular, which aspired to revive for itself a universal domination expressly like that of heathen Rome.

The subject of the Aeneid, the foundation of the Roman Empire, makes it the most interesting of Vergil's works, but it is by no means the most finished product of his art. It is not remarkable either for its story or its characters. The machinery, the turning of Aeneid's ships into water nymphs, the bleeding tree, and the harpies—must have been as little admirable to his contemporaries as to ourselves. The composition so little attained to the poet's own ideal of perfection that he intended to revise it, and when dying wished it to be destroyed. Yet, the sentiment and the expression have a magic that will charm readers as long as mentem mortalia tangunt. In spite of its heathen principle that all things are lawful for the founder of Rome, the poet's heart has often led him right, and deflected his sympathies away from his chosen hero. The style of the Georgics has received the finish which the poet had no time to give to the Aeneid. But one says this not in criticism of the Aeneid, but in praise of the other poem. Vergil has not indeed the great superhuman air of Milton or of his own countryman Lucretius; but he always writes with a dignity worthy of imperial Rome. The stately beauty of his style, its blend of grace and strength, chastity and tenderness, height and sweetness formed the model from which Tasso and Racine and Tennyson learned to make their expression fine. Dante declares that he learned from him the style, not of his Commedia, but of his Canzoni:

> Tu sei solo coliu da cu'io tolsi Lo bello stile che ni ha fatto onore.

Among Roman writers the one who is thought to have most imitated Vergil's style, strange to say, is not a writer in verse but in prose, the historian Tacitus. Vergil's style is undoubtedly a curiosa felicitas. Not having the merit of orig-

inality, he sought the praise of exactness and polish. An Italian critic of the sixteenth century, Sperone Speroni, observes that Vergil seems to have aimed at the conciseness of Demosthenes while Cicero imitated the diffuseness of Homer. A good critic says, that perhaps the sweetest passage in Vergil—or indeed is there any sweeter in the whole of Latin poetry?—is in the eighth eclogue (37-41):

"Sepibus in nostris parvam to roseida mala (Dux ego vester eram) vidi cum matre legentem.

Alter ab undecimo tum me jam ceperat annus; Jam fragiles poteram a terra contingere ramos. Ut vidi; ut perii; ut me malus abstulit error."

Vergil notifies us that he imitated Theocritus whom he certainly equalled, and Hesiod whom he knew he had surpassed but he never mentioned his imitation of Homer, whom he could not equal, and whose footsteps he followed from no choice of his own.

Vergil's real and great merits were seconded by the place which he occupies in the providential course of things by which Greek culture was adopted, imitated, and handed down through Rome and modern Italy. And assuredly his composition of an epic has caused him to be more read than any philosophical treatise would have been. As the official poet of imperial Rome -"The Poet Laureate," as the prophet in the Pollio, and also as the describer of Aeneas's journey through the underworld, he was taken by Dante at the opening of modern literature instead of the "Master of those who know" for his guide and instructor through the underworld and up the mount of Purification. And now, as St. Gregory says of his exposition of the Gospel on a certain feast-day, "May I have been able to be of assistance to learners, without being tedious to those who are already learned."

#### Sunt Lacrymae.

O saddest of all sounds that be, Sweet Virgil's sad "Sunt Lacrymae"! A jewelled thought, a gracious line Set in a music half divine! With murmur like the enchanted sea About his own Parthenops: Where at the last, sad ocean's lover He rests, a laurel hanging over.

And he had heard it, he had known Humanity's sad, silent moan, And felt the waste of human things That mount from beggar up to kings; A young Marcellus early taken, Like fruit in spring-time, tempest shaken, Or great Catullus' starry fame That sank and left but half a name: Or perished worth of friendship old In dust and darkness lying cold. And we have heard it, we have known Yet deeper sorrow's sadder tone; Beethoven's passion, Shelley's pain; The splendid gloom of Byron's strain; With misereres of a song Complaining to the years, how long This heirloom of an ancient wrong. And we have heard the pillow-cry Of strong men's sleepless agony-O God, how slow the hours go by!

But song more sweet shall never twine The rose and rue in one short line; Or more pathetic give to grief An outlet for a moment brief, To loose awhile the captive woe, Whose prison drops refuse to flow.

What bitterness was overpaid By one full verse! World's love, world's pelf I filliped from me, and but prayed Boon of thy scantily-yielded self.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

### To Save the Porseshoe Fall.

HE world-renowned "Horseshoe Fall," at Niagara, is no longer a horseshoe. For years it has been wearing down into an acute angle until the water at its sides forms cataracts that almost face each other and mingle in a great welter of foam and spray. John Lyell Harper, a well-known engineer, has just published a pamphlet entitled "The Suicide of the Horseshoe Fall," in which he maintains that

the diminution in flow is only apparent, and is due to the changes in the contour of the precipice, the effect of which is to concentrate the flow in the center so that a smaller proportion is discharged at the sides. We quote from a review of Mr. Harper's pamphlet in *Engineering News* (New York, December 14th). Says this

paper:

"The visitor at Niagara who views the Fall from Goat Island now sees a huge mass of solid green water plunging over the precipice at the toe of the horseshoe, while only a thin veil of water flows over at the sides. It is obvious that with the concentration of the flow in the center of the stream, erosion there tends continually to become more and more rapid, and the concentration of flow at that point becomes still greater. Mr. Harper says:

"'An entire cessation of the diversion of water from the river for power would not retard the self-destruction of the horseshoe form, but would rather tend to accelerate it. No negative action can preserve the horseshoe, but positive action must be taken with courage and intelligence, and as soon as possible, so that the greatest scenic spectacle in the United States may not be allowed to commit suicide.

"'It should be the policy of those controlling the falls at Niagara to have constructed in the bed of the river, above the Horseshoe Fall, invisible current deflectors which would make impossible the gathering of the whole river into a deep, narrow gorge, and would again deflect the water over to the sides and heels of a re-established horseshoe.

"'This would not only improve the present spectacle, but would cause the whole contour of the fall to wear uniformly, so that coming generations in viewing its beauty may also have before their eyes the emblem of good luck.'

"Mr. Harper further points out that the American Fall, on the eastern side of Goat Island, delivers only 5 per cent. of the total flow of the river, yet it forms at least a quarter of the total scenic spectacle. If the flow of the river in the Canadian channel were spread around the whole length of the horseshoe, as it is along the crest of the American Fall, Mr. Harper believes that not more than 35 per cent. of the total discharge of the river so distributed would cover the entire precipice at the Hotse-

shoe Fall with a cascade more than twice as deep as that of the present American Fall, and would produce a scenic effect equal in grandeur and greater in extent than the present Fall."

### Character Sketch of Dur Lady.

HEN we think of our Blessed Lady, she comes before us as the ideal woman, and we wonder with awe and wistful love, what she is really like—what are those personal charms of character that make her what she is—"Mary, the Mother of Jesus."

According to its root, the word character means, the stamp or seal engraven upon a thing to mark its kind and, in moral matters it means the spiritual features of the soul as revealed through the means of personality.

A noble character possesses every needed moral gift and each choice moral grace illumined by a noble aim and vivified by a noble motive. Like other artistic masterpieces noble characters may vary according to the motive or theme which controls the harmony. It is the dominant ideal, the master chord, as it were, of character which determines and proportions its elements. "Thus in the human character of Christ, each element, quality, grace, considered singly and in the abstract might be more excellent than it actually is or more intense; but as all are met in harmonized reality within His life, they are measured and moderated, so that none shall by excess clash against the rhythmical perfection of His ideal type."

By the inherent power of art, a noble character lifts us near to things that are divine.

Our Lady is God's masterpiece. The character which He has chiselled in the personality of His own Virgin Mother is lovely beyond description. To some minds, there is presumption in an attempt to sketch Our Lady's character, yet it is not necessarily so. God has, it is true, veiled His Mother's loveliness, as though jealous of His treasure and reluctant to expose her to the gaze of unloving eyes. But when a soul, sincere in purpose and actuated by love, seeks, His invisible hand points out her moral outline as traced in the prophetic pictures of the Old Law and drawing aside the veil, He shows her likeness reflected in the character of her Divine Son,



STUDENTS' MILITARY DRILL AT RECEPTION OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

painted in the Gospels and engraven on every Christian heart.

The Old Testament was one vast prophecy. St. Paul, speaking of the people of Israel, said, "All things happened to them in figures." Looking over these pages we find-Eve, the mother of the living; Sara, whose name signifies "Queen among women"; Rebecca, who in answer to the call of duty simply said, "I will go"; Rachel, a model of fidelity; Abigail, a type of prudence, tact and constancy; Ruth, gentle, modest, winning; Deborah, a source of inspiration and courage; Judith, the very type of fortitude, "God fearing and fearless of all else." Esther, "Queen by right of law and Queen by right of love," the salvation of her people. All the charms and virtues of these rare women blend, as it were, and focus in the personality of God's dear Mother.

St. Thomas teaches that the endless differences we behold in human characters is due to the reaction of the material body upon the soul. Those material conditions upon which human character depends are given to the child by its parents.

Never was a Mother's face so truly mirrored in the face of her child or a Mother's traits so truthfully copied in his character as were our Lady's face and character repeated in those of her Divine Son. All that He had of material nature was her gift and her likeness.

Wherefore we do not wonder when we find in the Son of Mary a compassion for suffering, a sympathy with sorrow, a pity for the poor, as quick, as keen, as delicate as ever wrung a noble woman's heart. And He possessed a tenderness not manlike but mother-like which throbbed through His heart in waves of pure passion and sensitive feeling. Another trait which intensified the likeness between Mother and Son was their love of Nature. All our Lord's teachings echo this love.

Turning to the Gospels we find few words which relate to our Blessed Lady. Yet they are few only because God's words are so full of meaning. St. Thomas of Villanova says: "Do not labor, I pray you, to describe with charm of fancy and eloquence of style, each trait of Mary's character. Of whatever privilege you

speak or of whatever dignity, it is enough to have said once, 'Mary of whom is born Jesus'—Behold why the Gospels speak so rarely of her. That one word is quite enough. What would you wish to hear about this most Blessed Virgin? That she is humble, pure, full of grace, dowered with all holiness? What? Could it be that you could conceive of her as though she were proud or impure, irritable, or foolish? Nay, rather what gentle glory, what brilliant, what clear, sweet innocence, what maiden-like reserve, what winning grace, what holy gift can have been wanting in 'Mary, of whom is born Jesus.'"

A few scenes in the Gospels picture our Lady. Among them the Annunciation, where we see her silent, self-controlled, humble, prudent, brave; the Visitation, where her hymn of "Prayer, praise, prophecy, glad gratitude, sweet humility and exultant triumph," her Magnificat, proclaimed that she, the Blessed among women, "is no cold recluse, no soulless ascetic. Holiest above the holy, she is most warm-hearted of all who are human."

St. John, the "Disciple whom Jesus loved," pictures her at the marriage Feast of Cana. In the midst of the merry scene, her watchful, quick eye notices that the wine has run short, and before even the butler is aware of it, she glides towards her Son and whispers—"They have no wine." His hour is not yet come, He says; but at the prayer of His kind Mother the eternal decree must be forestalled. For the sake of an act of simple human kindness the Messiah's first miracle is wrought. We see in this picture the delicate human feeling and the endearing human sympathy of the heart of Mary, the Virgin Mother of Christ.

One more Picture. "There stood by the Cross of Jesus, His Mother." Sorrowful even unto death she stands, the heroic, valiant woman, Queen of Martyrs.

And lastly we find her picture engraved in the hearts of all those who love her Son.

Who does not know her well, the truest, tenderest, most loving and most lovable woman, earth ever knew—The Virgin Mother of Christ and our Mether too?

JUDITH YOUNG.

SOUTH WOODLAWN.

# Poets' Corner.

#### April's Charms.

When April scatters coins of primrose gold Among the copper leaves in thickets old, And singing skylarks from the meadows rise, To twinkle like black stars in sunny skies;

When I can hear the small woodpecker ring Time on a tree for all the birds that sing, And hear the pleasant cuckoo, loud and long— The simple bird that thinks two notes a song;

When I can hear the woodland brook, that could Not drown a babe, with all his threatening mood, Upon whose banks the violets make their home, And let a few small strawberry-blossoms come;

When I go forth on such a pleasant day, One breath outdoors takes all my care away; It goes like heavy smoke, when flames take hold Of wood that's green and fill a grate with gold.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

#### The Call to a Scot.

There came an ancient man and slow Who piped his way along our street— How could the neighbor's children know That to her ears 'twas passing sweet?

With smiles they spoke the ragged kilt, And jeered the pipes, in mirthful style; But, strangely moved she heard the lilt That rallied Carrick and Argyle.

A stroller playing in the street,
Half-hearted, weary, out of place—
But his old measure stirred her feet,
My baby with the Gaelic face.
RUTH GUTHRIE HARDING.

#### Shepherd Wy Thoughts.

I wish to pray, and from the ceaseless war Of worry, summon forth the sweet delight Of holy peace. Full easily from sight But scarcely from the soul the world I bar. My flock of thoughts, how timorous they are! They rush where fairer pasture lands invite,

Down easy hollows from the harder height, And one and ninety-nine are lost afar. Good Master, they are thine and know Thy voice;

Send it now sounding down the devious ways And dark, where they have wandered from Thy care.

Ah, surely they will hearken and rejoice, And thronging, flock to meet Thy kindly gaze, Shepherd my thoughts and fold them into prayer.

-By Alice Meynell.

#### I See bis Blood Apon the Rose.

I see His blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of His eyes,
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

I see His face in every flower,
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but His voice—and carven by His power
Rocks are His written words.

All pathways by His feet are worn,
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn
His cross is every tree.

Joseph M. Plunket.

#### The Admonition: To Betsy.

"Remember on your knees" The men who guard your slumbers. And guard a house in a still street Of drifting leaves and drifting feet, A deep blue window where below, Lies moonlight on the roof like snow, A clock that still his quarters tells To the dove that roosts beneath the bell's Grave canopy of silent brass, Round which the little night-winds pass, Yet stir it not in the grey steeple; And guard all small and drowsy people Whom gentlest dusk doth disattire, Undressing by the nursery fire In unperturbed numbers On this side of the seas-Remember on your knees The men who guard your slumbers. HELEN PARRY EDEN.

#### In Picardy.

Above hang sullen clouds of grey; No moon to shed a kindly ray; Black falls the night on bloody day,-A night in Picardy.

The noon had seen him in his pride Leading his men with manly stride; "Remember Ypres, my lads," he cried, "This day in Picardy!" .

Not his to reach the cherished goal; But cheerfully he pays the toll, For he is captain of his soul This day in Picardy.

His life blood ebbs; how dark, how drear! No hand to help, no voice to cheer. And this the end, and this his bier, Alone in Picardy!

The blackness lifts to radiance rare; Triumphant music fills the air; Companions dear are everywhere; 'Tis dawn in Picardy.

J. P. D.

ORILLIA.

#### The Chibalty of the Sea.

(Dedicated to the memory of Charles Fisher, late student of Ch: Ch: Oxford.)

Over the warring waters, beneath the wandering

The heart of Britain roameth, the chivalry of the

Where Spring never bringeth a flower, nor bird singeth in a tree;

Far, afar, O beloved, beyond the sight of our

Over the warring waters, beneath the stormy skies.

Staunch and valiant-hearted, to whom our toil were play.

Ye man with armour'd patience the bulwarks night and day,

Or on your iron coursers plough shuddering through the Bay,

Or neath the deluge drive the skirmishing sharks of war:

Venturous boys who leapt on the pinnace and row'd from shore,

A mother's tear in the eye, a swift farewell to

And a great glory at heart that none can take

Seldom is your home-coming; for ave your pennon flies

In unrecorded exploits on the tumultuous wave; Till, in the storm of battle, fast-thundering upon

Ye add your kindred names to the heroes of long-ago,

And mid the blasting wrack, in the glad sudden death of the brave.

Ye are gone to return no more.—Idly our tears

Too proud for praise as ye lie in your unvisited

The wide-warring water, under the starry skies.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

June, 1916.

#### Dur Suburb.

Our garden spot is always bright and pretty, (Of course it's rather soggy when it rains), And only thirty minutes from the city,

(Of course you have to catch the proper trains).

We are through with grasping landlords, rents, and leases.

(Of course there's still a mortgage yet to pay). At last we know what true domestic peace is,

(Of course you can't compel a cook to stay). Our little home is always nice and cosy.

(Of course the furnace needs a lot of care). The country keeps the children fresh and rosy,

(Of course the schools are only middling fair).

The Country Club is glorious on Sunday,

(Of course it's overcrowded now and then). It's lovely having grass and trees and flowers,

(Of course, at times, mosquitoes are a pest). Yes, life is life, out here in Rangely Towers.

(Of course some people like the city best).

-ARTHUR GUITERMAN, in Harper's Magazine.

# Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

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We have heard many preachers and lecturers say that they owe at least one half of their success to the inspiration they catch from the eyes of their listeners. We, who have faced the difficulties involved in transplanting a "Rainbow," and trying to adjust it to its altered conditionsmay truly assert that more than two thirds of an editor's success lies in the kindly word of encouragement and cheer received from friends and patrons. Letters of warm commendation have poured in from many quarters already, for which we wish to return our sincere thanks. With such a stimulus to exertion what may we not predict for future issues of the magazine? Our most generous word of praise comes to us from a college professor, and it gives us so much pleasure that we feel we ought to share it with our readers:

"The RAINBOW is most interesting. All our school magazines are good, but honestly, I always enjoy it more than any of them. It is a true rainbow in its variety of beauties. Really it would be no more exaggeration than is required in poetry, to say of this number 'from rainbow clouds there flow not drops so bright to see.' Where all the articles are so beautiful, I will only mention that I of myself picked out among the girls' compositions the very ones you had indicated, without the aid of your sugges-

tion. Go on as you are going, and you cannot fail to please."

It may be that the demands of the RAINBOW'S growing interests, no less than its change of location, will bring about some change in its form and character. Living things must grow, and growing things must suffer change. We are convinced that the former editor, an indefatigable worker, and a far-seeing woman, realized, as we do, the necessity of centralizing its interests a little more. This may be done without losing sight of our connections abroad. War conditions and the consequent uncertainty of mails, have made a temporary break between us and the Loretto houses over the sea. Their claim upon our sympathy, however, so far from having suffered thereby, is deepened immeasurably under the cloud of misfortune, which envelops them during these months of trial. Let us hope that the crisis will have passed before they read these words, and that peace will have been restored to the world.

### Motes.

January 16th.—We made the acquaintance a highly intelligent and delightful one-of Joseph Conrad. His place in literature was defined, and a high position assigned him in the hall of fame by Professor W. P. M. Kennedy. Conrad is described as a writer of supreme imagination. His art resembles Browning's. He creates an atmosphere for the purpose of bringing out the characters of his story, and he is regarded by all the best critics as the greatest writer of the sea in English literature. Though a native of Poland his prose style is not surpassed by any English writer of the present age. Conrad gives us the "real East"; Kipling gave that of military stations only, and never got below the surface. Few among us were acquainted with Joseph Conrad's works, but a healthy curiosity was aroused by the eminent lecturer, which has doubtless won many a new friend and admirer for the "Land-locked Pole." The well chosen illustrations from the most striking of Conrad's works—"The Typhoon," "Victory," "The Nigger of the Narcissus," will not easily be forgotten. We hope for a further acquaintance with the author, and with his gifted champion.

February 18th.—A lecture was given by Reverend M. J. Ryan, D. D., Ph. D. The lecturer, an ardent admirer of Newman and thoroughly familiar with his writings; threw many new lights upon his subject: the man, his works, his friends, opponents and the history of the times. If cast upon a desert island, he said, and allowed the company of but one author, we could find, in the works of no other, such a store of intellectual food, moral stimulus, and delightful variety. Here we have essays—controversial, political, historical, and religious, also fiction and poetry.

March 20-27.—Lecture on the war by Dr. Dwyer. Perhaps no body of men has espoused the cause of the Allies with greater zeal and patriotic fervor than our medical doctors. Many who have not actually gone to the Front have devoted themselves heart and soul to the problems concerned in the great struggle. Dr. Dwyer, an eminent physician, with a large, absorbing practice, is an example of this. His two lectures on the war prove, not only that he has been a student of all the historical and ethical causes which have led up to present events, but that he is filled with a desire to communicate his lights to others and to impart to them something of his own zeal for a cause so manifestly right and true. That his lecture produced a profound impression and added much to our general knowledge of conditions and causes connected with the war, should gratify him much and justify his noble efforts.

### Exchanges.

St. Michael's Year Book, of 1917, is a brilliant achievement. The Editor is to be congratu-

lated on its contents as well as on the distinction and elegance of those indispensable details; illustrations, binding and arrangement of matter. Professor Hutton contributes a tender and graceful elegiac poem in memory of those members of the University who have fallen on the field of honour in defence of our country and of the right. We have heard a good scholar say that it resembles the "Catullus," and that the reminiscences or echoes of other poets which occur here and there in its lines, add much to its beauty; for poetic originality consists more in the form than in the matter, more in the expression than in the thoughts, and a modern poem really gains in beauty when it awakens old memories of other poems. Reverend Father Carr's resumé of Philosophy is marked by originality and common, as well as uncommon sense. Dr. Dollard's tribute to the "Boys who died in Battle"-is worthy of his pen and his heart, and provides a fitting monument to St. Michael's part of the great Sacrifice, for which the noble foreword prepares the reader. The historical sketch of St. Michael's, the Valedictory, Debating and Class notes, have a professional finish, calculated to inspire—and perhaps to discourage, the successive editors of this distinguished annual.

The last issue of the St. Joseph Lilies abounds with articles of distinction and literary worth. We naturally turn first to Reverend Dr. Ryan's contribution. His article on "Goethe" in the former number shows that he can write on a German topic as impartially as if rumours of war never entered "the quiet and still air of his delightful studies." His article on "Manzoni" will be read with interest by all who are acquainted with "The Betrothed" either in the original, or in its English translation. The verses by His Lordship Bishop McDonald to his "Native Hills," and his article on "Divine Grace" are worthy of his high scholastic reputation. Reverend Dr. Treacy's contribution on the "Faith of

the Irish" is noble and high-souled. Reverend Dr. Dollard's commentary on Francis Thompson's great ode, is such as only a poet could write on a poet. Reverend Dr. O'Leary's article on the "Shadow of the Cross" is full of learning and logic, and shows that peculiar touch which comes from personal acquaintance with the sights which it treats of. We enjoyed also the very interesting article on "Oxford in Peace and War," by Mr. Henry Somerville, Editor of the Political Economy Department in the Register. But it is hard to discriminate where all is so good.

D'Youville—This magazine, to our mind, stands out among many for its direct, simple aim, its close touch with student-ideals and endevour. One can predict a future of real distinction in literature for some of the contributors. The opening poem of the December number is quite remarkable,—the essays and stories are marked by originality, and a literary acumen—rare in these days of over-crowded curricula. We extend our warm congratulations.

The Rainbow acknowledges, with sincere appreciation, the receipt of the following exchanges: Loyola, Georgetown College Journal, The Schoolman, St. Canisius, Fordham Monthly, St. Vincent Col. Journal, The Collegian, Purple & Grey, Niagara Index, The Villa World, Echoes, Villa Marian, The Young Eagle, Mary's Messenger, Lumina, Manhattan Quarterly, St. Angela's Echo, St. Thomas Purple & Grey, The Memorare, Abbey Student, Agnetian Quarterly, Duquesne Monthly, St. John's University Record, Mount Loretto Messenger, College Spokesman, Loyola University.

### In Memoriam.

Our sympathy is extended to Loretto, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, upon the death of Reverend M. M. Gertrude Reddin. The loss of so valuable a member, one who had brought

such honour to her community by her dower of talents, will not be easily repaired. But her life was full of years as of works, and she must have laid down the burden with a feeling of glad relief and holy joy. Our prayers will unite with those of the entire Institute that her soul may rest in peace.

Mother Gertrude Reddin was one of the distinguished literary lights of the Institute. Her writings are hardly less known than those of Mother Loyola and Mother Salome of York, England, whose books are in the front rank of devotional and biographical literature. Mother Gertrude was also a distinguished musician. She edited for a number of years, the Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart, and was a valued contributor to Donohue's Magazine, The Messenger of the Sacred Heart, and St. Anthony's Annals. The Irish Rosary has many writings from her pen, and she was prominently associated with the preparation of the earlier volumes of "Leaflets," those charming and edifying little books. Among her prose works, were short lives of the foundresses of the Irish Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of Charity and of the Loretto Order. She also published two large volumes of verse, one under the title of "Memories," and the other under that of "Evenings at Loretto."

### In his name and for his Sake.

"Therefore whilst we have time let us work good to all men, but especially to those who are of the household of the faith."—Gal. 6, 9-10.

Students and Members of Extension: Are you reading in the papers or hearing from your friends what a glorious proportion of our youth who, but for this world-wide war would have lived ordinary, obscure, perhaps unworthy lives —have suddenly leaped into the ranks of heroes and martyrs? How many thousands whose names were scarcely known outside of their immediate family circle are now filling up the country's deathless roll of honour and fame? What has brought about this miracle? "A sudden dra-

matic occasion," you will answer. Yes, and something more. Their souls expanded to meet that occasion, whose awful vastness would easily have daunted many of less heroic mould.

But observe, their souls expanded to meet the great occasion. They were not disheartened by the immensity of the task nor their own individual weakness. Let us see if, in the light of our own obligations, we are worthy to claim these heroes as our friends and relatives. We are daily called upon, not to give our lives, not to suffer the awful hardships and privations of the battlefield, but to lighten by some trifling privation or self-sacrifice the lot of those who have a double battle to fight, one for souls who are daily being lost to the Church—the other for means to furnish apostles to reclaim them.

Because the demands upon us are many and incessant, are we not apt to yield to the feeling, that since we cannot attend to all of them we will neglect those within our reach, and to which we have pledged ourselves? Let us beware of allowing our hearts to grow hard, our ears deaf to the cry of misery. Let us at least pray for desires—vast, burning desires. They will sweep away all the petty self-created obstacles that hinder us from doing nine-tenths of the good that we could do. They will open out to us, in a miraculous manner, many ways and means of accomplishing our good purposes, which we never dreamed of. The little sacrifices we make will lead to bigger ones, and we shall realize, by experience, that the age of miracles is not confined to past ages or the lives of saints. As soon as we throw ourselves generously into God's work, we shall feel His Providence supporting us at every turn, and a surer road than this to personal happiness no philosopher can point out to us.

### "The Interdependence of Literature."

"The Interdependence of Literature," as its title indicates, has for its purpose, in a series of brief sketches, to show the "unity and diversity"

of the history of ancient and modern literature. The author touches also on the relation of Latin literature to the Reformation, and on the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century philosophy. The volume contains a very interesting and instructive, if not exhaustive, resumé of the sources of much of our modern literature. The strange analogies that occur in ages and races remote from each other, are seen in "the marvellous stories, which have descended to us from the vast cloud-country of by-gone ages," that dreamland of fairy imagery which is as real to the little maid of the Twentieth Century as it was to her sisters in the shadow of the Pyramids, on the banks of the Tiber and Ganges . . . or among the Fjords and Floes of the far-off Icelandic country, in centuries gone by." By Georgina Pell Curtis, author of "Catholic Americans Who's Who." (Herder & Co., St. Louis, Mo. Pr. 6oc.)

"Way of the Cross" (Price 15c).

Those who like to use a book while making the Stations of the Cross, will welcome a neatly bound, large-typed "Way of the Cross," recently issued by Messrs. Benziger Bros., Chicago. The beautiful illustrations from Feuerstein's famous paintings, and the "Stabat Mater" in English and Latin, are special features of the booklet.

"If I could live to God for just one day, One blessed day, from rosy dawn of light, Till purple twilight deepened into night, Of love unfeigned and perfect charity, Of hope undimmed, of courage past dismay, Of heavenly peace, patient humility— No dream of ease to lull to listlessness, Within my heart no root of bitterness, No vielding to temptation's subtle sway, Methinks in that one day would so expand My soul to meet such holy, high demand That never, never more could hold me bound This shriveling husk of self that wraps me round.

So might I henceforth live to God alway."

-Selected.

### Books and Reading.

For I would yield the passing hour To Books and their enchanting power. They are the harvest of the years, They give us solace, give us tears; They re-enforce us, mighty, wise; Books are the intellect's allies; They aid the strong and help the weak; Our stammered thought they plainly speak; They give our meditations wings To soar above deceptive things, That, looking downward, we may view, The world in its proportions true.

---Venable.

In opening our column on "Books and Reading" (not synonymous terms, as our young readers may be tempted, at first sight, to believe), a column which, we trust, will be a fruitful source of inspiration to the young, as well as to the less young among our readers, we cannot do better than quote a page or so from a remarkable work which has lately come from the press, a work which abounds in spiritual and literary treasures.\* In a chapter entitled, "The Kept Thoughts of Mary," the author warns his readers of their duty to enquire what thoughts they are accustomed to harbor in their minds, to examine into their cause and into the effects produced by them upon their souls.

"The spectrum of the sun is the spreading out of its light by means of a prism or finely marked plate called a grating. When you see a rainbow, you see the sun's spectrum, where the rays have been expanded into their various colors by means of the raindrops. If the spectrum of the sun be thrown on a screen instead of on the clouds, as in the case of the rainbow, then in the brilliant succession of colors from violet to red there may be seen dark lines. Those lines are shadows cast by the clouds of iron and silver and gold that float between us and the sun's brightness. If the sun's light came unimpeded, there would be no shadows on its spectrum; its tints would merge one into another from red to violet continuously. We should have then what is called a continuous spectrum. If the comparison is not too daring, we may speak of the spectrum of Mary's soul. Christ is the Light of the world. and the brilliancy of His light passed into her

soul unimpeded, without the faintest obstacle to cast its shadow on the beautiful colors into which the reflection of Christ is expanded in her soul.

What are our kept thoughts? What is the spectrum expanded on our souls? We have not indeed, as Mary had, the living Christ to shed His light upon us; but we have Christ's wish, and Christ's law pervading our every-day life and governing all its details. It is impossible that we should go through all those details here, because to do so would be to give a complete history of all our obligations. Let us select one or two beauties. There is the beauty of good reading, which must be exercised with greater care in our times when the press reproduces life with the fidelity and completeness of an untouched photograph.

If publishers and editors exercise no care over what they put upon their paper, we are not for that reason excused from exercising care over what we put upon our souls. Where do our eyes turn first, where do they stay longest when we take up a newspaper? Are we seeking for Christ there, treasuring up with love and devotion the slightest manifestation of His presence in the printed page? What articles do we gloat over? Is slothfulness, is sinful curiosity, is the base craving for scandal, the unhealthy greed of sensation, keeping the light of Christ out of our souls and leaving there the dark shadows of their own making? Should we like to have the spectrum of the thoughts gathered from our papers, our magazines and our books expanded before men for their inspection? Would there not be too many dark lines, and too few bright spots? Would there not be too much world and flesh and Satan and too little Christ? Are we reading with the eyes of Mary, with a loving look-out for Christ and with disdain and disgust for anything outside of Him? Have we Mary's delicacy and nobility of soul? Do we shrink from what soils the mind, as instinctively as our hand shrinks from what soils the fingers? Are we as dainty with our souls as we are with our flesh? Do we pick our way through our reading, skirting the evil as guardedly and stepping over unsightliness as promptly as we avoid the mud and filth of our street-crossings? Mary kept the words of Christ, pondering them in her heart. What do we keep and ponder over in our

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;The Heart of Revelation," by Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S. J.

hearts, from our papers, and magazines and books?

Again, what are our kept thoughts about our neighbors? What are we glad to hear, what are we glad to know, about them? Is it the Christ in them we prefer to see and treasure in our memories, or is it the fallen human nature? What is the spectrum of our charity? Is it continuous or is it sadly and frequently interrupted? Is the pure white light of Christ in others allowed to stream into our souls unchecked, unblemished, or is it seamed with dark shadows? The fumes of jealousy and envy, the dense mists of resentment and of prejudice, the black clouds of spite and revenge, float between us and the light, and the spectrum of charity which should be a very vision of beauty and delight, and brilliant with many colors, is rather a band of darkness, with here and there a thin line of light. Would we know what thoughts we keep about our neighbor then let us ask ourselves what are our conversations like. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." Our talk is a copy of our kept thoughts, our words give a photograph of our souls. Are we rehearsing faults, or scandals, or grievances, or offences, then we may be sure our kept thoughts are not like Mary's; they are not of the Christ in our neighbour. "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these, My least brethren, you did it unto Me." What is our principle governing what we hear about our neighbour? Do we say: Here is something good about my neighbour: . I will keep that? That is the Christ in my neighbour. Here is something evil I have heard, I will not keep that. That is not the Christ in my neighbour. "Hast thou heard anything against my neighbour?" asks the Scripture. "Let it die within thee, trusting it will not burst thee." Some are so fragile, so delicately put together that when they hear anything against their neighbour they do not let it die and be buried within them, but they keep it and tell it as soon as possible, lest the possession of it disintegrate their unstable constitutions.

We saw the effect on Mary of her kept thought; what will be the effect on us of the thought we keep? You have heard the phrase: "Tell me the company you keep, and I'll tell you what you are." We might say in the same way: "Tell me the thoughts you keep, and I'll tell you

what your soul is." It is not the thoughts you have, but the thoughts you keep that influence your life; the thoughts about which deliberate choice has been exercised, which you look at, and look over, and finally decide to retain, not the transient guests, but the permanent boarders, the ones which we do not pass by, or ignore, or snub; but to whom we accept an introduction, and to whom we are always at home when they send their cards. When they come, we keep them. Thousands of people may pass our doors every day; of these, few call, fewer still remain; and but one or two make up our household. So is it in the world of the mind; thousands of thoughts may pass before it every hour; a few may knock insistently for admittance: fewer still cross the threshold and receive a welcome, and the home-circle of our mind, the household group is smaller yet. It is our household thoughts, the ever welcome, and long-abiding quests of our souls, that profoundly influence our lives.

To readers acquainted with the thought and style of Mr. Wilfred Meynell, no comment is needed to call their attention to another gem from the author's gifted pen, published by McLelland, Goodchild & Stewart, of Toronto, under the title of "Halt! Who Goes There?" On the fly-leaf we read "Of England: Her Countersign."

Over the earth her footsteps fare;
Hearts with her flags ascend;
Her uniform is freedom's wear—
(If a crumple here or a random tear
She's out to make-and-mend).
To all who challenge "Who goes there?"
She gives the password, "Friend!"

A sequel to "Aunt Sara and the War," this volume is made up of scraps from the diary of Miss Pauline Vandeleur, London, and the journal of the late Captain Owen Tudor, V. C. The records from the journal, of "Life in the trenches," including snatches of conversation with the Captain's friends, are as so many flashlight pictures of the situation in England. In one of these conversations Brendan O'Neil, an Irish patriot, explaining his presence in the English army, bids Owen to "measure by the story of Ireland's martyrdom, the immensity of

Ireland's magnanimity, and count it among the assets of Christianity." The booklet with its predecessor, "Aunt Sara and the War," must prove intensely interesting, not only to English readers, but to those who may not have grasped the secret of England's true greatness—"This England," to quote the journal, "component of myriad parts, that are themselves myriadly compounded, yet make an entity, an entirety—is held together in her dynamic diversities by some heavenly law of gravitation no less wonderful than that by which, above our battle line to-night, stars stay in their stations."

With the following beautiful stanzas, the volume closes:

OF ENGLAND: HER NEW ARMY.

There's something mellower than the moon Shines through the apple trees, Flickers through the village and through town Is ambient on the ivory Down, More buoyant than the breeze.

A hundred thousand English hosts, The dead who died in fight, (Recruited now for Michael's hosts) Stand sentry o'er our English coasts, Walk English lanes to-night.

They breast the immemorial hill;
They hear the whinnying mares;
"O, who goes there, for well or ill?"
They answer, "Friends! and fighting still
Your battles otherwheres."

Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke (Mc-Lelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto).

The earlier poems of Rupert Brooke, though rich in lyric quality, echo the cry of the starved soul, already world-weary, unsatisfied with earthly pleasure—disillusioned with youthful enthusiasm. Faith, Love, Beauty, have become for him their very opposites. But the trumpetcall, sounded at the opening of the war, fell on the ear of a listening and responsive soul, and the latent hero-spirit is revealed in the noble sequence of war sonnets written in 1914, shortly before his death, "in active service."

May we not hope that with the heroic response to the call for self-sacrifice, came also a return of the early faith in goodness, the love, the hope of immortality, to illuminate the awakened soul and to lead it at last, even through pain, to the one "White Light" of its earlier dreams?

From the "Sonnets," we quote:

"Blow out, you bugles, over the rich dead; There's none of these so lonely and poor of old.

But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold. These laid the world away; poured out the red Sweet wine of youth; gave up the hopes to be

Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene, That men call age; and those who would have been

Their sons, they gave, their immortality."

Nature lovers will find a pleasing surprise in store in the perusal of "The Rambles of a Canadian Naturalist" (J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto).

Although the little volume professes to be no more than a record of observations made in various "ramblings" through Canadian woods and fields—the year through, even the teacher of natural science may find the treatment of the subject unique and interesting, as well as suggestive.

Not the least commendable feature of the work is the artistic decoration of its title pages.

"Of Water and the Spirit" (J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto).

"Of Water and the Spirit" is a short narrative showing the influence of the horrors of war, in breaking the bonds of narrow and petty interests, and awakening the soul to the larger "life for others, instead of self."

Though the suitability of the title might be called in question, the story, told in the quaint manner of the Southerner, is rather impressive. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto.)

### Wusic Motes.

On Tuesday, February 13th, Mr. Ernest Seitz, the brilliant Canadian virtuoso, entertained the Alumnae and pupils with the following program: Prelude in E Minor, Mendelssohn; Le Cou-Cou, Daquin; Gigue, Bach; Barcarolle, Moskowski; Etude on False Notes, Rubenstein. As his perfect technique and rare interpretation have long ago been commented upon in these columns, it is sufficient to say the rendition of preceding numbers reached his high standard. To the outburst of enthusiasm which greeted the Rubenstein Etude, Mr. Seitz responded with a Rachmaninoff prelude in G Minor. The assisting

artist was Mr. Dalton Baker, a well known baritone, whose thoroughly cultured voice was shown to good advantage in a group of four songs: old English, French, Italian, and last, but certainly not least, the lovely Irish ballad, "She Is Far from the Land." This was given with great feeling, and in answer to warm applause. Mr. Baker also sang "Ye Mariners of England," after which the usual social hour was spent in the parlour. This being the first visit of Mr. and Mrs. Seitz (Clare Cosgrave, Class '13) since their wedding, which took place shortly before Advent, their many friends among the Alumnae and Religious showered every good wish upon them.

The advanced pupils of Miss Strong's class gave a vocal recital on Shrove Tuesday night. Each one sang two or three selections, which brought out her individual good points. technicality, in which all excelled, was very clear enunciation, and the vocal possibilities of many are promising. A two-part arrangement of "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," was charmingly rendered by the Misses Harrison. Miss Nicoleiff sang the Belgian National Anthem in the vernacular with much esprit. Miss Irene links, a pupil of the late Professor Hambourg, accompanied in an able and pleasing manner, and also contributed two piano selections, a Chopin valse, and a Liszt rhapsody. The other students who took part were Leonore Gallagher, Melba Moulene, Rheta Norine Brodie, Evelyn Gaveller and Dorothy Kingsford.

We hear with concern that our esteemed friend, Dr. Vogt, has resigned the conductorship of the Mendelssohn Choir. This report was circulated last year, but Dr. Vogt was prevailed upon to wield the baton for another term. His duties as Director of Toronto Conservatory, we understand, are so pressing that the step is inevitable. Our relations with Dr. Vogt have always been most cordial, and we add our regrets to those of his distinguished choir.

A Director for church music has been appointed by the Archbishop of Chicago, for the entire diocese, all choirs being subject to his supervision. Such a plan cannot fail to secure a faithful adherence to the late Holy Father's decree concerning this most important part of Catholic ritual.

### Alter Ego.

HE is a wee thing, this friend of mine, but from the top of her soft, brown curls to the tips of her dainty, little feet, she contains all the charms one could wish for. Under her dark lashes, two blue eyes, which can either twinkle with mischief or soften with sympathy, look out upon the world. A sweet mouth concealing two rows of even white teeth, and a firm chin add further beauty to the face which has grown so dear to me.

Her charms are not all contained in her outward appearance. One glance at her eyes proves the purity and innocence of the soul within. An unselfish nature and a sweet temper combine to make her one of the most popular pupils—a sweet girl graduate. As a rose casts its fragrance about it, so she influences those with whom she comes in contact, as every true child of Mary does.

Her accomplishments are many and varied. She is an excellent pianist, a good Latin scholar, and in literature her class-mate is left in the background. In her other school work she is a credit to her teachers. Six pretty serviettes that have just been completed prove her skill with the needle.

The rose, however perfect otherwise, has thorns; my little friend has faults, which like the thorns are easily overlooked, in the consideration of her lovable traits. Sometimes a tiny spark of stubbornness shows itself; her lips come together in a straight line, and her chin becomes firmer, until her unselfishness comes to the rescue. Although during recreation hours she is an amusing talker, her clear, little treble can be heard rather too distinctly above other whispering voices, in the class-rooms, dormitories and halls. Never will she be ranked among those that are "reputed wise for saying nothing."

Soon her schooldays will be over, and the time to which she looks forward so eagerly will be at hand. But as the years roll by "Sorrow and joy will chant a mingled lay, when to memory's wildwood she wanders away," and the reminiscent note of joy will ever be "Loretto, Loretto, forever!"

### The Louis Bebert Monument.

Pioneer of Canadian Agriculturists.

E live in an era of glorious anniversaries. In 1908 the old city of Champlain celebrated the third century from its foundation. Yesterday the tercentenary festivities of the establishment of the Faith here

brought together again, upon the heights of old Quebec, the representatives of the whole race; and the year 1917 also will behold religion and patriotism commemorating the third centenary of the arrival in Canada of the heroic pioneer Louis Hébert, head of the first French family to settle on the banks of the St. Lawrence. After Champlain and after the Church have been hon-

oured in the persons of the Lavals and the missionary friars, it is time now to remember the humble tillers of the soil in the person of the first colonist, the immortal Louis Hébert.

He is well worthy of the honour that we are going to do him, for Hébert was no mere adventurer cast by fortune upon our shores. An apothecary, and son of the apothecary of the

deceased Queen Catherine de Medicis, he had received a good education. Impelled by religion and patriotic zeal he became one of the explorers of Acadia who were the first to lay at Port Royal the foundation of a colony. He and his family dwelt there for several years and hoped to stay there for life. But in 1613 Argall, the deputy governor of Virginia, attacked and destroyed the Acadian colony, and they had to return to France. In the meantime Champlain had founded Quebec. The company which at first forbade any settlement of farmers there, was obliged by the Crown to relax its laws, and then they engaged Louis Hébert to come there at a salary of twelve hundred crowns, together with a grant of ten acres of land. But when he and his wife and children arrived at Honfleur to take ship for new France, he found that neither the Company nor the Colonials desired his presence, and he was obliged to accept a salary of one half the amount promised, and only half the amount of land. At the end of three years he was allowed to plant tobacco as well as vegetables, provided that all of his surplus harvest should go to the Company—not to the Indians.

Under such tyranny, and at the price of untold sacrifices Louis Héhert persevered in his good and great

work of cultivating the land. In a transport of religious fervor he gathered in the first sheaves of grain, and offered them to the thrice holy God. Ever since his time, the beautiful custom of offering the first fruits of the harvest to God, has been followed.

Some one has said, "When you meet a colonist you know that it is a conqueror who passes by."

Hébert was a lively illustration of Montalambert, conqueror of the Laurentian Valley.

The coming celebration will appeal in a special way to the tillers of the soil, and in such days as these, who will deny them a place of supreme importance in the welfare of a nation? Louis Hébert was a lively illustration of Montalambert's beautiful saying: "The future belongs to men persevering with God in the Faith."

REV. AZARIE COUILLARD DESPRES,
President of the Hebert Monument Committee, Sorel.

### An Interrupted Piano Lesson.

REORGETTE was a naughty girl who loved music, but had not reconciled herself to the necessity of routine practice at the piano in order to make it sing under her fingers; however, by appeal to her intelligence and maybe to her respect, as well as observance of the Fourth Commandment, at last, upon reflection made, before Our Lady's altar, some resolutions as to her musical conduct. She naïvely said that these resolutions were not made à la vapeur, and she kept them. One day she asked, "Was Beethoven a Catholic?" and being answered "Yes," as were the rest, except of course the mighty Bach and the great Handel-"Well," said Georgette, "I read the other day that he had no religion." The teacher advanced the idea that after all, the great musical geniuses received a gift of God in the creation of their masterpieces, and by using their inspirations in a worthy way, it was a real and true worship of Him, and so in a certain sense, religious and would, perhaps, merit for them a merciful and kind judgment in spite of their earthly waywardness.

The lesson proceeded, only to be again interrupted in the middle of the despised Czerny, to whom there had been reconciliation because of the "resolutions." Can you imagine the amusement of the teacher, when she was asked, with an audible sigh, (it should be said in parenthesis, Georgette adored Paderewski)—"Do you think Paderewski had to do this sort of thing?" And upon being assured that more than likely he had even to submit to such dreadful drudgery of repetition, to make him the superb artist that he is, Georgette said, with a look of enlightenment, "Ah now, I can understand why Le Bon Dieu has a separate kind judgment for musicians!"

# Students' Essays

AND STORIES

### The Easter Wessage.

NCE upon a time there lived, in a small compartment of a lady's writing desk, in a little white cardboard house, gaily painted with bright flowers and tiny golden buds—an Easter Message.

It was a very joyous little message, and it sang a joyous little song,—the slender golden thread of melody which reached from a sordid earth to a shining heaven and tugged at the hearts of those who heard it as if to pull those hearts towards heaven too. And the words of the song were these:

The golden sun climbs up the sky, the shadows flee away.

Oh! weary heart, forget to sigh, God sends thee Easter Day!

Wert thou cast down, wert thou dismayed, dear child of One above?

Behold the earth in light arrayed, the light of deathless love.

Then swift the sun climbs up the sky, the shadows keep away,

Oh! weary heart, forget to sigh, God sends thee Easter Day!

But the little Easter Message was very restless. It knew that the owner of the desk had addressed all her cards to their destinations, and that it must have been overlooked. And because the golden letters on the walls of the cardboard house informed the world that this little Easter Message had a mission, it grew restless and fell from the tiny desk compartment to the floor. And then its joyful spirit slipped out from the white cardboard walls, and fluttered through the open window on its mission. What miles it travelled, that little Easter Message! First the gentlest zephyrs of heaven carried it swiftly through the April sunshine to a mean, dirty hovel in the city slum section. Somehow it found its way into the heart of the ragged, shiftless old man who dwelt there. Somehow it discovered and warmed in his spirit a lost ember of Christianity till it glowed to brighten a despairing soul and for the moment won it back to the love of God.

Then it sped through the sunshine again to

cheer the sadness of a sick child's bedroom. It hovered about the thin white fingers, warmly touching their weakness to life again, and it dropped a smile in the child's eyes to mingle there with the tears. 'Ere it danced away on its mission of gladness, it coaxed a straying sunbeam to enter the sick room and it saw the sick child laughing over her new plaything.

So it fluttered to all the darkest spots of earth and brought sunshine and purity and joy once more along with it. The last journey which it took was long and dangerous, so it settled on the soft white cushion which a baby cloud provided, and was carried away over the blue Atlantic to a bloody battlefield in a far country. There it slipped from the gentle grasp of the baby cloud, and fell straight into the black uncleanness of the trenches. No one saw the little dream of life as it fluttered along the line. But a hundred hearts felt its gentle touch and took comfort from the reminder that of the most dreadful agony ever known to the world a wonderful joy was born,—that from one Martyr's Gethsemane came a whole world's rejoicing.

The Easter Message was tired now, and its mission was accomplished. So wearily it struggled up the golden bars of the sunset and a passing skylark received it on tender wings and bore it to the gates of heaven. Joyfully it gave over its little song to the angels, and they made of the tender melody a great passionate song of rejoicing which rose and throbbed to a grand crescendo, proclaiming the divine Easter Message.

—Annie Sutherland.

LORETTO, GUELPH.

### horseshoe Ranch.

OOKING back over my childhood my thoughts dwell with greatest pleasure on the happy days spent on a ranch in southern Idaho. I was not born in the west, but lived my early years in a large eastern city. When I was about nine my father was obliged to make a trip westward for his health; like many another he became infatuated with the primitive beauty of the country, and it did not take him long to decide on a future home.

He purchased a number of acres of land in the southern part of Idaho—a place noted for its aromatic sagebrush, which bordered the magnificent Snake River Canyon. It was quite a dar-

ing adventure to stand at the edge of the precipice, and look down on the water dashing over the rocks hundreds of feet below. The rushing madness of the waters, the deep grottoes and huge protruding cliffs were all in harmony with the grandeur of the country and accentuated its silence.

A lateral ran through our land which supplied water for irrigation. This was a necessity since the rainfalls are few and insufficient. A part of the farm, however, above the lateral could not be reached and this was used for pasturage.

Our house was built on a hill and the water for the grass and trees had to be pumped a distance of some hundred yards, by means of a ram. I mentioned trees as if they are not uncommon in those parts. Indeed they are and especially so in southern Idaho. They are first grown by a horticulturist and then transplanted; even with this careful nursing they often die, much to the grief of those who try to raise them.

To our property was given the name of the "Horseshoe Ranch" by my father, who took the idea from the lateral which twisted around in a way to form a horseshoe.

Our home was far from being a mansion—it was just a large, ordinary farm house; but as I thought then and still think, it was a very fine place to romp in. My sisters and I found that life on a ranch differed very greatly from what we had been accustomed to in an eastern city. There was no human habitation on either side of us within range of miles, and I had some experiences—not often too happy—in going to and coming from our neighbors.

The ranch adjoining ours belonged to a dear old man whom we children all loved, and whom in our affection we named Uncle Scotty. He had a peculiar mania for horses. These he would allow to roam in large herds over his lands, and added to his stock from year to year until they became almost as numerous as the rabbits of Australia. These hordes of horses, so dear to Uncle Scotty's heart, were at first the terror of my little city soul.

In my early days in the country when I found myself in a field with these fine, harmless animals at large, I felt as terrified as if I had been thrown into a den of lions. Soon, however, we made friends and I got to love them as I did everything that belonged to Uncle Scotty. Why

I even fixed a covetous eye on one of his chickens.

When my very small sister came home one day with a little rooster, I began to wonder how I could manage to induce Uncle Scotty to offer me, too, something from his poultry yard. I made an excuse to go down soon and succeeded in luring my old friend out among the hens. Then I began to praise extravagantly the chicken Marjorie had brought home.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

Before I could answer, to my horror Marjorie spoke up:

"Indeed she does. That's what she came for to-day; she thinks she'll get one too."

Of course I was ashamed, but not enough to prevent my accepting the gift which was immediately thrust on me. When mother found the scheming I had used she wished me to return it, but Uncle Scotty pleaded for me, and I was allowed to keep my little hen.

I said I was terrified of horses at first. One would scarcely believe this who saw me a few years after leaving the city. In time the liveliest animal had the greatest attraction for me. In fact, I became such an adept in horseback riding I think to this day I could play successfully the rôle of jockey in the most exciting race. There was only one horse on our ranch I could not ride and control. That I couldn't manage this one was scarcely a wound to my pride because he wouldn't allow the strongest man on his back at first, but was later quite submissive to my brother.

There were other animals which gave me even more anxiety and in a different way from the horses; with these I never really became friendly. I find that not many of my eastern friends have heard much of our western coyotes. These animals which belong to the wolf family are not as a general thing harmful. However, they become most ferocious when attacked. They prowl around at night in threes or fours and make the most weird sounds imaginable. First they give a number of snapping barks and these are followed by prolonged shrill howls, which sound exactly like a number of infants crying in unison. They always know where the fattest fowls are, and many a night I lav awake worrying over the welfare of my chickens, for I had a little poultry yard of my own after a while.

After spending six years on our ranch, my father's health was greatly improved and we decided to return to the east. Even to this day I feel that what I got in exchange was the only thing that could compensate to me for giving up our western home. Had I remained there I realize what I should have missed and what I every day enjoy and appreciate—the privilege of spending these years at this Loretto so unique and so unsurpassable, mounted fortress-like, guarding the mighty cataract. In my heart Loretto will ever share an affectionate place with my other sometime home, "Horseshoe Ranch."

RUTH SPRAGUE, '17.

LORETTO, NIAGARA FALLS.

### My Thoroughbred.

VER since I was a little child I had a passionate love for horses. When but five years old, my father bought me a tiny, fat Shetland pony, which proved to be the kindest and safest pet a little child could own. But as I grew older Buster, as I called him, was too small and besides he, too, was growing older, so amid the shedding of tears, Buster left me and was sold to some other little girl in the country.

My next pony was a Welsh, and his name was Don Alfonso. Quite a fancy name you may say, for a pony, but then he was quite a fancy pony. He was so fat that when ridden, if he kicked his heels in the air, the saddle would slip completely around and his poor riders would come to grief. Being a kind little fellow, though, he rarely took advantage of their misadventure, but if it did occur he always stood by and waited to be remounted.

And so the ponies came and went, until all too soon I found that I was too big for any more ponies, so my attention then turned to the thoroughbreds of which my father had raised many and he had promised me that the very next one that was born should be mine. It was indeed a surprise when, on my birthday, father told me to hurry up and come to the stables, as he had something to show me. On arriving, he took me over to the box stall and showed me "my thoroughbred." How very small and weak it looked as it was but a few hours old, but to me it meant more than anything else I had ever owned. As I gazed down at it, it looked up at me and gave a soft little whinny, which seemed

to say, "I do hope you are not disappointed in me!" As if I could be, when a prettier colt I had never seen. He was a dark seal brown in colour, had four white feet and a dear little pinkish white nose. It was this last feature that made me call him "Pinkie," for his pet name. His neck was long and thin, and his finely shaped little head, with its thin pointed ears, fitted it perfectly. He luckily seemed to have missed that lanky, long look that most colts have, so it is no wonder that I was proud of him, and that the many happy thoughts regarding his rosy future, chased each other through my mind.

As he grew older, all his beautiful qualities grew with him, and when the time came for him to be trained there were no doubts that his strong, lithe limbs and frame would be able to stand the strain of racing. And so the days came and went, until I realized that at last the day of days had arrived and that "my thoroughbred" must run his first race. On his latest trials he had made the eyes of his trainers open at the time he had made, and as he was in the best of condition his prospects were good.

The track was a scene of restless activity. In the paddock the horses, well blanketed, were being led about after their work-out previous to the race. In the rear the jockeys could be seen on the balcony of the club-house, some sad over a race lost, some jubilant over a race won, and still others all hope for the races yet to be run. Their coloured silk caps and jackets made a very pretty picture indeed, as there was an artistic harmonizing of colours. In the members' stand and lawn, Dame Fashion held full sway, from the freak of fashion to the masculinely dressed woman of to-day. The track itself was beautifully located on the side of a mountain. Below could be seen a circlet of tiny lakes gleaming like sapphires in the afternoon sun, while above, the heavy foliage of trees and shrubs, made the air heavy with the scent of the forest.

As the horses came to the post, "my thoroughbred" was second in the line and many were the ejaculations of surprise, as each person saw for the first time this two-year-old who carried himself so majestically, with his little head and tail held high in the air. After a march past the stand, they lined up at the barrier and as the bugle sounded, the words "They're off!" were unconsciously spoken by all interested. The

start was good, but at the first turn, owing to bumping, my "Pinkie" was momentarily thrown from his stride. He quickly recovered himself though, and with careful handling was sent well up in the inside, thereby leaving the favourite, Carrillion, but two lengths ahead of him. Yes, they were now in the stretch, had but four-now three—now two hundred vards to go and "Pinkie" with but half a length to go and going strongly. What was that? Did the favourite falter? Surely her jockey had not ridden this highly strung beast too hard? But in that instant, when she had appeared to falter, my "Pinkie" had caught up and they were now neck and neck, with about twenty yards to go. Could my "Pinkie" do it? Oh, yes, I knew I had seen that pink nose shove itself ahead right at the finish. Even then I was not satisfied until the numbers went up with the little official sign above, which proved that I had not been mistaken and that "my thoroughbred" had won his first race. EDNA CLANCY.

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH.

### My Day of Triumph.

HAD been at my grandmother's only a few hours when I was warned about the rooster, a common, everyday, ugly farm rooster.

It seems that this particular fowl was wont, when allowed out, to come stealthily up behind any one walking through the yard, his wings spread, and his head forward, I suppose to imitate a turkey, and then to fly at that unfortunate person's back; and the results, to say the least, were not comfortable.

I paid no attention to my cousin's warnings, consequently when a day or two later I happened to be taking a stroll alone, I came across a rooster directly in my path, I walked straight on, never doubting that it would get out of my way. But not so; this was one time I got out of the road, for spreading his wings and lowering his head he came directly toward me. From that moment on we were enemies. I resolved to show that chicken its place if it was the only thing I did all summer.

I remember another time when I was a very little girl and spending the vacation at grand-mother's, I determined to find out for myself

whether or not a bull disliked red. Of course, every cow was a bull to me then.

One evening, when the hired man was milking, he glanced toward the house and a strange sight met his gaze. I was stationed at one of the back windows, my head thrust out, slowly shaking from side to side. Nothing happened. "Perhaps," I thought, "the cows cannot see my red hair so far away"; so I went out and stood a little distance from the house, one eye on the cows, the other on the kitchen door. Still nothing happened. I resumed head-shaking and ventured a few steps farther, but at that moment, I heard the man's hearty laugh and beat a hasty retreat.

But to come back to the rooster. This was my mode of attack and I am obliged to confess, it was rather cowardly.

Every time I went to the kitchen, I would take some bread or corn and a glass of water. Then going to the window, I would call at the top of my voice: "Here chic, chic, chic, here chic, chic, chic," and in a little while, I would have a large assembly before me, the rooster included. would coax them nearer and nearer by means of the grain until my enemy was directly below, when down would go my glass of water. There was one thing, however, I could not prevent and that was this: after each of these performances he would stand off at a safe distance and with one or two flaps of his wings, throw back his head and crow loud and long in such an aggravating way that generally I rushed for a whole pan of water, but to no avail, for he never crowed within my range.

Of course, it was fast becoming a great joke among the whole household and I got no end of teasing.

One afternoon we were all sitting on the veranda and, as usual, the topic of the rooster was brought up. One of my cousins said he would enjoy seeing a fight between us, and instantly I proposed gratifying his desire. Amid much laughter we all went to the back of the house. Mother, grandmother, and grandpa watched from the back windows; my cousins mounted the fence, each armed with a club or stick ready to come to my rescue should I be in danger. Grandmother called that if I won we would have my antagonist for dinner next day; and then they let Mr. Rooster out.

Straight toward me he came, pausing a moment when he saw I was armed; and we commenced. First he would chase me, then I would turn about and rout him. This continued for about five minutes, when by some evil chance I dropped my stick. Instantly terror seized me and turning, I ran, ran as fast as I could. I heard everyone laughing and shouting, and then the realization of what I was doing filled me with shame and anger.

Suddenly I turned, swerving quickly to one side. At that very moment my pursuer had made one desperate vault, and he landed on the ground where I formerly had stood. The tables were turned. Whether he was stunned, surprised or what I do not know, but anyway, he began to run, making a bee-line for his coop, and I, tired, warm, dusty, but triumphant, pursued.

The next day we celebrated. Everyone was there. Other chickens had been prepared, but I insisted upon eating nothing but my rooster, and although I am sure the meat was not nearly so tender, I enjoyed every mouthful. But whether it was joy or satisfaction, I leave it to you to judge.

Montrose M. Phillips, '18. Loretto, Niagara Falls.

### Catholic English Literature.

REAT authors have used the art of letters to express their message to the world, to furnish feasts for the imagination in poetry, to inspire men's minds with tales of virtue and heroism, and to sketch life-like pictures of their fellow men. The great Amati is quoted as saying, that each one of us has some way of expressing the music in his heart by melody or song, by sculpture or painting, by architecture, by the use of words, and even by working with a knife upon wood.

Literature is heart music expressed in words. Those pieces of literature that bring out best certain qualities of a language are called classics, and other works are judged by comparison with these classics. When Norman, Dane and Saxon had merged into one people, and the time was ripe for the formation of modern English, the Protestant Reformation "rolled its wave of in-

tellectual confusion and moral chaos" over Europe, and especially over England.

How could English classics be Catholic in tone when extermination was the meed of good Catholics? When it was accounted felony to harbour a priest, a crime to hear Mass and treason to receive the Sacraments?

Shakespeare's works are, many of them, Catholic in tone, and we find a few scattered Catholic authors, such as Southwell, Crashaw, and Dryden, but until the nineteenth century the general tone of English literature was protestant, and aggressively so. But with the nineteenth century came the great triumvirate of cardinals, three "Reverend cardinal virtues": Wiseman, popularly associated with the beautiful "Fabiola," Manning, noted for his deep theological works, and Newman, an "English classic" himself. Other representatives of Catholic literature, were the poets, Francis Thompson, Lionel Johnson, Aubrey de Vere, Coventry Patmore, and Adelaide Proctor. Then Lingard let the light of truth fall once more on the pages of history, and John Cobbett, with his History of the Reformation, helped to dispel the dark clouds of bigotry that had overshadowed "Merrie England" for so long.

In this same era, Father Faber, a latter-day son of St. Philip, through his hymns and devotional works, but above all through his exquisite life, exercised a potent catholicizing and spiritualizing influence. Nigh unto the twentieth century, Catholic Literature found three new exponents in the priest-novelists, Canon Sheehan, John Ayescough, and Father Benson, whose well known works are delightful in style and of absorbing interest, and exercise a most beneficial influence.

To-day, we have Alice and Wilfred Meynell, and the Chestertons in England. Though "G. K. C." is not a Catholic, his works are Catholic in tone and spirit. In Ireland we have Katherine Tynan, poet and novelist; in America, Cardinal Gibbons, "the grand old man of the Potomac"—author of the "Faith of our Fathers," Joyce Kilmer, a young convert poet, besides a score more of splendidly equipped, rarely talented, devout writers for young and old.

Marie Antoinette de Roulet.

# Spray

#### Dur Winter Guests.

There's a little group of sparrows
In the haw-berry tree,
All huddled up together,
To protest agaist the weather,
Which has robbed them of their gfee.

The wind whips up their feathers In a very cruel way, Never noting, never caring What a plucky piece of daring Has persuaded them to stay.

But the parley, or the council,
Or whatever it may be,
Which explains their present chatter
Must be some momentous matter;
For just look!—And you will see

That a general decampment is

This minute taking place,
And a new and cheerful bearing,
Nay, the very coats they're wearing
Have assumed a better grace.

What on earth can be the meaning Of this funny episode?
Let us listen for a minute,
We can find a meaning in it,
If we only catch the code.

Hark!—"We'll brave it out," they're saying,
"Till the summer,—for we know
With God in heaven to heed us,
And a friend on earth to feed us,
We can live through sleet and snow."

"See! She's coming now—as every day
She will unto the end.
Let us chirp our thanks—forgetting
All our cowardly regretting.
Two invincible allies have we—
A Father—and a friend."

-Rose Underwood.

#### Smithers, B. C.

I saw it on a map both large and fine
(I saw it with the naked eye—no dream),
Showing how trains upon the Grand Trunk Line,
Grand but Pacific, run along by steam
Right to Prince Rupert on the sea (a port)
And there are brought up short.

Smithers! I saw it on a map, I say,
A panoramic map in Cockspur Street,
And sudden in my heart began to play
Echoes of old romance, and all my feet
Fluttered responsive to the name's sheer beauty,
So rhythmical and fluty.

Smithers! The music of it filled my mouth.

I saw Provence and that enchanted shore,
And Lotus-Isles amid the dreamy south,
And champions out of mediæval lore
Looking at large for ladies in distress
Round storied Lyonesse.

I was a trovatore (with guitar);
Venezia's airy domes above me shone;
I heard Alhambra's fountains faint and far;
I broke the Caliph's line at Carcassonne;
All kinds of lost chords latent in my withers
Woke at the name of Smithers.

Ah, if in Avalon's vale I may not rest
When envious time had worn me to a thread,
Then let me go to Smithers in the West,
And on my gravestone let these words be read:
"Attracted by its name to this fair scene,
He died a Smitherene."

What poet's style is used in the foregoing humourous mock-heroic verses—which are taken from *Punch?* Mention the particular poem whose manner it most resembles.

#### A Problem in Chess with its Solution.

The following position in chess, says the Literary Supplement of the London *Times*, has been forwarded to us by Miss Elsie Trevor, of Hayes, Kent, in the hope that it may interest our readers. Both the position and the accompanying verses, she tells us, are copied from her

grandfather's "commonplace book", and are dated "Cambridge, 1817".

White (Alcanzor), (5 pieces)—K at KR 4, R at QR 2, B at KB 3, Pawns at Q Kt 6 and QB 6.

Black (The Caliph), (4 pieces)—K at Q Kt sq, Q at K Kt 2, rooks at K Kt sq and Q Kt 7.

White to move.

#### Anthony Crundle.

"Here lies the body of Anthony Crundle, Farmer, of this parish, Who died in 1849 at the age of 82. He delighted in music.

R. I. P. And of Susan,

For fifty-three years his wife, Who died in 1860, aged 86."

Anthony Crundle of Dorrington Wood,
Played on a picolo. Lord was he
For seventy years of sheaves that stood
Under the perry and cider tree;
Anthony Crundle, R. I. P.

And because he prospered with sickle and scythe, With cattle a-field and labouring ewe, Anthony was uncommonly blithe,
And played of a night to himself and Sue—
Anthony Crundle, 82.

The earth to till, and a tune to play,
And Susan for fifty years and three,
And Dorrington Wood at the end of day—
May Providence do no worse by me!
Anthony Crundle, R. I. P.

### A Chapel in Mesopotamia.

A Chaplain's Ingenuity.

N officer in a Highland regiment in Mesopotamia describes a Catholic Chapel improvised there by the Catholic Chaplain:
"In this Arab village one of the low mud huts has been turned into a chapel by the R. C. Father, and it has been done up so cleverly by himself and the captain of a riverboat which has been

stranded here, owing to a boiler having burst. Above the chancel the Captain has made a most original and charming window of the bottoms of bottles, mostly bluish, and some brown in color, fixed in an oblong frame, and the light shines through this primitive but most artistic window in a really beautiful way. Then he has a large hanging lamp made of an empty shell case, with metal work made of steel bands from shells and strips of tin from biscuit boxes. On the altar there are candle-sticks made from a broomhandle and empty tins, covered with silver paper, and a wonderful crucifix on a pedestal that is covered with the same paper, and in front of the altar the lace paper from chocolate boxes. Everything was cleverly done, and in the dim religious light looked very fine."

Mr. Timothy Curtin, an American and a Harvard graduate, who visited Germany, gives, he assures us, the exact words of a German pastor on the Battle of the Somme:

"Many wounded men are coming back to our church from the dreadful western front. They have been fighting the English, and they find that so ignorant are the English of warfare that the English soldiers on the Somme refused to surrender, not knowing that they are really beaten, with the result that terrible losses are inflicted upon our brave troops."

#### The Good and the Cleber.

(Virtue and Talent).

If all the good people were clever,
And all clever people were good,
The world would be better than ever
We thought that it possibly could.

But somehow 'tis seldom or never The two hit it off as they should, The good are so harsh to the clever, The clever so rude to the good.

So, friends, let it be our endeavour
To make each by each understood;
For few can be good like the clever,
Or clever so well as the good.

-ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH, in St. Christopher and Other Poems.

## Alumnae Potes

Jan. 9th.—An interesting meeting—during which an account of the Federation of Catholic Alumnae proceedings was given by the delegate, Mrs. Moloney. Mrs. Marshall gave a very pleasing vocal number, and Miss Twohy accompanied her on the piano. The tea-hostesses were Mrs. Cassidy and Mrs. McCausland, assisted by Mrs. Hart and Miss McKenna.

Feb. 13th.—Mr. Ernest Seitz and Mr. Dalton Baker rendered an unusually brilliant program. The audience was large and warmly appreciative. Mrs. Gamble and Mrs. Lamb were tea-hostesses, assisted by Miss Collins, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Hughes.

Miss Madeleine Small has been appointed Recording Secretary to take Miss Devaney's place. We wish her joy and success in her new office.

### Spring.

O me the beauties of nature are more charming in spring than at other times of the year, for then mother earth sends forth her daintiest colours and the air is full of the sweetest music.

The fairest flowers of nature's productions can be seen peeping up above the blades of grass, red and blue and all colours, fresh with the warm south wind and bathed in the morning dew. Their perfume fills the atmosphere for miles and miles, as if all earth were one great, sweet orchard.

Now and then comes the drowsy hum of the bee who works steadily day by day to prepare for the cold, long winter. Suddenly your attention is drawn to a tree where a light-hearted thrush sits singing the glad tidings of spring. Farther on the robin and bluebird may be seen taking possession of straws and twigs, and flying quickly away with them to provide for the erection of their nests.

There are happiness and joy in the brook as well as in the meadow, for now the ice is melted and the little stream babbles down with double force, glad to be released from its fetters. The sun shining on the water encourages the young frogs and fishes to come to the surface for fresh air and perhaps to capture a careless fly that skims past. What can be more delightful than to be in such surroundings,—the bright, blue sky above, green fields below, and the air full of the rarest perfumes and subtlest music!

HELEN McDERMOTT, LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD.

# School Chronicle

### Loretto Conbent, Plagara falls.

January seventeenth—A lecture, given by Reverend Father Eckhardt, C. M., Niagara University, on the merit and charm of the Bible from a purely literary point of view, not only held us closely attentive during its delivery, but has left us much inspiration for personal research. A promise from the esteemed lecturer to give us another discourse very soon has pleased us greatly.

January nineteenth—Miss Fanny Coffey is spending a few days at her Alma Mater, having accompanied her sister Agnes, who is remaining with us till June. Fanny's many old friends at Loretto are delighted to find her so well and as happy-hearted as ever.

January twentieth—As the feast-day of our dear Mistress of Schools will occur to-morrow, Sunday, we have anticipated and, in her honour, gave, this evening, a programme which opened with an address and the presentation of flowers and candy.

January twenty-third—Miss Margaret O'Malley of Class '15 is with us for a brief visit, prior to leaving Buffalo for her new home in Pennsylvania. We trust that the greater distance will not prevent a frequent visit to Loretto.

February fourteenth—St. Teresa's Literary entertained the St. Catherine's at a Valentine "Soirée de Jeux." The various games—exchange, sight unseen, advice, spearing peanuts, musical chairs, etc., caused abundance of merriment. After the prizes had been awarded to the winners of the several games, valentines and heart-shaped packages of nuts were distributed to all present.

February twentieth—Mr. Jaret, the champion typist of Canada, gave us, this afternoon, an exhibition of his skill, which proved an incentive to all present but, particularly, to members of the Commercial classes.

A half-holiday was granted us for the cele-

bration of Shrove Tuesday and, by anticipation, of Washington's Birthday, also. It was spent, in great part, in preparation for the entertainment which followed a very enjoyable tea-party. The programme was enthusiastically applauded. After the Grand March, when all had taken their places on the stage, Miss Ruth Sprague, attired as a Colonial dame, read an address to Mother M. Eucharia, this being the feast-day of Mother Superior's patron saint. Floral and spiritual bouquets were then presented on behalf of the young ladies. Vocal solos, by Miss Mary Bampfield, Mary Carroll and Kathleen Smith; a quartette by Miss M. Bampfield, K. Smith, H. Collins and L. Powers; chorus by the wee folk; mandolin solo by Miss H. Collins; recitations by Miss M. Curnin, C. Noyes and Frances Shreve, and a presentation of the nations were all deserving of the high praise they received. At the close of the programme, some very good flash-lights were secured. Among the old pupils who shared our amusements this evening, were the Misses Edna and Angela Duffey, who received a very warm welcome, not only from their former teachers and friends amongst the girls but, also, from their little sister Katherine, who is now a student at Loretto. Miss M. Dawson and Miss E. Bennett were also guests.

February twenty-first—Reverend Father Eckhardt, C. M., graciously favoured us with another delightful and most instructive lecture on "The Parables of the Bible." We are looking eagerly forward to another of these splendid discourses in the near future.

March fourteenth—Reverend Father Rosa, C. M., entertained us for an hour with a clear and comprehensive talk on the various methods of computing time in our era and in the past, the many corrections that have been made and the plans proposed for simplifying the reckoning of time.

To the senior students, it proved exceedingly interesting and even the juniors—if we may judge by their unbroken attention—seemed to have added, in the course of the lecture, a considerable amount to their store of knowledge.

March seventeenth—A very pleasant holiday, in honour of Hibernia's Champion Saint, closed with an evening of choice recitations and Irish melodies, instrumental and vocal.

March eighteenth—The beautiful and solemn Forty Hours' Devotion, to which we have been looking forward for weeks, opened this morning with High Mass, celebrated by our chaplain, Reverend Father Zazza. The altar, with its garlands of smilax, clusters of roses, carnations and jonquils, and choice arrangement of tapers, told of loving preparation for the Exposition on these three precious days.

### Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

December thirteenth-Our Recital.

The melody of music now is heard It soundeth like the robin's joyful song Within the convent parlor; it is most sweet:

It pleaseth those that hear and those that teach. 'Tis loveliest of the lovely; it becomes Loretto maidens better than their gowns:

Their technique shows the force of earnest work, The attribute to awe and majesty, Wherein doth sit the fear and dread of nuns!

December fifteenth—Painstakingly have the little ones (that is a figure of speech—the pains were taken by Sr. M—) prepared a Christmas program.

We learned that they needed an audience. So with characteristic generosity we sacrificed the delights of owning up to the French and Latin we did not know (gentle reader, that is satire) and descended to the recreation hall.

Our readiness to oblige (ourselves) was rewarded by a charming programme.

"The Pineville Baby Show," a musical play, was delightfully real, and the audience was charmed with the little performers, who were all less than ten years old.

December twenty-third—St. Ursula's Literary Association used to consider that it had a mon-

opoly on entertainments; but now there is plenty of competition.

The fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth grades gave a Christmas program this morning, filled with the real Christmas spirit.

The recitations, instrumental selections, and sweet Christmas hymns reminded us of the dear babe,

"Whose tiny hands outstretched shall be For all mankind on Calvary."

"Friends, readers, and countrymen, lend me your ears!

I speak to report a program, not to praise it.

The third and fourth years gave a Christmas program,

And when their Christmas essays all were read, Lucile, guitar in hand, accompanied The strains of 'Holy Night.'"

January third—Vacation over, and alas!
"We have not that alacrity of spirit
Nor cheer of mind that we were wont to have."

January fourteenth—On the evening of the thirteenth of January a birthday celebration was given by three of the high school boarders, the Misses Mary and Lillian McCormick, and Miriam Lunney.

It was a long planned event and gave much enjoyment to all. The dining room and the dining tables were beautifully decorated in "Blue and White." The tables were loaded with delicacies in many courses.

Each girl received as a remembrance a small basket of roses.

After dinner games and dancing were found to be the greatest amusement until late, when the Mistress appeared, and all were wished "good night."

January fifteenth—Farewell—a long farewell—to all our gladness.

This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms And bears his blushing honours full upon him, The third day come *exams*—a killing frost And then he falls as we do. January twenty-first—To-day as we stood in spirit in ancient Troy, whilst the terrible Argives came forth from the wooden horse, and fired the buildings, as the city swarmed with Greeks and reeked with blood and slaughter, and Aeneas, groaning much, and his countenance was moistened with a great river, beheld the cruel murder of Priam, "in come a cat."

Puss was evicted, but alas! the spell was broken; Virgil could thrill our youthful hearts no more.

January twenty-fifth—"Here is a coiffure!
when comes there such another?
Two lasses came into school to-day,
With hair arranged in wondrous ways
With curls and puffs in divers shapes,
That drew and held their classmates' gaze
With title: 'Curls and Puffs.'"

February first—Extra Paper! Reports out at last! Catherine Hearne first in Graduating Class. Congratulations.

February second—"The first Friday" and all the boarders home! How dull the house must have been without their sweet voices and gentle walking.

They enjoyed the holiday, even though it was 15 below zero, no one froze, and all returned, to find themselves amidst books and lessons until the next outing.

A nun, visiting from Joliet happened to know the Aunts of one of the little boarders, so, passing the child in the hall she said, "I know your aunts, dear. They are twins, are they not?"

The child looked at the nun and said, "They used to be, but one's married now."

February thirteenth—The boarders enjoyed a three days' holiday at home to celebrate Lincoln's birthday, February twelfth, and returned to the Convent Monday evening after a delightful time.

February nineteenth—Jeanetta Cunnea and Lillian and Mary McCormick were entertained yesterday by the four Fitzpatrick sisters, former pupils of Loretto, Woodlawn, who gave them a delightful time.

February twentieth—To-day the babies held high carnival in Sr. M.'s class room, which was decorated with American flags and with great taste.

After the daintily gowned little ladies had sung "America," and Miss Marian Simmons had recited a sketch of George Washington, followed by recitations from some of her classmates, they enjoyed a delicious spread.

February twenty-first—As the Lenten season drew near, the Graduates, observing with much pain the frivolity of the other girls, determined to instruct and inspire them.

So to-day, Newman's birthday, is celebrated by "An Hour with Newman." A review of Catholic English Literature, the Oxford Movement, Newman's life, and his principal works, followed by a vocal rendition of "Just for Today," filled a pleasant programme.

February twenty-second—The Graduates have enjoyed three very pleasant social events this year, the latest being a luncheon given in their honour by Mrs. Edgar C. Rice, on Washington's birthday, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

The table was daintily decorated with the "red, white and blue" and the favours were little candy boxes filled with red, white and blue candies. Equally enjoyable was the class dinner given by Mrs. Whitham on St. Valentine's Day, and an informal dancing party given for the class by Mrs. De Roulet on Columbus Day, October twelfth.

March first—To-day we have with us, according to L. P., "Andromache, husband of Hector." "These 'Mixed' marriages are so perplexing!"

A. DE R.

### Loretto Academy, Buelph.

January ninth—Reveille sounded this morning—9 a. m. All in line. Forward march! under Loretto's flag. Cruci Dum Spiro Fide.

January tenth—Our ranks increased by two, one very small, one very tall.

January twelfth—The death-knell of the v's. Everyone is wearing chokers.

January fifteenth—Sugar has taken a drop in Guelph—our two athletes rolled a barrel down the terraces. We expect to cultivate sugar-cane in the near future.

January nineteenth—One of our thirteen-yearolds spent Christmas in Rochester and returned a naturalized citizen of the Stars and Stripes.

January twenty-first—Congratulations to and regrets for our popular teacher M. A. E., who has enlisted under the banner of the pines.

January twenty-fifth—An unwelcome visitor—Madame La Grippe appeared in our midst and was loathe to depart.

February first—Welcome to Mademoiselle Boileau and B. Farrell, both of whom spent Christmas at their homes.

February third—We enjoyed Dorothy's brief stay. No more perfect nights or days for "Nooney."

It is an unfavourable gale that does not fertilize some barren spot. Miss Regina's departure from our day-school is our loss but the Abbey's gain.

February sixth—Patriotic Concert. Nautical Knot by local talent. We all attended and enjoyed performance.

February eighth—Classes—Third form excepted—dismissed at two-thirty to hear a lecture on Canadian Birds in the Opera House.

February sixteenth—We enjoyed a week-end visit to our homes to fortify us for the austerities of the Lenten Season.

February twentieth—Mardi Gras. Progressive Euchre (eleven tables). Genevieve lucky prize winner. Refreshments—sandwiches, coffee, ice-cream and candy. The two latter a thoroughly-enjoyed treat, thanks to the kindness of our popular M. P., father of our fairy Godmother—Helen. Dancing followed, the piano and victrola under skilful hands rendered delightful music.

February twenty-first—Ash Wednesday. "Remember man thou art but dust." Salutary lesson followed by good resolves.

February twenty-fourth—Jack Frost played with heating apparatus—meals topsy-turvy—midday luncheon. Oh! joy—dinner courses at 6 p. m.

March first—Seven beautiful lilies adorned St. Joseph's altar. We all hope to be one of the dear saint's joys this month.

March fifth—Eileen had visitors—khaki-clad—ready to do their bit in the common cause of right.

March fifteenth—A Prima Donna arrived—a canary—we are expecting a burst of song.

March seventeenth — Hibernia's Champion Saint All Hail! The sweet little shamrock everywhere. Concert and lecture in the evening.

March nineteenth—The Loretto Sunshine Club—pupils of Fourth Class—held a shower of chocolates, cigarettes, and gum for Guelph heroes of 29th Battalion. "Somewhere in France." The High School and Commercial and Junior pupils responded generously. Tea and cake were served by the officers and members of the club.

The Reverend Mother Stanislaus, General Superior of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America, has been with us for past two weeks, and endeared herself to everyone by her gracious sweetness and motherly interest. Come again soon, Reverend Mother; you will be welcome as the flowers in May.

# Leaves from the Diary of the Philosophic Student at the Sault.

January twenty-third—Examinations at hand. A dreadful feeling of "Unpreparedness" in the air, despite two months of uninterrupted hard work. Retreat to follow the ordeal.

"Why, without asking hither hurried whence, and why, without asking, whither hurried hence?"

January thirty-first—Retreat by Father Rémillard. Clear and forceful. Insistence on the Last End of Man. The excellent attendance in spite of the severe weather spoke much for the earnestness with which it was made.

February ninth—A Moon, seven inches of snow, ten dollars and the "permissus superio-

rum" are the proper attendant circumstances for a sleigh ride, and as a little skill is required, in most places, to bring all these into juxtaposition, there's generally some zest in getting up a sleighing party. But here, with seven feet of snow for four steady months, unlimited quantities of moonlight, with "Aurora Borealis" thrown in, indulgent superiors and a "St. Teresa's Literary" to draw upon for funds, it doesn't seem worth while. This winter, however, having carefully selected the coldest day in the year, we sallied forth, clad in the Alaskan parkay and any other furry garments we could buy, borrow, or otherwise appropriate, and caracoled around the town in sleighs that didn't fit us at all, for a full hour and a half. At the end of an hour, most of the party were ready to go home, but a powerful faction contended that we must get our money's worth at any cost, so we compromised on the extra half-hour.

The nice thing about a sleigh-ride is that it makes one appreciate having it over, and being home again. And then to feast on that rare and uncanny little sea-beast, the oyster (as one does on these occasions), makes one feel like a rail-way magnate or an oppressor of the poor for once in one's life, which is a mighty pleasant sensation, when one isn't blasé. But Sister says I'm too much of a philosopher to go on a sleigh-ride. She says I may be all very well in Ethics, but she'd rather have the unthinking multitude when it comes to sleigh-rides.

February twentieth—The Second Academic entertained St. Teresa's Literary most charmingly with a musical and literary programme and a patriotic tea, in honour of Mardi Gras and George Washington combined. The "pièce de résistence" on the programme was a clever little drama, "The Ugly Duckling," Miss Eileen O'Neill impersonating that ungainly fowl to perfection (no charge). "I'm a duck and I'm dying" became the popular "pass word" for some weeks in consequence.

March fifth-eighth—Forty Hours' devotion in St. Mary's Church. The privilege of a half-hour's adoration twice daily. A trilogy of wonderful sermons by Reverend Father Barth, the foremost orator in the Upper Peninsula—Subjects: "The Soul," "Penance, the Sentinel of

the Soul," and "The Eucharist, the Sustenance of the Soul."

March sixteenth—As St. Patrick's day approaches, the girls are taking an interest in Irish heraldry. The Irish girls have all found their coats of arms. Some have as many as six. It all depends on how many ancestors you've saved. Mine sounds grand the way sister describes it:

"Crest—Uplifted hand grasping a sword. Coat—a lion rampant sable, on a field gules in sinister chief and dexter base; a lion rampant gules on a field or, in dexter chief and sinister base, with three sheaves in a fess sable; device: 'Fortis et hospitalis.' "I was quite proud of all I had in mine till some one found out the fewer things you had, the older your family. Some have such funny ones. One girl has three barrels standing on telegraph poles. Another girl (I don't care to mention names), was disgusted when she found a monkey rampant on hers, and I don't blame her. There's something so dreadfully personal about a monkey.

March eighteenth—This day we entertained the Alumnae at "An Evening with the Leprechauns."

A Feast in the Isle of Destiny (served by Leprechauns). Irish Symposium. Toasts:

"The Irish: A race the gods made mad For all their fights are frolics, And all their songs are sad"—

Miss Bessie Marston.

March eighteenth—One Leprechaun was ununable to do her share of entertaining, being upstairs meekly submitting to the indignity of German measles,—a whole-souled Canadian at that. Such is the irony of fate.

March nineteenth—Many casualties in Third and Fourth year. The redoubtable Bob Acres is safe in "Clod Hall," but he can receive visitors as his case hasn't developed yet.

March twenty-second—A splendid lecture, "Our Nation," from Father Barth. "One dared not cough or look around for fear of losing something and every Man's fear was lest he should make an end of speaking."

Mary O'Gorman's astonished remark, "Why he knows the whole Ethics by heart!" was refreshing. March thirty-first—Latin Lapses by Leprechaums:

Ella May—"Apollo sat upon a pitrod." Irene—"Antiquam exquirite matrem"—Investigate your old mother.

Julia—"I don't know the meaning of 'putetis,'"

Teacher (her mind running on H. C. L.)—
"Don't mind, dear; pretty soon none of us will know the meaning of 'potatoes.'"

"What's a line of six feet called? A hexameter. Of four? A tetrameter. Of five? A perimeter!"

March twenty-second—Togas and Pallas are being fashioned for the Latin Plays to be given after Lent by the "Cocictas Sancti Augustini," as follows:

#### I. Schola Romana

Being a scene from a Roman School when Cæsar, Cicero, Hortenisus, Catiline, etc., were boys.

### 2 Nuptial Romanæ

Being the marriage of Tullia, daughter of Cicero and Terentia to Gaius Piso.

#### 3. Chorus of our Carmen Scholæ

Gaudeamus nos Alumnæ, Studios ae filiæ Hujus domus Lauretanæ Saltus Sanctæ Mariæ.

Salon Français—An interesting afternoon to whose pleasure all the French classes, including the infants, contributed their share, in the form of conversation and dialogue on practical subjects, songs, instrumentals by French composers and a pretty little comedy called "Stella," the entertainment ending with the minuet. Refreshments were served "à la Française."



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## THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETO

By Right Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D. D. Bishop of Victoria, B. C.

\*HERE is no more famous place of pilgrimage in all the wide world than Loreto. For more than six hundred years people have flocked thither from all parts of the world. What is there to draw them? Under the dome of its great basilica stands the little House, known to the Italians as Santa Casa, which erstwhile sheltered the Holy Family at Nazareth. It stands there without foundations on an old highway that once ran from the sea to Recanati. In the earlier half of the fourteenth century pilgrims to Nazareth attest that the Holy House, which one of them says formerly stood up against a grotto, is no longer there. Toward the end of the thirteenth century there appeared for the first time on the hill of Loreto this cottageshrine without foundations. The Franciscan Thomas of Novara ascertained in 1620 that the foundations in front of the cave at Nazareth correspond exactly to the four walls of the Holy House at Loreto. The materials of the house, both stone and mortar, are Palestinian, and the stone in particular is to be found only in and around Nazareth.

In the summer of 1884, on my way home from Rome after being ordained priest, I visited the Holy House of Loreto. I was there again with the Canadian pilgrims in 1900. In January, 1908, after my consecration in Rome, I went to Loreto before going to the Holy Land, and examined carefully the stones in the walls of the Holy House. They are cut in the form of brick, but are of uneven thickness. The colour is grey

with a slight admixture of red and yellow. The stone is almost as hard as flint, and the grain is very fine. I saw nothing like it in the course of my travels in Judea, but in Nazareth I found a sample of it inserted in the wall of the Holy Grotto. Afterwards on the way to Mount Thabor, about a mile beyond Nazareth, we passed through a field which was full of the same kind of stone. But I noticed in some of these field stones little round holes about the size of one's little finger, something I had not noticed in the stones of the Holy House. On my return to Italy in March I went again to Loreto, taking with me bits of the stones I had picked up about Nazareth. I found it to be exactly the same as that in the walls of the Holy House, both in colour and in fineness of grain. What is more, on closer examination, I found in several of the stones of the house, the same little holes I had observed in the stones of Nazareth. I seemed to be borne back in spirit to that field in fair Galilee, where, in the rear rises the mountain of Nazareth, and in front Mount Thabor lifts its lofty head above the great plain of Esdraelon.

The Marquis Nembrini Gonzaga of Ancona had averred in an open letter published shortly before, that the same kind of stone as that of the Holy House was to be found in quarries at Monte Canero, about 12 miles from Loreto, and that he himself had seen quantities of it cut and dressed in the same way for use in building the hospital Humberto Primo at Ancona. I asked Signor Gianiuzzi, archivist of the Holy House.

whether there was any truth in the Marquis' statement, and he said "No." But he had never gone to Monte Conero. So, next morning, we went together, I taking with me my samples of stone from Nazareth. We were lucky enough to find at Numana, a quaint old town nestling at the foot of Monte Conero, on the shores of the Adriatic, the man who quarried stone up the mountain. I showed him my samples of stone and asked him if he could get any like them. He said he believed he could, and went and brought a sack of them on his back, though I wanted but a few little bits. On comparing them with the stones I had, he himself saw at once that they were not the same. Those that he brought were limestone indeed, but of rose-red tinge, and the grain was much coarser.

Three years ago in May, I was in Loreto for the fifth time. Being in Ancona, about fifteen miles from Loreto, I went to see the hospital Humberto Primo, where the Marquis Nembrini Gonzaga said he saw the same kind of stone as that of the Holy House. The institution occupies two separate buildings, one at the foot of a little hill in the outskirts of the city, the other on its slope. Both buildings are made entirely of brick, but on examining the foundations of the one on the slope of the hill where they are exposed to view, I saw some pieces of the rosered limestone of Monte Conero. It was exactly the same as the sample I had at home in Victoria, and altogether different from the stone of the Holy House. There is not a word of truth in what Marquis Nembrini Gonzaga said.

Of course I was not the first to verify the identity of the stone of the Holy House of Loreto with the stone of Nazareth. In his "History of the Holy House," written at the end of the sixteenth century, Torsellini recounts how Pope Clement VII. sent three men to Nazareth, who brought back samples of stone found to be identical with the stone of the Holy House. is a well known fact," he adds, "that there is no such stone in Picenum [the district of Loreto], all buildings, however old, being made of brick because of the lack of stone suitable for building." (Bk. 2, Ch. 26.) I may say here that I found one building in Loreto made of stone from the quarries of Monte Conero. But it was the proverbial exception which proves the rule. There are still living in Loreto, people who were there when that particular house was built by a Canon of the Cathedral about the middle of the last century.

In 1855 Monsignor (afterwards Cardinal) Bartolini visited Nazareth. He took thence two samples of stone, got permission from Pope Pius Ninth to take two bits of stone from the Holy House, and sent the four specimens to Professor Razzi, of the Sapienza, Rome, to be examined. The latter pronounced them to be both chemically and physically the same (Cf. Sopra la Santa Casa di Loreto, pp. 72-79). And, not to mention others, Father Ratisbonne, the Jew who was converted by an apparition of the Blessed Virgin in the Church of San Andrea delle Fratte. in Rome, tells us, in the "Annals of Our Lady of Sion," Vol. 4, No. 10, 1858, how a distinguished teacher of chemistry in Oxford University, of the name of Faller, went to Loreto and to Nazareth of set purpose to disprove the identity of the House of Loreto with the House of Nazareth, but ended by being so convinced of their identity as to become a convert.

Touch and see is the test of identity given by Our Lord Himself. I, too, as well as Prof. Faller and the others, have touched and seen the stone of Nazareth and the stone of the Holy House of Loreto, and I do solemnly declare that they are the same. I have touched and seen, and have in my possession bits of stone from the quarries of Monte Conero, and bits of stone of Nazareth, and I am as sure as that I have eyes and fingers that any one who brings eyes and fingers to bear on them will attest that they are quite different in physical qualities.

Not only is the stone of the Holy House Palestinian; the mortar is also. And so the house must have been built in Palestine. An examination of bits of mortar also was made by Prof. Razzi, as Bartolini tells us in the book above cited. There were found mixed up with it tiny bits of charcoal. Signor Gianiuzzi, the archivist, told me eight years ago at Loreto that he was with Dr. Schafer of Bavaria, when he examined the walls of the Holy House in 1905, and that he saw with his own eyes bits of charcoal in the mortar. No doubt it was the charcoal used in burning the lime. Now, they never use mortar of that kind in Italy, but they do in Palestine. In Italy the soil is full of volcanic substances which make the best mortar in the world. \*

The tradition is that angels carried the house from Nazareth to Tersatto, in Croatia, in 1291, and some three years later, across the Adriatic to Loreto. I visited Tersatto three years ago, and found the tradition of Loreto duplicated

there and confirmed. In the Church of the Franciscans is a fac-simile of the Holy House and in and about the place are many evidences of its stay there. I held in my hands and made extracts from the manuscript copy of the History of the Translation of the Holy House to Tersatto by Glavinich, who was Guardian of the Franciscan Monastery, and wrote his account shortly after a fire had destroyed the monastery, with the archives, in 1620. The shrine at Tersatto is also famous for its pilgrimages and its miracles.

Why should God have sent His angels to carry the Holy House away from Nazareth? It is not for us to assign a reason for what God does. It is, nevertheless, a lawful matter of pious speculation. No doubt it was mainly to save the house from profanation at the hands of the Mohammedans. But we may conceive of another reason. Acre, the last stronghold of the Crusaders, was taken by the Saracens in 1291. The crusades had turned out to be, at the best, a magnificent failure. God only knows what bitterness filled the hearts of the remnants of those heroic forces who had rallied under the standard of the Cross, as they made their weary way back to Europe with every mark of utter defeat upon them. To no purpose had they poured out their treasure and their blood in defense of the holy places. As Edward Bulwer (afterwards Lord Lytton) sings:

Slowly the last Crusader eyed

The towers, the mount, the stream, the plain, And thought of those whose blood had dyed

The earth with crimson streams in vain!

The earth with crimson streams in vain!

And vain the hope, and vain the loss, And vain the famine and the strife; In vain the faith that bore the Cross, The valor prodigal of life!

And vain was Richard's lion-soul,
And guileless Godfrey's patient mind:
Like waves on shore they reached the goal
To die, and leave no trace behind!

It seemed as if God Himself had abandoned them. But lo! here comes to them, borne by angels the House of Nazareth, as a visible pledge that God's arm is not shortened and that Our Lady is not unmindful of the service rendered by her gallant knights.

Teremanus was the first historian of the Holy House. He came to Loreto in 1430 and

wrote his account of the miraculous translation in 1472. He found no documentary evidence of the translation, for the documents relating to it had perished in the sack of Recanati by the Guelphs in 1320. He therefore rests his account upon the living traditions of the place, and cites witnesses to vouch for the fact. One, Francis Prior, declared on oath, that he remembered hearing his grandfather, who lived to the patriarchal age of one hundred and twenty, telling how the house came to Loreto in his boyhood. This account of Teremanus was translated into several languages, and carven on huge tablets of stone in the basilica that encloses the Holy House. There are but four of them still left. I saw and examined them there three years ago. Singular to say, I was the only one in Loreto at the time who could at all make out in what languages they are written. They are in Old English, Broad Scotch, Gaelic and Welsh. At the foot of the English translation are the words that follow:

"I, Robert Corbington, Priest of the Society of Jesus, in the year MDCXXXIV, have faithfully translated the premisses out of the Latin original hung up in the said church."

Part of the Gaelic translation I copied also, and have in a notebook at home.

There is a very interesting fresco of St. Louis of France on the west (end) wall of the Holy House. He is represented as standing before Our Lady with the Child in her arms. The chains of his captivity at Mansourah hang from his wrists. The painting is plainly a memorial of his visit to Nazareth and its Holy House about the middle of the thirteenth century in thanksgiving for his deliverance. The saint wears a halo, which enables us to fix the date of the painting as at least later than 1298, the year of his canonization. Researches made by Signor Giuanuizzi in the archives of Loreto have brought to light the fact that a grandson of St. Louis, Charles of Valois, brother of Philip the Fair, was Governor of the Marches of Ancona, which includes the district of Loreto, from 1300 to 1302. He had come as a pilgrim to Rome on occasion of the great jubilee proclaimed by Pope Boniface VIII. in 1300, and the Pope made him Governor of the Marches, hoping no doubt that the prestige and influence of so distinguished a man would calm the bitter strife between Guelphs and Ghibellines in that distracted territory. He, of all men, would be the most likely to have the picture of his famous and sainted ancestor painted on the wall of the Holy House. But why set it up in this tiny chapel—the house is about 33 feet by 13 feet—when there were so many great churches and cathedrals within the territory that he presided over? The thing speaks for itself. St. Louis' visit to the Holy House at Nazareth was a matter of record. And where could the memorial of that visit be more fittingly set up than in the very house in which the saint had paid it? At any rate, the whole thing hangs so well together as to form one more link in the chain of circumstantial evidence which binds old Nazareth to the new on the shores of the Adriatic.

The Holy House is enclosed in a beautiful

casing of white marble, designed by Bramante. Some of the best sculptors in Europe helped to adorn it with figures of prophets and sybils in the act of foretokening the advent of the Redeemer. All round the base of it, about eight inches above the pavement, is a ledge of marble between ten and twelve inches in width. The entire way around there are two deep furrows in the marble worn by the knees of the devout pilgrims, as for hundreds of years they kept circling the Holy House in prayer. The faith that wore those furrows in the marble has peopled heaven with saints. That faith never dies.

Anyone who wishes to make a study of the documents and traditions relating to the Holy House may read "The Holy House of Loreto" (C. P. A. Pub. Co., 25 Barclay St., N. Y.) by the present writer





## MEMORIES OF FATHER TABB

By MISS EMILY REED JONES

Although an able and interesting life of Reverend John Bannister Tabb, containing a review of his works, has been published, the present sketch from the pen of one who was intimate with him and his family from earliest childhood, cannot fail to be of peculiar interest and worth. It sounds that personal note so indispensable to all true biography. The Rainbow is fortunate in securing the first copy of a writing which in all liklihood will appear in book-form before long. The writer, Miss Emily Reed Jones, belongs to an old distinguished family of Virginia.—Editor

ATHER TABB'S home in Virginia was a secluded country house called The Forest. To reach it you left the county road for a plantation road that narrowed till it was just a carriage track that brought you out before a low frame house weathered to the gray of the trees among which it stood. At the gate grew a stalwart young oak of 75 years. Father Tabb told me his father had cut off the head of the young sapling oak for a riding switch when he was a boy of six. On the other side of the road were woods, oaks with occasional pines, and still more woods. To think of The Forest is to hear the rustle of leaves that went on around it perpetually like the whispering of a soft tide and the brushing of the branches across the roof of the house when the wind was in them. Also the house seemed always filled with a soft graygreen twilight. At one side of the house was a rough lawn where a blind gray horse was turned out to graze. Here Father Tabb used to walk reading his book of prayers and the gray horse would plod after him turning as he turned and nosing in the pockets of his cassock for sugar lumps or apples, sometimes standing still to be

stroked or have the cockle burs picked out of his mane.

Most of the country houses—The Wigwam—The Hermitage—The Oaks—Coverley—were built with the wide halls for dancing, but The Forest had a small, square entrance hall, inhospitable at first sight, but opening into an ample family living room from which a flight of four shallow steps led to the "chamber" of the mistress of the house. Here Father Tabb's mother had lived with her brood of little children. The room had many windows looking out into the greenery which was all the outlook the house had

Big four-post beds, high and white and soft, were there, and children's little beds. Here Father Tabb's sister, Miss Hallie, lived a beautiful life of devotion in her mother's place, with her delicately tended little niece and adopted daughter, an afflicted child, lovely as a flower, but mindless.

There was a sitting room on one side of the entrance hall. This room was particularly shaded by the trees and was the very home of twilight and reverie. Heavy mahogany furni-

ture loomed out of the dusk. At the piano between the windows Father Tabb had taught himself to play and here he improvised or poetized generally at twilight.

I remember Father Tabb's parents in this wise -his mother, slim and tall, always dressed as in mourning, with soft, drooping hair, fine eyes, a sweet voice, a general air of delicacy and a gay, strong, humorous spirit-frequently saying droll things and giving an amusing or satirical turn to the conversation. His father, as a gentle little gray gentleman, who played sentimentally on the flute. Sometimes he worked himself to the point of being very severe. Once there was a dismal period of failures in the kitchen, Mandy's bread did not rise. Virginian lives by bread alone, very nearly. Loaf bread, hot, with the crust rasped down to a fine, thin, light-brown texture, rolls, beaten biscuit, muffins, and waffles, are his staff of life. For several days Mr. Tabb endured the heaviness of his breakfast with patience and regard for Mandy's feelings, but finally he waited on Mandy where she sat, ample and smiling, at her kitchen door, and said the thing had to stop. He had not had a mouthful of food for days. He was very peremptory and even threatening. But by the time he had returned to the rocking chair on the porch in which his leisurely days were passed, his heart relented. He felt he had offended Mandy's dignity as a consummate cook and faithful servant. He went back to the kitchen door and gently begged Mandy to forget what he had said. To which Mandy replied: "Lord, Marse Torm, nobody don't mind what you say."

The Forest had a reputation for liberal entertaining. In the Old Dominion, hospitality did not depend upon an ostentatious style of living. It consisted mainly of abundant provision of food and drink and the savor of sincere and cordial welcome. The Tabb family lived in a centre of family connections—Tabbs, Archers, Bannisters and Barksdales—good old Colonial names-within a sociable community of neighbors. After the Civil War—or as the people of the South call it, the War Between the Statesthe spirit of hospitality lived on after the material means of expressing hospitality had passed away. The people were not ashamed of poverty. It was a sort of patent of nobility. They had given their all to a Cause and they were proud to have come out of the ordeal of fire with honorable poverty. Those who had made money on government contracts—who had speculated in salt—who had held back from investing in Confederate bonds in the last year of the war because they foresaw loss and ruin-these were marked men to be avoided and properly contemned. The Tabbs, like their kin and neighbors, were left land poor, with no money for seed or implements—debts, public and private, and a demoralized labor class whose idea of freedom was a long rest from work of any description. Still, what you had you could share and on a certain occasion a neighbor calling at The Forest was courteously pressed by Mr. Tabb to stay to dinner and accepting, was ushered in with much kindness and dignity to a spread of corn hoecakes and a pitcher of cool spring water.

There is another story about Mr. Tabb. A raiding party from the Union army made a visit to the county with the object of destroying a railroad bridge over the Appomatox. All men of military age were at the front. A call went out for the old men and boys to form a home defence body and guard the bridge. Mr. Tabb was observed to be very thoughtful. His flute gave an uncertain sound. His mind was too disturbed for the proper rendering of "The Braes o Balquidder." He was observed to follow his wife with wistful looks. Finally he nerved himself to ask an interview with her, and taking her hand said: "My dear, the moment has come. I must tell you of my resolve. I can not hold back longer. I must join the home guard to defend the bridge." Upon which Mrs. Tabb spoke: "It is about time, Thomas. I had given you just one day longer to see your plain duty, and if this evening had passed without your telling me you were going to join the home guard, I would have ordered the carriage and left your house forever."

Father Tabb was a boy of about 16 and the Civil War was in its second or third year when a relative of the family—Captain Wilkinson—came on a visit of a few days to his kin. He was an officer in the Confederate Navy and in command of a blockade runner. His stories of risk and adventure—chases and escapes—delighted John Tabb, and when his cousin offered to take him with him on a voyage, he joyfully accepted. Beside the joy of the adventure there was the delight of seeing London and the England from which his forbears had come, not

many generations back. In London while his cousin went about his business of getting supplies for the Confederacy, John sought the things he loved and made sketches. One of his sketches came to the notice of Punch, and John Tabb was offered a position on the staff as cartoonist. He refused, preferring the adventure with his cousin, the blockade runner. One day Captain Wilkinson came into their lodging and asked him if he could be ready to go to Paris at a moment's notice; if so he could come with him on a mission. John Tabb replied by spreading a largesized bandana handkerchief on the floor, putting a few articles in it, tying up the corners and cheerfully announcing that he was packed and ready. He had three days packed full of pleasure and experience.

Father Tabb told me that he had been born, spiritually, a Catholic; that when he met with Catholicism it was as if he had come into what had always been part of his existence. His first impression was received when he was a small boy and was on a visit to his aunt at Haw Branch, a few miles distant from The Forest. Visiting at the house was a kinsman, Colonel Graham, an officer of the United States Army. Colonel Graham had become a convert to Catholicism. John Tabb had heard of his cousin being a Catholic and wondered what it meant.

One morning John followed the maid who was putting the Colonel's room in order, into the room and, looking about at the Colonel's possessions strewed about the room, he saw a prayer book which he opened timidly and found full of a strange language and religious pictures. He said that though he could not read it he felt as if it belonged to him and he could never give it up. His grandmother found him with it and forbade him to look at it again, but he was only resolved to have one like it when he grew up.

I remember once Father Tabb's looking at little Hallie—the little unfortunate child—asleep, and his saying, "I fancy that as we are looking at little Hallie, loving her and grieving for her, in her unconsciousness, so the angels or spirits are looking at us who do not know of their presence, with tenderness and compassion."

John Tabb's immediate conversion came quietly while he was nursing his mother in her last illness. He had been growing into Catholicism but was still studying to become a clergyman in the Episcopal church when he was called

home to assist to care for his mother. He left off his studies and was not even conscious that he thought or reflected much on theological subjects while he lived the family life and shared with his sister the care of his mother or took long country walks. At the end of the time of his care and duty—eighteen months—he knew without doubt that he was what he had always really been—a Catholic.

#### THE CLOSING DAY

The following poem, which has come to us in Fr. Tabb's own handwriting, was given to the author of the foregoing sketch many years ago. It is not included in the well-known collection of his verse.

O fading West!
That bringest thoughts of home to souls afar
While on thy breast
Throbs, as a waking thought, Hope's tender star,
So pale of light,
Stay thou the desolating shade
Of envious night!

All spirits worn,
And wasted of the fiercer flames that fire
The pulse of morn,
Again in twilight reveries suspire,
As waves that swoon.
At sunrise, quicken into foam,
Beneath the moon.

With mystery of dim communion thrills
The fervid glance,
And from the mist of Memory distils,
Baptismal dew,
While blossoms, withered of the dawn
Their grace renew.

The calm expanse

As incense rare,
Up-breathing, clouds with eloquence the shrine
Of silent prayer,
So from thy visage, rhapsodies divine,
Unwinged of sound,
Float, in a dreamful ecstasy,
Of thought profound.

O now to die!
To breathe with Evening's last responsive beam,
The restful sigh!
Now wholly lost to Life's prophetic dream
But softly borne
Where cleaving sympathies pursue
The shades of morn!

# **JERUSALEM**

By Rev. E. J. Byrne, D. D., Prof. of Sacred Scripture, St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester.

HE approach of a British army towards Jerusalem has of late caused the eyes of the world to include the Holy City and its neighborhood in the present war zone. The recent news of the British Government that the sanctuaries of the Holy Land should be everywhere respected affords consequently a pleasing assurance that its venerable shrines will not share from an invading army the lot of so many of the churches in the war districts of Europe. If the coming months bring the British within the vicinity of Jerusalem, it is likely that a battle will be fought there, since it is hardly probable that the Turks will permit a further advance on the city without a great struggle. For not only is the city of considerable strategic military importance because of its position, but it is also a Moslem sanctuary, inferior only to Mecca and Medina in the veneration of the adherents to the religion of Islam. The capture of the city by the Allies would therefore be a great loss to their enemies, not only from a military point of view but also by reason of the bad moral effect which would thereby be exerted on the spirit of the Mohammedan populace of the country. The probability is, consequently, that if the present military operations in Palestine are continued, the old city will again see what it has so often witnessed throughout the centuries from the dawn of its history—a hostile army knocking at its gates. The invaders of the present day, however, will not only bring new instruments and new methods of warfare but will gaze on the city changed in many respects from that of past centuries and even from what it was when last besieged by an enemy.

Jerusalem, as it exists to-day, possesses only a few traces of what it was in ancient times. In the course of the centuries, the city has gradually wended its way northward, so that the present walls no longer include the site of the original city of Urusalim nor even the greater part of the city of David and Solomon. In fact, since the time of our Divine Lord, the city limits have been so extended to the north that Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, which at the time of the crucifixion were outside the walls, are now included within them and are actually in the midst of the modern city.

The town lies situated on two ridges, almost parallel, and in a slight valley between them, called in the days of Christ the Tyropaeon. It is enclosed on all sides by low mountains, as the Psalmist tells, when he sings: "Montes in circuitu ejus." Deep valleys on all its sides, except the northern, form a natural fosse around the city and in former times protected it from the enemy. The Mount of the Tombs of the Herods on the west and the Hill of Evil Counsel on the south, are cut off from the city by the deep valley of Hinnom, wherein in times of pagan influence sacrifices were offered to the Phoenician idol. Moloch. On the east the Mount of Olives and the Mount of Scandal are separated from it by the Valley of the Kidron and its rivulet, nowadays generally dry,—"Siloah's brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God." On the north side there is no valley but, unfortunately for the city in its history, the hill of Bezettha instead. It was on this side that the city in time of war was most vulnerable and, although here protected by an artificial fosse and a wall doubly strong, it was from this side that it was taken in succession by the Syrians, by the Romans under Titus, by the Persians and Arabs, by the Crusaders and lastly by the Turks.

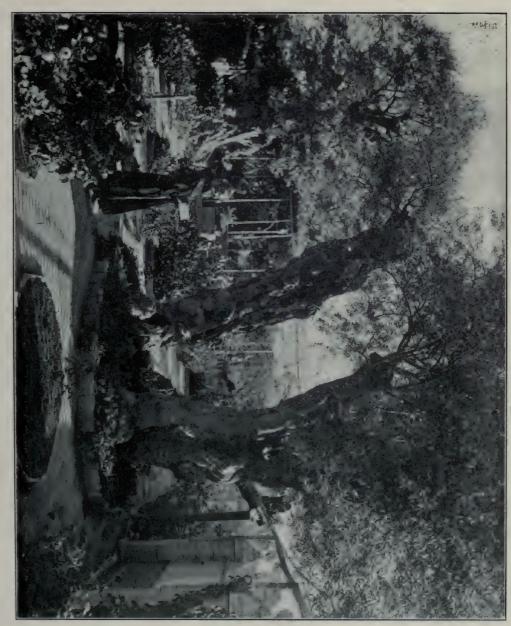
It is remarkable to-day, as in olden times, how small Jerusalem is for the number of inhabitants it contains. Within the walls of the city. and not counting the almost greater number in the suburbs outside, there are some twenty-five thousand souls. Yet one can easily walk around the walled city in three hours' time. As one overlooks the town, he beholds a close mass of stone and tile roofs, built in that oval or rounded form, which is distinctly Oriental. "Jerusalem that art builded as a city that is compact together." In the center of all, arises the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which encloses the treasures of the Christian heart, namely, Calvary and the Holy Tomb of Our Lord. Around it have stormed the battles of centuries; it bears the marks of the destructive Persian, Arab, and Turk; but it still stands majestically as it were a symbol of the Universal Church, which sprang up in the blood of the God-Man, and its stones are worn smooth by

the feet and with the kisses of millions of Christian pilgrims from every land and of every station in life. The Son of God, in being lifted up in crucifixion, has, as He Himself predicted, drawn all men to Himself. "For thither do the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord; the testimony of Israel, to praise the name of the Lord." A little to the east of the church rises the glistening cupola of the Mosque of Omar, as it is often called, situated over the rock of ancient Moriah and on the site of the great Temple of the Tews. Christians are admitted to visit it only by special permission. The Jews never enter within its precincts for fear of treading upon the Holy of Holies. Of their glorious edifice not a stone is left on a stone. "For the Temple that lies desolate for our majesty that is departed, we sit in solitude and mourn"; they were up to a few years ago accustomed to chant dolorously outside at the Wall of Lamentation.

To the southwest of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and near the western or Jaffa Gate, appears the Turkish citadel, the fortress of the city, where rose in the days of Christ the palace of Herod and of the Roman procurators. The latter was built by Herod the Great, but was later occupied by the Roman authorities. There Pontius Pilate usually dwelt when he came up from Caesarea during the oftentimes troublous Paschal Feast. However, he had quarters in the Fortress of Antonia at the northern limits of the Temple area. Southwards of the comparatively modern citadel, one espies the minarets of the mosque, which formerly was part of the Church marking the site of the Cenacle, wherein Jesus instituted the Blessed Eucharist at the Last Supper. At the present time it is a Mohammedan place of worship and in it a Christian is ordinarily not even allowed to kneel for a brief prayer. Close by, however, is the new Church of St. Mary of Mt. Sion, built some years ago on ground procured from the Sultan by the German Emperor for the Catholics of his empire, and standing in the place of a fourth century basilica, which commemorated the descent of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles and the death of the Blessed Virgin. There are many other sanctuaries and buildings of interest which meet the eye, as it takes a sweeping glance over the city, but they leave lesser interest, as the memories, brought back by the above-mentioned, surge up and fill the mind and heart.

The streets of Jerusalem are hardly visible in

a bird's eye view, because they are narrow, and to a great extent vaulted. The Holy City has been described in detail from various points of view by myriad writers, and there is scarcely a foot of it that has not been portrayed by pen or brush. Yet there is about it something which neither the artist nor the writer can convey. It is the sensation which possesses the soul, as it passes through those roughly paved streets. The latter are not remarkable, except for their lack of cleanliness and their Oriental coloring. It is difficult to explain the mysterious feeling, which comes on the first visit and deepens on every succeeding walk over those silent stones. It is true, the quaint bazaars are impressive; but those of Cairo and of Damascus are more so. True it is again that one meets on those streets types of mankind from all parts of the world, not only the occasional tourist or pilgrim from the nations of the Occident, but also, and in greater numbers, the inhabitants of the living East—the native Arabs and Syrians, the picturesque Bedouin from the desert, the forlorn Jew, the persecuted Armenian, the Cossack from the Caucasus, the Persian and the East Indian, the swarthy Copt of Egypt and the black Abbysinian clad in his flowing white robe, the cunning Greek and the simple Russian peasant,—in a word, all tribes and nations of men. Perhaps their presence may help to explain the mysterious feeling, which seems to fill the air about those streets. Why are all these here, as it were on the first Pentecost day, "devout men out of every nation under heaven"? They seem as a link which binds the old world and the new, the history of ancient peoples with that of the modern. Is it on account of their presence that the mind turns back to the history of man and dwells instinctively on the story of the people, chosen among the nations, whose land and city this once was? Is it perhaps by reason of these memories that the figures of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, of King David and his successors seem to flit along these alleylike ways? Can these thoughts account for that mysterious presence, which one seems conscious of by his side, which makes the streets of Jerusalem dear to him? No! for the Christian feels the presence of a Greater than Abraham, a Greater than David or Solomon here. It is the presence of the Son of God. His figure is not seen; His voice is not heard; but His presence is felt everywhere. The races of men know it, and come



IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE, JERUSALEM.

and go. Some seem to forget it; others to ignore it; but no one can be altogether unconscious of it. Here one is in contact with a little world, which is a symbol of the greater. Here is presented again the question of the meaning of the life of man, and here is the spot, whence its only answer has gone forth! Not only the Dolorous Way but all the streets of Jerusalem lead to Calvary. There was solved the question of life, the mystery of all man's joy and pain. Close by is the Holy Tomb, the source of our Christian hope of eternal life with the Risen Saviour in the New Jerusalem, of which the present is, according to the Scriptures, the figure. Who can wonder that the departing Christian pilgrim, like a pilgrim of old, should cry:

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten;

Let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee,

If I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy."

The feelings so beautifully expressed by the Psalmist are now being experienced by many modern inhabitants of Jerusalem. At the beginning of the war on the part of Turkey, the subjects of all the Allied Powers were expelled in a fashion characteristically Oriental. Among these exiles from the home of their adoption are a great number of Catholic religious of both sexes, who, like St. Jerome and the saints of old, had left their homes in Europe and had settled down in the hope to pass the remainder of their lives near the scenes hallowed by the life of the Saviour. Their meditation has been, let us hope, but briefly interrupted.

Of all the Catholic institutions at Jerusalem, closed by the war, the Biblical School of St. Stephen, just outside of the northern gate of the city and on the traditional site of the martyrdom of that young deacon, is undoubtedly the most celebrated. Its work has given it a unique place among the biblical schools of the world and the names of its professors are familiar to all who are given to the problems of the science of the Sacred Scriptures. The faculty is now distributed over the battlefields and among the hospitals of the war zone; two of its members have been decorated by the French government with the cross for bravery and distinguished services. The buildings formerly occupied by the school have been confiscated by the Turkish Government and are being utilized as the headquarters of the military governor of the district. A number of other Catholic institutions in the city have suffered in a similar manner.

What the morrow will bring to Jerusalem is very uncertain. It is a city well protected by nature and has undoubtedly been well fortified since the beginning of the war by the allies of Turkey. Will it remain in the hands of the Moslem? Will it become the capital of a Jewish state, as the friends of Zionism and some of the capitalists who are financing the war seem to hope? Will it be the centre of a protectorate, presided over by a Christian state or group of nations? Only the future can tell us. Let our daily prayer be:

"Benigne fac Domine in bona voluntate tua Sion." "Deal favourably, O Lord, in thy good will with Sion."



## THE CATHOLIC STRAIN IN SPENSER

By REV. M. J. RYAN, D. D. Ph. D.

T was the judgment of Keble, in an essay upon sacred poetry, that among all the English poets the one who best deserved to be called the sacred poet was Spenser, (since Kebles' essay was written, Kebles' own poems and Newman's have somewhat altered the aspect of the question), and it is related in the autobiography of an English lady which has been published lately, that, having lost the Christian faith by reading a certain famous Puritan poet, she was brought back to it by the poems of Spenser. It is therefore worth our while to consider the religious ideas and sentiments which he inspires. The only critic, so far as I know, that has treated this topic expressly is Aubrey de Vere. My own observations were formed quite independently of his, and long before I had ever read a line of his prose writings; and I shall confine myself here chiefly to passages which he did not notice or at least has not mentioned. There is another book which came under my attention after I had drawn up the remarks which follow here. That is the edition of the first two books of the Faerie Oueene published for use in schools by the Clarendon Press, Oxford University. The comments which I am to make upon that will be better understood by the reader if I put them off until he has seen for himself some specimens of what Spenser says.

If the claim were not audaciously put forward that Spenser is "the Puritan Ariosto," it would not be necessary to begin my remarks after the fashion of an argument, by showing that Spenser in all except his earliest work, is positively anti-Puritan. He censures the Puritans in his plainest prose: "The outward form, assure yourself, doth greatly draw the rude people to the reverencing and frequenting of the church, however some of our late too-nice fools say there is nothing in the seemly form and comely order of the church." Even when he is writing in support of ruthless military policy for dealing with civil war—the policy practised in Ireland by the Puritan pro-consul to whom he had been secretary-Spenser tells the government that "religion is not to be forcibly impressed by terrors and sharp penalties, as is now the manner, but to be delivered with mildness and gentleness, and he warns the government that the policy of persecuting the Catholic religion in Ireland could have no other effect than to make Protestantism hated. It is not superfluous to mention this because, in spite of his own words, the Life in the Series of English Men of Letters carelessly ascribes to him the contrary opinion. Lord Grey de Wilton, to whom he had been secretary, hated the Catholic religion with the sour malignity of an apostate. Spenser was not an apostate. And though he affirms that the presence of two hostile religions is a source of discord in Ireland, he nowhere in this tract asserts or insinuates that the Catholic religion in itself has any tendency to produce a spirit of lawlessness or rebelliousness, and he unsparingly exposes the faults of the Protestant Church. He acknowledges the goodness of the Irish disposition, which rendered their conversion to Christianity so easy for the "ancient godly fathers, St. Patrick and St. Columba"; nor does he fail to praise the poetic genius and valor of the Irish and to inform us that the mixed race, or Anglo-Irish, are "more disobedient to law and government, and more stubborn" than the pure Irish, and therefore need to be "more sharply chastised and reformed," so that, as he says, the Imperial government had come to disapprove (this does not mean that Spenser himself agreed with this view of the English) of any more plantations because the English Colonists (who, of course, would now be non-Catholics) would become in time "more dangerous to England than the Irish" (a lesson which Cromwell forgot). And, as I am speaking here of his relations to Ireland, I may be excused for adding that I suspect that Spenser's use of the old-fashioned language which he affected in the Faerie Queene was made easier for him by his residence out of England and in Ireland. The English spoken in Ireland has always differed somewhat from that of England; it does not change so rapidly, and is, therefore, old-fashioned; and it has taken on a more vivid and pictorial character from the influences of the Celtic mind. In the sixteenth century the difference was greater than now, because there was less education and less intercourse between the English Colony and its Mother Country. And we may suppose that the style of the English in Ireland then would be like what flourished in England a century earlier, and thus would suit the purpose of the poet.

To return to the particular topic of Spenser's "Puritanism," it has always been recognized that he meant to express his opinion of the Puritans in the verse

Like

The ungracious crew that feigns demurest grace (F. Q., VII., vii., 35).

an expression which is all the more remarkable because the similitude is introduced as a comparison for one who has his face turned in the direction opposite to that in which he really is going; and as the simile is both a far-fetched one and quite superfluous in the narrative, it shows that he had a strong feeling against them. Ben Jonson told Drummond at Hawthornden that, in the key which Raleigh had to Spenser's allegory, the Blatant Beast (the type of the scandal-monger, calumniator, and iconoclast) indicated the Puritans (not, of course, the Puritans alone, but all who were animated by that spirit. More will be seen of the Blatant Beast below). Spenser, in fact, though brought up in Puritanism, and though his earliest patrons were Puritans, abandoned his early notions, when his mind expanded, for a religion partly Patristic and partly Platonic. It is therefore clear that those who call him the Puritan Ariosto do not know what they are talking about.

In his greatest poem the whole spirit is diametrically opposed to that of Puritanism. It is observed by Mark Pattison (no lover of Catholicism) in his Life of Milton, that the Puritans had thrown off chivalry as being "a parcel of Catholicism, and had replaced it by the Hebrew ideal of the subjection and seclusion of women. . . . With the Calvinists and Puritans in England as well as on the Continent, woman was a creature of an inferior and subordinate class.... In the Puritan apprehension, the ministration of woman to the appetites and comforts of man makes up the whole of her functions." Rev. James Martineau, a descendant of French Puritans who had settled in England in the 17th. century, remarks that "the Puritans cared little for their country —whose poetry was too warm with the blood of generous life for them; whose ornamental arts they despised; whose cathedrals they stripped and white-washed; whose lordly timbers they cut; whose history they cared not to study; and whose whole past they would have swept away as a mass of Babylonish horrors. Had they fully triumphed in their aim, and shorn the locks

which history had grown so richly and so long, this earth would have presented a dismal and ugly spectacle. We have reason to thank God that the true English spirit barred their further way."

But Spenser was a man like Scott, who played a great part in a new movement in literature, but turned for his moral and social ideals back to the ages of chivalry. The critics' cant about the influence of the Renascence must not blind us to the fact that Spenser's imagination had its home in the middle ages along with the Pilgrims to Canterbury, the Knights and ladies of the Morte d'Arthur and Piers the Ploughman. (See F. Q. I., xi., 66, and L'Envoi of the Shepherd's Calendar.) Or we may see an analogy between him and Pindar, who, while he revolted against the literary tradition of the "taught men," sought the material of his poetry in the remote past of the Homeric legends and customs, and turned away from the new era of democracies and despots, and strove to revive the spirit of the age of the Heroes. And no doubt Spenser's admiration for the past had something to do with the change in his religious opinions.

As the spirit of chivalry is one of Spenser's salient charactéristics, so also is his belief in cheerfulness. He can, like all poets, indulge in the luxury of poetic woe and play the brokenhearted lover with as much skill as any other poet of the age. But this was only a fashion and an affectation, not the serious teaching of the poet. His favorite name for his country is Merry England (cf. Scott, Marmion, Introduct. to c. vi.), as his affectionate title for his native city is Merry London; whereas it may be said of Puritanism as Gladstone writes of the later Evangelicalism: "It had a code with respect to amusements that was at once rigid and superficial. This code inflexibly proscribed certain of the forms in which the worldly spirit loves to work, while it left ample room for others not less charged with poison and perhaps more insidious. In lay life generally it did not ally itself with literature, art, and general cultivation, but it harmonized very well with the money-getting pursuits."

And wherever Calvinism went, it carried its gloom.

In old times when De Tocqueville visited the U. S., before the Catholic Irish immigration had brought lightness of heart and mirth into the country, he recorded that he found America as

much graver and duller than Britain as Britain was graver and duller than France.

Let us now turn from the general tenor of Spenser's poetry to particular passages. In the first book of the Faery Queen—the Legend of the Redcross Knight, who typifies the genius of his own nation in the poet's ideals—the Knight and the maiden are of such a creed that the magician, who wishes to win their confidence in order to mislead them, assumes the guise of a hermit, a holy father with beads and breviary—

That lives in hidden cell

Bidding his beads all day for his trespass, and invites them to his hermitage:

With fair discourse the evening so they pass
For that old man of pleasing words had store
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glass;
He told of saints and popes, and evermore

He strowed an Ave-Mary after and before.

These were "pleasing words" adapted to deceive them; (the maiden, Una, typifies truth, or the true Church); and therefore it is clear that Spenser presents his national hero, his "St. George of Merry England" (F. Q. I. x., 61), as a believer in the veneration of the Saints, in prayer to the Virgin Mother, and (to some extent or other) in the papacy.

As the Knight and Maiden are deluded by a counterfeit hermit, so when the Knight afterwards has fallen into sin and slavery, and has been rescued and has done penance, the way to heaven is shown him by a true hermit, a Contemplative who dwelt in a little cell beside a sacred chapel (F. Q. I. x. 46) and who

Pined his flesh to keep his body low and chaste. In the sixth legend (c. v.) we find another hermitage and chapel beautifully described, in which there abode one "in straight observance of religious vow," who once had been a Knight, renowned much in arms and derringdo, but now, being

"Weary of this world's contentious toil From all this world's incumbrance did himself assoil."

In this passage the intelligent reader already recognizes the source which inspired a noble passage in Milton's II Penseroso. No more lovely picture of monastic life and homes has ever been drawn by any Catholic poet than Spenser's description of these three hermitages (F. Q. I. i. 34, x. 34 and VI. v. 34).

But what is more remarkable than this is the language in which Spenser speaks of the destruction of the monasteries. He had been imbued, by his bringing up, with a belief in the calumnies by which Thomas Cromwell and his crew of boodlers justified their robbery of the Church and the people, and the suppression of the religious orders, but he distinguished between the monks and the monastic state of which he recognized the holiness, and he censures very weightily those who published such scandals without regard to that sacred profession or to religion. In the Legend of Courtesy, Sir Calidore, the flower of chivalry, pursuing the Blatant Beast, at last tracks him to a monastery, and there found the monaster "despoiling all with might and main." (F. Q. VI. xii. 23):

Into their cloisters now he broken had

Through which the monks he chased here and there

And them pursued into their dortours (dormitories) sad

And searched all their cells and secrets near, In which what filth and ordure did appear

Were irksome to repeat; yet that foul Beast Nought sparing them, the more did toss and tear And ransacked all their dens from most to least

Regarding nought religion nor their holy hest (profession or office).

Thus it may be seen that his reverence for the religious state was such as could not be destroyed even by his belief in the bad character of the men who professed it. But, in spite of his plain speaking, such is the domination of men's feelings and fancies over their judgment, that J. Russell Lowell asserts that Spenser did not, like Shakespeare, regret the destruction of the monasteries.

After denouncing thus the destroyers of the monasteries, the poet proceeds in the next stanza to say what he thought of the iconoclasts of his own time who had thrown down the altars and images in the churches, and he does so in language which shows that his references in the "Epithalamium" to the High Altar—the sacred altar, and the angels who continually fly about it,—the sacred ceremonies,—and the priest who blesses with his happy hands—are no mere poetic figures of speech:

From thence into the sacred church he broke
And robbed the chancel, and the desks downthrew

And altars foulèd, and blasphèmy spoke, And the images, for all their goodly hue, Did cast to ground, whilst none was there to

So all confounded and disordered there; But seeing Calidore away he flew.

The Blatant Beast here, of course, symbolizes not so much them who actually with their own hands threw down the images and the altars as those that by misrepresentation, calumny, and a false teaching were the moving force in causing the revolution in religion.

And, by the way, it should here be noticed that the Blatant Beast was not slain by Sir Calidore, as innocent youth might believe in reliance upon the accuracy of Macaulay's essays. The monster was only scotched and chained and muzzled; but after Sir Calidore's time he es-

caped, and no one else has ever succeeded in hunting down the Blatant Beast:

So now he rangeth through the world again And rageth sore on each degree and 'state, Nor any is that may him now restrain He growen is so great and strong of late, Barking, and biting all that do him 'bate Albe they worthy blame or clear of crime; Nor spareth he most learned wits to rate Nor spareth he the gentle poet's ryme, But rends without regard of person or of time; Nor may these homely words, of many meanest, Hope to escape his venomous despite More than my former writs, all were they cleanest

From blameful blot, and free from all that wyte With which some wicked tongues did them backbite.



## A LETTER TO THE MINIMS OF LORETTO ABBEY

By VERY REV. W. R. HARRIS, D. D., LL. D.

II.

ET me observe for the benefit of those among you fond of the palette and camel hair brush that this atmospheric clearness with its strength and breadth of light is quite unfavorable to the landscape painter. Here in this beauteous island (Barbadoes), studies from nature should be confined to the morning and evening, when the shadows are longest, and distant objects faintly obscured by the early dews, or the mists of sea which often wait upon the setting sun.

The zone of the tropics, exposed to the rays of a perpetual summer and lying, as it were, in continuous heat, the ancient writers, as you probably know, declared to be uninhabitable. But we, who succeed them by many generations, have found it not only habitable, but much to be preferred to the severity of our own winters. The air here is dry, pure, elastic and highly favourable to health, if examples of prolonged life in this island be proof of it. There is always either a land or sea breeze. The trade-winds from the east always blow strongest at noon, freshening as the sun ascends, so that from eight to ten in the morning are commonly the hottest hours of the four and twenty.

This year the rainy season began earlier than usual, which is looked upon here as a favourable omen.

When it rains in Barbadoes it is as if all the rain in the heavens came down through a sieve. Such prodigious falls of water, as you may suppose, soon deluge the whole island. The roads become almost impassable and the rivers, which in the dry season are mere streams, are now swelled to rushing torrents, roaring and foaming down the hills and ravines with irresistible fury, carrying rocks and cane brush before them. A curious remark was made to me this morning by an old negro. He said that just before a great downpour of rain all the fowls and animals on the island fly and run away to their nests and dens. With us in Canada only the cats give warning of an approaching storm. To this one of our poets refers when he says:

"Careful observers may foretell the hour, By sure prognostic, when to dread a shower, While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more."

This same old black man told me he noticed in his long life-time that severe winters in Nova

Scotia and New Brunswick were followed by pleasant and balmy seasons in Barbadoes and in all the West Indies.

Two days after landing at Bridgetown I was invited to be one of a party which was organized to visit the asphaltum beds on the College estate. Asphaltum is on this island, called manjak. It is a peculiar kind of pitch and is used in making varnish, insulating electric cables, tarring roofs and surfacing roads. The trumpet of the guard of the coach-and-four summoned the members of our party from near and far. Like the gathering pibroch of "Donald the Black," it bade us to:

"Come as the winds come, when Forests are rended.
Come as the waves come, when Brave ships are stranded.
Faster come, faster come, Faster and faster;
Chief, vassal, page and groom, Tenant and vassal."

So we all, clansmen, ladies and children assembled together, mounted the huge carry-all and with blowing of horns and trumpets, passed out of the quaint and attractive negro town and entered the luxuriant, tropic palm country.

Around us everywhere as we advanced were fertile gardens teeming with gorgeous vegetation and:

"Lovely florets in the sunlight shining;
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining
Buds that open only to decay."

We crossed a purling stream, pure as crystal, laughing, gurgling and hurriedly speeding to its wedding with the sea. What a capricious, loquacious, loveable and modest brook it is. Merrily rippling and babbling over pebbles, noisily

gurgling and bubbling around rocks, stealthily sliding and gliding into deep inviting pools shaded by Barbadian bamboos. And, as it speeded on, the palms, gently, noiselessly dropped leaves upon it and the ferns offered their gifts of fronds, till it entered a charming and inviting little lake, where sky and clouds and foliage are mirrored and where the water birds love to float, watching the beautifully-coloured little fish playing in their own element. And from out this lakelet the pretty mountain stream flowed and became a river emptying into the sea.

We passed on. "Gazing, with a glance on the brooklets' swift advance, on the river's broad expanse." Our road turned now to the left and we began to skirt the shore of the sea and drove by

"Vast masses of rough old rocks— Crags, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurl'd The fragments of an earlier world."

We swept by little bays into which the strong ocean billows roll thundering and break into tiny wavelets upon the pebbly beaches. Then, also, we saw a great iron steamship wrecked by a hurricane, wedged in, wrecked, stranded and abandoned two years ago on a treacherous coral reef. It was a most melancholy reminder of how perishable are the best and fairest things made by the hands of man.

"Night and day, in sunshine and darkness!
The startled waves leap over it; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its stolid form
Press the great shoulder of the hurricane."

Once again the road veered, this time to the east, and, just two hours after leaving Bridgetown, we came to the asphaltum beds. But this, as the old saying has it, "is another story."

W. R. H.



# AN INTRODUCTION TO A NEW POETESS

TAVE you chanced to see the poetry of Margaret Steele Anderson? Among all the cackling in the poetic poultry-yard there are perhaps not many authentic voices. Here at least is one. It was Mrs. Meynell who remarked when I showed her "The Wind in the Flame"-"a quite new enterprise of thought." It is the subtlest and rarest praise, than which none is more coveted by the sons and daughters of the high poetic strain. How idiotic to praise a poet's words or his art and not the vision which created both!

I was first introduced to the "Flame in the Wind" by my friend, Miss Caroline W. Leech, in London, in 1914. Miss Leech is herself a poet and an exquisite metre of whatever is excellent in verse or art, and in life. I knew I was in for a treat when she brought me the modest little volume and told me what she thought of it. I don't know how you feel about it, but I have always been peculiarly susceptible to enthusiastic praise of literature, art and music from those whose judgment I could trust. It often seems that the poets have not finished their work. Else why should we need the middle man to come in with his sign-post thoughts, pointing out to us what the poet really meant to say, showing us the peculiar fascination and charm of his thought and how his style fits both.

We all need guides. Let me give an instance. I thought I had read the poetry of Emerson and knew it fairly well, till one day I heard a lecture on it by a lecturer at Chautaugua. I then discovered that my reading had been wholly superficial and unintelligent. I had quite missed the key to Emerson's thought. I had omitted to note that Emerson had a theory of poetry all his own, carefully laid down in the opening to "Merlin." I had read him as other poets, rather for his beauty than his message, as the young in general are apt to read poetry. How could I know at that time that Emerson had decanted his whole vision of the world into eleven books, and then boiled them all down into one volume of verse, that he regarded the thought as everything, and even considered the poet's right to give us rough hammer-blows in preference to the smooth flow of mellifluous numbers, that he looked upon poetry as a prophetic function rather than as an art.

"Thy trivial harp shall never please Or fill my craving ear.

Its chords should ring as blows the breeze, True, per'mptory, clear. No jingling serenader's art Or tinkle of piano strings Can make the wild blood start In its mystic springs. The King Bard Must smite the chords ruddy and hard As with hammer or with mace, That they may render back

Artful thunder which conveys Secrets of the Solar track

Sparks of the Supersolar blaze."

Yet without this key the amazing power of his verse cannot be felt at all. What a long digression! Yet no digression is too long if it teaches us that the moods of a poet are as a cryptogram which can be interpreted only by using the imagination to reconstruct the experience and condition out of which they arose.

To come back to Margaret Anderson: This poet resides in Louisville, Ky., where she has led the busy life of a writer, not only of poetry but also of art-appreciation, to which field she has contributed a fascinating book of criticism. Many years ago Mrs. Ira Sayre Barnett and others established in Louisville a writer's club which has been the nurse to half a dozen authors who have since achieved fame. Mrs. Martin ("Emmy Lou"), Alice Hegan Rice ("Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"), Mrs. Robert Kelley, Madison Cawein the poet, Eva Madden and Mrs. Barnett herself. Among these Miss Anderson holds a place all her own. In delicacy of imagination, in the strength of her vision of spiritual reality, in her power to celebrate the glory of the universe, and in the width of her outlook on life, her tones are heard clear and high above the hubbub of vertibrists—as the flute is heard farther than the cart. I will give three or four examples, and an envoi of these.

Few poets have touched me with a more thrilling call of dramatic feeling than that I felt when I first read "The Breaking," where the "Lord God" speaketh to a youth, whom He has endowed with beauty and strength and whom His Heavenly Love must yet discipline:

#### The Breaking

Bend now thy body to the common weight! (But oh, that vine-clad head, those limbs of morn!

Those proud young shoulders I myself made straight!

How shall ye wear the yoke that must be worn?)

Look thou, my son, what wisdom comes to thee!
(But oh, that singing mouth, those radiant eves!

Those dancing feet—that I myself made free! How shall I sadden them to make them wise?)

Nay, then thou shalt! Resist not, have a care! (Yea, I must work my plans who sovereign sit!

Yet do not tremble so! I cannot bear—

Though I am God!—to see thee so submit!)

"To the Fighting Weak" recites the heroic courage of those who, lacking the power of high achievements of the creative will, must still bear the burden of life by the exercise of lowly faithfulness and what a modern writer calls mulepower of sheer resistance. This calls for the highest courage. Here is her stirrup-cup to these heroes:

#### "To the Fighting Weak"

(The Lord God speaks to a Youth)

Stand up, you Strong! Touch glasses! To the Weak!

The Weak who fight: or habit or disease, Birth, chance or ignorance—or awful wreck Of some lost forbear, who has drained the cup

Of passion and wild pleasure! So! To these! You strong, you proud, you conquerors— Stand up!

They cannot build, they never break the trail,
No city rises out of their desires;
They do the little task, and dare not fail
For fear of little losses—or they keep
The humble path and sit by humble fires.

They know their places,—all these fighting Weak!

Yet what have you to show of tears and blood, That mates their blood and tears? What shaft have you

To mark the dreadful spots where you have stood,

That rises to the height of one poor stone,
Proclaiming some small triumph to the blue?
Ah! you have nothing! Then stand up and own!

And yet you shall not pity them! They bear

The stripe of some far courage that to you Is all unknown—and you shall never wear Such splendor as they bring to some last cup;

You do not fight the desperate fight they do; Then,—To the Weak! Touch glasses! Standing up!"

"Habit" is a touching and brilliant address to the underestimated part which this great factor plays in the lives of us all, cunningly concealed under a sort of Allegory:

#### Habit

So then! Wilt use me as a garment? Well 'Tis man's high impudence to think he may; But I, who am as old as heav'n and hell I am not lightly to be cast away.

Wilt run a race? Then I will run with thee,
And stay thy steps or speed thee to the goal;
Wilt dare a fight? Then of a certainty
I'll aid thy foeman, or sustain thy soul.

Lo, at thy marriage-feast, upon one hand, Face of thy bride, and on the other, mine! Lo, at thy couch of sickness close I stand, And taint the cup, or make it more benign.

Yea, hark! the very son thou hast begot
One day doth give thee certain sign or cry;
Hold thou thy peace—frighted or frighted not,
That look—that sign—that presence—it is I!

Last I will cite "Work," which to the lazy has a sound in it like trumpets to lift us from leth-argy into the plane of performance:

#### Work

Mine is the shape forever set between

The thought and form, the vision and the deed;

The hidden light, the glory all unseen I bring to mortal senses, mortal need.

Who loves me not my sorrowing slave is he, Bent with the burden, knowing oft the rod; But he who loves me shall my master be, And use me with the joyance of a god.

Man's lord or servant, still I am his friend; Desire for me is simple as his breath; Yea, waiting, old and toilless, for the end, He prays that he may find me after death!

As a humorous gloss of this, I am reminded

of the music-hall jest, "Are you looking for work?" "Not if I could find anything else to do," was the reply.

For a little envoi, listen to the high courage of the quatrain which gives its title to the book:

#### The Wind in the Flame

Dost thou burn low and tremble—all but die?
And dost thou fear in dearkness to be whirled?
Nay, flame, thou art mine immortality,

The wind is but the passing of the world!

"The Wind in the Flame" is a book to burn in a censer and inhale its eloquence. There are sentences in it which are "as lightning set to gleam forever where they strike." Its very rhymes are a kind of higher reason. "The words come to an end and yet end not; the utterance is over but not its ring. And the ear and the mind can go on and on with the game of tossing the rhyme to each other." No lover of high poetry but is poorer for not knowing these inspiring words.

C. B. C.



## THE JUBILEE OF CONFEDERATION

By REV. M. J. RYAN, D. D. Ph. D.

N July I, the Canadian Nation celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of its birth as a nation. Fifty years, which is a long while in the life of a man, is but a moment in the life of a nation. Yet in the space of fifty years our nation has grown to full manhood, and displays its banners at the head of a great army, on the fields of Europe in the most terrible war that the world has ever seen.

It seems strange to reflect that fifty-one years ago the soil of Canada was the habitation of a number of petty states, owing indeed allegiance to the same crown and flag, but divided by reciprocal jealousies and apparently incapable of combining for any common purpose. Within a few months by the efforts of a few great statesmen of the Scottish, French, Irish and English races order was brought forth out of chaos, and the new Dominion arose like a new constellation in the firmament.

The Canadian Confederation was formed soon after the close of the American war for the Union, and there is no doubt that our union was in a great measure due to an inspiration derived from the spectacle of the United States. There we saw a people determined to maintain the union which had been formed and allowing no theory of "States Rights" and no doctrine of the dependence of government upon the consent of the governed to stand in their way. When the seceding States,—which had never issued a declaration of independence,—were forced to return into the Union, then our union was made to be only a matter of time. Unity has given us

strength. We have more than doubled the extent of territory which we govern; additional provinces have been incorporated,-Prince Edward's Island on the East, and British Columbia on the West: new provinces have been created. where the wilderness has been made to blossom like the rose. Our wealth has grown beyond all And our example has been folour dreams. lowed in Australia and Africa. Our own constitution was framed on the model of the British constitution, with this exception, that we drew from our American neighbors the principle that the Union should not be centralized, but what is called "federal"; and now we are receiving the high honor that the constitution of the United Kingdom will be decentralized so as to resemble the confederation, so that there will be an Irish legislature and executive in Dublin as well as one for the whole at Westminster—Westminster being to them what Ottawa is to us. How different would be the state of Ireland if the Ulstermen could only confederate with the Irish as the French Canadians have confederated with us! And how different would have been the history of Ireland if our ancestors, the tribes of Ireland, could have confederated together to form a nation with a strong central government, wielding the whole military force of the people. That is one of the points in which the framers of our constitution showed their wisdom. Having looked on at the war between the American States, they were determined that in our union none of the component parts should either have any pretence to a right of secession, or any organized military force to use against the general government.

Great political virtues were necessary in order to create and to maintain our union. The various sources and bonds of our unity are admirably analyzed and enumerated in an essay by His Grace Archbishop McNeil, in a volume on the New Era in Canada, published by Messrs. Dent & Son.

There is still one part of British America remaining outside of our brotherhood. The people of Newfoundland in the main are still insular in their sentiments as well as in their geographical situation. The mass of common people there have been led by selfish merchants and reckless politicians to believe the grossest falsehoods about Canada,—falsehoods quite as gross as any that the Ulstermen believe about the Irish people, or as any that the Clan-na-Gael believe about the British Government. I have indeed heard old priests in Newfoundland say

that if Bishop Mullock had lived a few years longer he would have brought Newfoundland into our confederation, for his power was almost dictatorial, his understanding large and comprehensive, and his spirit high and generous, and in one word, his whole mind architectonic. But some day the light will come, and the common people of Newfoundland will become free from their prejudices, and will discover the falsehoods with which they have been deluded, and then our nation will be complete. We meanwhile have the duty of showing them the spectacle of a union broad-based upon mutual good-will, a union in which every part is loyal to the whole, because the whole is a protector to every part, and in which all the different parts, forgetting the quarrels that are behind, and reaching forward to the good that is ahead, show the world that we can live together in mutual consideration, patience and love.



#### THE PERSIAN GAMESTERS

(Solution to the problem in chess appearing in last number)

Where the stream of Solafrana
Winds along the gentle vale,
Where the palm trees softly murmur
Waving to the balmy gale.

By the myrtle woven windows
Of an old romantic seat,
Sat at chess two noble Persians,
Sheltered from the scorching heat.

Here with beating heart Alcanzor Viewed the deep, eventful play; Here with black, o'erarching eyebrows, Sat the Caliph, Mah'met Bey.

But with wary eye the Persian

Marks each passion of the heart,
And the gallant brave Alcanzor

Yields a victim of his art.

Soon his ancient store of treasures, Soon his wealth and wide domain, Soon the glories of his fathers Fall the crafty Caliph's gain.

Now he maddens as the lion Raging through the desert grove, Now with desperate oath he pledges Zaida's beauty, Zaida's love.

Mah'met Bey the offer seizes,
Triumph gladdens in his eyes,
Ah! rash youth! that thou hadst never
Dared to risk so fair a prize!

For suspending ruin threatens
To devote thy hapless love—
But what piercing accents issue
From the latticed height above?

'Tis the beauteous Zaida crying
Half distracted—"Oh, my life,
"To thy foe resign thy castle,
And from death preserve thy wife."

## BIOGRAPHIES OF COLLEGE GRADUATES

MARY G. DOWNEY, B. A., '17

"Content adorns her with a lively face, An open look, and smiling kind of grace."



Miss Mary Downey was born in Corry, Penn., educated at grade and High School there, and came to Loretto Abbey College in September, 1913, to begin a four years' climb of the hill of University learning. Successful in each year, even

daring to choose Latin as a special subject, she won with gentle art a unique reputation in the College as one who never "troubles trouble." In her Junior year she played the rôle of Rosalind in "As You Like It" with great éclat, and in the summer of 1916 she was one of the L. A. C. western pioneer teachers, coming back much experienced in the ways of that land, and the doubtful love of its youth for learning aught beyond the proverbial R's. In her Senior year she filled with tact and fidelity the post of President of the Children of Mary,—a fitting close to her scholastic year.

#### ETTIE FLANAGAN, B. A., '17

"She is wise, if I can judge of her, And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true, And true she is, as she hath proved herself."



A little girl with curls and short skirts came from Fort William to Loretto Abbey in September, 1909, and astonished her companions by proving her fitness for a second year High School Course. As the skirts lengthened and

the hair changed its mode of dressing year by year, there developed a young maiden with a wide range of ability—music, drawing, dressmaking, all claimed her interest, and then a College course beginning September, 1913.

Ever adding to these manifold attainments, becoming a reliable treasurer for most of the College organizations requiring such an official, being also active in patriotic work, and all this

hidden as it were, under a deceiving slowness of exterior, yet she never failed to attain success in finals, and is now one of our much-honoured graduates.

#### HELEN M. MULLINS, B. A., '17

"She has wit, and fun and fire, She has the truest, kindest heart."



Miss Helen Mullins spent her earliest years in London, Ont., but was educated in Toronto at St. Joseph's Convent till matriculation, and then after a year at University College, she joined the Second Year Arts, L. A. C., in October,

able asset to the whole class and fitted her for the honourable position of class president, when the one who had held it withdrew from the class to enter the Novitiate in 1915. She also spent the summer of 1916 in Saskatchewan, helping "the young idea to sprout." Histrionic and declamatory gifts made Miss Mullins one of the foremost in dramatic work and on speech occasions. She was the College representative on the Women's Student Council of the University, holding the post of Secretary in her Senior year.

#### MARION SMITH, B. A., '17

"A winsome lass, she's gay and sweet, Her heart is true, she's trim and neat."



Miss Marion Smith was born and educated in Toronto, at Loretto Convent and Model School, and finally at Loretto Abbey, from September, 1908. After a successful High School course punctuated with the usual Depart-

mental Certificates, she joined in "sunny" fashion the College class in September, 1913. In this realm her book industry did not win her more fame than her application of the nimble needle and the culinary art for the general comfort. In dramatic art, she displayed a gift hitherto quite XXIV No+ 2 F-16777

when chosen for the difficult rôle of e, too, went West for the summer of 1 experiences. In her last year she special attention of the College as four splendid soldiers at the front, ced at her success in examinations axious conditions.

#### LAIRE SMYTH, B. A., '17

th many a social virtue graced, d yet a friend of learning."



Miss Claire Smyth began life, and, methinks, education at the same time in Bolton, Ont., coming to Loretto Abbey for High School in September, 1908. A pretty wit and an unusual ability for learning offset constant attacks of

n September, 1913, having previously Il the laurels and certificates the I course could offer, she began an Honour English and History University course at L. A. C. She continued with perseverance and a diligence spiced with the saving gift of humour, and gained from her companions the familiar title of "Prof." Hers was the important post of college mailman till supplanted by an unfeeling wall pocket. In 1916-7, she was the college representative on the Women's Debating Union Executive.

#### The Goal of Heart's Desire

I know a wondrous garden
In a land so far away,
Where the crimson roses riot
'Neath the sunny kiss of May.

There the sun is shining ever,
There comes never gloom nor care,
And fair violets and lilies
Waft their fragrance everywhere.

I have loved that dear old garden,
And my heart is all on fire
To tread again its mazy paths:
. 'Tis the Goal of Heart's Desire,

GRACE ELSTON, '19.



## E PORTA EBURNEA

ELY the last day for receiving sow contributions," our Vice-Prinhad said this morning, with emwith these words still ringing in my e down before my MSS. book, still he had been given the honour of cast-scopes of the 1T7 graduates of L. in vain had I consulted tomes of vain invoked the Muses. The Fates nlock their portals. So, with pen in m in mind, and despair in my heart into space— "Would I were a clairfor to-night!" I cried aloud. The ght inspiration. "Why not invoke lairvoyance for this once?" I knew

the aid of clairvoyance for this once?" I knew just where a spiritistic medium held her séances. 'Twould be a daring step, but desperate cases, I reasoned, need desperate remedies.

Before many minutes had elapsed, I found myself relating my desires to a rather normallooking "psychic." "Yes, it can be done, indeed it has been done," she said, reflectively, "but subliminal clairvoyance has not yet complete control of the future. Such experiments are difficult, and, of course, more expensive"; this tentatively. I made a gesture signifying that mere money was a negligible quantity, whereat she seemed to look vastly relieved, and added with assurance, "I think it will prove a success. You have, I perceive, the impressionable temperament. That is indispensable." Forthwith, she seated me before a small cabinet, and placed a crystal globe in my hand. "Five?" she questioned, "and the year?" "1950," almost without volition I heard myself respond. "And have you with you anything connected with them to set the psychical association currents in motion?" she enquired. "Myself," I answered eagerly, for had I not studied our fair Seniors by day and dreamed of them by night till my very soul was steeped in thoughts of them. The medium nodded. "Now, you have naught to do but gaze fixedly into your crystal and let your

mind sink into a quiescent, receptive state." The admonition was unnecessary, I felt my consciousness slipping from me, and, to my uninitiated mind, my subconsciousness seemed to be slipping after it.

Suddenly the crystal becomes blurred and cloudy; then dim outlines of a vast hall begin to take form. Tiers of seats in amphitheatre style rise above me, on three sides. Gradually the lines become more clearly defined, and I perceive that a great concourse of people fill the tiers. galleries, and seats around me, while pulsating waves of sound seem to issue from a great organ above. Then, keeping time to the strains, there enters a procession of ghostly figures, men and women, clad in black, with gleams of white and scarlet, azure and gold. Slowly they advance and take their places on the great stage that fronts me. A brilliant shaft of sunlight falls on the scene and the ghostly figures take on fleshy substance, and stand revealed in cap, and hood, and gown. Meanwhile, I find myself gazing at a folder in my hand, on which a familiar formula appears:

Doctor of Telekinesis—(Honoris Causa)

Professor C. S.\_\_\_\_\_E, M. A., Ph. D., D. Litt

Presented by the Dean of the Faculty of Occult Science

Then I become aware that the orator is making his speech in the tongue of Cicero, and my subconscious hearing finally makes a halting record: "But it is not for these contributions to the storehouse of Knowledge that this University to-day honors her illustrious Alumna, but for the stupendous service she has rendered all mankind by the invention of the Photographic-Telepathic-Telephone Adjunct. By means of this instrument the mere lifting of the receiver and the recalling of a name throws the image of its bearer on the receiving plate, and irresistibly draws her to communicate with the sender of the message."

Amid thunders of applause, a tall figure, clad in a gorgeous-coloured gown, advances into the foreground, and begins: "It was when a simple student in the early days of L. A. C. that the idea which has resulted in this invention first came to me. As I used to sit before the old antebellum phone waiting for "Hill. 5995" my longing to establish direct communication through ethereal vibrations became so great—" Here a slight whir announces the arrival of telepathograms from other members of the class of 1T7. As their contents are recorded on the receiving screen a round of applause comes from the tiers to the left. Quickly turning my head, I perceive

that the whole left section is occupied by students wearing L. A. C. pins. As they rise to their feet and "Floreat L. A. C." rings through the hall, with fast-beating heart I try to join in the refrain. Glancing back at the stage, I see faces and figures floating in space and dissolving into thin air.

A blank follows, from which I am aroused by a hand clasping mine, and I am walking through a long, spacious corridor whose walls are hung with works of art in long array. On one side I note an inscription, "Post-bellum Pictures." The hand relaxes its grasp, and I find myself standing amid an admiring group of ladies before a small oil painting. "Yes," says the eldest of the group, "I know the artist very well; it is signed 'E. F." You have heard of her as the great tragedienne 'Statia,' who took all London by storm in The Sea Nymph—a rôle specially created for her by Joseph Conrad. She left the stage a decade of years ago, and is now devoting herself to art and the uplift of the South Sea Islanders. At present she is delivering a series of lectures to them on the 'Spiritual Message of the Lyrical Ballads,' from her aeroplane, for, you see, the cannibalistic instinct still survives in some of them, but much is hoped from the effect of the 'Lyrical Ballads.' This is a picture of her old college and of mine." With a glad cry I reach forward my hand and try to articulate, "And mine also," but at the touch, figures, paintings, and wall vanish, and again darkness closes around me.

Suddenly I find myself transported into the gallery of a lofty edifice, and stand gazing down upon a view unfamiliar, yet not wholly unknown—a vast chamber with long rows of desklike tables, before which men and women are seated in a listening attitude. Pages in livery are hastening through the aisles, while in an opposite gallery men and women are feverishly taking notes. Soon I perceive that the interest centres in a figure standing by a massive pillar, and snatches of a speech, evidently in progress, are wafted up to me. "And so, Madam Speaker," he continues, inclining towards a shadowy figure in the distance, "it is very evident that the matter about to be laid before this House by the honorable member for South Ontario is of vital import. This scheme, based on the theory of the transmission of knowledge by thought waves, will in the near future revolutionize the science of education. . . . The honorable member, as a college student, made a personal study of educational conditions in the Galician districts of the great Northwest. Her acute mind discerned

that the problem to be solved was—how University undergraduates may train the young idea in the far west (and incidentally draw salaries) without leaving the bosom of their families. During the honorable lady's term as Premieress of the Dominion, she gave the matter serious thought. . . . On one side the scheme is complete. The instructor, by a simple act of psychical dissociation, frees her astral body, which at once projects itself into the school room and begins operations. But, on the other side, the system falls short of perfection. The unlettered mind of the western youth is not yet fitted to become a percipient. It does not readily respond to the waves of enlightenment emanating from the astral body. . . . Thus, we see, funds are needed, and so the honorable member has crossed the Atlantic this morning in her biplane to lay the case before the greatest assembly in the world—the Parliament of the Consolidated British Empire." Rounds of applause follow as the honorable lady rises. My doubts That radiant smile has no duplicate. vanish. "Helen!" I exclaim, springing to my feet; but hands seize me on every side. I feel myself falling down, down through space; speaker's chair, sergeant-at-arms, member, and page are mixed together in chaotic confusion.

This time the beat of drums and blare of trumpets arouse me. I am standing on a low-lying, boundless plain, one of thousands of spectators all women. Around me is a scene of seething activity. Hundreds of airships are circling overhead, and with a swoop deposit their occupants among the crowd. Mounted police women shout orders through megaphones, newsgirls are calling out, "Double Extra! Full account of the special convention of 'The Women's World Society for the Amelioration of the Social Conditions of the Infant,' about to be held. First pages ready." The woman in front of me buys a copy, and over her shoulders I read in double headers: "President of society resigns after twenty-five years of service; feels life work is completed. Life history of the last infant in the Malay Peninsula has been duly received and tabulated. Some two million volumes of 'Infancy Statistics' now repose on the shelves of a block of libraries specially built to hold them. No infant from the Atlantic to Pacific, from Arctic wave to Antarctic strand whose hereditary and environmental conditions are not now registered. The sending of a survey to Mars to make a comparative estimate of time of first teeth-cutting on similar contour

lines in the two planets has been the last ex-officio act of the retiring President." Quite abruptly my neighbor turns the page, and I behold a full-page cut of the President. I do not need the superscription to recognize "Our Marion." Another instant and the megaphones are bellowing, "Speech by the President." I try to elbow my way forward, but a sturdy arm intervenes, and the great crowd resolves itself into the blue-coated back of a policewoman, which, in turn, resolves itself into a dark cloud which envelops me.

A sound of winds is in my ears, and of many waters. I hear a far-off voice calling, and lo! I am standing before a door inscribed "Lectures on Archæology." I enter. The lecturer is standing with her face in profile. "The specimen which I have just thrown on the screen," she is saying, "is a very representative example of a dialect spoken by tribes living along the banks of the Rhine in ante-bellum days." With a gasp of astonishment I perceive the specimen to be a fragment from Lotti die Uhrmacherin. "A few volumes in this barbaric tongue are still preserved in the British Museum," she continues, "but you will be interested to know that in my college days this dialect was prescribed on the course (groans), and we were forced to write exams. in it." (Louder groans). In the stillness which ensues, the stroke of a clock rings out, and the lecturer bows and turns to the door. By the graceful tilt of her head I know her to be— "Babe." But she is moving, and in a moment will be gone like the others, and, with a despairing gesture, I throw out my arms, calling loudly, "Babe, Babe."

My hand encounters something hard and smooth, which falls with a crash, and I feel a tepid liquid flowing down my arm. Babe's figure at the door takes on different proportions and a new expression, and becomes—this time my consciousness attests it—the Vice-Principal. "This is the third night you have asked for late leave to finish your class prophecy and I find you still sitting before a blank page," she is saying. "But my dear V.-P., you are mistaken, for it is no longer a blank page. A murky stream is flowing over the virgin sheet and trickling on to the sleeve of my best silk blouse, and a bottle of Waterman's Ideal lies on the floor." An ominous and familiar click at the switchboard, and I am left, sans light, sans thoughts, sans visions, sans everything but the memory of a dream through the ivory gate. C. P.

## CARDINAL NEWMAN AS A POET

OWN the golden ages of our English literature, we trace the schools of thought by the exponents of the distinctive styles; in viewing each successive period, poets are eulogized as literary artists of the Elizabethan, the Puritan, the Victorian eras. But there are writers who are contemporaries of all ages, as Horace Brydges says of Shakespeare. Among this class we might well consider Cardinal Newman. Shakespeare's verse has enriched our language no more than Newman's prose. Newman is by no means our least poet. His versifying follows in many respects the Wordsworthian tradition, although the leader of the Oxford Movement was not an admirer of the great Lake Poet. But they had one common characteristic in their writings: that idea of striving to bring out a thought, however simply it might be expressed. Newman's poetry will be best appreciated by those who have studied his sterling character and have seen the influences which from early life worked upon his profoundly spiritual mind.

John Henry Newman was born at Grace Court, London, Feb. 21, 1801. His father was partner in a banking firm which met with failure soon after the Peace of 1815. This made it necessary for Newman to take his degree at as early an age as possible. Mrs. Newman belonged to a French Huguenot family which had come to settle in London. She was a moderate Calvinist and taught her children to read and love the sincere thinkers of the day, Scott, Romaine, Newton and Milner. But, above all, she instilled into them an Evangelical love of the Sacred Scriptures. At Ealing, where John Henry first went to school, the boys believed he could recite the entire Bible from memory. In these early years the mystic world was to him much more real than the realms of sense. He speaks of this when, in later time, the cares and perplexities of life were beginning to cast shadows on his great soul. Looking forward to the breaking of the eternal morn, "the coming out of shadows into realities," he expresses the hope of then again beholding

"Those angel faces smile Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

In 1816, Newman's father placed him in Trinity College, Oxford. The predestination thought of his Calvinistic training, which in

after life developed into an invincible trust in the guiding providence of a loving God, caused him to note with deep significance the wavering of his father's decision concerning the future school for his son. He tells us that even when the postchaise was at the gate, the driver had to wait, rein in hand, for the word whether to proceed on the road to Oxford, or to meet the first stage-coach going to Cambridge. This was the boy's fifteenth year, a year of importance in his life, not only because at this time he underwent the "conversion," or feeling of being elected to be saved, which orthodox Calvinists believe they experience, but also, because about this time he showed signs of the awakening of a remarkable intellect.

At Oxford, as at Ealing, John Newman had a reputation for exclusiveness. He was shy and solitary. Outdoor sports had no attraction for him. "Secretum meum mihi," was then, as in the late years of life when he wrote the Apologia Pro Vita Sua, the means by which, to quote his own poetic words, he changed his "surging thoughts into purpose strong." Yet there was a peculiar magnetism that attracted and fascinated all who became familiar with him. He could never be friendless. Of this attracting power in himself, he was not conscious. We have his musings on it expressed in his "Thanksgiving," a short poem written during Oxford days,

"Blessings of friends, which to my door Unask'd, unhoped, have come."

In his early years he had a habit of composing which led him to copy Addison's style. At seventeen, he imitated Johnson; and he tells us that the cadence of Gibbon's twelve volumes rang in his ears and he dreamed of it at night. One of his critics, Dr. Abbot, has said that with Newman imagination always dominated reason. While this might have been true of his childhood years, yet, from the time he commenced the study of theology, imagination was used only to emphasize and bring into correlation the truths of the invisible life and external things.

He was a hard student, but, being called up for examination a day earlier than he expected to be called, he tells us he lost his head and had to retire. He took his degree in 1820, a few months before the completion of his twentieth year. And, though his college career was not

more brilliant than that of many men whose names are no more remembered, yet his unusual ability was recognized, and three years after the conclusion of his studies, he was elected to a Fellowship in Oriel College. This honor Newman judged to have been one of the turning points of his life, and the date of it a day of all days most memorial. He had no ambition to make for himself a name, or to rise to rank and power. He was careless of personal prospects; and pleasure held no seduction for him. But he loved Oxford and the scholarly life.

This lofty view which Newman takes of life gives to his poetry a soul-uplifting influence. Some one has described a poet's vocation as an attempt to bring down heavenly thoughts while raising the minds of men to grasp them. Dryden, in his exquisitely rhythmical Cecilian Ode, puts a similar thought in verse:

"At last divine Cecilia came Inventress of the vocal frame.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize Or both divide the crown; He raised a mortal to the skies She drew an angel down."

But music is only the effort of the soul to speak; poetry is the verbal outpouring of the soul's thought. Newman said of himself, "If I had my way I should give myself to verse-making. It is the only kind of writing which is not a trouble to me. But I have never had time. I never have had practice enough to have words and meters at my command." The "Quid hoc ad aeternitatem" of the boy saint who fulfilled a long space in a short life-time, was also the keynote of this saintly life. What Aubrey de Vere wrote of him when "his ninety years on earth had passed away," he also revealed of himself in the lines,

"Faith's meanest deed more favor earns, When hearts and wills are weigh'd, Than brightest transports, choicest prayers Which bloom their hour and fade."

In his poetry, as in his treatises, essays, theological or polemical works, he ever breathes forth the spirit of the man "who loved honesty better than name, and truth better than dear friends." Yet he was not gloomy. His mind was at home in eternal spheres, as his poetry shows. Seclusion with him did not mean loneliness. A proof of this is given us in the words of Dr. Copieston, Provost of Oriel, a man who had reason to know the mind of Newman. He, meeting the latter on one of his solitary walks, remarked to him with a bow, "Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus." Another insight into this mental attitude is given in a few verses entitled "Solitude," written by Newman during the Michaelmas term, 1818:

"There is in stillness oft a magic power
To calm the breast when struggling passions lower;

Touch'd by its influence, in the soul arise Diviner feelings, kindred with the skies.

Alas for man! He knows not of the bliss The heaven, that brightens such a life as this."

Most of the shorter poems of John Henry Newman were written during a voyage through the Mediterranean, which he took in company with his dear friend, Hurrell Froude, during the year 1832-33.

These may be styled "Mari Magno." While waiting for ship in December, he commenced the collection with, "Are these the tracks of an unknown friend?" And until he quitted Marseilles the following June, we have from his hand no less than eighty-five poems. On his returning trip, after being detained homesick and desolate in Palermo, he sailed in an orange-boat, which became weather-bound by a calm, and remained stationary one whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. During this week of weary waiting, he showed the truth of the poet's saving, "They also serve who only stand and wait." For, ere the ship again set sail, Newman composed that musical, radiantly spiritual hymn, which exalts forever as a great poet him who criticised his own versifying as "mere ephemeral lines":

"Lead, Kindly Light amid the encircling gloom; Lead Thou me on! The night is dark and I am far from home;

Lead Thou me on!"

It was July 9, 1833, when Newman again reached England, and in his next ten years in Oxford went through all the scenes of a drama with its due climax and he was the chief actor. During these years he wrote no poetry, but his

discourses were indeed poems, though they were also "transcripts from the soul." But when he had—to quote his own expression—come in to port, after the rough sea, his genius flowered.

From the time he became a Catholic, Newman's writing shows that his mind was in perfect peace. Sorrow he had for the loss of many dear friends and their misunderstanding of the step he had taken. But it was during the years under this cloud that he wrote his greatest and only complete poetical work. This, "The Dream of Gerontius," is a drama, the topic probably suggested by thoughts on the death of Ambrose St. John, a man of whom Newman wrote, "He was, under God, my life for thirty-two years." But also, it was a meditation on his own approaching death. For the manuscript had to be rescued from a waste-paper basket, so little did its author intend it for eyes other than his own. The poem reveals the inner workings of a soul, of an enthusiast for whom eternity held an awful significance. It is unique in the English language. It is an act of faith which avers immortality in most affecting English verse, sincere as the heart of the versifier. It is a rare poetic version of that high Catholic ritual which encompasses the Christian soul at the hour of death. It is not founded on heathen tradition; it takes place where the soul is. The Guardian Angel holds office of interpreter. It is the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas fashioned into lines of Shakespearean power and nicety. A mighty painter would have chosen lines and colors; he, who was a musician, prefers sound as less material.

Wordsworth says somewhere: "Poetry is only the eloquence and enthusiasm of religion." Cardinal Newman, who wrote this work when he had found perfect peace in the Catholic religion, in the Church to whose custody the keys of the kingdom of heaven—the great world of mysticism—have been entrusted, naturally expends his poetic fire in depicting the beauties and sublimity of things which are intangible to mortals. And in this, as in the omission of the actual death scene in the Dream, he displays a true poetic instinct. His dependence chiefly on the

sense of hearing reminds one of the inspiring lines of St. Thomas Aquinas:

"Visus, tactus, gustus, in Te fallitur; Sed auditu solo tuto creditur: Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius Nil hoc verbo veritatis verius."

The great Doctor of Theology in this act of sublimest faith does not with more certainty and confidence lean only on the word of the Incarnate God in His revelation concerning His Corporeal Presence amongst us, than does Newman's Gerontius in his last prayer trust only to that which the Catholic Church has taught.

"Firmly I believe and truly
God in three and God in one.
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.

And I love supremely, solely Him the holy. Him the strong.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus De profundis oro te Miserere, Judex meus Parce mihi Domine."

What nobler theme for poetic adornment did ever grace the human mind! The poet even grasps and portrays for us the very experiences of the soul when disengaged from the thralldom of sense; and we contemplate it "flying with the intemperate energy of love to the dear feet of Emmanuel."

And thus through all his verse we trace the one supreme interest of the versifier and we are drawn into the current of the stream which washed the foot of God's white throne and we lay aside his verses with a newly burnished hope and longing for:

"The Land beyond the Sea!
When will our toil be done?
Slow-footed years! more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun!
Homesick we are for thee
Bright Land beyond the Sea!"

UNDERGRADUATE, LORETTO.



## OUR SOLDIERS

#### In the Convalescent Homes

E had sent off our fifteen Christmas boxes to France and we still had ten dollars. "Suppose that we send a present of 'smokes' to the soldiers in our ward," was no sooner suggested than it was decided and I was delegated to do the purchasing.

On Christmas morning, laden with our parcels, we set out for the Convalescent Hospital. Hundreds of people were thronging through the gate carrying baskets of fruit and boxes of candy. On account of the large crowd it took some time to get up stairs, but at length, a bright lad came forward and asked if he might show us around the hospital. The first thing of interest to us was, of course, our ward. There were only two patients in it. "This returned fellow," said our soldier guide, pointing to a soldier lying on a bed quite near to us, "has seen more life at the front than most of us." Whereupon the soldier in question turned around and with the broadest smile said, "Yes, but I have returned." He had had his leg amputated just above the knee. "I don't mind it," he said, "but I will be glad when I get my artificial." We gave him a parcel of cigars, cigarettes and fruit. The eyes that were sparkling but a minute before filled with tears, as he remarked that, though far from home, everyone had been so good to him this Christmas.

The other patient had lost a foot,—he scarcely considered that he was wounded at all. On each bed we left a parcel and wished them a happy Christmas.

When we left our ward, Martin, our guide, with whom we became very friendly in the succeeding weeks, asked us if we would not come to see a little friend of his who was suffering from a shell shock. He led the way to a tiny room with just one patient. This lad could not have been more than eighteen years old, but was woefully pale and thin. We stayed but a few minutes, because we were afraid that seeing visitors would upset him. Before going out, we asked him his name. "Faithful," was the reply. Did he mean faithful to his post, we wondered, and was that one of the few things his mind retained? No, it was just a touching coincidence, I learned one day later when he told me his story. He was one of four soldiers holding a

little sand fort on the western front. A shell dropped in their midst, killing the other three immediately and knocking "Faithful" unconscious. As a result, he lost his memory for nearly three months. He has quite recovered now and, as he says, nothing short of Klaxon horn can disturb his equilibrium.

In the next ward we saw a nurse standing beside the bed of a big, burly soldier and writing to him on a slate. We were interested, and asked her what was the matter with him. He belonged to the cavalry and the awful booming of the guns had broken the drum of his ear, and later, in the battle of St. Julien, he had received a shrapnel through the bone of his leg. "It will be at least five years before he can walk," said the nurse.

This was the first of many interesting visits that I have made to the hospital. I soon became very well acquainted with the nurse, who told me in the course of conversation, that there were many little comforts that the soldiers needed and that the government could not provide. As a result of this conversation, twenty former Loretto pupils formed a club, pledging to give twenty-five cents of self-denial money a month, in order to supply these comforts. We have been able to give three very comfortable arm chairs for the soldiers, who can only sit up a few hours a day. The last request we had was for blankets for the tubercular boys who are forced to sleep outside. We succeeded in sending twelve pairs of blankets and as a result two extra patients were able to sleep outside and are being rapidly restored to health.

Our plan for the summer is to supply tickets to the returned men for the lake trips and in addition to give a Victrola to the Gerrard St. Hospital.

To visit the hospitals is depressing, and yet it is most interesting to hear the many stories that the soldiers have to tell. "Isn't it strange, Miss," said one soldier, "that when I was out there I dreamed continually of home, but now that I am here my dreams are filled with the roaring of the guns, bayonets, and Germans." I was coming out of the hospital not long ago when a soldier hopped up and asked me if I did not remember him. Of course I did, a playmate of mine in kindergarten. "They've finished me,"

he said, and tears filled the eyes of that big, strong man when he told me how he lost his leg. "Of course," he said, "I am lucky, mine had to go—don't sympathize with me, just tell me I will be as good as new when I get my artificial limb." This optimism is characteristic of all our returned men. Perhaps it comes from the sense of duty done. Their whole outlook on life is altered, the very expression on their faces is changed.

"They who come back, how wonderful they seem,

With brave young faces grown kind and wise; Along the hard, strange path of glory come With war's remembrance in their thoughtful

eyes.

Come, from such sacrifices none can tell,
Back to a world that scarcely knows of war,
Back to the hurrying, idly curious throng,
Finding that life cannot be as before.

They who come back with broken lives and marred,

Carrying the proudest wounds men ever knew. Honour? There is no honour great enough!

Loyalty? None could ever be too true."

ALICE McCLELLAND, L. A. C., '18.

## Extracts from Letters from the Front

Somewhere in France, Nov. 22, 1916. Dear People:

No doubt you have been scanning the easualty lists lately, hoping not to find my name there. Well, thank you for the trouble, but I am still intact and going strong. We have been busy people for a few months and letter writing has been a lost art. Shortly after I wrote you last, the Canadians started south looking for more worlds to conquer, and we trailed along. We had a glorious trip—marched all the way—ten or twelve miles a day, through very interesting country. Finally we reached our destination, the scene of the big drive, and for a few days lay behind the line waiting for our division to go in.

It's very strenuous warfare we indulge in down here: instead of merely holding trenches, as is done in Flanders and other parts of the line, here they attack all the time, going forward every day—consolidating positions and then at-

tacking again. They give the enemy no rest at all. When conditions are favorable there are general advances over a wide front.

\* \* \* \* \*

The casualties on a day like this were necessarily many, and to the field ambulance fell the task of removing the wounded from the line to points on the main road where ambulance convoys were waiting. The stretcher bearers of the three ambulances of the division were under command of Col. Campbell and worked in parties of five or six squads. As soon as the refinery was taken a dressing station was established there and we began carrying the cases from there to the ambulances a mile and a half away. The first case to be carried out of the refinery was our Colonel, fatally wounded by a sheil which hit the station.

The carrying was rather dangerous and difficult work. We had four men to a stretchershoulder high they carried—but the ground on the battle area was so chewed up by shell fireit was like a rolling sea in places—that it was very difficult picking a path through shell-holes, over barbed wire and old trenches. We had to work our way over this shelled area and with a stretcher on four shoulders we had little chance to duck when shrapnel was flying about. Early in the morning of the 16th., two of our squads were helping one another over an old trench with a couple of cases when a high explosive shell lit squarely among them. Only one man was untouched, five were killed outright and two received wounds from which they died. One of the patients escaped—as the shell burst, one of the bearers dropped on him and protected him with his own body.

We had little chance to sleep or eat while there were wounded to be carried, and there were thousands of them. We received a great deal of help from the infantry men and from German prisoners. They were very willing workers; some of them when surrendering would pick up a wounded Canuck and rush through our lines like a Rugby player carrying a ball. When the village was taken we used the old German dressing station and the two German doctors were left with us for two days dressing wounds.

The German dug-outs were a revelation to us. Most of them were twenty-five or thirty feet underground and reached by a flight of steps. The dug-outs were very spacious, divided into

compartments, and many of them connected, forming galleries. Electric lighting was quite common, some of them were wall-papered and

carpeted.

The work of the artillery in the Somme is wonderful and terrible. Day and night the guns are barking away, and when an attack is to be pulled off there is a great concentration, all guns, big and little, firing on one area. A big shell tearing through the clouds sounds much like old Niagara, so you may imagine the uproar when hundreds of shells are on their way. Oh, it's a terrible war; a terrible war!

\* \* \* \*

We are on a different part of the line now, and it is very quiet here. We are in one of the best parts of France, very prosperous and thickly populated. There are numerous towns, all built of brick on a regular plan. Our section are in one of these towns, working between the trenches a mile and a half away and the dressing station in the basement of an old chateau. The town has been shelled heavily, but there are still many civilians remaining. Life is very pleasant and quite a change from that of Ypres and the Somme.

Well, dear people, there is to be a mail collection soon, so I must close. With heaps of love, Yours.

F. J. O'L., Sgt.

No. 5, General Hospital, British Expeditionary Force, France, Dec. 15, '16.

DEAREST M. AND S.:

The arrival of your letters was quite the nicest thing that happened to me yesterday. I would love to answer all the questions S. asked me, but in the war-zone one has to be so careful. . . .

No. 5 is a large camp made up of huts with about thirty-one to a ward or hut, but when there is a rush we have trestles and each ward can accommodate about forty-two. There are twenty huts and about the same number of tents or marquée as they are called. The officers' quarters and also the sisters' (us) quarters are in the huts. We sleep in long huts, divided into rooms for two. E. F—— and I have a room and there are three other Montrealers who crossed with us here too. Five others are at another hos-

pital camp about nine miles from us and as there is a city-Rouen-in between we sometimes meet. We have quite a nice mess (dining and sitting room) in our own rooms. We have the usual officers' kit, that is, a folding green canvas bed, a chair, bath and basin that roll up into a canvas bag. We each brought a small oil stove, about eight inches high, and a kettle. We have packing boxes nailed together for bureaus, but when they are covered with flowered muslin they are quite attractive. On the walls we tack up everything from snapshots to menu cards. Speaking of menu cards reminds me of a "bully," that is, the tinned bully-beef they have in the trenches. Well, we have it in our rations, and it isn't bad. It's just like tinned corn beef.

We have a staff of sixty for night and day. There is a nurse and V. A. D. for each ward and nurse and two V. A. D.'s for the heavy surgical wards. I am in one but we are not allowed to mention our patients. We get up at 6.30. An orderly goes around and hammers on each door, but you know me of yore. Ethel usually has to shake me several times as well before I realize I'm "on active service." We go on the ward from 7.30 until 9 or 9.30. Then we have tea, then on again till one, then on from 2 to 5 or 5 to 8 except when convoys come in, when everyone stays on duty. Once a week we get a half day and we can get to town, but all have to be in camp at 7 p.m. There is a hospital for sick sisters here, and to-day E. F. went with a touch of pleurisy; my "dug-out" seems quite lonely without her to-night. I haven't been off sick, and I'm quite proud of myself. I have horrid chilblains, though, on my feet, hands and even my face, but everybody suffers with them here, the cold is so damp.

Yes, I get to church on Sunday. They have Mass at 6.30 at another camp just down the road—these days it's just like going out at night, it is so dark, and it rather startles you to hear a sentry say, "Good-morning, Sister." We also have Beads and Benediction in the church hut at 6 p. m., and as I am usually on duty every afternoon I manage to get over at least every second week. There are four Catholics in our camp. The sister in my ward is Irish and she has been at Rathfarnham, and another sister here has been at the Loretto Convent in Bombay as well as Rathfarnham. Some of the sisters here were on hospital ships between Gal-

lipoli and Egypt. I will tell you all about it when I get home.

\* \* \* \* \*

One day at five when my room-mate and I came off duty we went for a walk, and came across, as we thought, the practice ground with trenches, barb wire, etc. We looked across this great "bull-ring," as they are called, and did not see a soul, so, as it was getting dark, and we were a wee bit lonely, we started to sing. sings alto so we had a little "close agony." passed between some lines of trenches singing away, when all at once we heard, "Sister, you're right in the middle of No-Man's Land, and you'll get a blighty." We looked down. At first, we didn't see anyone, then we saw hundreds, the trenches were simply packed with men in all their trench regalia, and you would never have noticed them, their helmets are so like the ground. Maybe we didn't get off there in double quick, without any more singing. The poor souls spent the night there, and it poured rain—which wasn't very funny for them.

E. S.

France, Tuesday, March 27, 1917. Dear M—:

Your letter of Feb. 20th. arrived only last evening. Yes, I have had my first furlough and it was truly "a little bit of Heaven." I spent the majority of my ten days in old London townrambling about with a swagger cane, clinking spurs and polished equipment. I sauntered through the big stores and down the narrowest alleyways with no particular aim or objective, getting lost a score of times daily and stopping only when I felt hungry—thus making innumerable stops, you will understand. I gave Buckingham Palace, London Bridge and other places famed in song and history, a wide berth. took a full enjoyment of the sight of people dressed in civilian clothes and dwellings untouched by shot and shell.

The general spirit out here is a mixture of song and mirth; an amateur poet in the trenches expresses the morale of the fighting man in this way:

"The soldier sounds no note of strife When on the battlefield he sings; His songs are all of love and life, And simple, homely things.

No rabid wrath or chant of hate, Nor lust of blood inspires his rhymes; He sings of those at home who wait, And future peaceful times.

He sings of homeland hills and streams, Of flowers and summer twilights long; He dreams of home and tells his dreams In words of wistful song.

He keeps his courage high and fine,
His smiling face and steadfast soul;
And sings as in the battle line
He struggles towards the goal.
While death and ruin round him gloat
Eternal spring is in his heart;
He sings not in heroic note
But plays a hero's part."

Life has its moments of song and spring in the midst of its tragic times. It doesn't really need the heroism that one might think to go through with it. One is told to do this or that—it is done by the shortest route and there is no choice to be made. Then again, one's actions are governed by a subtle influence like crowd psychology, and the majority being courageous, the remainder are infected with the same spirit and thus the war goes on.

You say that they are learning to be patriotic in Canada. I quite agree with you. Before the war Canadian boys and girls had little to prompt them to patriotism. Anything that might have been considered glorious in our history appears to have been made little or nothing of in our very poor books on Canadian History. But with this baptism of blood—an event that has reached into every Canadian home—patriotism has come to stay. For the first time in her history Canada is a nation.

W. J. O'B.

AMARA, MESOPOTAMIA.

DEAR S--:

Your very welcome letter did not find me in India, as you thought it would, but in Mesopotamia. I had spent only two months at Agra when I received orders for this—the hottest place outside of Hades, I believe. During June, July and August the temperature rose as high as 128 inside our tents. I will leave it to your imagination how especially the poor sick patients suffered. This month it is more like living, the

temperature not going much above 100 and the nights quite cool.

For the most part of the summer we were stationed near the front at Sheikh Load, but lately have migrated southward to Amara. I must say that in all it is more comfortable here,—at least we have trees to look upon, and there is always the town and its Bazaar to visit, though neither can be said to be very interesting. This is the advanced medical base, and there are a number of hospitals here. I pity the nursing sisters who are sent out to man these institutions. They did not stand the heat very well,—it was too much for many men.

Till a short while ago I was attached to a Field Ambulance, but am now Medical Officer to a Brigade of Artillery. My duties here are far from arduous. I rise (in bed) at 5.30 a.m. and have my gunfire—chota hazri—or early morning tea, but never endeavor to get up completely till the sun, peeping over the Persian

hills, warns me that the day has begun. I make a point never to beat the sun in rising, and as that luminous orb rises later each morning. I am able by this scheme to catch an ever-increasing morning nap. At 6 a. m. or thereabout I have my sick parade which lasts till about 7 a. m. Then do I mount the M. O.'s famous charger, "Iodine," and take my morning constitutional a lively canter over the plains. The horse got its name from the love of the previous M. O. for the use of iodine. The men did the christening. Breakfast comes at 8.30, after which I make my rounds of the camp to see that my sanitary instructions are being fully carried out and that the incinerators (called insinuators by the men) are kept properly burning. For the remainder of the day I have nothing to do, which is my hardest work in Mesopotamia.

With very best wishes,

Sincerely,

V. O'G.



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# THE RAINBOW

Published Quarterly during the College Year

LORETTO ABBEY, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ONT.

# COLLEGE NUMBER EDITORS

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Subscription price, \$1.00 per year, in advance.

#### Loretto Abbey College, June 1917

The present time is an epoch for woman's higher education. Social and industrial conditions have forced her entry into public national life, the present war crisis has emphasized her part in that life and a new political condition,the franchise—has called her to shoulder public responsibility and take an active part in influencing the government of the country. whether it be in home life or in some public capacity, woman feels the need of an education that will equip her with powers of discernment and judgment in public affairs; and girls are now inclined to follow along paths of education parallel to those trodden by their brothers, to embrace the higher studies that store the mind with wisdom and train the reason and judgment to grapple successfully with the large problems of our congested modern life.

Catholic young women as well as young men need to face modern life as well equipped in secular knowledge as their non-Catholic companions, but having that knowledge infused with clear ethical and supernatural principles of Catholic faith. Such Catholic young men and women never fail to take an outstanding place even in public life and are helping to break down the timidity and inertia so often observed in Catholic action where it must meet non-Catholic.

Loretto Abbey College, as a women's section

of St. Michael's, the Catholic College of the University of Toronto, offers to those who wish to be teachers and to all who wish the advantages of higher education, the University secular education required by the Education Department and other professions, and with it the safeguard of Catholic faith and atmosphere.

The number of students is steadily increasing, the courses are being extended and the students taking an ever larger part in the whole life of University activities. Those who have graduated in the last three years have already distinguished themselves as teachers and social workers, and the examination results of this year register general high standing and not a single failure.

The religious atmosphere of the College has been founded on voluntary observances. Daily Mass, frequent reception of the Sacraments, attendance at Sunday and Feast Day Benediction and sermon has been most exemplary and the more commendable since there is no external obligation. The system proves that students learn to value the practice of their religion when the responsibility is their own. The Society of the Children of Mary, which was reorganized in the beginning of the year, held regular weekly meetings for the recitation of the office, and controiled all devotions, and alms for the Extension Society or other pious objects, inaugurating also the teaching on Sundays and week evenings of the children in the Italian parishes of the city. The Annual Retreat was preached by Rev. J. J. O'Reilly, C. SS. R.

Scholarships. The Loretto Alumnae Scholarship (value \$50), awarded to the Loretto student taking the highest standing at Junior Matriculation, was held in 1916-7 by Miss Estelle Walsh. The Mary Ward Scholarship (value \$140), given by the Community to the student taking the highest First Class Honours in the University examinations each year was held in 1916-7 by Miss Hilda von Szeliska, and has been won for 1917-8 by Miss Madeleine Smyth.

It is then as to a work of zeal that we call the attention of the Catholic public, pastors and parents to the facilities provided at Loretto Abbey for Catholic young women desirous of University education. Our own students are our best advertisement and we point with confidence to their work and attitude

\*

To a vast majority of the Community and to a very large portion of Loretto's children all over America, the thought of Loretto included necessarily the thought of Mother Dosithea. When a fell disease came upon her last autumn just after the quiet celebration of her Diamond Jubilee in religion, it seemed to many that it could not be true that her active life and largehearted interest were about to end on earth. The months of terrible suffering since then were borne with great patience and a growing longing for the opening of the kingdom of God for her, and on the evening of May oth., the Feast of Our Lady of Light, quietly as in sleep, she breathed forth her soul to her loved Master. Mother Dosithea entered religious life at the age of fourteen and has spent a long life of untiring energy and zeal, having held many important positions in Loretto, Mistress of Schools at various times, and three times Mistress of Novices, one of the founders of the Joliet house and a sharer in the weal and woe of all the houses at some time or other, she filled a very large space in the history of the Institute in America. May her welcome in Heaven be the Master's "Well done, good and faithful servant." We thank the many Alumnae who have written kind letters of appreciation and condolence.

Rev. Bernard Murray of St. Bernard's parish, Chicago, who died in the close of the month of March, had been for twenty-five years a father and friend to the Loretto nuns in Englewood, and to all of the Community.

It was Father Murray who first brought the

nuns to Chicago to open the St. Bernard's school in his new parish, and all the difficulties of a new foundation that he could foresee or divine were lifted by his stalwart generosity. The same fatherly solicitude has kept equal pace with zeal for his children's Christian education and made the mission of Englewood much loved always by those stationed there. Just this year preparations were being made for a silver jubilee of the opening of the school, but the kind Father is spending his in Heaven, will have instead the unending prayers of a grateful Community.

A learned and highly educated friend, in speaking of the advantages of a convent college education, referred recently to what Matthew Arnold says in "Report on Popular Education in France" as applicable in its measure to higher as to lower grades of education.

"Apart from the mere instruction, however, there is everywhere, even in Paris, something in the Sisters' schools which pleases both the eye and the mind, and which is more rarely found elsewhere. There is the fresh, neat schoolroom, almost always cheerfuller, cleaner, and more decorated than a lay schoolroom. There is the orderliness and attachment of the children. Finally, there is the aspect of the Sisters themselves, of a refinement in general beyond their rank of life; of a gentleness which even beauty in France mostly lacks; of a tranquillity which is evidence that their blameless lives are not less happy than useful. If ever I have beheld serious yet cheerful benevolence, and the serenity of the mind pictured on the face, it is here."

The Professor of English at St. Michael's College writes after the last number of the Rainbow words which are a great encouragement to its staff: "It (the Rainbow) is by far the most promising Catholic Women's College Journal that I see."

## **BOOK REVEIWS**

#### BOOKS AND READING

For I would yield the passing hour
To Books and their enchanting power.
They are the harvest of the years,
They give us solace, give us tears;
They re-enforce us, mighty, wise;
Books are the intellect's allies;
They aid the strong and help the weak;
Our stammered thought they plainly speak;
They give our meditations wings
To soar above deceptive things,
That, looking downward, we may view
The world in its proportions true.

--Venable.

Pictures from Canadian History for Boys and Girls. Katherine Livingstone Macpherson. (Renouf Pub. Co., Montreal.)

The author of "Pictures from Canadian History" has succeeded in adapting the story of "this Canada of ours" to the capacity of children, without detriment to its interest for their elders.

The short chapters help to sustain the interest of young readers while the pen pictures of stirring scenes in pioneer life are attractively supplemented by fine illustrations.

From the same publishers we have received a copy of 'Political and Relief Model Atlas for Canadian Schools." Special attention is given to Canada and the American Continent, and although the Political Divisions must necessarily undergo changes, as a result of the present war, the natural features, shown in the Relief Maps, will remain unchanged. The coloring is very good, and the maps are carefully printed on paper specially suited to the purpose.

My Second Year of the War. (McLelland, Goodchild & Co., Toronto; \$1.50.)

This graphic recital needs no other introduction to the public than the name of its author, Mr. Frederick Palmer—American War Correspondent, with the British Army in France.

In "My First Year of the War" Mr. Palmer made it possible for even the uninitiated to follow the march of armies, and to realize the conflict at "The Marne." In "My Second Year of the War," Verdun, Thiepval, Douaumont, etc., stand out in vivid relief.

The wonderful personality of those leaders

among heroes who led their troops to victory against fearful odds, is impressed on the reader by passages like the following:

"It was the test of command of a corps, and afterward, of an army in Flanders, which made Sir Douglas Haig Commander-in-Chief,—a test of more than the academic ability which directs chessmen on the board—that of the physical capacity to endure the strain of month after month of campaigning, to keep a calm perspective, never to let the mastery of the force under you, out of hand, and never to be burdened with any details but those which are vital."

In summing up, he says: "What could an observer say or do that was not banal in the eyes of men who had been through such experiences? Only listen and look on with the awe of one who feels that he is in the presence of immortal heroism."

\* \* \*

Across France in War Time. By Fitzwater Wray (Kuklos). (J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto.)

The writer's object in crossing France on a bicycle was not so much "to see war-time in France, but to see France in war-time." This record of his observations comprises sketches contributed to the *Daily News* during the war, which had been very much curtailed, owing to censorship. The omissions are more than made good in these pages, which form an interesting contribution to literature of the war.

Our Next Door Neighbors. By Belle K. Maniates. (McLelland, Goodchild & Co., Toronto; \$1.35.)

"Five robust, active youngsters, whose parents were too busily engaged in study and research to pay any attention to them," furnish the material for this humorous sketch, which rivals "Rudder Grange" in its laughable situations.

This abnormal family became "next door neighbors" to a young couple who had no children of their own, but who were not slow to realize that "yesterday, to-day and forever" they would have those of their neighbor. The story must be *read* to be enjoyed, as the author has succeeded in depicting real children, although under most unusual circumstances.

The April number of the RAINBOW contains

an error in the Book Review Column. The firm of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., Toronto, was substituted, by mistake, for that of Messrs. Mc-Clelland, Goodchild & Co., Toronto, publishers of a booklet reviewed, entitled, "The Water and the Spirit."

\* \* \*

Gerald de Lacey's Daughter. Anna T. Sadlier. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons, N. Y.; \$1.35.)

This dramatic historical romance of American Colonial days immediately following the accession of George III., is a stirring tale in which the hero and heroine illustrate the history of their time, and the troubles which attended the Colony of New York.

As every effort has been made by the author to secure perfect accuracy in the facts on which it is based, the story possesses historical value, besides its charm of narrative and characterization.

\* \* \*

The Valley of Vision. By Blanche Mary Kelly. (The Encyclopedia Press, N. Y.)

The writer of these poems seems to prefer to touch the minor chords of her harp, but the quaint simplicity of her verses will recommend them, despite a suggestion of sadness in their tone. The themes chosen recall the Ballad Singers, with their blending of fact and fancy, of joy and sorrow, of faith and superstition.

\* \* \*

Among the poems of 'special interest might be mentioned "The Priest's Mother," "The Exile," "The Irish at the Front," "The Lesser Peace," "Security," etc. Many of the verses in this little volume have already appeared in leading magazines.

\* \* \*

The Holy Hour in Gethsemane. Meditations on the "Anima Christi." By Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York; 75°C.)

The aim of this book, in its method of spending the Holy Hour mainly in meditating on the Passion of Our Lord, is to stir up within the faithful "compassion with Christ, hatred of sin, a spirit of reparation and kindred feelings and resolves."

An explanation of the Holy Hour is reproduced from "Watching An Hour," by the same

author, and at the end of the Meditations are inserted several Litanies, prayers, and hymns, including the "Anima Christi," a hymn calculated to "warm the heart and uplift the soul in earnest devotion."

\* \* \*

Life of St. Alphonsus Liguori (Saints' Series). By Baron J. Angot de Rotour. (Benziger Bros., Chicago.)

This attractive volume, in scarlet art vellum, gilt lettered, presents to its readers the life of a great 18th. Century Saint, Doctor of the Church, and founder of an austere congregation, whose fervor carries us back to the Early Christian period. From the introduction we quote:

"It is worth while pausing that we may study with sympathy such an interesting personality. His was a tender, yet strong heart, loving and readily loved in return, seeming to have won, through bitter sorrow, the power to console and strengthen others, a heart filled with anguish, yet ever expanding with deeper love; for this is the way of the Saints."

\* \* >

Early publication is announced of what promises to be a timely book dealing with Confederation, the fiftieth anniversary of which will be celebrated on July 1st. It will be called Confederation and Its Leaders, and the author is M. O. Hammond, a well known journalist of Toronto. The book will tell the story of the fight for Confederation through the medium of sketches of seventeen of the leading men on both sides, with a background of history before and after that event. There will be a full page illustration of each leader and a double page frontispiece of The Fathers of Confederation. The book will be published by McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.

# To the End Room of the Corridor

Darling, you are growing cold, Frost has covered all your gold, Hiding all your walls today, Heat has fled so far away. But, my darling, you will be, will be Colder still before the morn. Yes, my darling, you will be Colder still before the morn.

—A Night in January.

# COLLEGE ESSAYS

### MY SUMMER IN SASKATCHEWAN

THE story of those days spent in a Saskatchewan schoolhouse may not seem very
thrilling to the reader, but to me they were
days filled with as momentous and dire possibilities as ever were days in No Man's Land to
the dwellers therein. Even yet, I sometimes
shudder as I recall that awful feeling of impending doom with which I was haunted during
my "term of office." My pupils, of varying ages
and sizes, fourteen in number, were considered
by all the inhabitants to be a "bad lot."

If forewarned is forearmed then was I armed indeed for their onslaughts, for there was no man, woman or child in the neighborhood who did not regale me with stories of the nefarious deeds of the doughty fourteen and bid me beware of their tricks and wiles. But, as I learned to my cost, "preparedness" may be highly serviceable in the matter of an offensive warfare, but in pursuing a defensive policy against the inventive and resourceful genius of the western youth, it failed utterly. With them the unexpected always happened and it happened with a vengeance.

The secretary of the school board made a special point of warning me not to be lured into becoming a participant in the games of "the fourteen," as I mentally designated them. It had been done, it seems, by the preceding teacher, and the effect on her dignity and prestige was disastrous, I was told; but the effect on her physique, I judged, must have been even more calamitous. Indeed, I often wondered, as I from some safe, secluded spot watched the so-called "games," just why anyone should think such a warning necessary. No person with an average amount of intelligence would have submitted herself to the tender mercies of those barbarians, as a playmate. Their games were of a curious kind, and were played for the most part on top of the buildings or in the middle of some alkaline pond, or "slough," as they are called. I became in time quite accustomed to see all fourteen of them slide down an improvised "loop-the-loop," made by placing a long board against the barn. It was a rather terrifying spectacle at first, but horribly fascinating to watch.

And then, what fun they had with gophers! I

really did try to like those little animals, when they were brought to me as gifts, but they have such a strong family resemblance to rats that I simply could not get on friendly terms with them. On several occasions one or two were mysteriously let loose in the schoolroom. And then, talk about a hubbub! Of course, everyone thought that he knew just how to get the animal out, and, of course, each method was different. One would think that the gopher stood very little chance of escape, but he could lead the chase for half an hour or so and then completely disappear. I remember one time the little beast sought refuge somewhere in the "works" of the organ, and, as a consequence, we had no music for some days.

Which respite was certainly restful for me, at least. Our songs were of the hymn book variety, relics of some wandering preacher who had failed in an attempt to evangelize the community. The singing was—no, there simply are no words yet coined which could in any way describe it. The favorite songs were "Throw Out the Life-Line," "Where Is My Wandering Boy?" and "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder." These were shouted, yelled, hooted, anything but "sung," with wonderfully rousing enthusiasm and fervor. It was inspiring, to say the least. One day I resolved to try the effect of "suggestion" in quieting their exuberant spirits. So, I assumed a very sedate and somewhat aloof air, and announced in low and serious tones that I myself would intone the hymn, choosing one calculated to have a soporific effect on the chanters. They followed my lead and seemed rather subdued. I was just congratulating myself on the success of my venture when, on the last note of the hymn, they broke into "Why Are You Making Those Eyes At Me?" which they executed with the greatest abandon. Whereupon their demoralization was complete.

One of the strict orders of the school trustees was that the flag must fly on every fine day. This was accomplished without any difficulty at first. But soon it was discovered that I was from "the States," as were the majority of the pupils. Imagine my feelings one morning when I came "down the trail" and saw the "Stars and Stripes" proudly floating from a Canadian school-house flagpole. A miniature edition of "Old Glory,"

indeed, but a "sure enough" American flag. Of course, I had to order the ringleaders to haul down their flag, and what a chorus of disappointed cries greeted my command!

But after I had put in "my time" and was ready to return to civilization, I was surprised to find that I was genuinely sorry to leave those fourteen assorted specimens of future citizens of Saskatchewan. MARY G. DOWNEY, B. A., '17.

### THE SEA

ALL the mighty forces of nature seem to have an irresistible fascination for man. From their mystery and aloofness they throw their challenge at his feet, daring him to match his puny strength against their own majestic might. And the sea—that barrier-band between continent and continent, a fickle mistress, now smiling and bright, now sullen and gray—exercises an insidious influence over all who have heard the wash of wavelets on a sunny strand or the growl of breakers lashing themselves to fury at the foot of some craggy cliff.

They who love fear not. There is a sort of fascination in watching the heavens overcast with scurrying storm clouds, in the murmur of impending harm borne by the wind, which gradually dying out leaves an intense calm, in the mutter of thunder increasing in foreboding threat, in the preliminary flash of lightning and the final outburst of the storm. At first the torrent of rain seems almost to crush down the glassy waters, which in rebuttal, with a furious seething rush to meet the downpour. Up and up they rise, towering to the heavens, only to break into a mass of snowy foam and send over the dun colored waters to vent their vain fury on the battered sand.

There is a sense of exhilaration in baffling the greedy embrace of the ocean, striving to draw into its hungry mouth man and the frail barque with which in his insolence he has dared the perils of the deep. The Vikings of old must have felt this glow when setting out over the sunset sea to face unknown perils in their beloved ships. Columbus answered the voiceless challenge of the deep when he started on that momentous journey in his tiny ship, hoping to overcome the trackless waste of waters where lurked an unknown enemy ever ready to spring upon him unawares.

Strong men love the sea with a fierce and

stirring devotion, in her moments of anger and turmoil, but what a wreath of sweet memories have been woven about her in her tranquil moods! Have you ever sat at night, alone on the seashore, with the rising tide lapping the pebbles at your feet while the moon shed her beams of silvery light down upon the dreaming sea? The land of every day is changed into a fairy land of dusky splendor. As far as eye can reach the waters stretch away, and on the horizon flash now and then the warnings of a lighthouse. The sea in its dark mystery seems like the mighty ocean Death, the moon, the clear light of Faith, and the faint flicker of the lighthouse, glimpses given us by some dear one gone before us to the Port of No Return.

Again—another phase offers itself to charm and keep enthralled the wayward heart of man ever seeking a repose to his changing mood. The mid-day sun beats down upon the laughing waves. A freshening breeze flecks the restless blue-green water with tufts of frothy white, and sportive breakers, tumbling over and over in merry glee, chase one another up the dazzling sands. The sky, blue as a turquoise, the water green as jade, the glittering sands are enclosed in a transparent ball of topaz sunshine. The dancing waves and sunlit atmosphere would effectually melt the dour heart of Care and put to flight the demon Melancholia.

"We have loved her with the weird passion roused in her wildest moments of threat and anger; we have been soothed into moods of tender recollection by her mysterious analogy with the Hereafter; we have seen her in her frolic and the wild joy of living sprang up in our breasts; we have felt her undefinable attraction; we have heard her call and we must answer." This has been the saga of the sailors of the seven seas for ages, and as long as the billows roll on it will be the cry of thousands yet unborn who "will go down to the sea in ships."

GRACE ELSTON, L. A. C., '19.

# First Year English

### The Poem I Like Best in the Selections

THE poem I like best in the selections for this year is Byron's "Storm in the Alps."

In April, eighteen sixteen, Byron left England for good. He went through Brussels, up the Rhine to Switzerland, and settled on the shores of Lake Leman for the summer. The

"Storm in the Alps" is a storm he witnessed during his sojourn in this place.

A violent storm is raging in the Alps in the night. Byron says,

"And this is in the night!—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber!"

The thunder roars. All the mountains echo back the sound and Jura calls aloud to the Alps through which

### "Leaps the live thunder!"

The rain pours down. Now the lake is illumined by the dazzling lightning; now it is dark again. Now the mountains are shaken by the loud thunder, and to Byron it seems as if the mountains were in their glee, as if to the elements such a storm is their best way of showing their joy.

In a ravine where the swiftly flowing Ahone has cut its way, the most violent part of the storm is going on. Here thousands of thunderbolts are being hurled hither and thither. Here the brightest lightning is flashing. In connection with this description Byron makes a beautiful comparison. He takes the two heights amidst which the Ahone passes as two lovers who have quarrelled and who can never meet again. And love was the cause of the quarrel which blighted their lives forever. Now love has gone and left them, "an age of winters" and their own fiery passions to combat. You would think the lightning knew all this and thought a "hot shaft" could banish all the trouble, Byron says.

Why did I take this poem in preference to the others? First, because I was greatly attracted by the beautiful descriptions in it, and the fine, expressive language. Second and chiefly, because there was much in it more than the description of the Alps. The first time I read the poem, something in it especially appealed to me. Perhaps it was the rather wild, free language and the extensive love of liberty as in the words,

"Let me be

A sharer in thy fierce and far delight A portion of the tempest and of thee!"

But also there was so much of Byron himself in it which almost enabled me to read between the lines and see not only a storm in the Alps but a storm in the bosom of an exceedingly clever but greatly perplexed man.

KATHLEEN O'CONNELL, L. A. C., '20.

### SIR WALTER SCOTT

"Great minstrel of the Border."

- Wordsworth.

No man of letters whose works we have studied this year makes a greater appeal to me than does that charming story-teller, Sir Walter Scott.

I like the old romantic themes found in our selections from Scott. He has an unerring sense of all that makes the storied past so rich in poetry and romance, in beauty and haunting interest.

Scott has an attractive way of telling a story. His narrative poems abound in dramatic situations, the action never drags, and our interest is held fast from the first verse to the last.

The equally skilful way in which this poet depicts all the different emotions cannot fail to arouse our admiration. The woeful tragedy of Rosabelle, the happy, dashing adventure of Lochinvar, and the martial anger of Marmion are all as distinctly different in tone as they are equal in their charm and interest.

Scott's verse movement seems particularly pleasing to me. It has strength and rapidity with perfect smoothness, a rare combination in poetry.

Another reason for my liking for Scott is the absence of sermonizing and pessimism from his poems. He seems to sympathize with his fellow men and seems to be somewhat satisfied with the world in general. He does not take any "O friend, I know not which way I must look for comfort" view of life.

KATHLEEN COSTELLO, L. A. C., '20.

### ROBERT BURNS

Of Burns it has been said that he gave the Scotch a nationality. A sincere, rugged, honest man sprung from the people, battling with the wolf at the door all his childhood, having no joys in his youth, he nevertheless produced some of the most simple and most beautiful lyrics of the language. Love, pathos, humour, sincerity, sympathy and understanding for his fellows—these mark his poetry. He was a peasant and wrote of the peasants. His contempt for the arrogance of the higher classes is marked, and in "Lines to John Lapraik" he attacks sarcastically his contemporaries at Edinburgh who were still subject to the yoke of classicism for their insincerity and stiff conventionality.

"Gie me a spark o' nature's fire, That's a' the learning I desire," etc.,

is his creed.

Occasionally he wrote in English, but it is on those poems he wrote in the Scottish dialect that his fame rests. He revived the decaying local speech and put many old Scotch songs and ballads into written form. His "I love my Jean"an exquisite love lyric to his wife, "To Mary Morrison," "A Farewell and Then We Sever," are examples of the deep feeling he puts into his works. His Muse does "touch the heart." He touches as closely as does Shakespeare the human life, it has been said. Though a great lover of Nature he used her only as a background for his studies of human life-did not deify her like Wordsworth or worship her like Keats. "To a Mountain Daisy" is beautiful. In "To a Mouse" he demonstrates his power to express the relation between man and the lower animals.

"I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union
And justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me."

I love Burns because he was so true to his own class and so absolutely straightforward and independent.

Frances O'Brien, L. A. C., '20.

### SIR WALTER SCOTT

"The last of all the bards was he Who sang of border chivalry."

These words, which were written by Scott in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," may well be applied to himself. I choose Scott as my favourite author, not only because of my love for his poetry, but also because his life is worthy of praise.

He was a descendant of one of the old Border families, born and raised in the regions of Scotland which were rich with legendary history. His early childhood was spent with his grandfather, who from his immense store of old Scotlish tales aroused in Scott a love for the historical legends. This was the source from which many of his poems eventually sprung.

One of the features in Scott's writings that I like is the rapid, dashing method with which his stories are told:

"One touch to her hand, one word in her ear.

When they reached the hall door, the charger stood near.

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung, So light to the saddle before her he sprung."

The selection from Marmion which we read this year gives an insight into true Scotch character and the hospitality and pride of the old Scottish lord:

"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still Be open, at my sovereign's will To each one whom he lists— The hand of Douglas is his own And never shall in friendly grasp The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

In this poem his language and rhythm are exactly in keeping with what he wishes to express:

"And if thou said'st I am not peer To any lord in Scotland here, Lowland or Highland, far or near, Lord Angus, thou hast lied."

He wrote some imitations of the old Ballads which show his ability to hold the interest of the people, such as "Rosabelle" and "Lochinvar." One has for its theme the death of a beautiful young girl:

"Soft is the note and sad the lay That mourns the lovely Rosabelle."

In the other the leading character is the daring and dashing knight of old,

"So faithful in love and so dauntless in war There never was knight like the young Lochinvar."

Scott was a voluminous writer in prose as well as poetry, and by his death in 1832, Scotland lost one of the greatest men she ever produced.

RITA RENAUD, L. A. C., '20.

The Roman Correspondent of the *Tablet* relates that Cardinal Vives y Tuto, O. F. M. C., a Spaniard, said that all good Catholics should pray for the British Empire, for with it were bound up the future prospects of the Catholic Church, in the ordinary course of events. He adds also that all missionaries visiting the Vatican from distant countries report: "It is under the British flag that we get most liberty."

# COLLEGE NOTES

Lectures and Literary Evenings—The College has been honoured during the year by many profitable lectures, most of which have been already noted in previous numbers of the RAINBOW: Mr. C. G. W. Griffiths, Shakespeare Readings; Reverend M. J. Ryan, D. D., Ph. D., Newman; Prof. N. P. M. Kennedy, Conrad; Dr. R. Dwyer, The War and the Battle of the Marne; Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D. D., Right and Duty of Voting; Mr. Daniel O'Connell, An Address on Thrift; Mrs. O'Neill (of the Parliament Library), Russia, Past and Present; Mr. Sinclair, Gardening; Mrs. Keleher, Hygiene.

The Lecture by His Grace Archbishop Mc-Neil is summarized in another column of the Rainbow. It was delivered specially for the

Alumnae.

The Address by Mr. Daniel O'Connell, one of Ontario's most brilliant lawyers and worthy to bear the name he does, was given on the occasion of the presentation of three prizes. These were presented, in his name, to Miss Mertis Donnelly, '19, Miss Frances O'Brien, '20, and Miss Madeleine Smyth, '19. The presentation was preceded by an eloquent address from Mr. O'Connell, who was a pupil of Loretto in his boyhood. His daughter Kathleen is a College student at the present time.

Mr. O'Connell prefaced his remarks with a felicitous allusion to his early association with the Institute—acknowledging his indebtedness to the training received there and his gratitude for the ideals presented thus early in his career, by his teacher, Mother Theadora, since then deceased.

The general character and necessity of thrift were then set forth in a clear and able manner and was followed by strong recommendation to study and practise its principles, in view of the present critical period of the world's economy. An appeal was made to all to fit themselves for active and efficient service during these times of war with all its attendant problems.

A class-chorus followed by a piano solo and the National Anthem, brought the event to a fitting close.

One evening, in the month of May, Mrs. Keleher, the wife of a distinguished British Judge, gave a most helpful and interesting talk on Hygiene based on a wide acquaintance with the

ways and needs of girls in many countries. We were very grateful to Mrs. Keleher for an instructive and entertaining evening.

Debates—This year we expected to figure in the Women's Intercollegiate Debates, so it behooved us to whet our argumentative and oratorical abilities. Early in the year we arranged a series of Inter-year Debates, and the representatives chosen from each year were:

Fourth Year, Misses Ettie Flanagan, Claire Smyth; Third Year, Misses Alice McClelland, Frances Galligan; Second Year, Misses Madeleine Smyth, Florence Daley; First Year, Misses

Gertrude Walsh, Frances O'Brien.

Our Debates were held in the auditorium at intervals of several weeks, and the musical or interlude part of the evening was provided each time by the years not engaged in the argumentative encounter. Miss Alice McClelland and Miss Madeleine Smyth distinguished themselves specially in argument and oratory.

Our first passage at arms in the general arena was against two debaters from University College on the subject, "Resolved, that woman for equal work should receive an equal wage with man." And though our side did not win and thus had no further part in this year's contest, we considered the labor and effort not misspent, and next time we'll do better. The St. Michael's boys came over in large numbers and sustained the losing side.

French Play—Our First and Second Year French students became ambitious, and finding their French professor an instructress of equally ambitious calibre, they conspired with her to give a French play,—it was a conspiracy, you see, because it made headway so rapidly, all unknown to the rest of us. At length we were bidden to lend our presences on the evening of March 19th., but I am afraid I cannot do justice to its finished excellences. The play was Labiche's "La Grammaire," and the characters were as follows:

Even the non-French audience enjoyed it, and each character seemed as if made for its per-

sonation. We were proud to be able to understand, and much consoled by all the difficulties, verging on the tragic, which even French folk have about the agreement of participles. At the close Rev. Father Dutton delivered a short address in French and said the French pronunciation and fluency were most exceptionally good. The artists wore their laurels very modestly and served a Valentine Tea afterwards.

Patriotic Tea-Wednesday, Nov. 15. Our Tea was a great success. We had decorated the handsome Abbey parlors with flags and flowers, the front parlor being the tea room and in flowers red and white and ribbons blue, while the lovely Reception room was gay with flags. So many donations were made of all sorts of tea dainties that we were able to be very hospitable to our guests. An Edison music cabinet, and some singing and music by our own girls, and some beautiful Irish dances by Miss Marie Hannan entertained the continual flow of guests from four to half-past six. In a dim little parlour off the reception room, were two maidens, prepared to lure all unwary tea drinkers into further untying of pocket books, by the promise of fortunes to be read in the bottom of the cup. So it was a very pleasant Tea and the success became palpable in the amount we realized, that made it possible to pack and send Xmas boxes to the soldiers at the front, whose Xmas cheer might be short. On Saturday, Nov. 19th., we had the great joy of packing the boxes with candies, cigarettes, sox, beef-tea, and coffee and many another soldier's delight.

Year Parties—Every College has Year Parties, and ours are like others, I presume, but this RAINBOW number will be one of our souvenirs of college times, and so we put in some things for "us ourselves" which will hardly interest even our kind friends. There was an Initiation party, and a Valentine party and a Military Euchre party and a closing party for the graduates besides all lesser events of such sort. There was the usual ingenuity of colour and dainties, and the ever renewed kindnesses of the mistress of our dining room, until our little room has a history of gala days all its own.

Each party had its oratorical finish, too, in speeches—the presidents of the years generally having to prove their leadership before the superiors and the august Faculty. Miss Busy Cronin, aged eight years, was the youthful guest at one party and expressed her appreciation

right manfully when called upon. We have made some surreptitious collections of speech manuscripts and intend to make some selections for "auld lang syne."

To the Seniors—It is meet, O venerable and beloved Seniors, that to-night, before the last strenuous days of our sojourn in this happy and profitable abode arrive,—before the wind of examinations makes our torches of learning flare—before the heat of battle is on—and ere the strokes of destiny fall, or the laurel-wreath find a resting place on our unresisting brows—it is meet, I say, that we should assemble together once more to hearten each other for the remainder of the road—to give another proof of our good fellowship—and to bear witness to the obligations we owe to the pillars of this, our honorable estate—our fair and learned Seniors!

Of her, who discharges so nobly and gracefully, the duties of President, there is but one overwhelming sentiment in all hearts. Right wisely and with consummate tact and skill has she acquitted herself of her duties of office.

Our fair and sphinx-like "Statia," like an oracle of old, bridges with her inspired brush the gap between the arts and sciences. The forms that drop upon her canvasses first inhabit that high and noble brow. What a gallery of fair images must be hers!

Hand and brain keep faithful step in the realm of our "Maid Marion." That the step is military need occasion no remark, no raising of eyebrows. That the hand is fashioning footgear for the soldier rather than furbelows for a fashion plate, calls for less comment. Many a fine-wrought masterpiece is turned out of that "Smithy."

Smiling and debonair she walks our Academic halls. The cares of life lie as lightly upon her spirit as Mary's head upon her downy pillow—as lightly as the Stars and Stripes upon her country's flag.

Great things are wrought in silence, Claire, Great issues make no noise;
'Tis better crochet-ing for girls
Than knitting socks for boys!
Keep on your wise, sweet, quiet way,
You'll soon achieve your goal,
These noisy people dissipate
Just two-thirds of their soul.

A JUNIOR.

To the College—When in the course of human

events, it becomes necessary for one member of an assembly as august and venerable as this before me, to take upon herself the weighty task imposed upon me to-night, then may we all say with our own dear Audrey, "The gods give us joy!" Would that your humble servant were blessed with the persuasive eloquence of a Daniel O'Connell (applause from the freshies) or a John Redmond! (renewed applause from the freshies)! The occasion demands a "pretty wit" but, alas! the wit refuses to meet the demands. We have been told that simple words are best,—the language of the heart—therefore

I propose our Professors—may they be rewarded for the pains they have endured in instilling knowledge into our none-too-receptive heads. Our Alumnae—may they always be as brilliant as this present coterie. Our honorable graduates—may their memories of us be as pleasant as ours will ever be of them. Our Juniors—may they wear their newly-budding laurels as graciously as our present Seniors. Our Freshmen—the pride of our numbers—may they follow on the path they have begun. Our Sophomores—the less said of them the better, but—may they correct the error of their ways. Professors, Alumnae, Classmates—all, I call upon you to drink a bumper to our College!

A SOPHOMORE.

Sophomore Tea-October 24th., Tuesday, being one of the afternoons for Religious Knowledge lecture, which is not lightly to be missed, and there being arranged also a meeting of the Executive of the Women's Intercollegiate Debating Union for the same afternoon, it was likely that one of us Honour Students would be expected to represent L. A. C. at the meeting. The lot fell upon Genevieve and I, being a diligent student even in the fall term, betook myself to spend an afternoon over huge history tomes in the library. At 5 p. m. I am disturbed by an anxious maiden who inquires for the representative from St. Michael's on the W. I. D. U., and informs me that a quorum cannot be made without her and that all the other representatives sit dolefully and not over patiently waiting at Queen's Hall for the said representative. Now I know Genevieve set out for that meeting, nevertheless, being a very amiable sort of person with the general interest at heart, I close my books, say farewell to the library, and make the quorum at Queen's Hall. The meeting proceeds, persevering in spite of the noise of a 5 o'clock Sophomore Tea in the next parlor—but no Genevieve; the meeting ends, still no Genevieve, and I set forth homeward about 5.55 p. m. philosophizing on the people that do, and the people that don't. In the midst of my reflections I am approached from the rear by—yes, it is the delinquent Genevieve. Where has she been while I have been supplying for her?

Thus her story runneth: arrived at Queen's Hall she inquires for the Executive meeting of the W. I. D. U.—"Oh, yes, just come in," says a neat little maid, and ushers her into a parlor which is quite empty. Genevieve plumes herself on being punctual and patiently waits. In a few minutes there are evident preparations for afternoon tea, and a group of girls and eatables arrive about the same time. Genevieve is glad the Debating Executive have not forgotten how to be femininely entertaining, and is duly introduced and made welcome. The tea over, there is an evident desire to sing some college songs. Genevieve loves to sing and joins in most willingly. At length the guests, for facility in teaching the unlearned, are divided into Sophs and Freshies, and Genevieve, discovering she is neither, suddenly realizes that this frivolous gathering can hardly be the Debating Executive -Rapid exit and search, only to find that the Executive have dispersed; and hurrying down the street she overtakes me. No wonder that my fatalistic tendencies are increased from this hour. I believe incurably in luck, and silver spoons and destinies that shape our ends.

# What L. A. C. Graduates and Undergraduates are Doing

MISSES G. Ryan, B. A., and T. Coughlan, B. A., of 1T5, who belong to the staff of the Lanark and Rockland High Schools respectively, having skilfully guided their pupils along the dolorous way of Lower School Exams., have returned to their homes.

Miss M. Power, B. A., also of the IT5 class, has chosen another field for her activity—Social Service. In April she was sent to Washington, D. C., by the Ontario Health Department to investigate the methods of conducting Surveys relating to Child Welfare, employed in that city, and on her return was appointed to organize a survey to report conditions in Hamilton, Ont. Twenty-five young ladies are at present engaged in this work under her direction. Among them

are Miss M. Smith, B. A., '17, and Miss H. Mullins, B. A., '17.

The College RAINBOW editors congratulate their fellow students of '16 who distinguished themselves in the recent Faculty of Education Exams. Misses G. McQuade, B. A., T. O'Reilly, B. A., and E. Duffey, B. A., secured Specialist's Certificates in History and Moderns, while Misses N. Madigan, B. A., and I. Long, B. A., received the official stamp of the Education Department on their sheepskins.

Miss E. Flanagan, B. A., '17, is helping the youth of Wynyard, Sask., to climb the Hill of Knowledge, as is also Miss G. Twomey, in Mt. Irwin, Ont.

Miss D. Cronin, '20, has enlisted in the corps of Examiners who begin on July 3 to decimate the ranks of aspiring candidates.

Miss M. Donnelly, '19, and Miss G. Elston, '19, are taking a Home course in Domestic Science with a view to qualifying as assistants in the L. A. C. Culinary. Department.

The Freshman year has responded in large numbers to the call of "Service." Misses Brady, M. MacIntosh, M. McCabe, K. O'Connel, K. Costello, and F. Daley, '19, are working strenuously to keep the allied armies supplied with munitions,

# Alumnae Column

THE annual business meeting and election of officers of the Alumnae was held at the Abbey, May 12th. The president, Mrs. Lalor, presided, and the reports for the year were read by Miss Dorien, Miss Rooney, Mrs. McLaughlin, Miss Seitz, and Miss Kelly. Mrs. McLaughlin moved that the annual fee, which has been fifty cents when more than one member of a family belonged to the Alumnae, be increased to one dollar. After some discussion a vote was taken, the majority being in favor of the increase. Miss Hynes moved a vote of thanks to the retiring president, who, during her two years' term of office, had only once been absent from an Alumnae meeting. The results of the elections were then read. The officers for 1917-8 being: Hon. Pres., Mrs. Lalor; Pres., Mrs. McLaughlin; First Vice-Pres., Miss Kelly; Second Vice-Pres., Miss Seitz; Cor. Sec., Miss E. Clark; Rec. Sec., Miss V. Rooney; Treas., Miss E. McCarron; Convenor of House Com., Mrs. Maloney; Convenor of Entertainment Com!, Mrs. Mallon; Convenor of Membership Com., Mrs. Doane; Convenor of Press Com., Miss Ealand.

A very pretty May tea was held on Saturday afternoon, May 12th, by the Alumnae, this being the closing function of the year and the last of many successful entertainments given by the retiring executive. The presidents, Mrs. Lalor, Mrs. Phelan and Mrs. Rooney, received the members and their friends. Mrs. McLaughlin was in charge of the tea room, where Mrs. Knox and Mrs. Gamble presided over the tea table, which was prettily decorated with Killarney roses and shaded candles. Mrs. Megan, Mrs. Hughes, and Miss M. Clark assisted the members of the executive in looking after the many guests who greatly enjoyed the reunion.

The Alumnae greatly regret the death of M. M. Dosithea, who has been one of the best friends of the Alumnae from the beginning of its existence.

### His Grace on Women's Franchise

On Tuesday after Easter our Reverend Archbishop addressed the Alumnae in the Abbey Auditorium on the subject of voting. Now that the franchise of Canada has been extended to women, the subject has a new interest for us. It will soon be our turn to make use of the privilege of voting.

His Grace spoke of the newly-extended right. of voting and of its consequent duty. To every right is affixed a duty. By the franchise one is called upon to use one's influence in the formation of the government of the country and in the support or opposition of governmental measures. The first duty following upon the right to vote is that of using the right and voting. To abstain from voting through lack of interest or energy. is neglecting to support a good cause or allowing a poor one to succeed. Every vote on the side of justice and good government is needed. The second duty is that of studying and knowing public questions and the effectiveness of measures proposed. The considerations to be made in the use of one's vote concern rather men and measures than party. Political parties in Canada at the present time are not distinguished much from each other except by the state of being "in" or "out" of power. The question of prohibition in Ontario illustrates this. The party who held it as a platform in the last elections' were defeated, and the party who then got into power have since passed the law. Therefore, in voting, one should judge men and measures. Every wise, upright man taking part in the government of the country improves the whole government. There is danger, of course, in a democratic country, of the judgment of voters being biased by the personal canvass of politicians—a danger to which the ladies are perhaps more open than the men. Hence again, the need for intelligent study of public questions.

One question which his Grace wished to explain, and in which he wished to solicit interest, was the matter of the division of school taxes paid by corporations and companies. His Grace outlined the question carefully and then had printed sheets distributed which gave a full survey of the application of the present school law and the needs for amendment.

## IN MEMORY OF THE LATE REV. BERNARD P. MURRAY

A T the time that the last issue of the RAINBOW went forth to interest teachers and students with its literary contributions, one of its many admirers left this earth for the Goal of every Christian.

The Rev. Bernard P. Murray, pastor of St. Bernard's Church, Chicago, left a sorrowing people, for his Eternal Home.

Many years ago, when our thriving Englewood was the southern outpost of Chicago, there came to administer to the widely scattered people, a young priest full of enthusiasm for his great work and well qualified to guide his flock in God's way.

Father Bernard P. Murray was his name, and though his life had been spent in America, he came from the Island of the Saints and Scholars. Born of a distinguished family, he was an honor to his ancestors in scholarly attainment, true piety and love for his fellowman. It is thirtyfive years since Father Murray was ordained at Baltimore by Cardinal Gibbons for the diocese of Chicago. Even at the outset of his career his work was so thorough and enthusiastic that after serving one year in the priesthood he was called by Archbishop Feehan to serve as secretary and chancellor of the archdiocese, a signal honor for so young a man. After serving here with distinction he was sent to establish the parish of Saint Bernard's in what was the southern limit of Chicago. This was a Herculean task, for the people were few and widely separated. Transportation was poor, and money was scarce indeed. However, he entered upon the labour before him with all the zeal and energy that had characterized his previous work, and before long a building that was to serve as church and school

appeared on the prairie. Here our devoted priest laboured in the interest of his congregation, ministering to their spiritual wants, comforting them in their sorrows, and helping them in their misfortunes.

Soon arose a larger school and turning the existing building over to the children, he began the erection of the noble structure which will stand as a monument to his devotion to the Glory of God and the place where His glory dwelleth. This enterprise took a great deal of time and thought, but in addition to it he found time to oversee the building of a beautiful convent for the Ladies of Loretto, whom he invited to this great city and who have wrought wonders in the care and training of the children confided to them in the parochial and high school. Father Murray's scholarly ideals being of the highest type, he encouraged the children by all possible means to acquire knowledge. Many a young priest owes the training for his life-work to the devotion and zeal of this devoted pastor.

The last but one of the greatest of his works was the founding of Saint Bernard's Hospital. It was Father Murray who planned it, making it a reality instead of a dream. His interest did not stop at the completion of the Hospital, for he was a daily and devoted visitor to the people who came there to be healed. A great deal of credit is due to his sister, Mrs. Warnock, for the unflagging attention she exhibited not only to Father Murray but to his life-work. Her encouragement and loving care meant much to our dear departed pastor and the heroism she displayed when her loved brother was called from earth was the admiration of all.

As was fitting for so whole-souled a worker in the Lord's vineyard, there came to pay the last tribute of respect to his earthly remains, Most Reverend George W. Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, Right Reverend A. J. McGavick, several monsignori, and three hundred priests, many of whom had come a long distance to attend the funeral.

There has never been a more solemn moment within our parish than the funeral day of our late beloved pastor. We cannot hope to speak fittingly of his many achievements nor at all of the many deeds of kindness and godliness performed in secret, but they are all enshrined in the hearts of those who loved him, and who, through the grace of God and the careful training of our dear Father Murray, will meet him some day in Heaven.

SARA MORTIMER, '18.

LORETTO, ENGLEWOOD.

# ACADEMIC CONTRIBUTIONS

Idea Books-Loretto, Niagara Falls

THERE is something so companionable about these little books, one could not call them composition books, that is too formal and suggestive of work, nor yet diaries, but somewhere in between they have their place.

An experience, accident, a funny story, or a beautiful sunset, each calls forth the expression, "Oh, there is something for my Idea Book!"

One luring thing about an Idea Book is that when telling it things, you need not always keep strictly to facts. As a result insertions and notes of explanation for our teacher creep in.

Not only are they very nice for school, but we can continue them all through life, and the

keeping in itself is a great pleasure.

Just think of the great joy in the future years, when, one day you are rummaging through old trunks and boxes, you come upon a well-worn covered note-book with its title, "My Idea Book!" Perhaps it is raining and you are in an attic. You settle yourself comfortably, leaning against a chimney (if such things are still in existence) and begin to read. As you turn the pages you become more and more interested; now you laugh at some funny school prank and now you pause and seem to look thoughtfully at the attic wall, but in reality you are gazing into the past.

Ah, the good old school days, how happy and carefree!

MONTROSE M. PHILLIPS.

Following are a few pages taken at random from the books of different girls:

Dec. 18th.—So at last, after much waiting and longing, the eventful day has arrived, but alas! the event hasn't. Imagine how I feel, knowing that our long-expected skating party must be postponed, just on account of a horrid old blizzard, especially since I had feared a thaw rather than a storm. Much comfort I find in having people tell me how lovely everything will look after it is over and that skating will be better and last much longer. I fear I am allowing my feelings to get the better of me.

Dec. 19th.—What a delightful surprise it was to me this morning on looking out of a little space I had cleaned on my frost-covered window, to find the earth dressed in a beautiful robe of white, on which the sun was shining brightly and making many diamond-like crystals glitter

deceivingly. Life is worth living again. My walk this morning was so pleasant! In a few minutes I was at Table Rock, from which the Falls looked more magnificent than ever in their winter glory. How much higher also the ice mountain had grown! Yesterday's storm surely did its work well. Our ice bridge, too, looked firm and strong. One would almost believe it could never be moved. And then—but why should I try to describe it when poets rarely find the words?

Jan. 15th.—I hope, Mother, you will not be shocked at what I am going to write. My subject is "Our Beauty Week."

You see, the girls in our dormitory decided to give that saying, "It is every woman's duty to be beautiful," a test. So last night we began

and this was our program.

First, we washed our face thoroughly with Ivory soap and then rinsed it in five different waters. Next we proceeded to plaster our eyebrows and lashes with vaseline; that is to make them grow. We expect they will soon be so long we shall be able to curl them. After such minor things as brushing hair, etc. (the lights meanwhile having been put out) we opened all the windows as far as possible, pulled the curtains (which, by the way, caused Hilda to rise shiveringly at a very early hour this morning in order to get everything in proper order before we should be called) so as to allow the air to circulate freely. Then we took bending exercises to make us thin (and I am only twenty-one inches around the waist now-slightly exaggerated). Last of all, the other girls-I happened to lack the required instruments—put on gloves which are said to make the hands white and small, and we tumbled into bed.

We intend to give this a week's trial, at the end of which time, if we do not receive any compliments on our beauty, we will give it up, but we are hopeful that we shall be able to cause many beauty doctors to go into bankruptcy.

Jan. 28th.—What a perfectly wonderful walk we had this morning! Every bush and tree was glittering white and the air was so fresh and exhilarating!

A trip to the islands would come in very nicely now—they must be perfectly beautiful.

Last year, just about this time, Father Rosa

took the girls to see an art collection, and as we were rather early we took a walk about the islands. They surpassed every fairy land I had ever dreamed of. Everything was white, pure white, with not even a hint of a dark twig showing anywhere. There wasn't a picture that we saw later, that could even be compared with a smallest bush. However, that is my opinion and after all, perhaps, it is because I do not understand art.

Feb. 8th.—Our concert is over, Little Idea Book! It was a great success, just as I told you it would be. I should really be doing something else right now, but I just had to tell you about it. First of all, we could not have had a merrier evening than we had last night. It was bright out in the open and bright inside. The very stars in the heavens did not shine more than our faces. Secretly we were thinking of the ice-cream, cake and delicious home-made taffy we were to have later. Girls will be girls, you know—but it was surely good when it did come.

The two Marys sang beautifully as usual, and the recitations and two scenes from Macbeth were quite successful. I wish we had time for such pleasant evenings often, but this life cannot be all play and no work.

March 13th.—As "a bolt out of a clear sky" came your announcement to-day, Mother, that all Idea books are to be in to-morrow. By looking at the above date you can understand why I received such a shock. However, glancing around the study hall, I perceive two others in the same plight, and the clock says ten to eight. Ah, me! Excuse this short "contribution," there is the bell now. That means no more until morning.

March 28th.—Sure signs of spring:

- 1. The storm windows have been removed.
- 2. I am getting very lazy.
- 3. Brown spots, the shape, size and color of ginger cookies have appeared above the horizon. Upon closer scrutiny a small army has been discovered midway between Nose and Eyeland. Rumors have reached Central Cheek to the effect that an early raid has been planned. This report has caused a great deal of sympathy in that vicinity and owing to Complexion's pitiful state of unpreparedness, it is supposed that the whole Face will soon be overrun. Heaven forbid!

May 2d.—I thought of course, that after United States declared war, all disputes on that

subject would cease, among us. But it seems they have only begun.

Womanlike, or should I say womenlike?—we argue now upon the subject of uniforms. To my great consternation and dismay I heard someone say, "The only thing I dislike about the American uniform is the hat." Why! right along I have considered that the crowning glory of their perfect appearance.

Is it natural for me to think they look best, and vice versa, with the Canadian girls? I suppose it is and yet it does seem very funny.

May 4th.—Yes, commencement is drawing on apace. Whenever I think of it a strange kind of fear clutches "my heart" and I have chills all over.

Wouldn't it be terrible if, when I got up to play, I should forget everything! The graduates would be so ashamed, my music teacher and you would be disgraced and I would die. I dare not even think of mother.

I suppose you think I am a "vain creeter." From the way I talk one would think everything depended upon me, when I am only a little, insignificant part of the program. But it means a great deal to me.

May 6th.—Matter enough for my Idea Book to-day, though it is hardly necessary for me to write it to be able to retain the memory of my impressions on looking into the chapel this morning. Most of us had heard of the calamity before we had gone so far, but I can appreciate the feelings of one of our household, who, without any hint of the disaster, came down to mass as usual. I can fancy her surprise upon reaching the chapel door. I don't know whether she thought we were all buried under there or not, but she must have done some wondering.

We had a free day to-day, and were highly amused when the church-goers cast such curious glances at the convent and the girls. I suppose, no doubt, they expected to see the building half gone and the girls and nuns lying on the ground on stretchers. I suggested taking our handkerchiefs and tying them around our heads or using them as slings for our arms, and though it was a good idea no one seemed particularly anxious to start it.

May 12th.—I was told not so long ago that one's brain can hold only so many facts at one time. Instinctively my hand went up to my

head where I felt a small bump. "Ah," thought I, "I already know too much and one of my thoughts is coming out." But as a glass of ice water on my hopes, came the next words, which told me I might study for years to come before I reached that limit.

May 28th.—Well, little Idea Book, we are almost at the end of our last school year at Loretto; but I intend to keep you near me in the future. It will be with a great deal of sadness that we sing, "O, when we leave this place of rest."

As I glance around the study hall at the thoughtful faces of my classmates, I try to imagine what sorrows, joys and pleasures will be theirs in the coming years.

When I look back over this happy year, my one regret is that it has been so short and is so soon to close.

### THE ABBEY CLOCK

ANY, many years this faithful clock has stood in the hallowed hall of the dear old Abbey, a silent and interested observer of the happenings of every day—a sentinel asking and getting a glance from all passersby as they go to study hall, chapel, class room or dormitory.

Dear old clock! tell us what you have witnessed as you strike the hours and years away!

And the Clock says: "Dear children, I have fallen into the sere of life, as you see, by my sallow face and trembling hands, and I cannot, therefore, talk as vividly or as interestingly as I could have done in the days of my youth. But give me your attention, children. I have stood here, year in and year out, and many dear souls have come and gone since first I took up this abode. In September, when the school term reopens, I look with happy expectation upon the newcomers as they scale the stairs, laden with grips and parcels; but my heart leaps with joy when I see the faces of the old girls returning for another term. As they pass me I receive many a familiar nod which seems to say, 'Bon jour! Bon jour! Old Clock!' Not old, if you please! Tick! Tock! Tick! Tock!"

After the passing wonder of the first few days everything quiets down and hard work is resumed. I mark the hour for each effort of the little workers and for the gay intervals of recreation. Some wish I would hurry and some wish

I would go slow, but I keep steadily on. Tick! Tock! Tick! Tock!

At Christmas I watch the girls thoughtfully as they descend the stairs with light and graceful steps, but I am much gazed upon then, too, for the train time, you see, as they set out for home and loved ones. Meantime I tick away for the good nuns who continue their duties with untiring zeal thinking only of the reward to come. Tick! Tock!

When school re-opens, after Christmas, some returning pass me with a happy smile, others with a dewy tear. Between Christmas and Easter I always expect a Mardi Gras masquerade, and its little clowneries make me feel young again. I wish I could dance, but it would upset the regularity of the house, I fear, so Tick! Tock!

Between Easter and June each year a procession of fair, youthful maidens pass me on its way to the Chapel, where these bridal-gowned virgins renounce the world and its follies forever, and within the interval of an hour or so, pass me again, now clothed in the holy Habit of the Order of Loretto. I say Tick! Tock! in joy and admiration!

This year I had the pleasure of gazing upon the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire as they passed me on their visit through the college. I was also the silent onlooker at Benediction given in the Library on Corpus Christi. It was a beautiful sight as the nuns passed carrying lighted candles, while the girls followed singing hymns of praise.

Soon, children, I hear it murmured about that the grounds are spread with a magnificent carpet of emerald green, and all the little buds are peeping out to see the sun, and you all get tired of old grandfather Clock! Tick! Tock! No? Well, I stay here at my post and have some recompense, too! The Procession of Our Lady passes me the last day of May before it goes to the grounds, and then in June I see and hear so much of the joys of Graduation Day and its joyous preparations and rehearsals.

In the latter part of June I bid adieu to the majority of the girls, while a sturdy little band still remains under my watchful eye. Tick! Tock! Why that anxious look, dear children? Do you wonder why all the girls do not go home? These girls remain to write their Departmental examinations. Two weeks more of hard, concentrated study for them! I see very little of these cautious students during the time of preparation,

but on the morning they commence to write I am an object of extreme interest. As they pass me in line going from the Study Hall they give me a quick glance, and say, "Only five minutes more," or, "I do wish that old clock was slow." Now, such an insult! Soon, it is very quiet and I know they have all begun to write while I tick! tock! them to success or failure!

After the examinations are over and the girls have departed I am very lonely, but I have not time to stop and think, but must do my duty, for, after all, I suppose I am only an old clock!

COLETTE HERBERT.

LORETTO ABBEY.

### MY WINTER VACATION

F ever anyone I know has the opportunity to visit the South, I shall say, "Go to Southern California," and this not only for the pleasures and beauties of California, but also for the varied and interesting scenery of the States through which one travels.

From our Classic City to Chicago is but a night's journey. On leaving the latter, we passed through Joliet, where, from the car windows, we saw the Loretto Convent. The country, for the most part, was snow-covered, and we did not find it interesting until the second or third day, when we crossed the plains and deserts of New Mexico and Arizona, and went through the Rockies into the Painted Desert. The latter gives everything odd hues and casts a purplish reflection on the distant mountains. Here and there we saw a mirage, and occasionally, the bones of animals that had been lost in the Desert. The first palms I noticed were by moonlight, at Needles, on the California State boundary.

Los Angeles is the central point of interest for that section of the State, a city of beautiful homes, with large gardens containing many varieties of palms and flowers. The California poppy is everywhere; it is a deep yellow, and blossoms profusely. The immense number of good roads enables one to reach almost any part of the State without leaving a paved route, and also aids the many summer-resorts near the city where the tourist idles away a good part of his time. One of the prettiest of these resorts is Venice, very small, but what there is of it is built after the style of Venice, Italy, with canals and old houses everywhere. The beautiful and extensive beach and warm salt-water plunge and

the ever-present camera man photographing for movie comedy pictures are not so like the oldworld Venice, I fancy.

The drive along the shore through Tapango Canyon takes about half an hour to reach the mountains, and there are many routes and no two are exactly alike. As one winds higher and higher up the mountains one can see a little cottage with rustic nooks and pathways leading perhaps to a summer-house or tiny spring. On reaching the top, the scene is altogether different, yet so beautiful, that you stop your machine and on foot climb to the very tip of the mount to get a better view of the charming San Fernando Valley.

This Valley lies between two mountain ranges and is perhaps ten or twelve miles wide. It is always quiet and peaceful, and through it like a wide ribbon winds, often doubling on its course, the bed of the Los Angeles river. Far away in the distance rise the other mountains,—a purple gray, through the mist which always surrounds them, and at their foot lie the ruins of the San Fernando Mission.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the Southern States, and especially of California, is the Missions. About 1776 Fra Juniperro Serra at an advanced age, with several other missionaries, set out from Mexico on foot to found a number of Missions in California, at this time belonging to Spain. They began at San Diego, and after founding a Mission there, they walked to San Francisco, planting Missions the distance of a day's walk apart, so that the Mission Fathers would have to walk only one day to reach the next stopping place. There are thirtytwo Missions, mostly all designed by Fra Juniperro Serra, but not all were finished in his time. The last, Mission Dolores, near San Francisco, was completed in 1809. The route connecting these Missions was made into a good road and called "El Camino Real," The King's Highway, and every few miles there is an old green bell with "Elcamino Real" on it, and the number of miles to the next Mission.

The Missions were pretty much the same, built in the form of a square, with a patio, or court, and a garden in the centre; the arches of the porch extending the whole length of the building add very much to the beauty of the Missions. Besides the Chapel and Mission House, they had separate rooms; the loom room, the spinning room, the school rooms, and many others, where, besides being Christianized, the

Indians were taught to be industrious, and they became very skilful in many trades, particularly in that of wood carving and moulding brass. Many of their articles of furniture are so beautifully carved as to make the copying of them almost impossible. Their favorite design was the poinsettia; one sees it everywhere, even on the doors. The wine presses are very odd, they are made of brick, round in shape, three or four feet thick, and the inside is rounded like a basin; the grapes were pressed, and the juice ran out through a hole in the side which could be blocked when not in use. The Missions, besides the flower and vegetable gardens, had fig and lemon trees, apricots, dates, and pomegranates; they also had large vineyards, olive groves, and orange trees in profusion.

The Mission Chapels were usually very beautiful. The Altar was always in the East end, and the choir loft, at the opposite end, was reached from the outside by steps. The paintings, vestments, statues, and tapestries, even the candlesticks, were brought from Spain, and though very old, are still very beautiful; some of the statues are dressed in clothes of velvet and lace. The Statue of St. Louis of France is in all probability the only one of its kind in America. It is over the High Altar at the San Louis Rey Mission. These Missions add greatly to the interest of California, and recall vividly the early days of Spanish rule in that State.

MARY McIlhargy.

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD.

### THE VALUE OF SMALL THINGS

TIRED in body and soul and discouraged beyond measure, after vainly applying to countless heartless editors, who one and all rejected my precious manuscripts, I walked aimlessly on and on, paying heed to naught but my weary thoughts. How foolish I had been in coming to this great city thinking that I could write. How utterly ridiculous I had been with my bundle of stories under my arm with a high heart, to be sure, but a slim pocket-book to accompany it, thinking to engrave a name for myself on the tablet of fame.

Not heeding the direction my steps were taking me, I glanced up with a startled exclamation of apology, when I realized that I had nearly collided with a little old lady, who was trying to unlock a gate, and at the same time keep a hold

on several packages. I immediately offered my assistance and was rewarded by an invitation to enter. I did so, and gazing about me beheld beds and beds of flowers. Flowers! My first glimpse of real growing things since I turned my back on home.

The little lady smiled gently and said: "My flowers, ah! they are the joy of my life!" I stood for an instant bewildered, while my thirsty soul drank in the heavenly wonder of the scene and my eyes revelled in the feast of color.

Before me was a bed of pansies and I sank to my knees with a sob in my throat and buried my tear-wet cheeks in their velvety petals. Hearts-ease! Pansies for thoughts! There had been pansies in the garden at home—Home! where I longed with all my heart and soul to be, for I was weary of foreign faces and foreign places and my heart went out to this little bit of home, for here in this busy, bustling city there had seemed no place for flowers.

Away in a corner almost hidden by overhanging bushes, was a bed of late violets sparkling with the dew that was just beginning to fall. And the little lady, whose love for flowers was shown by her store of flower quotations, said:

"Violet! sweet violet!
Thine eyes are full of tears;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years?
Or with gladness are they full
For the night so beautiful
And longing for those far-off spheres?"

And touching one softly and tenderly went on,
"Thy little heart that hath with love
Grown colored like the sky above
On which thou lookest ever."

And over here was a trellis completely covered with dainty sweet peas, poised lightly on their slender stems. And as in echo to my thoughts my hostess said:

"Here are sweet peas on tip-toe for a flight With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white And taper-fingers catching at all things To bind them all about with tiny rings."

From here we traced our steps through paths lined with rose-bushes of every kind, making the air one vast pot-pourri, and thence through a door in a hedge to a very different-looking part of the gardens, no formal arrangements or

stately box, but just flowers seemingly in a great confusion. "This is the part of my garden that I love the best; here I have wild flowers of every description; here are real Scotch mountain daisies, grown from a slip I myself brought from Scotland."

"Scotch daisies! oh! the dear things," and the spirit of Highland ancestors prompted me to whisper softly, "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped

flow'r, thou bonny gem!"

"And now here is my favorite flower," and my guide pointed to a stretch of gold before us. Eagerly I turned. "But what is this? Surely it is a mistake. Nothing but dandelions."

Noting my expression of surprise, the lady went on. "You are thinking that I have strange fancies, are you not? But I will tell you a story, my dear, and perhaps you will see the reason more clearly.

"Once upon a time, not so very long ago, a man wandered out here, lonely, tired and discouraged to the point of despair. He had come to the city and after many trials and much labor had amassed a considerable fortune,—and then in one fell stroke, he lost it. He had trusted his fellow-men, alas, unwisely, and now he had come well-nigh desperate to fling himself down on this bed of gold and give way to his bitter thoughts. The sight of the dandelions seemed to add to his misery, for were they not the color of the gold which had caused him so much grief? But as he grew calmed he noted the tiny blossoms more carefully, while some words from his schooldays ran through his mind,—

"'Fringing the dusty road With harmless gold."

"Was any gold harmless? Someone thought so, so it might be true; and summoning all his courage he turned again to the city, filled with new hope and fervor, and encouraged by this humble flower, he set to work, not for the amount of gold he could amass, as a miser, but to make a living and a means for making others happy.

"This story is true, for that man is my son." Soon after, I took my leave and as I went my way, light hearted, encouraged and cheered by the story I had heard, feeling that the memory of this day would never be effaced, I felt that I had learned something that might have taken years to acquire, that is, the value of small things, and when I reached home and read over my poor, rejected manuscripts, I saw clearly

where the fault was. I had been trying to write of great things of which I knew nothing, so then and there I resolved to appreciate the small things of life first, and some words which fittingly expressed my thoughts came to me:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

LIDA PIRRITTE, '18,

Loretto, Englewood.

# Echoes from Woodlawn

To the Class of Seventeen

A maiden true and sweet and wise, Flaxen hair and soft gray eyes, Our Antoinette,

A bird-like voice, an airy tread, Daintiness from toe to head, Our Jeannette.

Eyes of blue that shine with fun, Whate'er the need, her part's well done, Our Edna

Small and winsome, heart of gold, Wondering what the years enfold, Our Lily.

A kindly manner, ne'er a frown, Rosy cheeks and eyes of brown, Our Dorothy.

One who favors music's muse
And from life's gifts the best does choose,
Our Helen.

Of gracious, gentle, graceful ways, A girl who likes life's sunny days, Our Zillah.

Thoughtful, kind, of tender mood, A promise of true womanhood, Our Catherine.

God keep these Girlies, one and all!
Upon each life, let blessings fall!
"For Greater Things," their aim will be
Until at Home, they rest with Thee
And Thy sweet Mother full of grace,
Within whose loving care we place
Our Graduates.

JEAN FIFE, '18.

LORETTO, WOODLAWN.

### A Graduate's Alphabet of Memories

A is for Antoinette, poet and sage;

B is for Bygones on memory's page;

C is for Caesar and Cicero, too, Also for Catherine, so tried and so true.

D is our classmate, our pale Dorothy, In Ethics or dancing, unequaled is she.

E is for Edna, so sober and shy
To rouse her to mischief you'd better not try.

F is for French and "La Fille de Roland," And the Fifteenth of June "un jour qui est grand."

G is Geometry, our bane in Third Year, 'Twas certainly never a book of good cheer.

H is for Helen, our musical lass, And also for Hamlet and Hours that Pass.

I is for Items of interest you know, Sent thrice a year to "NIAGARA RAINBOW."

J for Jeannette, who sings like a bird,

K for "Keep Quiet," that so often we've heard.

L is for Latin, that language so stately, Also for Lily, who acts so sedately.

M for Macbeth, that we studied so well, On each scene and act we'd carefully dwell.

N is for Newman, our hero, our friend;

O for the Outings we've now and then planned.

P is for Physics, a study all fear, Also the Play in the June of each year.

Q for the Queen, whom Loretto maids serve, From the strict path of duty, they never will swerve.

R is for Rhetoric, carefully learned,

S is for Study, by none of us spurned.

T is for Trouble, which all of us know We cannot avoid where e'er we may go.

U is for Us, the best class of all,

V is for Virgil, whose works so enthrall.

W for Work to be done with a will,

X for "Xams" and we've had our fill.

Y for the Years that we've all spent together, In fresh smiling Spring, or cold winter weather.

Z is for Zillah, a courteous lass, Whose long, glossy curls are the pride of the class.

A. DE ROULET, '17.

LORETTO, WOODLAWN.

### OUR FOUR

HEN the Loretto Matriculation Class began the school term in September, 1916, her members might have boasted, like the wise little girl of Wordsworth's poem, "We are seven!" Midway in the term, however, the little goblin of Unrest made its appearance in the class, and spirited away three of our members, one, to the Abbey to make a special study of Pharmacist's Matriculation, and two, to commercial realms upstairs to labour with typewriters and text books that some day they might be prepared to make an effective bow to the business world.

In considering the introduction of the remaining members of our class to the Abbey through the Rainbow, we decided that every girl should share in the ceremony, so that this essay is the work of the class, each girl having undertaken the description of one of her class-mates. We shall begin with Marjorie Cray, the youngest member of the Form.

Marjorie is dark. Her eyes are quite the blackest I have ever seen and they are surrounded by a long, thick fringe of dark lashes. Her nose is quite a formidable member, but this is said to be a mark of intelligence. She has good colouring and an abundance of black, curly hair. Marjory is a typical student and the brain of the class for solving the knotty problems of mathematics and science. As for dates in History, from the time of Homer to the age of George V., every date is, as it were, written on her brain.

But like any other human being, Marge sometimes gets mixed, for instance: "Pericles was a Roman citizen; under him the Assembly met on the Pnyx outside of Rome." Beyond this, Marjorie is brilliant.

Marcella Anderson comes next. Marcella is tall and slender with fair hair and blue eyes. She is essentially a summer girl, one who looks her best dressed in a middy, with a tennis racquet in hand—and (may I add?) she plays a good game. She has always attended Loretto and is well-known to most of the nuns of the community. She enjoys life—as her ready laugh testifies—and one always gets her frank opinion on any subject without the least concession to those who are listening. She is the only real musician of the class, at present taking A. T. C. M. work; at all school recitals and concerts she is our class representative and never fails to

reflect honour upon us. In the midst of her hurried life, she finds time for Red Cross work and knits "for the boys"; but just now she worries only about her "exams" and how she can get them.

Annie Noonan, the only member of our class who is not a Guelphite, came to join our flock from Harrison four years ago, when she passed her Entrance. Since that time she has been a general favourite among our girls, of a bright disposition, with an ever-present "giggle" to relieve the monotony of school life. She is a tall, strongly-built girl, capable of carrying on her sturdy shoulders all the worries of the class, and being a boarder, is the most dependable member of the class. Her examinations give proof of the efforts she is making. Judging by her compositions, she could quite easily gain a livelihood by supplying the "Kalem" Co. with Moving Picture Scenarios. If she passes her Normal Entrance one of the Normals will be her destination, and the "if" might be replaced by "when" without violating any of the laws of truth.

Lastly, but by no means least, comes Emma McQuillan, who is a prominent member of the Matriculation Class of '17. She is a Guelphite and has spent all her school years at "Loretto," being a general favourite as she is ever ready with her "bit of wit." She is tall, slender, has blue eyes and her head is covered with golden curis. She is not gifted with a very industrious nature and sometimes finds it difficult to keep awake when in the midst of one of the "very interesting" Matriculation subjects. She possesses the happy faculty of always looking on the cheerful side of things. Even "Exams" fail to produce their usual effects and she is as calm as though they were everyday occurrences. At present her chief ambition is to pass "Matric" and the holidays will decide what her future course may be.

These four members, differing so widely in appearance and in character, comprise our Matriculation Class of 1917.

We have spent a busy, happy year in our work, though sometimes we have been tempted to turn to pleasanter tasks. In these latter days sometimes in the long afternoons, the gay springtime has sent her messengers, the mischievous breezes, through the open window, to extend to us her invitation to leave the monotonous school tasks and revel in the beauty of

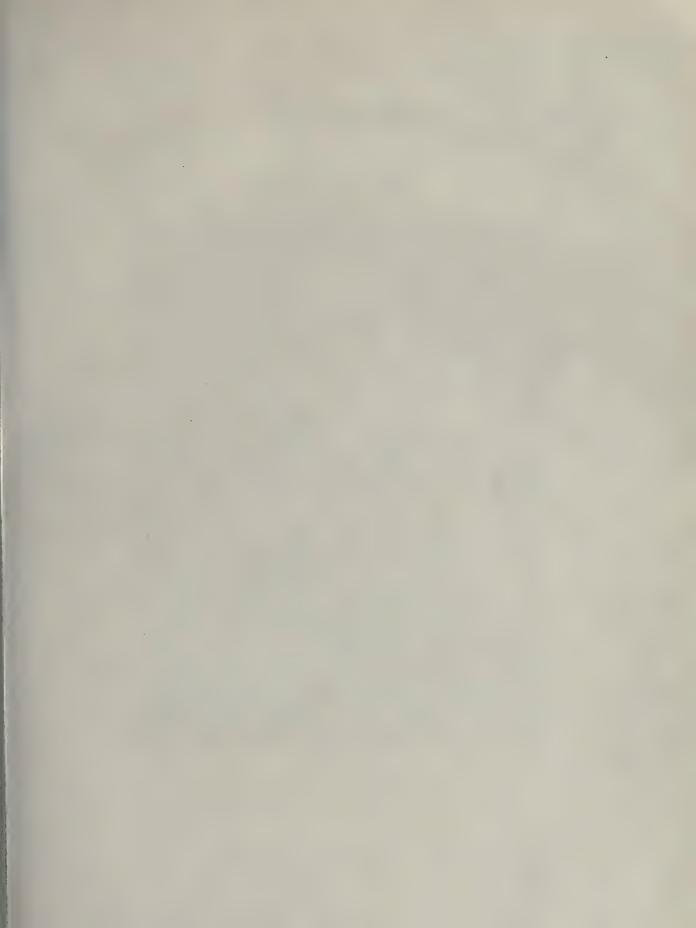
the great out-of-doors. At such times it has seemed doubly hard to continue the tedious work, particularly when one's window commands a view of a lovely green hillside, the property of Loretto, fairly calling to one to enjoy its coolness and its beauty. There may be heard the joyous songs of birds, there, the chestnut leaves —Natures' electric fans—blow and rustle in the breezes; there, the steps and the green terraces furnish lovely resting places, and the eye commands a view of the heart of the city, with its tall buildings above which wave the flags of our Empire, symbolic of the splendid way in which Canadians have placed their country's need above all else, the wealth of their cities, the success of their industries, their paltry money and their precious blood!

However, we have been able to concentrate our minds upon our studies to such an extent that we dare to hope for the success of our girls in the coming examination, that Loretto may have no reason to be other than proud of her Matriculation Class of '17.

EMMA McQuillan.
Annie Noonan.
Marcella Anderson.
Marjorie Cray.
Annie Sutherland.

# Can Anyone Tell

When the English tongue we speak Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"? Will you tell me why it's true We say "sew," but likewise "few"? And the fashioner of verse Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse"? "Beard" sounds not the same as "heard"; "Cord" is different from "word"; "Cow" is cow, but "low" is low; "Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe." Think of "hose," and "dose," and "lose"; And of "goose" and also "choose." Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb": "Doll" and "roll" and "home" and "some"; 'And since "pay" is rhymed with "say," Why not "paid" with "said," I pray? We have "blood," and "food" and "good"; "Mould" is not pronounced like "could." Wherefore "done," but "gone," and "lone"? Is there any reason known?





# THE RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing



a woman perfected

Volume Twenty-four

October, 1917

Number Three

# The Child of Mary

Fashion my soul, O Mirror of His grace! Upon thine own. Let Him no image on its surface trace Save His alone.

Let me, my nothingness, each day confess,—
And yet employ
My nothingness to tell thy blessedness,
And sing thy joy.

Let me, the mirror of thy likeness, gleam With virtues three;
Thy faithfulness, thy charity supreme,
Thy modesty.

Then when He calls me I may take my place
And 'neath the fold
Secure—of thy protecting mantle's grace,
His Face behold!

ELSIE FREEMAN.

LORETTO.



# THE INFLUENCE OF PICTURES

E seldom think of the great influence exerted over our lives by the perusal of pictures and yet, if we but reflect for a moment, what influence is greater? In the wonderful sanctuary of the mind are spacious galleries upon whose walls hang myriads of pictures; some are reproductions placed there by memory; others are the creations of our own

imagination, yet each bears a certain relation to the various views and suggestions received by our senses.

The impressions made by a mental review of these pictures, are as real as the impressions made by the sight of material things, and are often of much greater intensity, and we unconsciously shade our actions by the tone of the interior vision occupying our attention at the time. How effective these pictures are in exciting emotions of mirth, grief, joy, etc. Can it not be truly said that the gloom or brightness of individual lives is caused by the pictures which adorn the favorite haunts of each person's thoughts?

Since this is so, how careful we should be as to our choice of pictures to hang in these wonderful galleries; for as our minds are finite, so must the number of our pictures be. God has put a wealth of beautiful pictures in this marvellous world of ours. Nature is His story-book and by the pictures we find there we are led to a knowledge of the great Creator. But the mas-

terpieces are found in the lives of God's faithful servants, of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. These we may gaze at, reproduce in our minds and enjoy when other things weary us, as a traveller in a foreign land loves to gather around him the familiar scenes and dear faces of home.

The picture dearest to the exile is that of his mother. Can there be anything in the whole round of creation more lovely than is presented to us in the vision of our Mother—Mary Immaculate? Truly we may exclaim, "Super Omnes Speciosa."

JUDITH YOUNG.

LORETTO.



# THE DRAMA AND CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

By KATHERINE BREGY

THE connection between the drama and the Catholic School—to speak more boldly, between the stage and the Church—is not, perhaps, obvious at first glance. For a' that and a' that, it is none the less profound and farreaching. Historically, of course, there is no art more closely bound up with religion than the art of the theatre; and that our modern drama was literally cradled in the sanctuary—that is to say, that it grew directly and indirectly out of the great liturgical offices of the Christian Church—is common knowledge.\* Moreover, the spirit of Catholicity is essentially dramatic, an interpretation of the popular human consciousness; and so under normal circumstances tolerant and even sympathetic towards the acting instinct that dwells in all healthy people. In time this instinct becomes an art, more and more secularized. But it is only when the art becomes debased and corrupted that the Church frowns upon it, as upon something capable of great good but turned aside into evil. One thing is certain: the theatre has come to stay and in one form or another it appeals universally. In spite of the vagaries of the sects, in spite of sensational "movies," and in spite of "yellow journalism," the three great moulders of public taste, the three great reflectors of public opinion, are still the pulpit, the stage and the printing press.

Now the relation of the school to the drama is two-fold, for the school is at once actor and audience. Everywhere the school is becoming a

producing center, keen upon play and pageant and pantomime. And the time has gone by when "anything will do," or when "the will is taken for the deed." We are learning—very gradually, indeed-that we must do away with waste. So we begin to realize that the good play is no more difficult to produce, and far more interesting to rehearse than the worthless or inane one. This is where the Catholic School, and the Catholic amateur company can do really constructive work—they can keep the standard They can resolutely refuse to offer "cheap" or stupid, or alas! even vulgar entertainments--even to raise money for the worthiest cause! Good things are always costly in one way or another, perhaps: but in the end they are the only things worth having at all.

This does not mean schools need show any dull monotony in their choice. The "infinite variety" of Shakespeare is theirs—comedy, tragedy, history, fantasy; and the Shakespearean play is almost always successful, even with very young actors. A quite unusual field can be developed by presenting some of the best pre-Shakespearean drama—scenes from the great Mystery cycles. Moralities like "Everyman," and comic interludes as the celebrated St. George Play. Then there are numberless adaptations from the classics: Greek and Latin myths. Scenes from Racine, Corneille and Moliere, and beautiful dramatic renderings of great poems such as the Canterbury Tales, the Morte

<sup>\*</sup> See English Religious Drama, by Katherine Lee Bates; also Professor Shelling's History of Elizabethan Drama. (Introduction).
† This may be obtained postpaid by sending publication price, twenty-five cents, to 21 South 13th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Bulletins are free.

D'Arthur, etc., etc. In modern comedy one can travel amusingly all the way from the satires of Sheridan to the peasant farces of Lady Gregory. And there is an ever-increasing supply of religious drama for Catholics to choose from, even among recent works; the Bethlehem of Lawrence Huisman, for example, the Hour Glass by Wm. Butler Yeats, and of course, the devout and noble plays of our own Robert Hugh Benson. Original work by the teachers and pupils is often particularly interesting—only we must be *critical*, even of ourselves! We must insist that the treatment as well as the subject shall have merit of its own.

Much pleasure then, and profit, too, are stored away in school dramatics. But perhaps their greatest possibility lies in training the taste of the pupils. The little Catholic actor of today is the grown Catholic theatre-goer of tomorrow and there is a bigger problem still! For in the long run, the theatre-goer gets very much what he or she deserves; that is to say, demands. There has been widespread feeling during the past decade that all was not well with the theatre; that good plays were being neglected, while worthless or positively evil plays flourished apace. Hence there have sprung up such societies as the Drama League, and that very sane and practical effort known as the Catholic Theatre Movement. This latter was organized in New York in 1913, and has spread to other cities, being notably active in Philadelphia. Cardinal Farley describes it as a "campaign of education," and its object is to define and maintain the Catholic viewpoint in regard to the theatre. The first step of the Theatre Movement was the issuing of Promise Cards, by which all members promised to avoid improper plays and exhibitions, and to use their influence that others do likewise. The next (and one which has been repeated every few months) was the publication of a White List—wholesome current plays which Catholics need have no hesitancy in attending. The New York Centre is now issuing frequent brief Bulletins commenting upon new plays as they are produced. The Philadelphia Centre, besides publishing a Juvenile Play Cataloguet especially designed for the help of Catholic schools and colleges, has issued special Bulletins dealing with Motion Pictures, the Shakespeare Tercentenary, American Drama, etc.

"To have great poets, there must be great audiences too," declared Whitman—and this is doubly true of the drama. And theatrical managers estimate that at least three-fifths of all their audiences are made up of women! Here is food for thought—and for action, too. It is good, indeed, to have Catholic playwrights—good also to have Catholic actors, but the final judgment of failure or success will oftenest lie with the Catholic man or woman out in the audience. So, in the last analysis, it rests very largely with the graduates of our Catholic schools to decide whether modern drama shall go up or down; whether the stage shall be, as in medieval times, the friend and ally of the Church—or, as in too many modern instances, her enemy!

# The Priest's Mother

By BLANCHE MARY KELLY.

Flanked by serried hosts of angels multitudinous, Who is this that comes like an army in array? Why does the sword of Michael gleam so glorious?

Wherefore does Uriel with palms bestrew the way?

Is it one who drank of the wine-cup virginal, And the warmth of earth-love gladly did forego?

Martyr mystic-signed is this, patriarch or cardinal,

That the orbed cherubim so tremulously glow?

Have the cohorts militant lost a blade invincible?
Has some sinning woman from nigh the doors of hell,

Fighting inch by inch of the dark road terrible, Set her bleeding feet at last among the asphodel?

Sister, she that shines amid the chrysoprase and sardius,

Whose tears will not be stayed before the splendor of the East,

Is but a timid woman, frail, with worn hands tremulous,

The Winner of the Smile of God, the mother of His priest.

He that of her very flesh was long months fashioning

Now makes the Flesh of God upon the altarstone;

Shall He that's fain to dwell with men be niggard of a welcoming

To her that made the way whereby He comes unto His own?

# THE CATHOLIC STRAIN IN SPENSER

BY REV. M. J. RYAN, D. D., PH. D.

II.

I T has often been remarked that in the "Legend of Holiness" Una who stands for Truth, or the true Church, is robed in a garb like a nun's. The name of Priest, also, is always with Spenser a term of honor; he always calls the minister of his own church a "priest;" whereas in the mouth of the Puritans that word always was an expression of hatred and of affected contempt.

In the "Hymn of Heavenly Love," a belief in the doctrine of the Real Presence is uttered in the following lines. After speaking of the In-

carnation and Redemption, he says:

"Him first to love, great right and reason is, Who first to us our life and being gave, And after when we fared had amiss, As wretches from the second death did save, And, last, the Food of Life, which now we have—

Even He Himself—in His dear sacrament To feed our hungry souls unto us left."

Anyone who has read Britomart's visit to the Temple of Isis must see that Spenser has no hostility to the Mass, to priests, to celibacy, or to the ascetic life. Is there any need to cite the well-known verses in the very opening of the Faerie Queene, in which he shows his veneration for the Cross and the Crucifix? That he is thinking not only of the Cross but of the Crucifix is shown by the fourth verse following:

And on his breast a bloody Cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he
wore

And dead as living ever Him adored.

And it is pertinent here to observe that the hermitage in Book VI. Chap. V. bears on its roof "a Rood"—a term which may mean either a Cross or a Crucifix.

In the Legend of Holiness the account of the hero's penance for his fall is thoroughly Catholic in its spirit and details, even including confession to the spiritual physician. Nor should it be forgotten that Spenser's belief in free will is repeatedly expressed, while the doctrine of forensic and "Imputed" righteousness was a joke between his friend Gabriel Harvey and himself.

In Mother Hubbard's Tale of the Ape and the Fox, Spenser strikes with a two-edged sword, first at the lax ministers of his own church—whom he contrasts, much to their disadvantage, with the Catholic priesthood of old times, (using, as Dean Church says, "an odd mixture of Roman Catholic irony with Puritan censure"), and then strikes at the hypocrites who professed and outwardly practised Puritanism in order to curry favor with Puritan noblemen, who had good livings in their gift.

These are by no means all of the points that might be considered, but they suffice to show that Spenser had abandoned the Puritan dogmas of his youth for a creed much nearer to the

Catholic than to Puritanism.

It is only fair to make room for a word on another part of his opinions. Archimago, the magician, who assumes the part of a popish monk, represents Spenser's view (which, of course, I am only stating, and cannot here undertake to discuss) that foreign nominal Catholics were coming into the country on missions really political, and covering up a foreign (Spanish or Scottish) policy under the mask of zeal for the Papacy and the restoration of the Catholic religion, in order to induce the English Catholics to rise in arms and place the Queen of Scotland or the King of Spain on the throne of England—as (I may add) French agents had stirred up the Protestants in the reign of Mary, and again stirred up the Puritans in Scotland and England against Charles I. and as Dutch Protestants, a century after the Spanish Armada, hiding their national policy under a cloak of zeal for the Protestant religion, (even Macaulay confesses this of William III) induced the Protestants of the British Islands not only to dethrone their King but actually to pass over his Protestant daughters and give the whole power of the Crown to the Dutch Stadtholder, who then used their treasure and their blood to fight the battles of Holland and Germany against France.

I cannot here speak of the poetic power with which Spenser's ideas are expressed. Didactic or philosophic poetry was perhaps his forte. Any one who reads his great allegory should remember that these Legends of Faerieland are, like the Idylis of the King, a series of poems

rather than one poem. But whoever compares Spenser's work with that of Tennyson will find that the poet of the sixteenth century surpasses the poet of the nineteenth in native genius as much as the latter excels the former in the mastery of his art.

I had drawn up my remarks upon the religious opinions of Spenser, when my attention was called to the Clarendon Press edition of the first two Legends, and I cannot say how surprised I was at the lack of intelligence shown by the editor. In general, the University of Oxford is honorably distinguished for treating literature and literary criticism in the literary spirit, and keeping them apart from political and sectarian controversy. But how different is the temper of the editor into whose mercies Spenser has fallen, will appear from a few specimens of his commentary, which is intended, he says, to assist the teacher "to hang historical instruction upon the text."

(1) In book 1: iii Kirk-rapine, the typical robber of churches and of priests, is slain by the lion who had become the guardian of the forsaken Una. This commentator tells the ingenious youth who are studying Spenser that "the lion is said to represent King Henry VIII overthrowing monasteries and destroying church robbers." The reader who remembers the language in which Spenser denounced the destruction of the monasteries, and the character of the monster in which he symbolizes the destroyer, and who knows how Henry plundered the Church, will wonder if this commentator can really be so ignorant as he appears. In fact he does not actually commit himself to this interpretation. He only says that "it is said"—by whom he does not state, because if he did, the name of his authority would only raise a smile. He will not stake his own reputation upon this impossible comment, but he would like his readers to believe it. It is rather amusing to contemplate Henry as a protector of virgins, a defender of the Church of England (which he enslaved) and a punisher of those who robbed the Church. If Spenser were here thinking of Henry at all, then Kirk-rapine is Henry. And we might go on to argue that as Henry robbed the Church in order to find the means of forming a party by bribery and corruption to support his divorce and his union with the Lady Anne Boleyn, and thus he robbed the church for her sake, therefore she is Abiessa, Kirk-rapine's for all we know, Anne Boleyn's mother may

paramour, to whom he carried the spoils; and have been a superstitious old woman that would think that saying the beads was a substitute for keeping the law of God, and then she will be Corcecca, the mother of Abiessa. All this is at least as probable as this editor's comment.

(2) The magician who puts on the profession of a hermit in order to mislead the Knight and the maiden "may be the Pope." That is, they believe in the Papacy, therefore the Pope would not reveal himself to them but hides his character from them. His words pleased them when he told of the glories of the Papacy and of the Saints, and sprinkled his narrative with an occasional Hail-Mary. The man who can think that Spenser here is attacking the Catholic religion ought in consistency to believe that Spenser in his youth was ridiculing Protestant controversy when he put an elaborate libel upon Catholic ecclesiastics in the mouth of two who converse like rustic bumpkins in the following style:

"Hobbinol—
Diggon Davy, I bid her good day
Or Diggon her is, or I missay.
Diggon Davy—
Her was her while it was daylight;
But now her is a most wretched wight."

Must not the views of such clowns be ridiculous? And then we might go on to argue in the same way that Spenser meant slyly to put in a good word for the Catholic religion when he says in the same satire of the wealthy prelates of the Continent: "Their ill 'haviour gars men missay. Both of their doctrine and their fay." (faith). By such methods of interpretation, you can get anything out of anything and ascribe any opinion to anybody.

(2) The Monster Error, in the cave in the Wandering Wood, vomits out books and papers. Here we are told that "Spenser refers to the scurrilous attacks on the Queen which had of late been published in great numbers by the English Jesuits." Now here it is necessary to say plainly that Fr. Parsons, S. J.—assuming for argument's sake that he is the author of "Leicester's Commonwealth"—was not the inventor of the scandals about Queen Elizabeth contained in it; Froude honestly tells us that. They had been circulated in the early years of her reign by the Blatant Beast, who "spake licentious words and hateful things of good and

bad alike, of high and low, Nor Kessars spared he a whit nor Kings," that is the Puritans. In the early years of her reign Elizabeth was not disposed to persecute cruelly, in part because she was too much of a statesman, and partly because she was an Adiaphorist on the questions at issue between the Churches. The Puritan Apostates then in their anger called her Atheist because she was not so bigoted, so malignant, and so blood-thirsty as were themselves. Their uncharitable hearts and their diseased imaginations put the worst construction possible upon her flirtations and love affairs; and they called her harlot and accomplice in murder. They who circulated these scandals about their Queen were the very same people who had denied the truth and asserted falsehood, in favor of her mother, the Lady Anne Boleyn. Is it wonderful that the Catholics, when Elizabeth began to persecute them cruelly, should believe what they heard about her from Protestants? Whether a Catholic priest was well employed in circulating Puritan reports is another question; but it is a little too much that the English Jesuits should have to bear the sins of the Puritans as well as their

(4) The Redcross Knight meets and has a battle with a Saracen, the companion of Duessa. Here we are told that "Perhaps Spenser had in his mind the coquettings which had often taken place between the Pope and the Sultan." Will it be believed that this interpreter is speaking of an age when the English ambassador was instructed to court the friendship of the Sultan by explaining to him that Protestantism bore a

closer resemblance to Mohammedanism than to Catholicism?

(5) This editor has a good word for everybody but the Catholic Church. Spenser, he tells us, and his age "filled with its own struggles, could not do justice to the good there was in Mohammedanism." Apparently this Christian clergyman's mind, even three centuries later, is so filled with those struggles that he finds it harder to be just to the Catholic Church than to Mohammedanism. I have seldom seen such an example as this Low Church commentator affords of the unintelligence produced by bigotry. If the blind undertake to lead the blind, shall not both fall into the ditch? There is a larger proportion of educated men, it must be confessed, of whom it would indeed be unjust to say that they are unable to tell the truth, but of whom it is not at all unjust to say that they are unable to relate a fact. And there are only too many commentators who with their darkness affront their author's light. If this editor were a poor man living by his pen, I could easily excuse him for engaging in a task beyond his powers. But there are limits to human patience, and therefore there should be some limit to human absurdity. Really this editor should remember that he is not now commenting upon the Scriptures, where he might consider himself a "chartered libertine" in making anything mean anything. I do not know who is more to be pitied, the youths who are condemned to receive instruction from such a guide, or the instructor, who, unconscious of his own incompetence, tries to give new life to a dying bigotry by making it appear to come from a great authority.



# A VISIT TO ST. MARY'S CONVENT, YORK, ENGLAND

THE following account of one of the oldest houses of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in existence, cannot fail to interest and please our readers. Its history is very dear to all the friends of Loretto, at home and abroad. It is the present home of Mother Mary Loyola, and Mother Mary Salome, to whose pens we are indebted for a number of devotional works, which have become world-wide favorites. Since the breaking out of the

war, its Chapel has been turned into a military ward.

"Outside old Micklegate Bar, York, stands a large house. It has no architectural attractions of any kind whatever. Looked at from Blossom Street, it is a square building, surmounted by a clock, and adorned by a porch with Doric columns. From Nunnery lane it distends itself into a huge red block, further on into a long garden wall, with here and there plum-tree branches

peeping over, and terminating in a handsome ash —the only handsome thing about the site. If, however, a visitor takes the trouble to go up the steps to ring, he will be ushered into a small vestibule, and from thence pass through glass doors into a really beautiful hall. This hall has an old Roman look. There are doors opening out into rooms on either side; there is a tesselated pavement, there are arches, and palms, and flowers, and baskets with drooping plants. Beyond, forming a pretty background, is an avenue of lime trees. Still, had the convent this attraction only, it would not have been worth writing about. But it has a history which, extending over two hundred years, reaches back to times of persecution. These penal times were responsible for the want of symmetry, of beauty, of external show in the old "Bar Convent"; for the unconventional exterior, the depressed dome of the chapel, the steep winding staircases, and narrow passages of the interior. But "out of the rock came forth sweetness," and out of the persecution there has come to the house a tradition of sanctity, hardy virtue, and strong living faith, which its inmates would not exchange for marble halls or park-like grounds.

As some lover of the past may like to have a peep into the old convent we will turn over a few pages of its history—a few only, not to weary the reader—and show them what happened there in long ago times.

In 1646 there lay dying in the Manor House at Heworth, a little village near York, an English lady of high rank. The scene resembled a deathbed of times still longer past. Bede, "that flower of the Benedictine school," as Newman calls him, sang with his last breath, "Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." "Let us sing and praise God joyfully for all His infinite loving kindness," said Mary Ward, as she lay dying. Like that great English saint, she was surrounded at her death by sorrowing disciples, and like him, she left them a zeal for learning and a holy joy.

Mary Ward has often been called, and unchallenged, we think, the "pioneer" of religious congregations devoted to the education of English girls. She is the Mother of an Institute, which, since the 17th. century, has spread into every quarter of the globe; that numbers now considerably over a hundred houses of education, and that ranks amongst the first of modern educational congregations. When Mary Ward died,

her work was carried on by companions in Italy, Germany and England. It is with the last branch only that we are now concerned.

In the little room of Heworth, by the dying bed, there knelt a young religious named Frances Bedingfield, of that ancient family of Bedingfield, noted still for its faithful adherence to the faith of its forefathers. Frances had been an apt disciple of Mary Ward, and was worthy to carry out in England her project of educating the daughters of her native land. But the obstacles in her way were almost insuperable. The times were dangerous, and Frances professed a faith that was proscribed. Still, after years of weary struggling, she managed, with money given by Sir Thomas Gascoigne, to buy a house and garden outside Micklegate Bar. This was on the 5th. of November, in the year 1686, and there, ever since, in good and evil times, through good and evil report, the Institute of Mary kept its Sanctuary light burning, and brought up the children confided to its care in an almost forgotten faith. To the great Catholic families of the North of England the Bar Convent has an interest quite particular. Let their descendants of today look down the list of scholars printed in the "Convent Annals," and they will see the names of their own ancestors not a few, who as children spent eight or nine years of their lives within its walls. The Ansteys were there, the Bedingfields, Bellamies, Blundells, Cholmeleys, Constables, Haggerstons, Hibberts, Howards, Langdales, Maxwells, Meynells, Riddells, Salvins, Scropes, Talbots, Tempests, Townleys, Vavasours, and others too numerous to mention. And if these descendants still love the old faith let them think what a debt they owe to the valiant women who, at the risk of their property and life, kept a warm religious atmosphere for the little ones of the flock. For in those days any Catholic who kept a school was liable to imprisonment, and a Catholic teacher was under the ban of the law.

No wonder, then, we find the "Ladies of the Bar" amongst the prisoners of York Castle. Frances Bedingfield herself was three times imprisoned, Mrs. Lascelles, Mrs. Hastings, Mrs. Cornwallis—religious names could not then be used—spent years in that grim keep. The annals of the Convent, too, record many a search, and many a threat of violence.

In 1694, eight years after the purchase of the house, commissioners came to carry on a legal

search. Resistance was useless, as the venerable Superior, Mrs. Bedingfield, very well knew. So she betook herself to prayer, and the steps of the commissioners were stayed at the very doors of the chapel, in the presence of the burning lamp which told of the Catholics' unlawful worship. Mrs. Bedingfield and her niece, Mrs. Paston Bedingfield, however, did not get off unscathed. They were thrown into "Uxbridge Gaile," "a dreadful place" as the poor old Superior calls it in a letter to the Protestant Archbishop of York.

About the year 1696 another danger threatened the house. "No-Popery" cries were heard in the streets. The mob was infuriated and rushed to destroy the buildings and disperse the commun-Mother Bedingfield turned once more to Heaven for assistance. She hung over the front door a picture of St. Michael, and prayed that great Archangel to protect her and her children. Outside in the broad street the mob raged, their angry shouts were heard by the terrified women praying in the hall. But as soon as the picture was raised on high, and St. Michael invoked, the noise was hushed, the mob dispersed, and no harm was done to the convent or its inmates. Stranger still, Protestant people living in the house opposite asserted that at the critical moment when the attack was about to be made a tall figure, mounted on a pure white horse, and brandishing a sword, was seen hovering over the convent. Be that as it may, the convent was saved, and the grateful Superior established a devotion which has lasted from her day to ours-more than two hundred years. On Every Eve of the Feast of St. Michael, September 29, the children walk in procession from the hall door to the chapel, the same venerable old picture of St. Michael is carried by the youngest child, whilst all sing the "Tibi Omnes," a canticle in honour of the holy angels.

Fifty years after this miraculous escape, Mr. Sterne, Precentor of York, Prebendary of York and Durham, with a long list of other dignitaries, showed his zeal by raising a persecution against the helpless Ladies of the Bar. He issued peremptory orders for the chaplain and "pensioners" to be dismissed, the house to be relinquished, and the number of gentlewomen living together to be decreased. In case of refusal he threatened to put the penal laws into execution. The nuns refused point blank. They would yield to force, they said, but to nothing else. In this dilemma, the Prebendary, whether he was less powerful

than he would like to seem, or whether he regretted his hasty temper, promised to overlook the contumacy of the ladies if they would ask him to do so as a favor. This was a small humiliation for so great a boon, and gladly accepted by the brave Superior who performed her penance so well that she won over the great man to be the friend of the house forever.

Let us now turn for a moment to the nuns and children and see what kind of life they led at the old Bar Convent. No one will suppose that the ladies wore the religious habit—such a dress was proscribed. Nor were they known in the city as "religious." These were illegal. The house was spoken of as an educational establishment for children of the highest class.

Drake says in his "Eboracum" printed in 1736: "There are a few remarkable good houses out of this gate (Micklegate); the best is a large, old brick building, which has borne for some years past the name of the Nunnery. This occasioned some disaster to it at the Revolution; but it was then, as now, no more than a boarding school for young ladies of Roman Catholic families, without being enjoined any other restriction than common; the site, the gardens, and the agreeable walks beyond it, making it very convenient for that purpose."

And great was its reputation in the city and county. Mrs. Bedingfield, its foundress was an accomplished woman. She had been taught "Greek and Hebrew, geography and astronomy." Perhaps these elevating studies formed part of the school course. French, we know was always a strong subject. Ornamental needlework and flower-painting were taught with success, and for long the "Bar-hand-writing" was in high repute. In 1710 the number of pupils was forty-three; in 1816 it rose to eighty. We rather hope the number was not then increased, for we read of a very primitive state of accommodation. "Pewter plates, porringers, and mugs" adorned the refectory, and of course, the house had no heating apparatus. The children wore "slatecoloured gowns, caps and hoods." Going home for the holidays among our great-great-grandmothers was almost an unheard of thing. They came to school and remained for eight or ten years and then went home. But not even in great-great-grandmother's days were the Bar children treated to lessons only. They went in for private theatricals we know, for certain entries in an old account book betray this levity: "new red coats and masks were bought, a red

robe for the King," etc. At these entertainments and on other occasions large assemblies of parents seem to have been invited, for an old friend of the house wrote of the nunnery as "the pride and delight, the rendezvous of all." Then, as now, the children had great doings on the feast of St. Martin and Holy Innocents, they had rejoicings at Christmas and at all church festivals. Then there were the jubilee days of the nuns, an old institution, still religiously kept up.

In 1765 the present Chapel was begun. The architect was a Mr. Atkinson, who copied a little model brought from Rome. To meet the first expenses "300 pounds was taken out of the red purse," and donations poured in from the kind friends of the house. Very old-fashioned it sounds to hear that the "spinet" was played in this very chapel, and delightful to think that the silver salvers, silver lamps, dark paintings of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier date back to early times. The tiny painting of the Sacred Heart is the first venerated in England; it has a chapel all to itself.

A year after the building of the chapel, the old house was pulled down, and part of the present one erected in its place. The double avenue of lime-trees was planted at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and formed then, as now, one of the distinguishing features of the grounds.

In 1790 an event of great importance for the little community took place. The "Orange Laws" had been repealed some years previously, and religious toleration had begun to dawn. For the first time in England, the religious of the Institute put on their religious dress, and were gradually recognized in the city they had lived in so long as real "nuns." We may be allowed to remark here, with gratitude to the good citizens of York, how friendly have been their relations with the Convent. Even in times of persecution there were found some to warn and counsel, to protect and shield "The Ladies of the Bar." Time was when poverty, almost to destitution, was trying the faith of the sisters; then the kind tradesfolk waited for their money, and gave credit beyond measure. Once in early times, when violence was threatened, a corps of armed friends entered the convent, and with brandished swords, offered to protect them from molestation. In 1788, when the Lord Mayor and Aldermen and chief notabilities of the city

were sitting at a banquet given in honour of the centenary of William III's landing, a messenger was sent from the convent begging for protection. Immediately several of the gentlemen present left the table and established themselves in the convent as a body guard till all fear had passed away.

To turn now to the present Convent. It is still known by many as the "Bar"; it is still the "great house outside Micklegate"; its lime-tree avenue stands there as of old. There is still no beauty in the building. It is spacious, commodious, fitted out with the newest appliances. But it has retained its old-world look. The studies are as up to date as those of any of the newest colleges. In the old gardens may be seen the cap and gown of the M. A. teacher. The children are prepared for the usual examinations— Oxford Local, Royal Academy, South Kensington. But the new element has not stifled the The house has a tradition and the children learn to love it because of its tradition, because of the valiant women who lived and died within its walls. Visitors staying in the house feel there is something not experienced in other newer houses. Pictures, furniture, relics-all have a story to tell, a story of pain and strife, but also of victory and triumph. Its aim now in these days of toleration, as in ages forever gone, is to bring up children true to their faith, to their duty, to God: to make them worthy of their rank and their traditions, and to send them out fit to take a place in homes of their own. As in olden days, St. Michael is their patron and "Quis ut Deus" their motto."

# Prayer of the Weak

By Margaret Steele Anderson.

Lord of all strength—behold, I am but frail! Lord of all harvest—few the grapes and pale Allotted for my wine-press! Thou, O Lord, Who holdest in Thy gift the tempered sword, Hast armed me with a sapling! Lest I die, Then hear my prayer, make answer to my cry:

Grant me, I pray, to tread my grapes as one Who hath full vineyards teeming in the sun; Let me dream valiantly; and undismayed Let me lift up my sapling like a blade; Then, Lord, Thy cup for mine abundant wine, Thy foeman, Lord, for that white steel of mine!

# DRUMMOND AND THE HABITANTS

By REV. J. DUTTON

II.

Y/E will now attempt to sketch briefly Drummond's life, because the more definitely we know a man's personality and character, the better we shall understand his work. Drummond was not a Frenchman, as some are inclined to think, neither was he an American, as you might wish him to have been. He was born in Ireland of Irish parents in 1854, and kept his Irish sympathies alive throughout his life, if we may judge from the title of one of his latest poems: "We're Irish Yet." His early boyhood was spent in Tawley, a little village that nestles on the side of one of the "Three Sisters" Mountains, which stand sentinel over the beautiful Bay of Donegal. Here he absorbed the poetry and romance of the surroundings redolent of both. Tawley was a spot not famed for beauty alone, but steeped in the glamour of heroic days and the struggle of men for their birthright. In Drummond's tenth year the family moved to Canada. Soon after his father died, and the boy's education was interrupted for the study and practice of telegraphy. It was then while stationed at Bord à Plouffe, a typical French Canadian lumbering village on the beautiful Riviere des Prairies, that he first came in close contact with the habitant and the vovageur, and listened to their quaint tales of backwoods life. It is here that he heard from the lips of old Gedeon Plouffe the tragedy retold as "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," a poem of which, his wife tells us, he himself thought little, but which had made its way through the length and breadth of the American continent before his first book of poems was published. It was the old lumberman's reiteration of the words, "An' de win' she blow, blow, blow!" which rang so persistently in his ears, that at the dead of night, unable to stand any longer the haunting refrain, he sprang from his bed and penned the poem which was to be the herald of his future fame.

# Wreck of the "Julie Plante"

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"
Got scar't an' run below—
For de win' she blow lak hurricane

Bimeby she blow some more, An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre, Wan arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk on de fronte deck,
An' walk de hin' deck to—
He call de crew from up de hole,
He call de cook also.
De cook she's name was Rosie,
She come from Montreal,
Was chambre maid on lumber barge
On de Grand Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'—eas'—wes'—,
De sout' win' she blow too,
W'en Rosie cry "Mon cher captinne,
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?"
Den de captinne t'row de big ankerre,
But still the scow she dreef,
De crew he can't pass on de shore,
Becos' he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
De wave run high an' fas,
W'en de captinne tak' de Rosie girl
An' tie her to de mas';
Den he also tak de life preserve,
An' jomp off on de lak',
An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning very early
'Bout ha'f-pas' two—t'ree—four—
De captinne—scow—an' de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore;
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up an Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from de shore.

### MORAL.

Now all good wood scow sailor man
Tak' warning by dat storm
An' go an' marry some nice French girl
An' leev on wan beeg farm.
De win' can blow lak' hurricane
An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre
So long you stay on shore.

After a few years in Bord à Plouffe, Drummond was able to resume his studies. He at-

tended the Montreal High School, and afterwards McGill University and Bishop's Medical College, where in later years he was given the chair of Medical Jurisprudence. Throughout his college career "Bill" Drummond was better known as an athlete than as a student. He has left us no record of scholarships or gold medals won, save on the campus, where his splendid physique and remarkable strength won for him many honors. He loved to be out of doors, enjoyed Canadian sports, and was an expert at snow shoeing, hammer-throwing, and putting the shot. He was also an amateur champion for fast walking. Indeed, he took a healthy objective view of life. The modern psychological novel read to him, he said, like the annals of an insane asylum. He loved all animal life, and took an active interest in the preservation of game of all descriptions. Though fond of hunting and a good shot, he seldom returned from his annual hunting expeditions in the Lake Superior wilds with trophies of his skill—he was too tender-hearted to take pleasure in destroying life.

While Drummond's noble, manly character spread its influence for good in every sphere of his life, it is, however, as a country doctor that we find him at his best. He started up a practice in a little village in the heart of the Habitant country. His quiet, calm, philosophical nature and loving temperament soon won him a place in the hearts of the people, though to obtain this latter, we are told he was obliged to thrash into proper respect for a college education, one "Red John," the bully of the town, a brawny Scot of gigantic proportions with hair and temper like fire.

Among the mountains and valleys, the lakes and forests of Brome his ardent love of nature had full scope, and when his duties and his patients permitted leisure he was always to be found revelling in the natural beauties of the place. Everyone hailed him as a friend, and the children as a companion as well. He was loved alike for his devotion to the sick and distressed, his cheery disposition and his splendid nature.

Four years of country practice gave William Drummond the reality from which to draw his pictures of "The Canadian Country Doctor," and "Ole Doctor Fiset,"—pictures painted with the pigment of his own experience, and all unconsciously to the author, making a very faithful portrait of himself.

In the fall of 1888, Dr. Drummond returned to Montreal and continued the practice of his profession. He married in April, 1894, and soon settled down to peaceful, happy, family life. It was then in the quiet of his family circle that his poetic nature began to break forth in song. He loved to talk and ponder over the happy reminiscences of his life among quaint French country folk. Often when some picture of his past experience flashed before his mind he would steal off by himself and pour forth his soul in verse. "Many a morning," writes his wife in his biography, "his mother and I waited to begin breakfast until he had written out the first copy of something composed over night, and then when the brothers, George and Tom, came in to pay their daily visit to the beloved mother, a custom which almost seemed a consecration of the day, and was continued to the end of her life. the poem would be read aloud and criticised with a freedom possible only in a Celtic family."

Drummond was exceedingly fond of children, and the death of a beloved child deeply affected him. "Dr. Drummond is just like a big Newfoundland dog, one feels so safe when he is near," said one of his little patients. His health began to decline, and by the beginning of 1907 he had given up the practice of his profession, and spent a large part of his time in the simple region of the Drummond Mines in the famous Cobalt district of northern Ontario. It was a congenial task, for he loved his miners as he had loved his villagers, as in truth, he loved every simple, practical phase of life.

He was in Montreal when the news was received that an epidemic of smallpox had broken out in the camp; he hastened to its relief, and while fighting the disease he himself was stricken with palsy from which he never rallied. He died April 6, 1907, at the age of 53, beloved of all who knew him. "Perhaps it was his faculty of taking his friends into the sacred places of his sorrow, the judging of their sympathy by his own overflowing measure, which had endeared him to so many, and which since his death drew from many a manly heart the touching tribute: "I lost my best friend when the Doctor died." How deep in affection and how true to his life the lines of an old friend who wrote at his death:

"Everybody's friend is gone, hushed his gentle mirth,

Sweeter-hearted comrade soul none shall know on earth;

Burly body, manly mind, upright-lifted head, Viking eyes, and smiling lips—Dr. Drummond's dead."

The kindly instincts and sound principles which actuated Drummond's life are present in each of the four volumes of his verse which appeared, beginning with the Habitant in 1897, and which was reprinted twenty-six times within ten years, and has now reached its forty-second edition—an extraordinary success for a volume of modern verse. The next year "Ph lorum's Canoe" and "Madeleine Vercheres" were published; "Johnny Courteau" in 1901, "The Voyageur" in 1905; a posthumous work, "The Great Fight," was lately issued from the Press.

The characters he delineates are not mere creations of the imagination. They are portraits tenderly drawn by the master-hand of a true artist, and one who knew and loved the originals. His different types of The Habitant are the outcome of long and loving observation. Indeed it is safe to say there is nothing in his poems that has not come from the heart and lips of the French peasant.

Contentment, the foundation of the Habitant's unambitious philosophy is well illustrated in the opening piece of "The Habitant," which indicates the happy manner of the poet:

"De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
Ma gran' fader too, an' hees fader also,
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat is n't fonny
For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you mus'
know—

All de sam' dere is somet'ng dey got ev'ryboddy, Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't geev.

So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay dere

On farm by de reever, so long as I was leev.

The country inhabitants in ice bound countries sympathise keenly with the joy of all living creatures at the releasing of the grip of winter:

O! dat was de place w'en de spring tam she's comin',

W'en snow go away, an' de sky is all blue—W'en ice lef' de water, an' sun is get hotter An' back on de medder is sing de gou-gou-

W'en small sheep is firs' comin' out on de pasture, Deir nice leetle tail stickin' up on deir back, Dey ronne wit' deir moder, an' play wit' each oder

An' jomp all de tam jus' de sam' dey was crack."

Summer is coming, and:

Dat's very nice tam for wake up on de mornin' An' lissen de rossignol sing ev'ry place, Feel sout' win' a blowin', see clover a growin' An' all de worl' laughin' itself on de face.

Neither has the decline of summer nor bleak winter power to alter the Habitant's cheerful outlook on life:

"An' den w'en de fall an' de winter come roun' us

An' bird of de summer is all fly away, W'en mebbe she's snowin' an' nort' win' is blowin'

An' night is mos' t'ree tam so long as de day.

You t'ink it was bodder de habitant farmer?

Not at all—he is happy an' feel satisfy,

An' cole may las' good w'ile, so long as de

wood-pile

Is ready for burn on de stove by an' bye.

W'en I got plaintee hay put away on de stable So de sheep an' de cow, dey get no chance to freeze,

An' de hen all togedder—I don't min' de wedder—

De nort' win' may blow jus' so moche as she please."

The piece concludes as it began with the profession of the habitant's accustomed philosophy, that of supreme contentment with his vocation and his lot. The "Habitant's Summer" written in the same gay strain is the farmer's view of the seasons, and of the part and place allotted him in the divine plan.

Patriotic, imperialistic, is Drummond, as we have seen, yet quite free from the bitter prejudices sometimes mistaken for patriotism, and he is far from thinking, as certain Englishmen do, who protest that through patriotic motives they travel only in countries which are under the British flag. In "Two Hundred Years Ago," it is not the Canadian, but a man with universal sympathy for all brave endeavour and fruitful accomplishment who points out to the neighbor-

ing nation that which we owe to the French flag:

"So ma frien', de Yankee man, he mus' try an' understan'

W'en he holler for dat flag de Star an' Stripe, If he's leetle win' still lef', an' no danger hurt hisself

Den he better geev' anoder cheer ba cripe! For de flag of la belle France, dat show de way across

From Louisbourg to Florida an' back; So raise it ev'ryw'ere, lak' de ole tam voyageurs, W'en you hear of de la Salle an' Cadillac hooraw!

For de flag of de la Salle an' Cadillac." Page 159).

The Voyageur, his second volume, begins with a piece written in praise of the heroic "Coureur de Bois," the pioneer of civilization. The ingenuity of the author, and the ingenuousness of the hero in "Pro Patria" make it one of the most laughable among his pieces for recitation. In "How Bateese Came Home Again," another popular favorite, an ambitious youth travels across the Border in the hope of bettering his condition, but made wiser by experience, John B. Waterhole disappears forever, and Bateese Trudeau returns to his former way of life, realizing that high pay does not necessarily signify more substantial gain. "Ma leetle Cabin" contains the same wholesome lesson. An ancient Canadian legend is revived in "La Chasse Gal'rie," a gallant deed of early days in "Madeleine Vercheres," wherein the dialect is discarded, and which in its swinging cadence recalls some of Longfellow's lines:

"Summer had come with its blossoms, and gaily the robin sang,

And deep in the forest arches the axe of the woodman rang,

Again in the waving meadows the sunbrown farmers met

And out on the green St. Lawrence the fisherman spread his net."

Drummond also draws vivid, yet delicate and truthful sketches of inanimate nature. It would be hard to describe the impression left on the mind by such pieces as "Leetle Lak' Grenier," an inimitable picture of one of the numerous lakes which lie hid in the Canadian hills; "The Habitant's Summer," "The Windygo," "The Hill

of St. Sebastian," "Memories," "De Snowbird," "Lac Souci," and others like "Philorum's Canoe," "The Log Jam," and "Ole Tam On Bord a Plouffe."

Fond indeed must be the recollections which these conjure up for a hunter and a woodsman, and as might be expected, Drummond's volumes form a part of nearly every camp outfit through Canada and the United States, nor will anyone forget Drummond's descriptions, who has observed the low, long, many gabled, broad porched habitations scattered along the banks of the St. Lawrence, which are characteristic of the dwellings throughout Quebec, housing families, the old-fashioned numbers of which might well awaken the envy of their fatherland. The exceeding love Drummond bore little children also finds expression in his verse, and "The Last Portage" was written in memory of a young son, from whose loss he never fully recovered.

In "The Great Fight," Drummond's posthumous work, "The Calcite Vein," "The Boy From Calabogie," and "Marriage," are the natural developments of his mining experience, but like the previous volumes, it is chiefly devoted to the habitant. The piece which gives the book its name, has the strong religious sentiment of the habitant for its ruling purpose. A kiss given his pretty young wife is overlooked, but a derogatory word directed against his patron saint—and "The Great Fight" ensues.

We may note another point in Drummond's poetry, namely, that it is adapted for recitation, for he was the most popular of after-dinner speakers, and often recited his poems. Vieux Temps" written for such an occasion, "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," which we have already heard, and whose authorship was for a time boldly disputed, "De Papineau Gun," "Pelang," and "De Nice Leetle Canadienne," and 'The Cure of Calumette" are all popular pieces, and well suited for recitation. To give excerpts from any of these, is to tear a simple wild-flower to pieces, and the limits of this article will not permit me to quote them in full. The last named of these will give you a chance of judging for vourself of its merits and the merits in general of Drummond's verse. The selection is an admirable illustration of that outstanding characteristic of Drummond's style, namely, his power of combining in simple form and language the the subtlest humour with intensest feeling. His simple descriptive emotional narrative calls up images pleasant to dwell upon; it always tells a story—a story at once pathetic and humorous. Notice too, how well he portrays the artless yet deep religious devotion and sentiments of the humble French peasant, a devotion unrivalled perhaps, except in the Little Green Isle across the seas.

### The Cure of Calumette

- Dere's no voyageur on de reever never run hees canoe d'ecorce
- T'roo de roar an'de rush of de rapide, w'ere it jump lak a beeg w'ite horse,
- Dere's no hunter man on de prairie, never wear w'at you call racquette
- Can beat leetle Fader O'Hara, de Cure of Calumette.
- Hees fader is full-blooded Irish, an' hees moder is pure Canayenne,
- Not offen dat stock go togedder, but she's fine combination, ma frien'
- For de Irish he's full of de devil, an'de French he got savoir faire,
- Dat's mak' it di very good balance an' tak' you mos' ev'ry w'ere.
- But dere's wan t'ing de Curé wont stan' it; mak' fun on de Irlandais
- An' of course on de French we say not'ing, 'cos di parish she's all Canayen,
- Den you see on account of de moder, he can't spik hese'f very moche,
- So di ole joke she's all out of fashion, an' wan of dem t'ing we don't touch.
- Wall! wan of dat kin' is de Curé, but w'en he be comin' our place
- De peop' on de parish all w'isper, "How young he was look on hees face:
- Too bad if de wedder she keel heem de firse tam he got leetle wet,
- An' de Bishop might sen' beeger Curé, for it's purty tough place Calumette!"
- Ha! ha! how I wish I was dere, me, w'en he go on de mission call
- On de shaintee camp way up de reever, drivin' hees own cariole,
- An' he meet blaggar' feller been drinkin', jus' enough to mak' heem ack lak fou,
- Joe Vadeboncoeur, dey was call heem, an' he's purty beeg feller too!

- Mabbe Joe he don't know it's de Curé, so he's hollerin', "Get out de way!
- If you don't geev me whole of de roadside, sapree! you go off on de sleigh."
- But de Curé he never say not'ing, just poule on de line leetle bit,
- An' w'en Joe try for kip heem hees promise, hees nose it get badly hit.
- Maudit! he was strong leetle Curé, an' 'e go for Jo-seph en masse
- An' w'en he is mak' it di finish, poor Joe isn't feel it firse class,
- So nex' tam de Curé he's goin' for visit de Shaintee encore
- Of course he was mak' beeges' mission never see on dat place before.
- An' he know more, I'm sure dan de lawyer, an' dere's many poor habitant
- Is glad for see Fader O'Hara, an' ax w'at he t'ink of de law
- W'en dey get leetle troub' wit' each oder, an' don't know de bes' t'ing to do,
- Dat's makin' dem save plaintee monee, an' kip de good neighbor too.
- But w'en we fin' out how he paddle till canoe she was nearly fly
- An' travel racquette on de winter, w'en snowdreef is pilin' up high
- For visit some poor man or woman dat's waitin' de message of peace,
- An' get dem prepare for de journey, we're proud on de leetle pries'!
- O! many dark night w'en de chil'ren is put away safe on de bed
- An' mese'f an' ma femme mebbe sittin' an' watchin' de small curly head
- We hear somet'ing else dan de roar of de tonder de win' an' de rain;
- So we're bote passin' out on de doorway, an' lissen an' lissen again.
- An' it's lonesone for see de beeg cloud sweepin' across de sky
- An' lonesone for hear de win' cryin' lak somebody's goin' to die,
- But de soun' away down de valley, creepin' aroun' de hill
- All de tam gettin' closer, dat's de soun' mak' de heart stan' still!

It's de bell of de leetle Curé, de music of deat' we hear,

Along on de black road ringin' an' soon it was comin' near

Wan minute de face of de Curé we see by de lantern light

An' he's gone from us, jus' lak' a shadder, into de stormy night.

An' de buggy rush down de hill side an' over de bridge below,

W'ere creek run so high on de spring-tam, w'en mountain t'row off de snow,

An' so long as we hear heem goin' we kneel on do floor an' pray

Dat God will look affer de Curé, an' de poor soul dat's passin' away.

I dunno if he need our prayer, but we geev' it heem jus' de sam',

For w'en a man's doin' hees duty lak de Curé do all de tam

Never min' all de t'ing may happen, no matter he's riche or poor

Le bon Dieu was up on de heaven, will look out for dat man, I'm sure.

I'm only poor habitant farmer, an' mebbe know not'ing at all,

But dere's wan t'ing I'm always wishin', an' dat's w'en I get de call

For travel de far-away journey, ev'ry man on de worl' mus' go

He'l be wit' me de leetle Curé 'fore I'm leffin' dis place below.

For I know I'll be feel more easy, if he's sittin' dere by de bed

An' he'll geev' me de good'bye message, an' place hees han' on ma head,

Den I'll hol' if he'll only let me, dat han' till de las' las' breat'

An' bless leetle Fader O'Hara, de Curé of Calumette.

After reading this poem and others which touch upon the religious life and practices of the French-Canadian peasantry, we cannot but be filled with admiration for the author's broadmindedness and truly Christian spirit, when we consider he was not of their faith. Protestants

very often are inclined to ridicule many of the little outward signs and practices of religious devotion in vogue in Catholic communities and countries. Drummond lived the greater part of his life in the very midst of perhaps the most conservative and old-fashioned Catholic people in the western continent. As a physician, he must have been daily in touch with their most intimate, social, civil and religious relations. Undoubtedly, he saw much that to him at first at least, must have seemed useless and strange. Yet, we look in vain, in all his writings for the least sign or word of ridicule or contempt, or even aversion to any of their customs or practices, so heartily and sympathetically has he entered into the very life of the people whom he learned to love and admire. Though essentially truthful, yet to a certain extent, he idealizes his Habitant. He makes heroes of them all. History does not narrate a state of society which is free from the coarse and vulgar, but Drummond was able to depict vulgar types without vulgarity, and his humour contains nothing of the grotesque. Sensitive to the simple life of the poor—their toils, their cares, their joys, and loves—he pictures that labour lightened by love, the labour with which he too, as a physician is first of all occupied. He has made the Habitant better known to thousands of his fellow-citizens; he has revealed him to many in England and the United States. His verse touches upon universal experience, and appeals to the universal heart; he possesses the power, not only to bring forth a smile or a sigh, but to make us wiser and better men. To understand is to sympathize, and so he helps us to a better comprehension of the simple, gay, laborious and religious character of one of the most lovable types which the British Empire contains.

# Nocte Triste

By JOHN B. TABB.

The night that bore me to my dead
Along the dreary way
The meadow-frogs in chorus said
"We sing the vanished day.
Think not the life is all with you:
Her night has stars and voices too."

# THE ROMAN GLADIUS

By James B. Dollard, Litt. D.

T was on a dark evening, last March, in a University city of Southern France. The Professor, a tall sturdy man, beyond middle age, opened with a latch-key the door of his house on the Rue des Etoiles, and let himself in. His work at the University was the teaching of the Classics, and his one great hobby was the arms and armour of the Ancient Romans. The hallway was a veritable arsenal of ancient and modern weapons, and he paused for a moment to gloat over some fine replicæ suspended there. The Roman short-sword, or gladius, it would seem, was his favorite, for he took one down and brandished it a few times, until it hissed as it cut through the air. This, he reflected, was the lordly instrument with which the legionaries conquered the known world of their day. The Gauls and Britons had felt its shearing edge, and before its onslaught, Phyrrus and Hannibal had gone down in irretrievable defeat and disaster. As if he could not bear to be parted from his treasures, he carried it with him, as well as a small round Roman clypeus, or buckler of brass, and leaving the gas lighted, and the outer door slightly ajar, went through a short passageway into his study. Here, instead of the gas, he lit three wax candles, placing them in a triple holder on his desk, and then put on a large, loose, white garment outside his street clothes. It was a Roman toga, and when it was donned, the Professor, with his snow-white hair and aquiline features, looked like the descriptions we have of the Patres Conscripti about to attend a meeting of the Senate in the Forum.

Sinking into a great arm-chair, he took up a book and began to read. In a moment he was totally absorbed in the splendid word-pictures of Tacitus, and in vivid imagination was striding with Germanicus and his cohorts over that mysterious and unnamed battlefield in Westphalia where the bones of the three legions of Varus still lay bleaching and unburied.

A half hour elapsed, and the street had grown strangely quiet, when a large man in peasant garb, came shuffling down the Rue des Etoiles. He was a German prisoner of war, lately escaped from the citadel, and on his way out of the city. Seeing the door ajar, and a light burning in the Professor's hall-way, some vague idea of food

fugitive, and he entered noiselessly. The array or money came to the mind of the desperate of weapons seemed to attract him, too, and perhaps he was struck by the notion of disguising himself while in the act of plunder. With a grim smile he threw off his peasant's blouse, and donned an iron-scaled jerkin and a winged Viking helmet of polished bronze. Then taking a long Crusader sword from another rack, he stealthily proceeded along the hall-way towards the Professor's study.

The Professor had kept his beloved gladius near his right hand, now and again fondling and caressing it, and the clypeus was on the desk close to his left.

Something he saw in a glass opposite him, as he momentarily glanced up, caused him to suddenly grasp both, and wait in tense alertness. When, therefore, the strangely accounted figure that entered his room, swung on him with a great and glittering sword, he was not taken off his guard. The blow was instantly parried by the shield of brass, and the intruder was astounded to be confronted with a majestic figure in toga, and in perfect posture of defence. The German fugitive, however, quickly recovered from his surprise, and the murderous light that glinted from his eyes showed how deadly were his intentions. He waited for an opening in his opponent's guard, and his attitude was that of a man well accustomed to sword-play.

The Professor was quite cool and deliberate, showing not the least sign of fear or trepidation. In his younger days he had been one of the most expert swordsmen in Europe, and by constant exercise he had kept his muscles limber and agile. Just now his blood was up. His beloved gladius was in his hand, and here was the chance he had often wished for, to test its virtues in a legitimate battle of self-defence. He pushed the clypeus forward and lunged under it at his opponent, who narrowly evaded the thrust.

Then the battle was on. Fierce blows were struck and parried on either side, the combatants swaying hither and thither around the narrow room. The closeness of the walls and ceiling was a great hindrance to the play of the long Crusader sword, and twice, when he struck some

obstacle, the German was nearly being spitted

by the deadly Roman weapon.

As the contest proceeded the close escapes became so frequent that the fugitive was soon covered with a sweat of anxiety, and was breathing quickly and heavily. On the other hand the very spirit of indomitable Ancient Rome seemed to swell in the breast of the Professor as he mentally pictured himself a legionary engaged in mortal combat with some "barbarian" from Scythia or Illyrica. The long sword of the German was becoming blunted and bent from contact with the clypeus, and the strength and confidence of its bearer were noticeably failing.

Suddenly, uttering a wild shout, the Professor dashed the brazen buckler from his hand into the face of his adversary, struck up the long sword and leaped in, the deadly gladius held level before his breast. The bodies of the combatants came together with a heavy shock, and the Professor stepped back leaving the gladius buried to the hilt in his opponent's body.

For a moment the German stood, swaying uncertainly on his feet, then, with a choking gasp,

plunged forward on his face, dead!

When the Abbe Philippe Archambeault, a near relative of the Professor, and Canon of the Cathedral Chapter, came in a moment later, the sight that met his eyes was sufficient to make the good priest stand aghast.

His respectable relative, a wild gleam in his eyes, clad in a blood-smeared toga, waving a gory sword on high, and having his foot upon the body of a mail-clad "Barbarian," was shouting aloud the merciless slogan of Ancient Rome—"Vae victis!" "Woe to the conquered!"

#### Lines to a Poet-Francis Thompson

By C. B. C.

"'Tis the severed head that makes the seraph."

Once again that Ariel strain
Sounds from the watch of night,
The trancéd soul—the mighty brain,
The Burning Bush of Light.

No Italy to nurse thy art
No Este's golden air
To woo from out thy Shelley's heart
The "Vision of the Stair."

But thou could'st look where all might gaze
And nothing see to mark,
And find beneath the Thames' dark ways
Both Covenant and Ark.

Lo! from the pitmouth of the Cave And digging where he stands In soil of meanest clay, he comes With Heaven in his hands.

I weep not thy sad state, O Friend, Thy fleshly want and fear. How dark soe'er thy fortune's trend The poets crown is *here*.

No grinding crush of earthly plight No weakness and no pain, Can damp the ardor of thy flight, Or change that lofty strain.

I would not shame this world so fair, Where angel pinions beat— Nor blacken it to white the next— While heaven's at our feet.

No more disconsolate tears be shed!

They fret the passing wind.

Why should we weep, when at thy bed Broad England for thee pined?

Rather I envy thee thy Dream,
That Draught of sorrow's net.
Thy Living Heaven did not seem,
But was—Reality's Shining Jet.

And thou hadst friends by kindness driven
To bind thy wounds and calm thy fears—
And—what to few is ever given
The boon of judgment by thy peers.

"There is always one bright thought in our minds when all the rest is dark. There is one thought out of which a moderately cheerful man can always make some satisfactory sunshine, if not a sufficiency of it. It is the thought of the bright populous heaven. There is joy there at least, if there is joy nowhere else. There is true service of God there, however poor and interested the love of Him may be on earth. Multitudes are abounding in the golden light there, even if they that rejoice on earth be few. At this hour it is all going on so near us that we cannot be hopelessly unhappy with so much happiness near. Yet its nearness makes us wistful. Then let us think that there are multitudes in heaven to-day who are there because of kind actions; many are there for doing them, many for having had them done to them."—Faber.

#### NATURAL WONDERS OF THE SOUTH-WEST

By VERY REV. W. R. HARRIS, D.D., L.L.D.

A LETTER TO THE MINIMS OF LORETTO ABBEY

My Beloved Little Girls:

Three hundred and seventy years ago Don Lopez de Carden and Pedro de Tovar, as Spanish officers and explorers, penetrated the deserts of Arizona and with their companions—the first among white men—saw the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. This stupendous miracle of nature was never before heard of, it had no name, and was unknown save to Indian rovers, hunters and pueblo people. Tovar's name is fitly chosen to designate not only the hotel but the little group of Swiss cottages which overlook the canyon and are some day destined to expand into a rural village as lovely as an Athenian grove.

When I bespoke accommodation at "Hotel El Tovar" I intended to write a description of Arizona's Canyon but after living four days and nights under its marvelous spell I became satisfied that I was not dowered with the power or descriptive qualities equal to the undertaking. At best I can but attempt to record some of the wonders I gazed upon, for the hand that wrote the "Hymn to Sunrise" in the vale of Chamouni, might try a word-picture of the wonderful scene or express the emotions it inspires.

#### Scene of Exceptional Grandeur

It was dark night when I came to El Tovar but at that picturesque hotel was a scene of brilliant animation. When, next morning, I came out upon the veranda of the hotel I heard the familiar singing of many birds, and watched the sun rise over a panorama, a spectacle so grand that language is powerless to portray it.

Here you do not stand upon a mountain and look upon other mountains afar off and upon a valley that in itself, in some regions—notably in the district of the English lakes, where Skiddaw deifies Helvellyn—is a thrilling experience; but you stand upon a plain which in places is eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and look down upon the crest of mountains scattered here and there in an abyss that is a mile deep and two hundred miles long, covering an area of more than one thousand square miles diversified by more shapes of rock and land and more shades of color than the imagination of man may conceive or the art of man depict.

Nor is this vast and wonderful panorama always the same, for in the early morning before the light of the sun penetrates the deep recesses of the stupendous chasm, vast wreaths of mist dim the vision, slowly soar upwards and drift away.

#### An Impressive Vision

The shadows of the cliffs, peaks and elevations move westward, for the light of the sun is now penetrating the colossal caverns of the weird abyss. Far down in the sinister haunted depths among these subterranean caves and torrent ravines, the trees, mobilised in great groves are like a field carpeted with grass. The dark, swiftly rushing Colorado river, winding its irresistible course through this fascinating pageant of sublimity and terror, seems a mere thread of black water, yet its breadth in places is more than three hundred feet. Far to the North, along the opposite edge of the canyon, thirteen miles away, the rampant walls are gleaming white with snow. No sound breaks the sustained silence save the song of birds or the sough of the winds in the pines and live oaks that fringe the terrific depths—as of a shattered universe, all chaos and horror.

#### Scene of Unusual Beauty

As I gazed through ever-clearing and everchanging vistas, over this scene of unparalleled magnificence, it seemed to me that I was looking on the ruins of imperial cities, the gigantic remnants of a strange, gorgeous, prehistoric civilization, long since dead and gone: on mosques and minarets; palaces with spiry pinnacles and fluted columns: vast terraces and colonnades; stately amid crumbling mansions; boundless amphitheatres and the frowning battlements of many a rugged fortress; set on inaccesible heights above many a yawning precipice, over grim and fatal caverns of death.

The spectacle is sublime and also terrible. Nowhere may one feel so deeply the sense of human weakness as in the presence of this stupendous spectacle. As I stood at the dizzy edge of the vast cliff, an eagle—the playmate of the storm, rose from the valley below and, with superb motion, winged his triumphant flight upward till he disappeared in a sky of supreme loveliness.

#### The Colorado River

Many books have been written about the mysterious Colorado river and about the wondrous lands through which it has opened a passage. The river is 2,000 miles long, rising in Utah and flowing in a capricious course till it empties into the Gulf of California, in Mexico.

Fifty years ago Major Powell explored it, sailing from far up the Green river in Utah to the mouth of the Rio Virgin, a distance of 1,000 miles—and wrote his fascinating account of the splendid expedition. It was an extraordinary, unprecedented and hazardous undertaking, for it was believed by many that the river ran in places under the earth's surface, disappearing in measureless caverns, and that rushing cataracts and great falls imperilled the life of many who dared its passage.

"Brave was he," writes Diodorus Siculus, "Who, in the first ship, sailed the unknown sea?" But still more daring and adventurous was he who defied the unknown and nameless perils of this grim and grizzly torrent, rushing through a frightful wilderness, through towering mountains, among inaccessible depths and past great forests where "Savage beasts and still more savage men" prowled and lay in wait.

The channel of the Colorado, as dimly seen from the verge of the precipice at El Tovar, is five miles distant and 6,000 feet below.

Entire familiarity with the Grand Canyon of Arizona might, perhaps, be acquired in the course of a residence of many years in its immediate neighborhood and surroundings, but a glimpse is all that may be vouchsafed the transient visitor. But even glimpsing the stupendous vision thrills the imagination and leaves a remembrance that not even time can efface. Every faculty is provided for making, at least a partial acquaintance with its beauties. Drives are arranged to various points on the verge of the canyon, from which superb views may be obtained, suggestive, if not altogether illuminative of its extent and variety. Expeditions into the depths of the gorge are leaving every day, horses and burros (donkeys) are furnished, and each party leaving El Tovar is led by an experienced guide.

It was pleasant for me to watch from the portales of the hotel the gathering of the morning cavalcade; to see the well groomed horses and the patient burros; the bright faces and the picturesque garments of the riders, some of them ladies and children, and to hear the buzz of talk and the happy laughter as the equestrians entered upon a path of checkered sunlight and shadow, fringed with unfamiliar and fragrant trees.

As the procession disappeared down the winding trail I mused alone and my thoughts were that: Life has troubles and sorrows for all of us, but there amid scenes of nature's soothing, comforting and redeeming influences, it is ever good to look upon the happiness and joy of others and to wish they may ever remain with the sons and daughters of man.



#### MEMORIES OF FATHER TABB

By Miss Emily REED Jones

II.

ISS Halyburton remembers John Tabb as "a unique little boy with the temperament of a genius, wholly unrecognised by his family, who saw in him only an eccentric child. He had very delicate eyes and could not study with his brothers and sister. He would go into the schoolroom where they were at work with their tutor and listen to their recitals, or stroll out of the room and presently be heard at the piano, or reciting poetry aloud to himself. His most marked characteristics were sincerity and

naturalness and an enthusiasm for things beautiful, especially for poetry and music. Also he showed a talent for humorous drawing. His elder brother was the central figure of the household—a handsome boy, and later, a gallant young colonel in the Confederate army. John, erratic, dreamy and poetic, self-educated by desultory reading, they looked upon as merely lovable and amusing, a member of the family to be accepted "indulgently." In speaking of his religion she said: "He did not become a Catholic; he seem-

ed to have been born one," which is the impression I received and which he himself gave me.

When I knew Father Tabb his work was at St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Maryland, and his vacations were passed at The Forest. It would have been very natural for a man of so many friendships and such varied tastes to seek refreshment after the school year in some more inspiring scene, but he was true to himself in returning year after year to his old home. I know that the county neighborhood rejoiced in his return each year. He was much given to long walks and would cover many miles in his visits to his friends. I remember well the joy it was to see his tall thin figure in what the children in the neighborhood called "Mr. Johnny's prin-cess" i.e. his cassock, turn into the drive that led from the second gate to the house. There was always a "big" gate about a quarter of a mile away and the yard gate closer to the house, and one could see a visitor coming a long way off and begin to get refreshment ready.

My visits to the Forest were always timed for his vacation and always he was the same agreeable, witty, kind, humorous companion. If it was any sacrifice to him to return each year he must have been amply repaid in the delightful society and companionship of his sister Hallie. She was a woman of forty when I knew herhad been a very interesting and original girl, the county people testified, and now was devoted to the care of the child who was her adopted daughter. She must have had great strength of mind to live a life of intellectual activity in such utter loneliness and seclusion, with no companion but the silent, gentle, child, so touching because so removed from the ordinary life by her vacant mind. "Little Hallie" was a charming little creature in appearance—very fair with soft eyes and curls of the palest gold, and Miss Hallie used to dress her much in white with a pale green ribbon in her hair.

Father Tabb used to say that she was the very spirit of purity and innocence, and her utter sinlessness and uncomprehension of evil awed him. I suppose that the Richmond Dispatch was the only paper that reached Miss Hallie, unless it were the Southern Churchman published in Alexandria. The books in the house were few. But every book that came to any one in the neighborhood was sent to her and she had a wide outlook on life for all her seclusion, and a wide sympathy, and was full of fun and humor,

and no one was ever dull at The Forest. There was the most perfect accord and affection between the sister and brother.

Father Tabb had a delicate perception of the beauty and appealingness of natural, simple objects. He seemed to feel with the flowers and birds he noted in his walks, and he noted everything, and constantly put down in lovely little verses the impression of some slight thing he had observed. Once he said that he never looked at a lovely sunset without feeling that God was looking at it out of Heaven and rejoicing in His work. He seemed always to be as if walking hand in hand with God. That was what I felt most when I was with him. Once he said that he thought of Eternity as always a beginningbecause the beginning of things was always so inspiring—so full of promise and strength the charm of an always new day. I suppose there are many persons who remember him only by his merriment, but I am glad to remember the other side of his nature which he showed to his close friends.

No description of the family would be complete without a reference to that fine old gentlewoman, his aunt, Miss Martha Bannister. She was always old in my experience, lively, amusing and a woman of the world, but to the day of her death she had never seen a railroad train. She heard the whistle daily and could have taken a journey any day she chose by driving six miles to the station at Amelia Court House and taking train to Richmond, but she had no curiosity about newfangled things. When she could no longer go about in her carriage like a lady, she went nowhere. She had a very lofty idea of manners and Father Tabb said the best expression he could make of Aunt Martha's views of morals and manners was, that she would rather that a nephew of hers should bring home and introduce to her "two refined wives, than one vulgar one."

I must tell you about the ghosts of the family. At Haw Branch, the Archer place, the parlor was in a one-story wing of the house—had nothing over it or around it, and had windows on three sides. One evening the ladies of the family were sitting there at sunset. They were much given to simple, family singing and in their day sweet ballads were the fashion. They sang—is it Tom Moore's song in which each verse ends with—"There's nothing true but Heaven?" When they reached that line a clear,

sweet voice joined them and sang the line to the end. They were much startled and sang it again and the same voice took up the strain. Then they went to the windows and looked out—no one was in sight. The evening was very still and not a creature seemed stirring in the house. They started the song again—carried it to the end of the verse and the sweet voice sang with them "There's nothing true but Heaven." Miss Hallie was always convinced of the truth of the story.

There was another which came within Miss Hallie's experience. She was nursing little Hallie in some childhood sickness and was anxious for her. In the night she woke very quietly and looking from her bed toward little Hallie's she saw without any alarm the child's mother sitting beside her at the foot of the bed, her head resting on her hand in a familiar attitude.

She was gazing sorrowly and lovingly at the child. Then she vanished. A few days later little Hallie's nurse said to Miss Hallie, "What is this little Hallie say, Miss Hallie—that she see a strange lady watching her in her sleep?" Miss Hallie gently asked the child—"Who is the lady you think you saw, Hallie?" and the child said, "I did not think I saw her—I saw her." Miss Hallie said, "Show me where you saw her, Hallie," and the child went to the foot of her bed and put her head on her hand and said," She was watching me so, Aunt Hallie." No one suggested to her that it was her mother and as Miss Hallie said, the last person she would have spoken to of what she herself had seen, would have been a delicate, sick child. She was always persuaded that she had seen Emily, the child's mother, and glad to know that she knew of her care of the poor child.



## FATHER BENSON AT ST. MARY'S CONVENT, CAMBRIDGE

(WRITTEN BY M. M. SALOME, I. B. V. M. FOR THE LIFE OF R. H. B. BY FR. MARTINDALE, S. J.)

T was Christmas time; the Children of Mary were invited to a party. To meet them came, of course, Father Benson. He was in excellent form, out to please and be pleased. He joined in the games and he played the piano. He played the two-finger duet with an organist, and it was eventually performed in a highly creditable manner amid the applause and to the immense delight of his audience. When a penknife was stuck in a door and a thimble placed on it for the purpose of testing accurate evesight. Father Benson was among the most eager. He took up his position some yards away from the door, shut his right eye in the proper manner, and then with all the zest of a schoolboy advanced to knock off the thimble. He did not at first succeed, but he persevered until his aim was accurate. It is impossible to imagine him not succeeding even in such a small thing as this. A Belgian child introduced to the convent a game called "Diabolo," which soon became a favourite in England. Father Benson set himself to acquire the necessary skill to throw up the hour-glass-shaped toy and catch it again on a distended piece of string. It was by no means easy, and this fact added to its pleasure for

Father Benson. He took the thing on to the lawn and gave himself up whole-heartedly to the achievement. His eyes followed the gyrations of the toy in its right to left motion; and his tongue, a little protruding, travelled from one corner of his mouth to the other as the thing moved from side to side. In a quarter of an hour he was able to send up into the air and catch four or five times in succession the toy on his string. There are not many who have learned the game quicker.

Father Benson often accepted the children's invitation to tea and story-telling. They would all sit round the schoolroom fire together in the dusk of a winter's evening until the hands of the clock on the mantelshelf above pointed to six, the time for studies. Then there was a hurried "good-bye," and the entertainment was over. But the stories were by no means over, for they had generally been about ghosts and phantoms and mysterious appearances. In fact, such an effect had these narrations on the children's minds that their character had to be changed, and a solemn promise was exacted from the story-teller, before the evening's sitting was begun, that no ghosts should appear. Father Ben-

son did not talk all the time; he listened with pleasure to the smallest child's experiences, and never seemed to be bored, even when some of the older girls, less patient, quietly nudged the little one to come to a hasty conclusion.

He also wrote us the Nativity play, and no detail was too small for his attention. He planned the style and colours of the dresses; he lent pewter mugs, deerskins and daggers, rich pieces of material for the merchants, head-gear, and girdles. He superintended the scenery, and supplied wonderful effects by simple means. For instance, in the first scene the background was of very dark blue paper, pierced with holes and lighted by a powerful incandescent lamp from behind; this was splendid. On the lower part of the blue sheet he whitewashed in the distant hills of Bethlehem, and in the foreground linen sheets, laid down on uneven surfaces, showed up like drifts of snow. In all such plannings he liked his own way, and mostly got it, much to our amusement. It was thought by some that he had overdone the stars by jabbing his penknife too profusely in the blue paper, so quite stealthily a number of the jabs were pasted up, and the stars shone out more evenly and at a greater distance. The effect commended itself to the reforming party, but on the night it was found that new jabs made up for the old. No comment was made on either side. Father Benson watched over the choral practices of the carols, which are such a feature of this play; while Dr. Naylor of Emmanuel, the convent master of music, was called in to give expert assistance. Father Benson rehearsed the children with the sweetest patience and brotherliness. He acted difficult bits for them, explained the arts of ingress and egress, and made the whole thing a religious act by prayer before each rehearsal and reverence throughout. In the last act of the Nativity play the three wise men come in gorgeously arrayed. Among the stage properties there was the head and neck of a camel, made out of cardboard and astonishingly lifelike. It was suggested that it would add greatly to the picture if the camel could be introduced from a wing, giving it the appearance of being "all there." Father Benson hated the idea; he could not do with shams of any kind, but he was courteous and disliked giving pain; nevertheless he managed to urge so many excellent reasons for the camel's absence that the beast was withdrawn without a murmur.

On the night of the first performance a con-

servatory was turned into a green-room as being near the stage and warm. There the children came for their last touch up. Old Zachary got his wrinkles from Father Benson's own hand: he stood over the kneeling girls and most seriously rubbed the grease paint in. He was very particular about accessories—the lighting of the scenes, the placing of the furniture, the exact shade of a garment. Our Lady's robe was to be of the darkest blue; her djibba white, but not too fresh a white, for she had been travelling. A certain cushion in the King's scene was wanting at the last moment. He was told it could not be got; it was at the top of the convent, and the play was being acted in an annex. He would listen to nothing and some one had to trudge off and get it. His absorption once betraved him. He wanted to cross from one side of the stage to the other, which he did, not observing that the curtain was up, and that he was in full view of the spectators. However, the transit was so rapid and the absorbed look on his face so little out of place, that the intrusion passed almost without notice.

He took the same interest in his historical play, Joan of Arc, and was greatly struck with the little Joan, who cried real tears at nearly every rehearsal, and whose mother in the audience nearly broke her heart.

In "Hugh" we hear of Mgr. Benson's disregard of personal appearance, and it can hardly be exaggerated. It seemed to come from a pre-occupied mind, one engrossed with things much more interesting than clothes. He often came to the convent in a coat so long, that it pretty well covered the cassock underneath. The skirts of at least one cassock hung in tatters round the hem; the buttons were clothless and the cuffs ragged.

One day when Mgr. Benson was present as a guest at an entertainment, it was found that his shoe-buckle was hanging loose. Some one offered to have it made safe, and he gladly handed it over, standing in his sock on one leg, whilst he chatted unconcernedly to his neighbours.

It is astonishing how soon his stammer was forgotten, considering how really marked it was at particular times and in certain company. Once he walked round the convent garden with a convert of his, who also had a slight hesitation in her speech and who apologised for its awkwardness. He immediately explained the phenomenon by saying confidently that "it was a mere

matter of the w-w-w-ill." Mgr. Benson was fond of animals, but he could never make friends with the convent terrier called "Mike," who resented anything being taken from the place; even the dustman had a bad time. And Father Benson, bringing a bicycle, naturally wanted to take it back. This gave occasion to scenes, and once Mgr. Benson threw a stone at the dog, fully intending to miss him, but hoping to clear the pugnacious creature out of his way. This offence was never forgiven, and was not palliated by Mgr. Benson's miouing vigorously and con-

stantly in the bushes to arouse Mike's well-known hatred of cats.

He liked to bring his friends to the convent, specially prejudiced people. His idea was that if they saw Religious in their life and home their prejudices would naturally vanish. He was often successful, and has been the cause of winning for the convent many friends. Once he invited three undergraduates to tea with him there. Two came, and the afternoon passed agreeably away. The third, it afterwards transpired, could not bring himself to cross the threshold of the house.



#### WOMEN IN THE GREAT GREEK POETS

By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D.

T is a truism to say that great literature is the highest expression of life. It is an accepted canon of criticism of human existence, its hopes and aspirations, its ideals and the tragedy of incomplete realization, that is the surest prelude to another existence. Notwithstanding this, great literature is not often considered as the most valuable document that we have for the history of man in a given period. The great poets have, however, given us, if we look for it, a better living picture of man and his ways, his modes of thought and his relations to his fellowman, than any amount of so-called historical data—facts of political or martial history and the like, will ever be able to afford us.

There are some curious contradictions of supposed history in life as seen through the eyes of great poets and in nothing is this more striking than in the position accorded to women, which is by no means, even in long past ages, that state of subjection which it is only too commonly asserted to have been, by the present advocates of "women's rights" and feminine advancement.

In an article in *The Month*, the well-known English Catholic magazine issued under the direction of the Jesuits in London, the usual impression with regard to the position occupied by women before our time is expressed very well, as follows:

"It is too much the easy custom of the present self-admiring day—not a bit more self-satisfied after all than each day has been in its turn—to hold the women of the past as something little better than dolls for their attainment, a little dearer than slaves for their position, and despicable content therein."

As a matter of fact, however, the examination of the influence exercised by women at all times in the history of the race, serves to show very well that they were always the factors that stood for what is best and highest in the development of human character, sometimes failing in the manifest duty committed to them of uplifting men, and then unfortunately dragging them down to the lowest depths; but as a rule, the Children of Providence in each generation helping on the providential evolution of the race.

The women of Homer, particularly, show that woman's influence, as pictured in the first secular poem of all times, was at least as great as any that she has been able to wield since, or that even her most ardent advocates might wish for. Walter Copeland Perry, in his book on "The Women of Homer," says "it is hardly necessary to point out that in the primitive, as in the modern world, civilization was in the main fostered and advanced by women. The men were absorbed in war, the chase and the struggle for existence. On the women devolved the training of the children, the transmission of national customs and traditions, from age to age." There was, however, even more than this. The gentle power of Homer's women can be felt through nearly every part of both his great poems, moulding the purposes of the men, changing the characters of their lives, recalling them to the path of duty when they wandered, and then, at the end of it all, being themselves the best reward for the labors undergone in the pursuit of duty.

Anyone who has read the beautiful passages in which Homer describes the tender domestic relations existing in the family of Hector, can scarcely fail to feel how much of weight Andromache must have had in all of Hestor's decisions with regard to the war. When the consciousness of impending death had come to him, it is to her that he turns especially and it is the parting with her that constitutes death's bitterest pang. How wonderfully this is softened by the genius of Homer in the introduction of the child who was to be, in the minds of its parents at last, the successor to Hector's honors and glory, will be well appreciated by those who have come back again and again to this passage of the leavetaking between Andromache and Hector as one of the most simply beautiful yet sublimely effective passages in all literature. The boy afraid of his father's horsehair plume, refusing to go to him until the helmet has been put out of sight, and then the smiles of father and mother through their tears over his boyish ways, give a family picture that shows beyond all doubt the profoundest depths of conjugal affection that could be founded only on the recognition of supreme equality of nature.

All through the Iliad and Odyssey, this lofty position of woman is maintained and the marriage of one man and one woman forever seems to be considered as one of those basic principles of life which can not possibly suffer exception, even in thought. For twenty years after her elopement, or as some of the later poets considered it, after having been carried off by Paris, Helen lived apart from her husband, Menelaus. even by the Trojans she was constantly spoken of as the wife of Menelaus. To the simple early Greek mind there could be no question of anything like divorce between husband and wife. In the Odyssey, in his own quiet, but effective, way, Homer seems to have given something of the reason for Helen's adventure in his description of her when Telemachus goes to see her in order to learn if she has, perchance, heard any news of his father, Ulysses. Telemachus finds her restored to her husband and home in Sparta and describes how "she came forth from her fragrant vaulted chamber like Artemis, of the golden arrows, and Adraste set for her the wellwrought chair and Alcippe bore a rug of soft wool, and Philo a silver workbasket." The whole description of the scene, as Homer pictures it, proclaims as loudly as if he said it directly that with all this of luxurious appurtenances, it could scarcely be expected that Helen should occupy herself very seriously with the work of weaving and of tapestry making which were the pride of Greek housewives of the time.

There is no prettier picture on the other hand in either of Homer's great poems than the Greek maiden Nausicaa taking up with her handmaids the burden of domestic duties, even to the family wash. All the scene with the game of ball after the work is a forcible representation of the charms of home-life in those early days.

With regard to Penelope, the third of the most important women in Homer's poems, quite as much of praise can be said as for Andromache. While the feelings between herself and Ulysses are not so tender as those between Hector and Andromache, it is evident that among the Greeks. as among the Trojans, there was an equality of partnership in the domestic life, eminently uplifting to both sides of the house. It is the longing to be once more at home with his wife that brings Ulysses back after his wanderings and causes him to refuse even the offer of immortality, made on more than one occasion during his adventures, but at the price of staying away from her. At the end of the Odyssey, the reunion of the parted husband and wife, after twenty years of separation, is more touching than any of the modern romantic stories constructed with the same materials, and forms a fitting counterpart to the parting between Andromache and Hector which so many consider the gem of the Iliad.

It is no wonder that Gladstone, the profound student of Homer and the Homeric times, should have said in his essay on "The Place of Ancient Greece," in the Providential Order,\* that "outside the pale of Christianity, it would be difficult to find a parallel in point of elevation to the Greek women of the heroic age." He sets forth very forcibly, too, how much this position of woman means under the circumstances.

"For," he says, "when we are seeking to ascertain the measure of that conception which any given race has formed of our nature, there is, perhaps, no single test so effective, as the position which it assigns to woman. For as the law of force is the law of brute creation, so in proportion as he is under the yoke of that law does

man approximate to the brute. And in proportion, on the other hand, as he has escaped from its dominion, is he ascending into the higher sphere of being and claiming relationship with Deity. But the emancipation and due ascendancy of women are not a mere fact, they are the emphatic assertion of a principle, and that principle is the dethronement of the law of force and the enthronement of other and higher laws in its place and its despite."

Of course, it may be said that these conditions existed only in the upper classes. It is refreshing to find them there, however, for the upper classes are prone to be imitated by those below them in the social scale, and have usually been far from exemplary. It must not be forgotten in this matter that Homer was looked upon with so much reverence by the Greeks as to be practically their Bible, so that for many centuries the social life he pictured must have had a wonderful influence in keeping the Greek mind attuned to ideals of domestic felicity, than which higher can scarcely be imagined.

Homer, indeed, represents that earlier time of which it is said in the Scriptures that in the beginning it was not so, that is, that social vices had not crept in and the ideal of happy monogamy had not been shattered. Unfortunately, the Greeks, in a later and more intellectual time, did not cherish Homer's lofty ideals, though there still remained a recognition of the influence of woman for all that was good that can be traced through all the great Greek poets. On the other hand, the picture presented by the dramatic poets particularly shows the realization of the great truth that when women fell short in ethical striving then indeed human life was an unmitigated tragedy.

Aeschylus does not dwell very much upon his women characters, and yet no one can forget that when Prometheus, fastened to his rock of expiration, is suffering for the benefits he conferred upon mankind, it is the daughters of Ocean who alone remain to console him. When Hermes bids them depart lest they should be involved in his punishment, they indignantly reject his advice and scorn his threats.

Mrs. Browning has translated the passage very beautifully:

#### HERMES

"Then depart ye who groan with him, Leaving to moan with himGo in haste! lest the roar of the thunder anearing

Should blast you to idiocy, living and hearing.

CHORUS-THE DAUGHTERS OF OCEAN.

Change thy speech for another, thy thought for a new,

If to move me and teach me indeed be thy care!

For thy words swerve so far from the loyal and true,

That the thunder of Zeus seems more easy to bear.

How! could teach me to venture such vileness?

Behold!

I choose, with this victim, this anguish fore-told!

I recoil from the traitor in hate and disdain.—
And I know that the curse of the treason is
worse

Than the pang of the chain."

There is no sublimer picture in human annals or literature except the description of the women standing at the foot of the Cross, when the Son of Man was alone in His agony of expiation and His men, disciples and friends, had deserted Him. It is no wonder that critics have seen in Aeschylus's Prometheus a prefigurement among the Gentiles of the life of the Lord.

Sophocles and Euripides have not been less ready to accord to woman a very high place in the ethical development of humankind. Ruskin has said that Shakespeare has no heroes, no male characters that stand out in unmarred greatness. There is always some fatal flaw of character in all his men. Shakespeare's women, however, are perhaps the most glorious example of the tribute great minds pay to the position of women in life. The same thing may very well be said of the great Greek dramatics, though it might be thought that 500 years before Christ there would be a very different poetical idea of the position of woman from that cherished 1500 years after the birth of Christianity.

Sophocles' Antigone presents a wonderful example of this. We are accustomed to hear much of her self-sacrifice in order to secure her brother's burial. She preferred to obey—

"The unwritten laws of God that know not change.

They are not of today or yesterday, But live forever, nor can man assign When first they sprang to being. Not through fear

Of any man's resolve was I prepared Before the gods to bear the penalty Of sinning against these."

It may be noted in passing that it is thus into the mouth of a woman that the greatest of ethical dramatic poets among the Greeks puts his sublimest passage with regard to conscience and its binding effect.

But her whole life had been a preparation for this ultimate act of supremest duty. As a girl, she had preferred to wander with her blind father rather than stay at home to be treated as a royal princess in the house of her uncle, Creon. All during the years of wandering she had been the connecting link between her ambitious brothers and her father, not able to prevent their separation by selfish personal ambitions, but almost succeeding in keeping the tragic element out of the family life. But when she failed, however, the failure was not complete, and all human life is a tragedy, only relieved by whatever lesson the sacrifice of life may teach.

Those who know the Alcestis and the Iphigenia of Euripides well, realize that the poet who is called the first of the feminists knew how to represent woman with wonderful dramatic power as the most important ethical element in the environment in times of stress. The happy endings which the later poet gives his dramatic stories and which are almost melodramatic in the way they are brought about, show how far a poet may be led to the recognition of the fact that human happiness must to a very great extent depend upon woman and her attitude towards the duties and privileges of life.

Anyone who reads these old stories of life as seen by the greatest of human minds, can scarcely fail to feel that the ordinary impression that woman has come to be a significant factor in life only in our generation is entirely a mistake. Even in the pagan times they were the Children of Providence when faithful to duty, uplifting mankind as no other single factor of life. When they were unfaithful to duty, then there is no relief to the tragedy which comes to themselves and those associated with them. Aeschylus' Agamemnon is quite as striking a proof of this as Shakespeare's Macbeth. The

lessons of the great poets are those of life at all times. Whether the women of a generation were great intellectually or not does not seem to have made much difference in history. When they were not good, however, not leaders in the maintenance of high standards of ethical progress even though it entailed personal sacrifices, then the period, be it pagan or Christian, never stands for true racial uplift, but for decadence and degeneracy.

#### The City's Praise

By MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

Ne'er did I think to like the crowded town,
With noises sown and babel towers of care;
For all my years had loved the gentle air
Of country lanes; my eyes with brooks ran down
The sunny vales, while all the hills for gown
Wore peace perennial; each hour was fair
With gifts entrancing—day with music rare,
And night so royal with its starry crown.

Years change and we: now dearer seems to me
The city's life. Here run in lovely ways
Lives beautiful to God, as brooks I know
To ocean run; nor does the country see
In all its fields such flowers to win my praise
As youthful hearts that here beside me
grow.

#### Heaven on Earth

A well-known priest had preached a sermon on the joys of heaven. A wealthy member of his church met him the next day, and said, "Doctor, you told us a great many grand and beautiful things about heaven yesterday, but you didn't tell us where it is."

"Ah," said the Father, "I am glad of the opportunity of doing so this morning. I have just come from the hill-top yonder. In that cottage there is a poor member of our church. She is sick in bed with fever. Her two little children are sick in the other bed, and she has not got a bit of coal or a stick of wood, or flour, or sugar, or any bread. Now, if you will go down town and buy \$50 worth of things, nice provisions, fuel, etc., and send them to her, and then go and say, 'My friend, I have brought you these provisions in the name of God,' you will see a glimpse of heaven before you leave that little dwelling."

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# THE RAINBOW 0

Published Quarterly during the College Year

LORETTO ABBEY, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ONT.

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Subscription price, \$1.00 per year, in advance.

The last number of the RAINBOW came in for a bracing amount of comment. Had its pale lemon-coloured dress aimed at such a result, it could hardly have succeeded better. Its friends found their loyalty compromised so far as to be humbly apologetic for its appearance. enemies-yes, enemies-we are not worth much in this world if we have not a few good, wholesome enemies, if only to make us alert and keep us alive-our enemies, then, waxed eloquent about its insignificant garb, forgetting that the most important periodicals of the day are in the plainest dresses. They were astonished, mortified: "What were we coming to?" We might say by way of reply to this query: "We are surely coming to find ourselves a matter of more vital, burning importance than we ever dreamed of becoming."

There were those who said nothing, but who thought much, O very much! also those who said nothing and thought nothing. Some day we hope they will, not only say, and think, but write, and send in the result for publication.

What tender thoughts are ours for those who indulgently accepted the colourless cover and concluded that being a RAINBOW, there must be some colour somewhere, perhaps—perhaps inside!

Ah! there it was, to be sure, in one, two, three, —really many places, could you believe it?

Now the much abused cover was due to a singular combination of causes. Some one left it to someone, who in turn left it to someone,—and so it went. Instead of rating that someone, we

are going to be philosophers. Did you ever see the colours in a real rainbow shift, then disappear altogether and give place, though only for the moment, to a flying mist or cloud? Draw your moral then, and believe that all is not lost far from it.

We are looking forward to the Silver Jubilee of our magazine. It will occur in the month of December, but the January number will celebrate the event. How? We will welcome suggestions on the matter. One thing has long been decided upon: there must be more student-work upon our pages until the entire paper is ours. This may lessen its importance in the eyes of the general public, but it will render it more acceptable to those who support it, and to whom it should mean most.

There may be, and certainly are, many among our College and Academy students who possess a latent talent for self-expression or narrative, some who have an undeveloped taste for character-drawing or for poetry. Where shall they find a field for the necessary exercise of this talent, if not in a magazine where early efforts are encouraged, and where the amateur is unabashed and at home?

It is the RAINBOW's ambition to meet this need more and more efficiently. Who knows! its pages may contain the first exercise of a future literary genius!

### ABBEY NOTES

A "fall opening" of college festivities took place at the Abbey on one of the last Sundays of August. The city freshmen of '16, being about to enter upon the dignity of the sophomore-state, met to entertain possible freshmen of '17. After greetings and introductions, it was the hour for Benediction and then the little party found its way to the college dining-room to partake of a dainty tea. Here Misses Florence Daley and Dorothy Brady presided most graciously, and at the end Miss Margaret McCabe proposed a toast to the incoming freshmen:

A health to you, fair Freshies!
A right warm welcome, too!
A finer, dearer, handsomer lot
There surely never grew!
You've crossed the stormy Rubicon,
Your smiling faces show it.
The earth is yours, and we are yours.
This time next year you'll know it.

One little fear we seniors have,

That when you take our places,

The world will have forgot our names,

Alas! perhaps our faces.

And yet, a welcome to you all!

This is no time for tears.

Surpass us all, you may, in much,

But never in our "years."

The freshmen, not being accustomed to public speaking, were rejoiced when the company repaired to the concert hall where music and games entertained dons, sophomores and freshmen alike.

The little event was fraught with good omen, and most of the guests are now bona fide freshmen. May their course be prosperous and their names famous in Loretto College annals!

\* \* \*

"Canada and Confederation" was the subject of a spirited and deeply interesting lecture given in the Abbey Auditorium on the evening of September 3d., by Professor W. P. M. Kennedy, The lecturer was not only at home with his subject but on fire with it. After outlining the various Constitutional Acts which have led to the present form of government in Canada, the lecturer made an ardent appeal to the college students to resist the purely utilitarian and materialistic tendencies, so prominent in modern educational ideals; to study and to live up to their national responsibilities, their home duties as well as their duties to society. His words on these points formed a splendid climax to the learned discussion that went before. paring the Honour Course of Toronto University with that of Oxford, Professor Kennedy stated that the standards are nearly on a level. This is far from being the case, however, in the General Courses; a fact which urged him to recommend the former Course to the students. It was gratifying to hear from his lips that a larger percentage of Abbey students had entered this Course than from any other College associated with the University.

\* \* \*

Miss Katherine Brégy, the author of a collection of brilliant biographical essays, "The Poets' Chantry," also one of the foremost lecturers at the Catholic Summer School, has honoured the RAINBOW with a favour from her pen, "The Drama and Catholic Schools." This paper strikes the keynote of an important propaganda,

of which Cardinal Farley of New York is the moving principle. Realizing the importance of the stage as an educating factor, its object is to purify and elevate public choice by establishing standards of good taste and safe morals. We recommend this article to our readers very warmly.

The first month of school is not over, yet a box of Christmas stockings for the soldiers who have no one to play Santa Claus for them, has been given by the generous hearts, and packed by the loving hands of a very live and enterprising group of philanthropists in our midst. Soon their sympathies, as well as their fingers will be busy with Extension work. Just what form their

busy with Extension work. Just what form their activities will take this term is a matter for conjecture. Time will bring the happy inspiration

as it never fails to do.

One of our Summer guests, Miss Norine Mulvihill, Chicago, is indeed a veritable song-bird. Several times during the summer it was our good fortune to hear her glorious voice in many old-favourite songs, as well as more modern ones. Mr. Nelson, of the city, gave a joint recital with Miss Mulvihill. His numbers were, almost without exception, those of American composers.

\* \* \*

Miss Lillian Steers, Ottawa, sang for us on September 15th. Natural endowment and careful training enabled her to deal very cleverly, and with charming effect, with some technical difficulties. If the expectations of her Loretto friends are realized, Miss Steers will attain an eminent place in vocal art.

\* \* \*

Loretto, Calcutta, in a late letter to our Foreign Correspondent, gives some details of its part in the war which cannot fail to interest all. Omitting the personal notes therein, we quote: "The year has passed uneventfully on the whole, but our friends, the Jesuit Fathers, have suffered very severely from the strain caused by the war. On account of the German priests being sent out of India, the whole mission in Assam has fallen to the Jesuits in Bengal, in addition to their own work. Of course no funds have come from Belgium during the past three years—no new members, and little or no news of relatives. As many as eight Fathers have died in the last twelve months, and two more have gone to France with

the two thousand native Christians who formed the two labour corps from Choto Nagpore. The fact that such a number of poor labouring people needed no police escort to keep order, but obeyed implicitly the slightest wish of the Jesuit Father in charge of each thousand men, has caused much admiration in official circles and much gratification to our good Bishop. The men themselves were eager to recruit because in addition to whatever little money should be given, a chance would come to them of visiting Lourdes—and the Bishop has arranged that this pious wish will be fulfilled when the war-work is ended.

The willingness of the Choto Nagpore Christians to recruit was all the more remarkable because the pagans had risen in the Santal district a short time before, where a rumor got abroad that the aborigines would be forcibly taken by police and military officers and sent to France to work at roads and railway lines. There was no bloodshed during the rising but the panic was great—about half a mile of the railroad was uprooted and some houses were burned. The lesuit Father in one of the districts near heard that the mob meant to visit his bungalow and church. Mr. Maloney, the superintendent of the telegraph office, a fervent Catholic, told the priest that matters were fairly serious and advised him to secure his treasures. The short account given in the Herald—the Catholic paper of Bengal reads like a story of the Catacombs: "It was 10 P. M. and pitch dark. My servant and some Christians, with fright written largely on their faces, came along with me. I removed the money from my safe, knowing that larger safes had been emptied elsewhere, then last of all I prepared to remove the Great Treasure. I wrapped up the Ciborium in Church linen and placed it in a steel trunk and off we started to Betnoti station with our precious charge.

"Mr. Maloney had prepared a place for his Lord, and with Irish faith, reverently knelt down as I carried my precious Burden inside the Dak bungalow—a large lamp serving as a sanctuary lamp. I waited till all were asleep and at I A. M. we got up. I slowly consumed one hundred and sixty Hosts while Mr. Maloney prepared to receive Holy Communion. So Our Blessed Lord had found His faithful servants even in the jungle.

"In connection with the war, an interesting anecdote of a former pupil has come to our knowledge. N. attended our Day School in

Dhurrumtollah Street, Calcutta, when a small boy. Later he was sent to England, and since 1914 he has been serving as despatch officer in the 'Second Dorsets.' He said his comrades were shot down like bees and he could not account for the good luck by which he escaped, on this particular occasion. On the Eastern front, seeing the bridge in danger, his companions practically all killed, and himself the last who had the opportunity of delivering Townsend's message to a part of the army on the opposite bank of the Tigris—he determined not to face the guns of the Turks and Arabs, but to disguise himself in Turkish costume and to swim the river. This he did, and delivered the important message which made known Townsend's situation. When returning, our hero was severely wounded in the chest. He came to see his mother a short time ago, and visited the school of his early daysspoke much of the present state of affairs and told the Sisters how he had constantly worn the badge of the Sacred Heart they had sent him through his mother, at the beginning of the war —for both are Catholics—but no word of his led the Sister to know of his valour. It was only when the mother visited us that we became acquainted with the heroism of her son."

LORETTO CONVENT, CALCUTTA, Aug. 1, 1917.

#### Exchanges

Mount De Sales' Year Book—first two numbers—come to us from a good friend. It is brimful of literary merit. The sketches drawn from history,—"Mary, Queen of Scots," "The Call of Jeanne d'Arc," etc., are gems of their kind. One or two short stories are beyond the average, and the verses signed S. M. R. S. are excellent. The presence of a high literary ideal is evident throughout the work.

"St. Joseph's Lillies" arrives just as we are going to press, leaving us little time to do credit to its many excellences. It is hard to turn from that very beautiful frontispiece and the noble lines accompanying it to review the rest of this interesting number, but there is much of profound interest further on, notably in "Newman's Work and Influence," "The Holy Angels of God" and "God's Call."

The RAINBOW acknowledges with gratitude and appreciation the receipt of the following Exchanges: Trinity College Record, Loyola Col-

lege Review, The Ursuline Annual, Villa Marian, Memorare, Abbey Student, Agnetian Quarterly, Mount Loretto Messenger, Loyola University, Georgetown College Journal, The Villa World, Echoes, Duquesne Monthly, The Young Eagle, Fordham Monthly and The Nardin Quarterly.

#### In Memoriam

Our Lady's Nativity, at ten minutes past eleven P. M., a beloved member of Loretto Abbey Community, Mother M. Ambrose,

passed away.

The deceased religious was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Keough of New York, and sister of the late Rev. Ambrose Keough of Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, and had spent nearly fifty-five years in the service of her Maker. Gifted with a beautiful voice, which was exquisitely cultivated, she made the best use of her talent in singing the praises of God. Her great depth of feeling and marvelous power of expression seemed to send forth from the organ loft, not only a perfect musical composition, but a vocalized, earnest prayer. She was a most efficient teacher of vocal music, and many ladies of Toronto, who have achieved more than local fame, as well as hosts of pupils all over the United States, have reason to be grateful for principles inculcated by their most conscientious instructress. Having lost her voice as the result of a fever several years ago, she confined herself in more recent years to the teaching of instrumental music, making a specialty of the harp. Her death stroke found her praying in the chapel, from which she was carried to her cell, where, for one year, fortified by the consolations of religion, with patient sweetness, she bore her sufferings to the end. Besides her Community she leaves to mourn her loss, two sisters, Mrs. Joseph Cunningham of Rochester and Mrs. MacSloy of New York, and a niece, Mrs. Lindsay of New York, a former pupil of Loretto Abbey.

Mother Ambrose was specially active in her zeal for the Church Suffering. May that zeal turn to her own profit now, and put her in speedy possession of the great reward she had ever and only in view—the Beatific Vision.

#### Book Reviews

(M. A. Q.)

The New Era in Canada. By J. O. Miller, M. A., D. C. L., Ridley College. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto; \$1.50.)

Most opportune is the appearance of Dr. Miller's publication—"The New Era in Canada"—comprising a series of discussions on many of the most vital questions concerning "the upbuilding of the Canadian Commonwealth."

The purpose of this publication as stated in the Introduction is

"(I) to awaken the interest of Canadians in problems which confront us as we emerge from the adolescence of past years into the full manhood of national life, and

"(2) to urge that the test of national greatness lies in the willing service to the State by its citizens, and to point out as far as possible, opportunities for service,"—the latter being avowedly the chief aim.

A glance at some of the titles will suffice to indicate the scope of these discussions: "Canadian National Unity," by His Grace Most Reverend N. McNeil, M. A., D. D., Archbishop of Toronto, in which "Religion and Politics," "Parties and Races," "Representative Government in Its Present Condition," etc., etc., are discussed, as both unifying and disintegrating forces in national development.

In "Our National Heritage," by Professor F. D. Adams, Dean, Fac. Sc., McGill University, the wonderful resources of the Dominion are set forth. A warning note is sounded as to the necessity of conserving these resources while utilizing them in the best interests of national efficiency . . . . "that Canada may be made a home worthy of the best traditions and of the future greatness of the Empire of which it is a part."

"Our Future in the Empire" is discussed by the Editor of the Round Table Magazine, A. J. Glazebrook, from the standpoint of one who favours "Central Authority," while the same subject from the point of view favouring "Alliance Under the Crown" is treated by J. W. Dafoe, Editor Winnipeg Free Press.

In "The Foundations of the New Era," Sir Clifford Sifton emphasizes the importance of the electoral franchise, and the menace to national unity in political corruption.

Professor M. Wrong, M. A., of Toronto Uni-

versity, presents a lucid, impartial statement of "The Bi-Lingual Question," with the evident purpose of promoting a more just attitude towards the unification of the French and English elements in the nation. To quote a passage:—"This is no day for a racial quarrel between French and English. Probably there never was a time when the English-speaking world more admired the spirit of France, or was more anxious to know the language of France than at the present time."

The Editor's handling of "Better Government of Our Cities" is calculated to assist materially in "correct education of Public Opinion,"—one of the conditions laid down by the author as necessary to secure "permanent improvement in municipal government."

The dawning of the "New Era" is still unrecognized by many even in Canada, and the publication of these discussions on subjects relating to national life must aid in awakening Canadians from the "public inertia" which, in the words of Professor Adams, "is the great menace in this country."

It is to be hoped that "The New Era" may obtain a wide circulation amongst Canadian readers especially, and thus secure the important results aimed at in its publication.

\* \* \*

Bi-Lingual Schools in Canada. C. B. Sissons, Victoria College, Toronto. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto.)

This volume is a "valuable contribution to the solution of one of our outstanding national problems. The author has evidently devoted much time and care to research and a thorough study of the situation, not only in Ontario and Quebec, but in almost all the Provinces of the Dominion.

The purpose of the book, in the words of the author, is, "to disturb those who have formed hasty conclusions, and at the same time to assist in lifting the discussion above the mists of passion and prejudice which usually surround it."

The Canadian Martyrs. Rev. E. J. Devine, S. J. (Canadian Messenger, Montreal.)

The story of those heroic pioneers of the Faith—the Canadian Jesuit Martyrs—is one which should be familiar to those whose Christian

heritage has been enriched by the saintly labours and martyr deaths of these early missionaries.

The series of short "Lives," compiled in a very readable and interesting style, is admirably suited for supplementary reading in the Catholic schools especially. The lessons of unselfish zeal and heroism are needed to counteract the effects of the self-indulgence and indifference so prevalent at the present day, when the "things of Eternity" are being supplanted, in a measure, by the "things of Time."

\* \* \*

Is There Salvation Outside the Catholic Church? Rev. J. Bainvel, S. J. Translated by Rev. J. L. Weidenhan, S. T. L. (B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo.; 50c.)

The question dealt with in this volume is one which must ever be disturbing to those who are seeking the truth, since its answer requires the reconciling of points apparently contradictory, but only *apparently* so. A passage which contains a very conclusive statement of the situation will best illustrate the theme:

"When the Church insists that outside her pale there is no salvation, she does not intend thereby to pass judgment on individual cases, nor on the exceptions to the rule, nor on whatever (to employ the language of philosophy), is connected by accident with the general economy of salvation. What she does mean to say is that the Church is essentially the society of salvation, and that there is none other, for he who desires eternal life must enter her fold. And God has established the Church in the world with such marks of her divine mission . . . that every man is given the opportunity of knowing the Church and her divine institution."

To the Catholic who is desirous to extend the knowledge of the truth, and to give a reason for the Faith that is in him, this little book will prove a boon.

The Rest House. Isabel C. Clarke. (Benziger Bros., Chicago.)

An interesting addition to Catholic fiction in which the gifted writer sustains the reputation won by "The Secret Citadel," "Fine Clay," etc. From the opening sentence the reader's interest is held to the end, and while the theme—the experiences of a convert—is not new, the treatment is rather original, and the graceful blending of

romance with the loftier theme makes the heroine seem all the more human.

\* \* \*

The Whistling Mother. By Grace S. Richmond. (McLelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto.)

"The Whistling Mother" is the somewhat unique title of a simple but very effective appeal to mothers to "hold their heads high,"—to give with noble courage when they are called upon to part with their sons in the service of the Flag, thus helping these sons to be men whose hearts, though tender, are strong.

It is a war-time story for mothers and sons, by Grace S. Richmond (author of "Red Pepper Burns," etc.), in the form of a conversation between two young collegians in camp, and the "Splendid Mother" is splendidly eulogized by a son worthy of such a mother.

\* \* \*

Anne's House of Dreams. By L. M. Montgomery, Author of "Anne of Green Gables," etc. (McLelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto; \$1.50.)

"A wholesome novel of a sea-coast community, with romance, pathos, and humour" is a concise summary of the merits of the book under review. It contains the ever-interesting elements of "the saving sense of humour" and the "still, sad music of humanity." A charming, whole-hearted simplicity, true to the best and finest human instincts, is emphasized without being obtruded, in all the characters and situations. The heroine, "Anne," grows more and more lovable as the years go on. It is a book which deserves to be popular.

Benziger's Catholic Home Annual for 1918, just received, justifies its claim to a place in every Catholic home by its very interesting and instructive matter. Besides the usual calendar (with its sketch of the life of a saint for each month)—this number contains two specially interesting papers, "Early Native Missions in North America," by Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J., and "Pilgrimage Shrines," by Mary F. Nixon Roulet. Mary I. Waggaman's "Black Sheep" is worthy of the author and will repay the reading. The price of this Annual, only 25 cents, places it within easy reach of all.



# The Chimney Corner

By M. A. Q.

How pleasant to sit by the fireside glow, On a frosty winter-night! How beautiful seem the radiant flames, As they flash with a golden light!

Filling the room with warmth and cheer, And with pulsing life, the heart, While a thousand leap into magic play, A thousand others depart!

We build anew our "Castles in Spain,"
Recalling our vanished dreams,
Till we thrill with the olden joy or pain,
And naught is what it seems! . . . .

And in social hour when friend meets friend,
The fireside brings joy to all;
In its glow we are free, though the great FrostKing,

Holds the rest of the world in thrall.

#### La Chimenea

Es muy hermosa,
Es agradable,
Es comfortable,
La chimenea,
Cuando en las noches
De cruda helada
Su llama amada
Chisporrotea;

Sintiendo entonces
Que en nuestra frente
Su lumbre ardiente
Vida nos da,
Que por sus llamas
Con luz dorada
Illuminada
La sala esta.

Cuando unas mueren Otras se encienden: Mil se desprenden En confusión Todos recuerdan Sus ilusiones: Las impresiones Del corazón

Todos Gorzamos
Al contemplarla,
En dulce charla
Que nos recrea,
Cuando en las noches
De cruda helada,
La llama amada
Chisporrotea.

QUITERIA VARAS MARIN.

# THE PRETTIEST LEAF OF ALL

IT began life a tiny, moist green bud on the tender branch of a sapling maple which grew at the edge of a big forest. The warm sun loved and tended it, the spring rains cleansed it daily and the south wind rocked it to sleep every evening. When June came the baby leaf climbed out of its green cradle and expanded to the pleasant influence of warm winds and sunshine. Soon it was strong and active, and danced the livelong day in the breeze, or played leapfrog along the branch with its sister leaflets.

One day the tall Poplar near-by leaned over and whispered to the mother-maple, telling how the birds had brought sad messages to the forest creatures of a great bloody war that was being waged across the seas. The Prettiest Leaf was too young to understand the significance of these messages, so, when the sun hid its face behind a black cloud, and the summer skies darkened over and wept big, hot tears on the green forest, the little leaf could only rest very quietly on its bough and wonder why all Nature seemed a-sorrowing.

The summer months passed by and Autumn came to the forest. She wove a thick green carpet of pine needles, across which the busy squirrels scampered in search of nuts for the winter store. She stole some crimson from the flaming October sunset, and painted the sumachs and the barberries in the valley. She gleaned a thousand tints from all around the countryside: red from luscious apples on weighted orchard boughs,-gold from the deep hearts of ragged asters in the country gardens, velvet brown from the dusty-coated butternuts which lay in little piles beneath the twisted old trees, and shed them broadcast on the green of the trees. The leaves on the mother-maple changed their emerald dresses for the gorgeous robes of Autumn, and the little Leaf I tell of was the gavest of them all.

One beautiful October day, when a frosty wind pinched the cheeks of the big apples to a brighter red, and demanded for its playthings the last green shivering leaves from the poplars, causing them to sigh mournfully, there came to the big forest a little old lady. She had silverwhite hair and blue eyes that held at once all the world had given them of laughter and of tears. She came walking over the hills and cried out with delight when she espied the mothermaple tree in all her glory of crimson and topaz and gold. She raised a big pair of shears and

cut from one slender branch, a cluster of beauties, among them the Prettiest Leaf of All.

She carried her treasures proudly to her little cottage home on the far side of the forest. She separated them from each other and pressed them between the leaves of a ponderous book. For a while the Prettiest Leaf knew only darkness and obscurity. The one diversion she had was in the evenings when she would peep out from between the pages and watch the little old lady knitting in the firelight. "Clickety-click, clickity-click" went the needles and "nod, nod, nod" went the old lady's head. It was only when the clock on the mantelpiece announced the midnight hour, that she folded her work and told Timmy, the cat, who lay dozing at her feet, that it was bed-time.

One day when the Prettiest Leaf was feeling particularly stiff and uncomfortable under the weight of the big book, the old lady came and lifted it carefully out. The Prettiest Leaf watched her packing a tin box with candies and cake and the grey socks upon which she had been working, so many evenings. The box was soon filled, and then the bright maple leaves were spread on top.

For a long time after that the Prettiest Leaf saw no light. When at last the box was opened in a ward of an English military hospital, a nurse spread the leaves on the white counterpane of a bed where a young Canadian soldier lay dying. Watching the white face of her patient, she counted it no shame to his manhood that the tired eyes filled with tears as his fevered fingers reached out and gathered the bright emblems of home to his heart.

So it happened that the career of the Prettiest Leaf of all ended—when the red and gold and khaki were buried together.

The hospital bed holds another sufferer now, and across the sea, in Canada, an old lady knits socks for another soldier-lad, and new little leaves grow upon the maples at the edge of the forest. But the birds tell the forest creatures the tale of the Prettiest Leaf, and on a summer evening, when the black curtain of night is but half-drawn across the forest, while the breezes are softly rocking the cradles of the baby leaf-buds, the tall poplar can still be heard whispering comfort to the mother-maple for the lonely fate, in a foreign land, of the Prettiest Leaf of all.

Annie Sutherland.

GUELPH.

#### THE HOUSE OF THE TOUCHWOOD HILLS

THE spell of the Northland binds it; the snow-crowned heights shield it; the whispering pine trees hide it; the heavy snows bedeck it; and the trackless wilds enchant it, that rough-hewn cottage, the House of the Touchwood Hills.

Sixteen long years ago, Yvonne McAllister, but newly widowed, prematurely grey, had sought its mystic solitude; there to hide from the relentless world, a wearied, breaking heart; and now as she gazed fixedly at the dusky, age-worn wall, glorified by the flames from the pine logs brightly burning, her own life and the life in the Northland passed in quick review.

Her birth-place in Sunny France, her girlhood at Quebec, her mother's death, the young woodsman who had wooed and won her and had finally carried her to the land of his heart, the far North. How she too had grown to love it, and when her boy was born, hoped and prayed for the day when little Donald would take his father's place in the service of that grand old Company, which has survived through by-gone ages, the trials and hardships of countless generations. How she had watched beside his infant bed, silently praying for the absent father, perhaps in danger in some distant huntingground; how she had greeted him on his return; how her boy had grown to years of reason and learned to know and love his father and expect his visits periodically, four times a year; and how he one day had made his First Communion in the little bark chapel. How all had been well when she had kept him near her, but when he mingled with the life at the Post, a restlessness had grown upon him; how it had increased with years despite her efforts; and how one day they told her that he was missing-had been taken by the Courier de bois; how her loved husband and the other servants of the Post had set out from their trail; how she endured the agonizing days and nights that followed; and how they had brought him (her husband) home dying-alas! dead!

How for days she had known nothing; how on her recovery she had gone to the factor and begged to be allowed to remain in the land of moss and lichens; how he at length vielded and in compensation and reward for her husband's brave deeds she had received a lonely log house hidden among the hills; how she had left the Post accompanied by an Indian servant; how Juanita had remained with her ever since and had grown old in her service; how she felt sure that Donald would come again some day and how she boasted that her roof had never sheltered a runner of the woods; and how she had named the wilderness cottage, "The House of the Touchwood Hills."

She rose,—her visions dispelled by some light, incautious movement on the part of Juanita (for one grows sensitive to sound in the solitudes of the Northland), and moved towards the door, which presently she threw open.

Gazing on the white, still vastness, touched with scarlet by the declining rays of light, listening to the lowly-whispered secret of the pines, she softly murmured: "I know-oh! something surely tells me, that if God permit, he will return to me just at sunset when the snow is reddened by you fading light, even as it was by my husband's-his father's blood."

Ah! little did she know that all the truth, the truth that to her was worse than death, had been concealed; that her boy's act had been voluntary; that he had stolen from that Company for which his father would have sacrificed friends, life, and fortune; and that he had been among the band that ambushed those who sought him.

All unmindful of the bitter blast, motionless she stood, staring towards the distant forest, until her dazzled vision discerned a traveler emerging from its depths and coming towards her. Gradually, as he advanced, a gleaming spark of anger lit her blue-grey eyes, hard lines traced themselves in her noble face, making it harsh, cruel and relentless. Yes, it was un courier de bois.

Oh! little did she know the wanderer, repentant, humble, lonely; snow-blind, starved and dying. He asked for shelter. She refused it. Without a moan he fell forward upon the soft, white, winter carpet, and lay motionless before her, while her piercing cry, rang through the stillness of the deepening dusk.

With Juanita's aid she laid him on a couch of fragrant pine boughs, but he felt not their freshening odor, the deft touches of his nurses, for his soul had sought his Father, the Judge who knoweth all.

His identity? In a pouch of deerskin slung around him, a little prayerbook lay, soiled and torn and on a fly-leaf: "Donald McAllister, from his mother, June, 18—."

She made no motion. Then, through her numbed brain there broke a ray of heavenly light and she sorrowfully cried:

"O Lord, teach me to forgive them, my ene-

mies. Thy will be done."

And never would she know the truth, the truth that was worse than death; but mercy and compassion were hers forever after.

In the old pine forest, covered by soft green mosses, there stands a mound, which was piled high one winter day by two lone women, whose joy but not their hope, was taken from them, and the little log-fenced chapel where twice a year the Holy Sacrifice is offered, bears witness that he is not forgotten and that her repentance was sincere.

The flashing aurora lights it; winter storms shake it; the pine trees still whisper to it, and the spell of the Northland still binds it, that rough-hewn cottage, the House of the Touchwood Hills. But she who once loved it has changed it for no earthly paradise, but for the Home of bliss and gladness, the House of the Eternal Hills.

MARY F. A. MALLON.

LORETTO ABBEY DAY SCHOOL.

#### Ad Multos Annos

DOROTHY B.

Some follow Time's swift flight in nature's trail, From Spring to Spring 'neath blossoming boughs, or o'er

The soft rose-petaled Summer paths; while

In Winter's icy clasp or Autumn's wail.

By ebb and flow of tide, by moonlight pale,
By quivering sunlight, some the brief hours
score,

Or quickened heart-beats to its very core; While some by hours that crawl like slowest snail.

Time's fitful course is run, or swift or slow
For you, and ushers in another year.
With retrospect to rest upon so fair,
The vista hopeful promise must bestow.
With birthday blessings bright'ning your
career,

God grant you length of days immuned from care.



### THE PILGRIMAGE OF MT. CARMEL

N the sixteenth of July, every year, the little church of Our Lady of Peace at Niagara Falls, Ontario, is the scene of unusual activity. A special train comes from Buffalo to bring those who wish to arrive in time for High Mass. In front of the church is a huge tent, put up for the occasion, to protect the people from the heat. The space in front of the church and the grounds around the Carmelite Monastery are crowded with people, and a continual stream of devotees is seen going in and out the sacred edifice. All this—because it is the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel—and the crowds are honoring her by making this pilgrimage.

Strange to say, most of the pilgrims are Italians and Germans, with a sprinkling of Americans, but very few Canadians. Hardly anyone here in Toronto seems to know anything about it, and yet, there is nothing that speaks more vividly of the early days of the Church.

The chief object of the day is to make as many

visits as possible before three o'clock in the afternoon, when there is Benediction and the Papal blessing; also a sermon.

The church itself is such a pretty, quaint, little building. It has stood there for eighty years, although lately it has been improved and does not look as old as it really is. Over the altar there is a statue of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, which on her Feast-day is surrounded with flowers.

Mass goes on all morning, and there are three sermons during the day. Many indulgences are gained, and the whole ceremony breathes of that spirit of active faith which we read of in the middle ages.

Most of the people bring their lunch with them and sit down in front of the church to refresh themselves. Some, like the pilgrims of old, fast. The whole thing is very edifying, and is something that ought to be taken advantage of far more than it is. Eleanor Nealet Mackintosh.

LORETTO ABBEY DAY SCHOOL.

#### ALUMNAE NOTES

In reply to many enquiries about former Loretto pupils, our Convener of Press Committee, Miss Mabel Ealand, has prepared a list which she hopes will gratify a very laudable curiosity. She is, herself, a member of the Editorial staff of the Toronto Evening Telegram, and we congratulate her upon her accomplishments in that field. It would gratify her and sweeten her labor, if from time to time, members of the Alumnae would send in to her address any items in this connection that would interest the Association.

The RAINBOW earnestly solicits some good short stories, or other articles dealing with social problems of the day, containing the *ideas* of the writer, rather than the *facts* she may have gathered from life.

Mona McLaughlin—Government Inspector of the Ontario Factories, Women's Department.

Eileen Clark—V. A. D., Davisville Military Hospital.

Josephine Malone—V. A. D., Convalescent Hospital.

Rilla Devaney—V. A. D., Hospital, London, England.

Mary Power, B. A.—Social Service, Medical Health Department, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Mona Clark, B. A.—Social Service, Medical Health Department, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Ethel Webster—Widow of Captain Morrison, killed in action two years ago, V. A. D.

Florence Conlin—Trained Nurse in University Base Hospital, Salonica.

Ethel Mitchell—(Mrs. McDonald) over seas with her cousin, Countess de Lesseps, is doing V. A. D. work.

Margaret O'Sullivan-Engaged in munition work.

Gladys Foy—Munition; now driving Red Cross wagon.

Camilla Casserly—Trades and Commerce Department, Parliament Buildings, Ottawa.

Irene Casserly—Teaching school in Montana. Zoe and Bessie Case—To be married shortly, Bessie in October, and Zoe after Christmas.

Thecla Clarke—Married to Dr. T. J. Glover, Toronto.

Tessie Roesler—Married to Dr. George L. McCabe, Windsor, Ontario.

Kathleen McDonell—Now Mrs. George D. Parker, a Baltimore playwright. She has had a brilliant career on the stage; is now in Australia, was recently guest of Madame Melba in Melbourne.

Mona Coxwell—For several years Editor of Women's Department and Junior Page of the Canadian Courier; now Assistant Editor of the Women's Section of the Toronto Saturday Night; Secretary of Heliconian Club, 1915-16-17; member of Canadian Women's Press Club and Toronto Women's Press Club.

Daisy Dorrien—Member of Toronto Kindergarten teaching staff and Director of Playground during summer months.

Norma Ferry—Munitions in the Russell plant, from November, 1916, to August, 1917.

Jeanne Lavery—Married to Mr. Albert Sevigny, Speaker in the Dominion House, Ottawa.

Irene Phelan-Married to Mr. Frank Mc-Laughlin, Toronto Real Estate, (pupil of Loretto in early youth).

Alice Rooney, B. A.—Now Mrs. Robert Rankin, Toronto.

Claire Phelan-Married to Dr. Harold Heffering.

Messages of condolence were sent to Mother M. Stanislaus upon the death of Mother M. Ambrose; to Mrs. (Dr.) A. J. McDonagh, 33 Prince Arthur Avenue, whose father died recently; and to Mrs. Martin Kelly upon the death of her husband.

Congratulations were forwarded to Mrs. Frank Hughes on the birth of a son; and to Mrs. M. H. Murphy upon her marriage.

The Alumnae had a most successful and altogether delightful meeting on Tuesday, October 2d. An eloquent and instructive talk on the subject of "National Thrift," given by Lady Falconer, was the notable feature of the occasion. Miss Virginia Coyne, a finished artist, contributed two piano numbers, and the program was further enriched by vocal selections from Mrs. Barron and Mrs. Woods, both warmly ap-

plauded. Mrs. O'Sullivan, in her inimitable manner, moved a vote of thanks to Lady Falconer, and the proposal was seconded by Miss Mona Clark. The President, Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, has reason to be proud of the first steps in her administration.

\* \* \*

In his lecture before the Catholic Social Guild in Toronto, upon "The Social Mission of Charity," Dr. Kerby of Washington, D. C., held out as a worthy objective for those working in the interests of social reform, "Let there be no poor among you." Unity of aim bespeaks for charitable efforts a co-operation of all agencies and a seeking for sources of agreement rather than of disagreement. As Catholics, we can co-operate in works of natural charity, but the supernatural charity practised by the Church places certain limitations to this co-operation.

The religious activities set before us by the Church are prayer, fasting and almsdeeds; by such means the Catholic is disposed to throw a spiritual atmosphere around all relief work.

The Catholic worker is taught to seek recognition before God for services and that strength comes through serving weakness. The great religious orders of Christian times are the most striking example of this principle.

Finally, the reverend speaker threw up as a bulwark around the Catholic attitude towards certain evils the eternal and uncompromising opposition of the Church to violations of the moral law, such as birth control, neglect of incurables and usurpation of parental authority.

# A Symposium

A MUSICAL treat of unusual brilliancy was afforded the students of Loretto Academy, Stratford, September 12th to 15th, when a series of programmes was given in the city by Miss Isolde Menges, violinist, and Miss Eileen Beattie, pianist. The various press notices, though highly complimentary, seem weak and inadequate to those who were privileged to hear the entrancing harmonies produced by these gifted artists.

Though only twenty-four years of age, Isolde Menges is ranked by the musical world as the equal of Ysaye and Kreisler. Born in Brighton, England, her childhood was spent in an atmosphere that developed her God-given talent. When three-and-a-half years old, she made her first public appearance, and from that time the

violin has been the medium of her self-expression. Her final studies were made under Professor Auer, her last lesson being taken just in time to let her reach England before the outbreak of our great war.

As Miss Menges stood on the stage a few days ago drawing forth marvellous melodies from her cherished Stradivarius, she seemed almost unconscious of her appreciative audience. Her interpretation of the Masters told a story of earnest purpose, strong hope, and a joy enriched and deepened by undertones of sorrow. In some of her selections, the notes seemed not mere sounds, but troops of dancing fairies, and flashing showers of purest diamonds.

"And now 'twas like all instruments, Now like a lonely flute, And now it is an Angel's song That makes the heavens be mute."

Miss Menges' countenance has the artistic seriousness of a soul with a great life-aim, and hers is to reveal to the world the beauties of sound left us by such Masters as Handel, Beethoven, Wieniawski, Brahms-Joachim, Dvorak-Kreisler and Sarasate; it is her desire to reach even the rank and file of humankind, to share with them her own joy, and to convince them that the highest in Art will find a responsive chord in their own souls, if they will but listen to its appeal.

After the Saturday Matinee, Miss Menges and Miss Beattie, accompanied by Mrs. Wagner, a former pupil of Loretto, Belleville, visited the Academy. The nuns, already charmed by their music, were equally impressed by the simple and delightful personality of the two artists. In her conversation, Miss Menges revealed a depth of thought, and a broad grasp of the best in life, unusual in one of her years. The memory of this visit will hold first rank in the Annals of the school-year, 1917-18.

M. T.

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD.

# \* \* \* Loretto, Stratford—Notes

"Alas, that spring should vanish with the rose, And youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!"

If old Omar had been present with us on that day in June, he would have stood on the threshold and uttered this regretful sigh, and a murmur of assent would have answered him. But why? And where?

It was at Loretto, Stratford, and pupils whose school-days were over had gathered, not as in the classes of old, but from those of different years—a good number from some, and only a few, even one or two from others—to organize into a new whole, and fill the gaps by drawing closer. What wonder if a flood of memories swept each heart, and some of them regretful! But again, like Omar, "Why fret about them, if to-day be sweet?" So let us proceed with our story.

Thirty-nine years ago the Loretto Nuns came to Stratford and opened a school on their present property on Waterloo Street for the instruction of young girls. During the years the friends of the Institution steadily increased, and the number of graduating students has mounted up into the hundreds, many of whom are now far from their Alma Mater.

On June 27th, an effort was made to gather together those still within reach of the old school, and to organize an Alumnae Association for the honour of the school and the mutual benefit of its daughters. Over sixty ladies attended, representing the classes down the years, even those dating back to the opening of the Academy. A preliminary meeting had been held to discuss ways and means of promoting a society that would include the pupils of Loretto in Stratford and elsewhere, hence business and discussion were now in order. With a few slight changes to suit the newer and smaller Association, the Constitution of the Alumnae of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, was adopted, and the officers were elected. Those chosen included some of the earliest pupils.

The Mother Superior of the Academy was made Patroness, and the Prefect of Schools, Honorary President. The other officers chosen were: President, Miss Rose Kennedy; First Vice-President, Mrs. P. J. Kelly; Second Vice-President, Miss Elizabeth Quinlan; Treasurer, Mrs. W. R. Hamilton; Recording Secretary, Mrs. H. Patterson; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Jane Megan. These officers were empowered to select the Conveners of the four standing committees, namely, House, Membership, Entertainment and Press. The second Monday of each month was chosen as the day for future meetings, and the first week of July for a grand reunion of home and out-of-town pupils.

The second regular meeting was held on September 10th. and, naturally, more discussion than entertainment filled the time. Miss Rose Ken-

nedy presided. An interesting record of the minutes of the last meeting was read by the Secretary, Mrs. H. Patterson, likewise that of the special meeting of officers to name the various Conveners. Many familiar names now appeared on the list of officers. The Entertainment Committee included Miss Margaret Way, Convener, and her assistants, Miss Teresa Macklin and Miss Nano Dillon; the House Committee, Mrs. J. P. King, Convener, and Mrs. J. J. Griffin and Miss Lella Duggan, assistants; Miss Rhea Kneitl was made Convener of the Membership Committee, with Miss Daisy Seiferly as assistant; Miss Hattie Macklin, Convener of Press Committee, to be assisted by Miss Loretto Tobin.

When the committees were formed, the pressure of the times followed us even into the precincts of the convent, and an immediate plunge was made into patriotic activity. As an aid to the Province-wide canvas now being campaigned by the Knights of Columbus, the members of the Alumnae made plans for a military euchre to be held in October, the proceeds of which will go towards the fund for the Catholic chaplains at the front. Miss B. Durkin was appointed Convener of a committee for the function, with Miss G. Gastrell and the necessary standing committees to assist. The members are enthusiastic and a very successful social gathering is antici-HATTIE MACKLIN, B. A. pated.

#### On a Fly-leaf of "The Opal," by Edna Proctor Clarke

R. S. C.

Of songs that from a score of throats
Are poured to-day, I hear but one,
Divine in all its varied notes
From break of day till set of sun.
Even and true that song is hers;

So class me with her worshippers.

No mocking-bird is she, and yet

Like him from mood to mood she glides,—

Perfect in all; a rivulet

Of joyous song that slips and slides 'Twixt flower-hid banks, that all day look On their sweet shadows in the brook.

Lark-like she soars, "and soaring sings
"At Heaven's gave"—what marvel then
Her spirit faring earthward, brings

Angelic strains that tongue nor pen Can praise too much? O Poet blest, Be thou our Laureate of the West!

#### A MORNING PADDLE

NE July morning I was awakened at sunrise in my tent on the banks of our river, by the tantalizing song of a stray mosquito in my ear. Being unable to sleep again after the excitement of the wild chase that ensued, I raised myself on my elbow to view through the open tent-flap the beauties of the summer landscape.

Beyond the fields of unripened grain, billowing like waves of green sea water in the morning breezes, the sky flushed a warm rose welcome to the dawn. Over the distant hills a low mass of forest foliage blurred the sharp line between sea and sky to a misty emerald grey. The glad song of a solitary thrush in a nearby maple was answered from afar by the rich-throated note of a friendly sky-lark. Nature called and the heart responded.

I rose and dressed quickly, pulled on my head my regulation farm-hat of coarse, clean straw and vast dimensions, and started through the fields for the river. The canoe was kept in a low shelter made of canvas, but it was the work of a minute to slide it down the green bank into deep water and seat myself with a light paddle in my hand on the first thwart, facing up the stream, so as to have an easy voyage back home again.

As the sun rose, the air grew warmer and the cool water held a special attraction as the paddle cut through it in swift, clean strokes, and diamond drops fell from the blade when it was raised a few inches in the air. Steep green banks rose on either side of the river, here dotted with little clumps of "bonnie blue-bells" that seemed to hold up their tiny cups as if begging for more of the bright blue from the heavens—there, black with the tangle of thimbleberries or feathery with white plumes of the clematis. Where the canoe slid close by the shore, the morning sun shone on the empty clam shells washed up

with the sand, and turned them into mother-ofpearl.

On a marshy peninsula a soldierly regiment of tiger lilies in bright uniform marched down with the coarse grasses to the very water edge. And the stately iris in royal robes of purple and gold, like a queen commanding her subjects, bowed graciously in the river breezes to her soldiers as they passed. Farther on where the banks grew less steep and more gentle, green ivy ran riot with the tender pink petals and thorny stems of sweet briar roses, a glory of vivid colouring in June time, but now already a little pale and weary with their brief season of revelry.

Where a low thicket of hawthorne stooped from the bank above the river and shielded the grasses from the sun's heat, the fairies' fragile palaces of dew and diamonds woven from one blade to another, still clung to their supports by silvery threads. Nearby a big dragon-fly in uniform of crystal and colors of the rainbow poised himself on a blue cornflower as if to guard the palace gates.

When we (that is, I and my canoe) approached a small rapid, the canoe took its journey in little leaps and bounds, and the water swept against the bright-painted surface with a deep sounding splash of resistance. And all the while the paddle sang its own song in liquid notes and gay thrills and fragments of joyous melody.

By this time the July world was wide awake, the river was a-hum with insects, and little grey gulls from the lake, a few miles distant, darted across its shining surface.

Clear and distant across the fields came the chime of the breakfast-bell, and I turned the canoe on the home journey, feeling hungry and happy after my morning paddle.

-Annie Sutherland.

LORETTO, GUELPH.



# THE CROWN OF THORNS

THE room was dark except for the light of a single candle which seemed to enhance the height of the heavy-beamed ceiling, and make the distant corners fearsome places, where lurked impenetrable mysteries. The fur-

niture, what there was of it, was of dark oak, massive, and very old. From the rich tapestry on the wall came a damp, musty odor; in fact, everything bore witness to age and decay.

The principal thing in the room was the great

bedstead, high and with heavy curtains. The curtains, however, were drawn back, disclosing a woman apparently sleeping. She was probably only about fifty years of age but she looked much older. The lines of her face, and her hair, white on the temples, showed a life of care. Lying open beside her on a table, where the light from the candle fell on it, was a prayer book, worn from much use.

Suddenly a step outside broke the death-like stillness, and a young girl of about twenty years, burst into the room. Her face, although youthful in outline, bore that mark of dissipation, that knowledge of the world and its evils, pitiful to see, in one so young. As she approached the bed, the hard lines about her eyes softened, and she said: "Sorry to be so late, mother, but I had a splendid time at the party."

She came closer, and, surprised at receiving no answer, took her mother's hand. She drew back quickly, and the pallor of her face deepened as she cried: "Mother, wake. It is Margaret." But the mother would never again answer to that call, for she slept the sleep that knows no waking; and as the passion-stricken girl realized this, she fell on her knees by the bed-side.

As she knelt there, all the years of her past life came up before her. First her childhood, when she had knelt at her mother's knee each night to say her prayers. They had been happy then. The old home which had been theirs for generations had been kept in repair. But for many years there had been no money for that, or anything else. Next, there was the time when she had been in the convent. She liked to think of that, it was so peaceful. She knew now, that her downward course began when she left the convent and started to work. She had begun to go with bad companions, dropped her religion, grown worse and worse. Her mother remonstrated with her, but could do nothing, so she resorted to prayer. Margaret had known this but would not turn back. "I have killed her," she cried, in an agony of remorse. Gradually the words beat into her brain—"Killed her"— "Killed her." Louder and louder they grew, repeating themselves rhythmically with every pulse-beat, until the very walls threw back the words, and a thousand demons seemed to scream in mockery--'Killed her"-"Killed her."

At last when her nerves were worn to the breaking point, she cried out in agony—"O Jesus, dear Jesus, help me!" Strange words for those

lips so long alien to prayer, and yet they seemed familiar.

Scarce were they uttered when her passion seemed to die away, and she became conscious of a bright light filling the room and dazzling her eyes; and then beside her stood a being, whom, by his great white wings she knew to be an angel. She had dreamed of angels in her innocent days, but never of one so beautiful as The light surrounding him made his wings shine like gold, set with brilliant varicolored jewels. His golden brown hair hung in curls on his shoulders, and his eyes-how wonderful they were, how deep,—clear blue like the summer sky, and yet with an inexplicable sad-"I am your Guardian Angel," he said, in a voice sweet and clear as a silver bell, but so sad that involuntary tears welled up in Margaret's eyes. She knelt petrified, unable to control herself. "Come," said the Angel, holding out his hand, and obediently she took it.

For a moment her only sensation was that of swift movement through the air up a path of moonlight. Then the Angel stopped and pointed downwards. Margaret looked in the direction he indicated and beheld below her the sleeping city bathed in the bright light of the moon. How peaceful it looked, and yet what sin it sheltered. Here the hovels of the poor, harboring drunkenness and degradation, vice of every sort; there the luxurious homes of the rich where reigned excess and scandal, where the only god worshipped was Mammon.

"Mortals," cried the Angel. "Why do you follow this course of sin, turning your hearts and eyes from Him who loves you, Who gave His life for you and lives with you, willing to dwell in your hearts? Why do you turn from Him to reap the sordid gains of the earth which cannot profit you when your body lies crumbling in the grave and you stand before Him to be judged?"

He turned, and Margaret saw that he had been weeping. He took her hand and they began again to ascend. Gradually the light about them changed from that of the silvery moon to a bright golden hue, brighter than the light of the sun and yet not dazzling. Suddenly they stopped before great golden gates whence issued singing, and the heavy odor of flowers and incense. The gates swung open and they entered. The scene on which Margaret's eyes rested was brighter, more wonderful than anything she had ever seen before. Beautiful gardens with vine-

covered arbors and sparkling musical fountains, spread before great marble palaces as far as the eye could reach. But the most wonderful thing of all was the brightness. It was the prevailing feature everywhere and seemed to emanate from a central point. Here and there through the gardens floated spirits robed in flowing white. Some were angels with great sparkling wings like her Angel, and some had lived on earth. She noticed that the latter wore crowns of flowers, but the former did not.

The Angel led her towards one of the palaces and they entered. It was very high, and set into the walls were golden plates on which was writing. A few of the names she recognized as those of friends of her younger years. The Angel pointed to one plate on which was written her Mother's name. Under the names were enumerated the good deeds of the owners. Here, as in the garden were many spirits, some floating around, some singing hymns, and some kneeling in prayer. Some, she saw, had lived long on earth, while others had died in their prime, and yet others in the fresh years of youth. The marked expression on all their faces, however, was a holy joy. Then she noticed that the crowns they wore were made of only three varieties of flowers—the rose, the lily, and the violet. She turned to the Angel for an explanation. "The lily," he said, "stands for purity, the rose for charity, and the violet for humility. The crown being made of these flowers shows that the wearer possessed these virtues when on earth."

As he led her towards the exit, she saw, to her great joy, her mother kneeling at the other end of the hall. She was going to run to her, but

the Angel held her back and they continued their course. They went through another garden into a second hall the same as the first. The only difference was that instead of three kinds of flowers in their crowns they wore only two. This signified, the Angel said, that they only practiced two of the three virtues.

The third hall was like the other two, but there they wore only one flower in their crowns.

In the next hall, there was an air of sorrow such sorrow as could exist in that place of happiness. On their faces was the expression she had often seen on her own when looking into her mirror. On their heads they wore pressed into the flesh—crowns of thorns. Involuntarily, she reached to her own head and felt-A Crown of Thorns. Wildly she tried to pull it off, but it would not come. She cried aloud, and beat She threw herself upon her knees her head. before the Anegl imploring him to remove it. The Angel only pointed silently to a golden plate on the wall on which were emblazoned as in letters of fire all the sins of her past life. She screamed, lamenting in wild words her sinful course; and then before her suddenly stood a Vision, calm and sweet, with eyes full of compassion. Instantly, the storm vanished, and she knelt before Him pacified. "Dear Jesus," she said humbly, 'forgive me, and I will be good." The Vision slowly faded away, and she knelt shivering beside the bed of her dead mother. Holding those hands once so warm, she renewed her promise, and she felt the grace of assistance to keep it flooding into her soul.

ELEANOR MURRAY.

LORETTO ABBEY DAY SCHOOL,



#### A LOVING VIGIL

By ELSIE FORD

E may be tempted sometimes to comment upon the uneven distribution of temporal goods in this world. It may seem to us even a matter for pardonable complaint that one person is possessed of rare advantages, riches, talents, social distinction, and another lacks all that attractiveness and much more, perhaps. But in the distribution of purely spiritual gifts it should console us to observe that they are generally the portion of the

truly deserving. "The Spirit breathes where He will" to be sure, but He wills to breathe where souls are attentive to His lightest whispers, to the most delicate and subtle of His inspirations. No walk of life, no unlikely or humble surroundings offer an impediment to these visitations. Indeed, what we may choose to term impediments are generally the most favourable conditions for Divine interference. Right here in our midst, in this matter-of-fact world around us.

and in behalf of one who belongs to a small, obscure circle in this populous city, has the Spirit in a miraculous manner deigned to manifest Itself, and to leave an abiding comfort and consolation as a token of that visit.

A family of foreigners occupies a small and humble apartment on one of the many side streets of our city. Their earthly possessions are few, their mode of life simple in the extreme. A woman, her sister, and one daughter make up the household. A few years ago there was a son, the idol of the little group, and important as a bread winner. The family had learned tailoring in their own country, and maintained themselves by the exercise of their trade. In the evenings, the son who had secured work in another quarter of the city during the day, returned to the home and joined the group of workers around the family hearth. Prayer and work went hand in hand with these good people always,-long, earnest, and fervent prayer was the very element which they breathed. All during the cutting, basting, and sewing of the cloth, which was piled high upon a plain wooden table in the corner of the room, one could hear the ceaseless hum of prayer uttered and answered. One day, however, this beautiful line of communication between earth and heaven was interrupted by a sudden, sharp, undreamed-of sorrow, which changed the keynote of this daily converse with God, and lent to it a strain of passionate grief which it had, so happily, lacked before.

The son, who had just finished making the mission in the parish church nearby, returned from the last exercise in his usual health and spirits, as far as his loved ones could discern. Shortly after he retired, a cry from his room alarmed the household, and struck fear into the hearts of all. A night of agonizing pain followed for the poor boy-a doctor-a consultation of doctors before nightfall-a week of uncertainty and anguish-and then the supreme sacrifice was demanded of all who loved him. The voice of the gentle, loving, saint-like boy was to be heard no more in the daily rosary, his aid in maintaining the family was to be withdrawn, and only his sacred memory was left to the sorrowing mother, the devoted sister and aunt.

From that on for many long months, everything seemed to go wrong. Work dwindled, and

finally failed altogether. Destitution, even starvation, faced the pitiful little trio. Only for a faith which remained undaunted through every vicissitude, they would have been wretched indeed. It had been for some time their practice to divide the hours of work, so that one of their number would be able to spend some hours in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. The nearness of the church rendered such a course easy for them, and as the days dragged wearily along, it proved their only solace. Mary, the youngest of the trio, generally went in the afternoon. On one particular evening when matters were at their worst for them, no work, no food, and an abiding fear lest the neighbours should discover their condition and deprive them of a self-respect so dearly cherished through all adversity,-Mary prepared to make her usual visit to the church. She will tell in her own simple words what befell her there.

"At two o'clock in the afternoon," she says, "I made my way to the church. I noticed that there was no light in the lamp before the altar. I felt so sorry to see our Lord alone and forgoften. I begged Him to let me make up to Him for this treatment, so I offered Him my heart as a light. I was very sad. I did not like to tell anyone of our troubles, even our best friends. I prayed our dear Lord to come and help us. It pained me to see that no one came to light the lamp. It was around Christmas time. and the little Crib was still in the church. Once a person came in and lighted some of the small candles around the Infant, but the lights soon went out. I felt as if I could not leave until the altar lamp was lighted, so having nothing to do at home, I stayed on and on through the afternoon. It grew chill and dark, and now all that I prayed for was that the light would be rekindled, and that quickly, as I was afraid that my mother would fret about my long stay. bent my head down to implore Our Lord to take my heart as a lamp, and to let it burn before Him Then, I asked Him to get us some work. The Angelus began to ring, and fearing to remain longer I felt like asking some of the people who were constantly passing to and fro on the street, to take my place, and yet I feared to address anyone. In making my last genuflection I heard a strange, rushing noise like water falling from the ceiling of the sanctuary. It startled and then frightened me. When I looked

around to see the cause, there was the lamp all ablaze. The flame reached half way up the chain, and seemed to be climbing up towards the ceiling. I waited for a moment and watched it die down to a large, steady flame. A feeling of great joy filled my heart, as by this token I felt that my prayer had been answered. All our home troubles were forgotten now. The tired, weak feeling seemed to leave me, and now it cost me much to leave the church, as I still felt I ought to do on account of my mother who would be watching for me. After leaving the door I returned to see if I could have been mis-

taken. No, there it was, blazing brightly and steadily. I had never seen so large a flame there, or in any lamp before. When I told my dear mother about it, we all shed tears and we felt that God was thinking of us and would answer our prayers. The very next day our hope was fulfilled. We got some work, and every day after that it kept pouring in. That happened five years ago, and we have never wanted for anything we need since that time. I tell this story because I wish that a great confidence in prayer would grow up in the hearts of all who read it."



# A CLASS WILL

Teachers, Classmates and Friends:

Upon behalf of my client the class of 1917, of Loretto, Englewood, of the city of Chicago, State of Illinois, U. S. A., Western Hemisphere, World, I have called you together on this solemn and serious occasion to listen to her last will and testament and to receive from her hands the gifts she has to bestow. Cutting so rapidly loose from school life and finding so many things of such great importance to be attended to, and realizing at the same time that she has no longer any time to spend in the cultivation of her virtues, she did, collectively and individually, deem it best to distribute these virtues to her friends. She has tried to be just as well as generous and impartial and give wisely unto those who will make the best use of such gifts and talents that have served her so faithfully these four years. These are her decisions, but owing to the flighty conditions of her brain and the unusual disturbance in its gray matter, she begs me to state for her as she may have been possibly mistaken in her distribution.

Listen, then, one and all, while I read the document as duly drawn up and sworn to:

We, the Class of 1917, in sixteen individual and distinct parts, being about to pass out of this school in full possession of crammed mind, a well trained memory, and good understanding, do make and publish this, our last will and testament hereby revoking and making void all former wills or promises made by us in the past.

As to such a state as it has pleased the fates

and our own strong hands and brains to win for us, we do dispose of the same as follows:

We give and bequeath to the dear faculty a sweet and unbroken succession of restful nights and peaceful dreams. No longer need they lie awake worrying whether this one will have her Physics problems, or that one has Geometry, or another her rules of Rhetoric. It has been a hard strain on them no doubt, for it is said even Seniors forget little things like these. But the teachers have done their duty and now they shall have their well-earned reward.

#### ITEM:

Again we give and bequeath to the faculty, all the amazing knowledge and startling information that we have furnished them from time to time in our examination papers and exercises. We know that much of this must have been entirely new to them as well as to all teachers elsewhere, and would throw much new light on many a familiar subject throughout the world of learning. If the teachers see fit, they are hereby authorized to give out as much of this information as they feel the world is able to receive, and we hope that they will feel perfectly free to make use of this information for the education of future classes. This is, of course, left to their own personal discretion.

#### ITEM:

The following may seem but trifling bequests, but we hope that they may be accepted, not as

worthless things but as valuable gifts, and continual reminders of our generosity:

- I. To Charlotte Austin, Helen Brennan's place at the head of all Senior lists.
- 2. To Sara Mortimer, Helene Conick's sweet laugh.
- 3. To whomsoever is the messenger in the next play, Helen Cumming's gift of slowly and gracefully sinking to her knees.
  - 4. To Lucille Field, Elizabeth Daley's quiet,

demure ways.

- 5. To Mary Hanton, Kathleen Dougherty's ever-ready smile, to chase her frown when the square on the hypothenuse will not equal the squares on the other two sides.
- 6. To Thelma Sachett, Veronica Farrell's reckless ways.
- 7. To Gertrude Newton, Gladys Goss's inhuman desire to study.
- 8. To Marie Leinen, Margaret Humpher's coquettish ways.
- 9. To Bernice Sweeney, Eileen Kern's position as directress of the choir.
- 10. To Marion O'Shea, to carry on, Marie McKugo's position as Choir Practice Announcer.
- 11. To Ada Maloney, May McNichols' executive ability.
- 12. To Helen Ryan, Evelyn Mobeg's pretty gestures.
- 13. To Catherine Hogan, Claire Moriarity's musical ability, especially on a comb.
- 14. To Olive Moberg, Lillian Scanlon's dramatic talents.
- 15. To Bernadine Seery, Lucy Shannon's conversational gifts and positions in the play.
  - 16. To Helen Hillgard, Agnes Sweeney's wit.
- 17. To Lida Pirritte, the examples of all the members of the class. We have proven ourselves able to keep quiet on all occasions. Sheer numbers ought to convince and convert Lida.

#### ITEM:

We also bequeath to the Junior Class:

- 1. Our seats along the wall in the assembly hall. May they fill them as completely, as faithfully and as promptly as we have done.
- 2. Our places as first on the list for the seminary collections.
- 3. Our senior dignity. May they uphold it forever, with all seriousness, realizing, as we have done, its vast importance.
- 4. Our undying reputation for keeping silence in the halls.

5. Any pencils, erasers or sheets of paper that we may leave behind. May they feel free to use them as they might impart some of our vast knowledge to them.

#### ITEM:

Last comes the one thing hard to part with. To our successors, we must leave our places in the hearts and thoughts of our teachers. We trust that the class of 1918 will appreciate the kindness, attention and the interest that these teachers have shown to us.

Besides these gifts we leave our blessing, our tender memories of our associations, and our forgiveness for anything that we may not exactly have appreciated in the past and a pledge of friendship forever more.

All our worldly goods disposed of, we reserve the right to carry into the outer world our love for our Alma Mater and the Ladies of Loretto.

In witness thereof, we, the Class of 1917, have to this our will written on one sheet of parchment, set our hands and seal, this fourteenth day of June, Anno Domini one thousand nine hundred and seventeen.

LIDA PIRRITTE, '18.

Loretto, Englewood.

# CHRONICLE—Loretto, Niagara

April twentieth—Birthdays mean something more than mere anniversaries of the natal day, and what is more pleasing to the school girl than ice cream, cake and dainties!

We are most grateful to the Fates for having brought Lorraine, Cornelia and Frances into this world in the same month.

After a banquet "fit for a king," we adjourned to the hall where we enjoyed a most pleasant evening of dancing, games and music.

The presence of Mrs. Charles Rigler, mother of one of our hostesses, Mrs. G. E. Sheckler and Miss Alice Noyes added greatly to the joy of the festivities.

April twenty-third—Of all the woe-begone faces that met at the breakfast table this morning!!! One would think we had spent a night in the trenches instead of taking part in our first baseball game of the season!

The chief topics of the day were, "My aching arms," or "Talk of stiff limbs," etc.

May fourth—The "wee tots" joined in the happy celebration of Virginia Donohue's birthday. The table was presided over by the Misses Carroll and McDonald, who saw that the little ones did not make too great tavages on the dainties and, from all accounts, neither of these two ladies suffered any from starvation.

May sixth—It takes a great crash to startle anyone at Niagara. How about May 6th?

May sixteenth—A most profitable and enjoyable lecture was delivered this evening by our esteemed friend, Reverend Father Rosa.

Extra! Curtains were not drawn until nine o'clock.

May eighteenth—Mrs. Paul Rohr and her daughter, Miriam Therese, arrived at Loretto to-day for a short visit.

We were assured that the concert given by the Literary Society was greatly enjoyed by Miriam from the gleeful expression on her face and the clapping of baby hands.

May thirty-first—To-day, Frances McKenny offered Our Lady a floral crown and we trust the deeds it symbolized were as fragrant in Our Blessed Mother's sight as were the flowers which composed it.

June third—God save our King, George V.! As to-day was his birthday, our thoughts revelled in a holiday. A visit from his Lordship Right Reverend Bishop McDonald, D. D., Very Reverend Dr. Kidd of St. Augustine Seminary and Very Reverend Dean Morris added to the honours of the day.

June sixth—The day of our fête and pouring rain! Yet, owing to the generosity and kindness of our many friends the affair was a grand success and

Bright were the hours, while mists and showers Revealed the gold that the rainbows hold.

Let raindrops come, say we!

June fifteenth—Commencement Day! We added to the brilliancy of the achievements of our illustrious graduates by assisting them to produce the following programme:

PROGRAMME.

Opening Chorus—

Class of 1917:

Miss Mary Bampfield, Miss Mary Curnin, Miss Gertrude O'Neill, Miss Ruth Sprague, Miss Frances McKenny.

Piano Solo-

"Air de Ballet".......Moritz Moszkowski

"The Beautiful Land of Nod".. Edwin Green The Minims.

Awarding of Prizes. "Ave Maria Loretto." "God Save the King."

Amid tearful farewells and many rash promises of faithfulness in writing, the last articles were consigned to our trunks. Can you imagine it? Ten whole weeks of vacation.

September fourth—Is that the bell? Marion says "Time is the only aviator that flies with safety." We are surprised to find it the day for him to deposit us at Loretto. His speed seems doubled in vacation.

September tenth—Peeped into Cornelia's summer diary. Found this recorded, "Stayed up until twelve o'clock last night. The moon was full and couldn't sleep."

September fourteenth—Among the many amazing practices of mythical times, Lota found this: "The Romans made ropes to keep the invaders from the hair of the women."

September sixteenth—Reverend Father Rosa came for a cheery visit. We hope to see him soon again.

September seventeenth — Rumors of rare deeds. They will add to the brilliancy of the next Rainbow.

#### When Things Go Right

It is a well known fact that the first writings of a nation, which has awakened to literary selfconsciousness, are apt to take the form of verse. The following may be taken as a proof in point:

When things go right
And all is well
The sky seems bright
O'er hill and dell.
And Spring seems nigh.

On branches high, The small birds sing. Oh! hearts are light When things go right.

But now and then
Things will go wrong,
And troubles 'tend us
All day long.
Our brows are knit,
No smile or song
Upon our lips,
When things go wrong.

Would we could wear,
The whole day long,
Smiles bright and fair
And ne'er a frown.
Our troubles then
Would be so small
That they would not
Be woes at all.
And with hearts light,
Things would go right.

MARGARET BRADLEY.

LORETTO ABBEY DAY SCHOOL.

# Some Bright Spots on Examination Papers

"To germinate is to become a naturalized German."

"The Salic Law is that you must take everything with a grain of salt."

"An abstract noun is one you can't see when you're looking at it."

"The masculine of vixen is vicar."

"The press to-day is the mouth-organ of the people."

"A vacuum is a large empty place where the Pope lives."

"Tennyson wrote a poem called 'Graves' Energy.'"

"Thomas à Becket used to wash the feet of the leopards."

"George Eliot left a wife and children to mourn his genii."

"The Pharisees were people who liked to show off their goodness by praying in synonyms."

"Ben Johnson is one of the three highest mountains of Scotland."

"Louis XVI. was gelatined during the French Revolution."

"The king was not allowed to order taxis without the consent of Parliament."

"The Black Death was terrible for the labourers, because they were forced to do all the work that was left by the thousands that died."

"Parallel lines are the same distance all the way, and cannot meet unless you bend them."

"The Pyramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain."

# Those Juniors

Have you read in the Post of the little sub-deb Or have you seen Mobergs' Ollie? One or the other, they're both the same, Witty and pretty and jolly.

Ada is a tiny elf,
Extremely fond of teasing;
She owns a black and woolly dog
And says she's good at freezing.

Mary is quiet and pious, Church History is her line, Although I'm told at playing ball She certainly is fine.

Catherine and Thelma musicians are, And sound the Muse's praise; While Lida likes to expound facts And sing the poet's lays.

Next are the teeter-tauter girls,
They take turns at staying home;
Gertrude can speak Anglo-Saxon
And Helen likes to roam.

Bernice is quiet and steady
And regards the cracks in the floor,
Insisting that seats be in line
And the path be clear to the door.

A plump little lassie is next, Bernardine Seery by name. She's popular, sweet and known as Buzz In St. Bernard's Hall of Fame.

Helen's sedate and retiring,
And dreams through the live-long day;
Marian's our busy helper,
And over the windows holds sway.

Charlotte's our dainty dancer And gladdens us with her art; Lucille is our stately beauty And holds a place in every heart.

Marie is our Latin scholar, A blue-eved lady, dear, Equally good in English And full of right sunny cheer.

And now my rhyming is over, Three cheers to our teachers I give; May they be busy and happy All the glad years that they live.

SARA MORTIMER, '18.

LORETTO, ENGLEWOOD.

## A Character Sketch

BUSTER was a lovely, little, grey kitten in whose early career the whose early career there were many amusing incidents. One of the things which seemed to puzzle him a great deal was a mirror.

When he first saw his image reflected in the glass, he became very serious, and walked in front of the mirror; then he put his paw up and seemed very much surprised, on its touching the smooth surface instead of a kitten, he looked behind the mirror and seeing nothing there, walked off to lap milk and then see how near he might come to catching a bird.

Several months later we held a mirror in front of him, and when he saw the image, he was very cross and growled loudly, but when he received no answer he walked to the glass and placed his paw on it as before. Then he walked around behind it and evidently thinking we had made fun of him, he went off, and, as yet, we have never succeeded in persuading him to even glance at any kind of a mirror.

Another day we held a white teddy bear up for Buster to jump at, raising it a little higher each time, at last the bear was up too high for the kitten to reach it, and in jumping, he fell down on his head. As soon as he was on his feet he ran off, and nothing could persuade him to come back. Since then he is very much afraid of Teddy and always wants to go away from it.

Some people seem to think that animals are not gifted with the power of remembrance, but I think that Buster remembers these things, and will not run risks a second time.

MADELEINE O'DONOGHUE,

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD.

#### Shakespeare on the Auto

"I will remedy this gear ere long."—Henry VI, Part II.

"The dust hath blinded them."-Henry VI, Part II.

"I like the new tire."-Much Ado About Nothing.

"As horns are odious they are necessary."— As You Like It.

"I show thee the best springs."—The Tempest.

"As one would set up a top."—Coriolanus.

"Marks upon his battered shield."-Titus Andronicus.

"Had it been all the worth of his car."-Cymbeline.

"And you, sir, for this chain arrested me."— Comedy of Errors.

"Humbleness may drive unto a fine."-Merchant of Venice.

"How quickly should you speed?"—Hamlet. "Our lamp is spent, it's out."—Antony and Cleopatra.

"I am out of the road of rutting."-Pericles. "I have Ford enough."-Merry Wives of Windsor.

#### Gems of Thought

A sentence is composed of a subject and predicate and cupola (sic.)

Q. How did the astronomical theory of Copernicus and Galileo differ from the notions previously prevailing on the subject?

A. Of course, I am not able to write an encyclopaedia on the matter. Copernicus taught that the earth was not the only planet inhabited, and that the universe is composed of planets each having its own solar system.

Copernicus proved that the movements of the earth and the heavenly bodies were due to the attraction and repulsion of the centre of gravity.

A glorious way of dealing with troubles. Make them into birds, and get them wings, and then they may even fly away and leave you.

"Yes, this cruel death He died for us; but, O true and loving womanhood! one sweet and proud remembrance will be ours for all eternity -our kiss betrayed Him not nor did our tongue deny.

#### Acrostic "Loretto"

Marlee Manuel, with an ambition beyond her years, sends in an acrostic which is a challenge to the seniors. Here it is:

- L is for lovely time we're having
- O is for the outings that we've had,
- R is for our readiness and promptness,
- E is for the energy that we show.
- T is for the time when we'll be B. A.s.
- T stands for our efforts to be true,
- O means we will all obey forever,

Here's to Loretto Abbey's white and blue! SECOND SCHOOL, LORETTO ABBEY.

## Spray

Teacher was giving the class a little lecture on good conduct.

"Avoid criticising," she said. "Don't make a practice of finding fault with other people, or picking flaws in what they say or do."

"Teacher," spoke up a little boy, "that's the way my father makes his livin'!"

"You surprise me, George! What is your father's occupation?"

"He's a proof-reader, ma'am."

The teacher coughed. "Well, George, I make an exception in the case of your father," she said.

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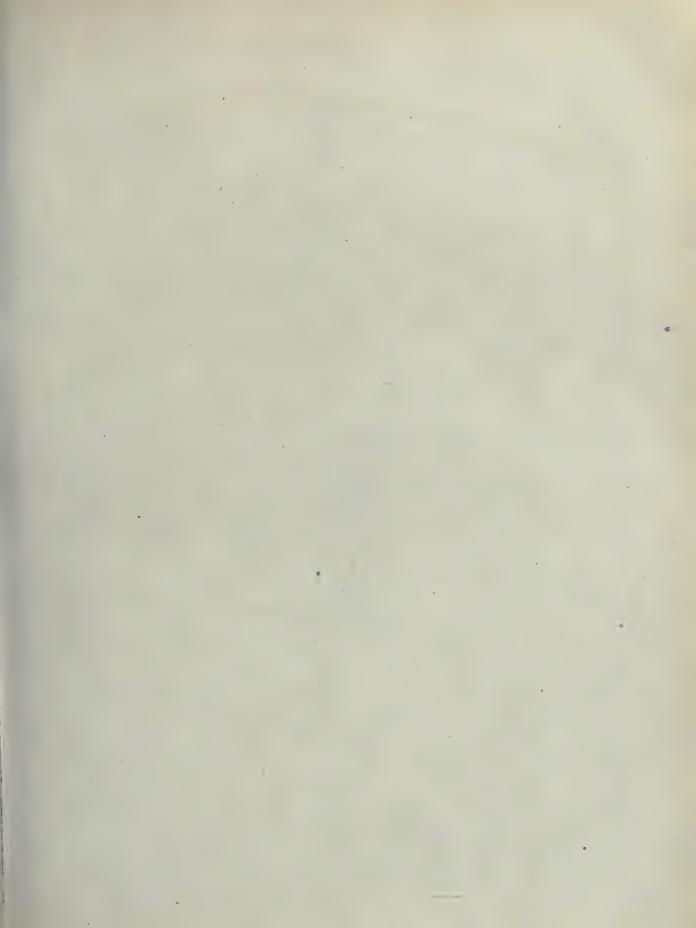
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# RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

Vol. XXV.

# January, 1918

No.

# The Writing of English

THE Silver Jubilee of a Catholic periodical published in Ontario is a notable event, and I congratulate *The Rainbow* on its useful career of twenty-five years. Its chief use, I assume, is to supply Loretto students with a field for literary exercise. It is a training-ground for future writers.

I have seen students acquire ease, clearness, and some degree of elegance in writing English. Some attained this mainly by reading—not reading for the purpose of learning English, but simply for the pleasure it gave them. They developed unconsciously a literary taste when the books they read were of the right kind. I think that a fondness for reading is essential to one whose aim is to write well. Others attained it mainly through the study of Latin. When the teacher of a class in Latin insists on correct and idiomatic and uncopied English in translations, calls attention to differences of construction in the two languages, and leads students to bring out the fine shades of meaning in words, that class has an excellent opportunity to become proficient in English. Others, again, attained it mainly by persevering effort in composition. I doubt whether mere task compositions do more than help one to avoid mistakes. The good teacher probably finds a way of securing some degree of spontaneity in students' literary efforts. No art is acquired otherwise.

The formal study of English is useful in the sense that the task composition is useful, but does not form a writer, any more than the formal study of Logic forms a reasoner. Logic enables us to analyze mistakes in reasoning; but not by it alone, or even chiefly, do we learn to reason well. Similarly, in the matter of literary expression, it is by every development of mind, and every refinement of imagination, and every effort to express their own thoughts in writing ,that students at length acquire what is called a good style.

The foregoing is more or less matter of opinion; but here is something which no one can gainsay, namely, that cramming for an examination in English does not lead one a single step in the direction of good writing.

▼ N. McNEIL, Archbishop of Toronto.

# A QUARTER-CENTURY SPAN

WITH this issue the Rainbow completes the fifth lustrum of its existence, and so a brief summary of its history during the past quarter of a century may be of interest to its readers.

December, 1893, saw the first issue of the magazine at Loretto, Niagara. It is possible that the sublime beauty of Niagara's cascades inspired its creation as the beautiful arch that spanned the torrent inspired its title. At least their poetic and historic surroundings must have been a constant source of inspiration to the young writers. The first staff was composed of Miss N. O'Brien, editor-in-chief, with five associate editors. But no history of the Rainbow could be written without making mention of one who was the life and soul of the enterprise—M. M. Filomena. To her rare literary ability and indomitable energy the Rainbow owes its existence and success, for in those days the way of journalistic ventures was beset with many difficulties.

From its first appearance, however, the little journal found a warm welcome among its contemporaries, and many kind friends and patrons. In an early issue we note a letter of appreciation and kindly encouragement from His Excellency, Monsignor Satolli, addressed to the editors of the Rainbow. In its own land, His Grace Archbishop Walsh, Rev. Anastatius Kreidt, O.C.C., and Honorable T. Anglin, of Toronto, proved not only valuable contributors, but benefactors as well.

The matter of the first volume was confined chiefly to the work of the students of the Academy, but as the aim of the Rainbow was the formation of a bond of union between the Alumnae and the student body, a correspondence department was opened at an early date. The graduates of former years eagerly availed themselves of this privilege. As a result, in the succeeding volume we find letters from every quarter of the globe—the graduates of Loretto, Niagara, usually made the grand tour-; in one, a graphic story of the setting out of a caravan from Cairo, in another a pen picture of a valley in the Land of the Midnight Sun. But the interests of the Rainbow were not limited to the students of Niagara past and present. In the nineties, the bonds which linked the Foundations of the old world with the new, were still strong and the current history of the Institute in many lands may be read in the pages of the Rainbow.

Loretto, Rathfarnham, Dublin, the beautiful home of the Foundress in America, Reverend

Mother Teresa Dease, was the first to extend encouragement to the literary enterprise which provided so new and delightful a medium of intercourse between the houses.

Then, from the "Couvent de Lorette," Mauritius, came a charming French letter, describing Shaddock Grove, the last resting place of "Paul and Virginia"; from Darjeeling, Bengal—"Loretto in the Clouds" as it is called—a delightful account of a First Communion ceremony of native children; from Europa, Gibraltar, the brilliant success of a student of Loretto High School at the London College Examinations, is recorded; and so on down through the years, till we read the touching story of the Bar Convent, York, becoming a hospital for wounded soldiers, and its teachers, nurses. Thus, the Rainbow's span was verily from ocean to ocean.

The sanctum of the Rainbow overlooking, as it did, the "Thunderer of the Waters," could not fail to attract many distinguished visitors. To select but a very few, who later gave tangible proofs of their interest in the magazine, we may mention the present King and Queen of England, Prince Arthur of Connaught, as well as their Eminences, the Venerable Cardinal Gibbons, and Cardinal Logue, the Primate of All Ireland.

As years went on, other convents of the Institute felt the need of a journal to foster the literary talents of their students, and the Institute felt the wisdom of uniting the pupils of the different Houses by a common bond of interest. So, to meet the dual need, the Rainbow ceased to be a local journal, and in October, 1906, it appeared with the sub-title—"Organ of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary." The staff of Editors of the new publication was selected from the students of the various Houses, and its sanctum was transferred to Hamilton.

Meantime, the little journal had become quite widely known in literary circles, partly through the influence of its many friends, and partly, let us hope, through its own merits. It ranked among its contributors such notable poets and essayists as Joaquim Millar, J. J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., Maurice Casey, Canon Sheehan, Vance Thompson, and hosts of others whom space does not permit us to mention.\*

<sup>\*</sup>The following distinguished writers are among those who have favoured The Rainbow with special articles: Dora Sigerson, a poem; Hildegarde Hawthorne, poem; Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, poem; Jane Barlow, short story; Molly Elliott Sewell, article; Nora Hopper, a poem; Jean Blewett, poem.

Among Canadian writers it was equally fortunate. It secured contributions from the gifted pens of Rev. Father Dollard, Litt. D., the Very Rev. W. R. Harris. D.D., LL.D., and Thomas O'Hagan, Litt.D. The charming verses and historical sketches of "Idris" are familiar to every reader of the Rainbow, while the writer has ever been one of its most loyal friends. From across the Atlantic scores of names merit recognition in this summary. Out of the many we cannot forbear mentioning one—the beautiful Carmen Silva, who from time to time sent kindly messages from distant Roumania.

Brief as is this history of the Rainbow's career, it proves clearly that the modest little magazine of 1893 had greatly widened its scope and outlook. The responsibilities incidental to the editorship of such a publication told heavily on the failing health of M. M. Filomena, and in October, 1916, the gifted editor laid

down her pen forever.

In January, 1917, the headquarters of the Magazine was again transferred, this time to Loretto Abbey, Toronto. Here it found new friends and patrons, foremost amongst whom we must mention Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Miss Katherine Brégy, and Miss Hoskin, President of the Women's Branch of Catholic Extension.

But with this change came the parting of the ways. As has been stated, the Rainbow had become cosmopolitan in character, its outlook was broad, its interests varied, its articles touched life at many points of contact, and its field was extensive rather than intensive. Meantime, the Houses of the Institute had increased, and the students multiplied. It became obvious from the outset that one magazine could not fittingly express the thought of the world within, and the world without, and that, therefore, the principle of selection must be applied. Now, there is only one norm by which to measure the usefulness of any activity—is it filling, not a need, but the most pressing need of its day? The last few years of the Rainbow's life have been years big with events. Woman's sphere and condition, in particular, seem to have changed over night, and to-day comes the insistent demand for women who can do things, say things, and above all, write things. If we are to have trained Catholie women writers we must provide a training ground for them, and the only available training ground at present is the convent school journal. This, then, is why, for the present at least, the Rainbow must break, however regretfully, with past traditions, and place its columns at the service of the students of Loretto.

To its friends, benefactors, and patrons of

past years, the Rainbow expresses its heartfelt gratitude. From its friends and well-wishers of the present, it eraves indulgence. A transition period is an awkward one, but inevitable to growth. Indeed since life moves not steadily forward, but in cycles, and since reversion to type is the law of nature, the Rainbow is but following the order of the universe in returning after twenty-five years of existence to its first ideal—a magazine for the students and by the students of Loretto.

A. C. M.

#### No Room at the Inn

Footsore and weary, Mary tried Some rest to find, but was denied. "There is no room," the blind ones cried.

Meekly the Virgin turned away, No voice entreating her to stay; There was no room for God that day.

No room for her, 'round whose tired feet Angels are bowed in transport sweet, The Mother of their Lord to greet.

No room for Him, in whose small hand The troubled sea and mighty land Lie cradled like a grain of sand.

No room, O, Babe Divine, for Thee, That Christmas night, and even we Dare shut our hearts and turn the key.

In vain Thy pleading baby-cry Strikes our deaf souls; we pass Thee by, Unsheltered 'neath the wintry sky.

No room for God; O, Christ, that we Should bar our doors, nor ever see The Saviour waiting patiently.

Fling wide the doors. Dear Christ, turn back; The ashes on my heart lie black, Of light and warmth a total lack.

How can I bid Thee enter here, Amid the desolation drear Of lukewarm love and craven fear?

What bleaker shelter can there be Than my poor heart's tepidity. Chilled, wind-tossed as the wintry sea?

Dear Lord, I shrink from thy pure eye; No home to offer Thee have I; Yet, in Thy mercy, pass not by.

AGNES REPPLIER.

## ST. VINCENT DE PAUL

BY HENRY SOMERVILLE,

THAT penetrating critic, the unfortunate Father Tyrrell, once said that St. Vincent de Paul was the first modern saint. I forget the precise point which Tyrrell meant to emphasize by that remark, but he was drawing some distinction between mediaeval and modern characteristics. There is this much of truth in the aphorism, that St. Vincent's life is of special interest to modern students. A recent writer, apparently a Protestant, says of him:

"He was born in the sixteenth century and by a combination of inspiration and experience he arrived at conclusions which are regarded as discoveries of the twentieth. He dealt almost single-handed with problems of destitution involving many thousands of lives and devised remedies for some of the evils of social life which are still in use. Of the diseases that harass and discourage the benevolent there were very few that did not come under his eye, for the whole field of social service lay open before him. He realized and met the need for the teaching and tending of the young, the nursing of the sick, the aiding of the prisoner, and passed on to the more difficult enterprises that concern the fallen and the wastrel. In his old age a grateful nation hailed him as "Father of his country." \*

The gigantic works of organization that St. Vincent accomplished give his life an aspect of modernity, but his personal character exhibits the simplicity, the prayerfulness, the humility, and the lovingness of St. Francis Assissi, most mediaeval of saints. St. Vincent is known best to us all as the Apostle of Charity. He has been singled out by the Holy See to be the special patron of charitable works throughout the Universal Church, and when we think of what superhuman works of charity have been done by the saints, we may begin to realize the greatness of the man to whom the Church has paid this unique tribute.

Yet St. Vincent's works of charity were not the chief things in his life. As the writer already quoted says:

"External events, however sensational, did not affect him so deeply as his own interior development, and his vast undertakings were never so engrossing as to distract him from his life-long endeavour after self-purification. Ruinez en moi, Seigneur, tout ve qui vous y deplait. Those words—on his lips in his extreme old age—represent the aspiration of his later years." †

The traditional view of St. Vincent as preeminently a charitable worker, is in harmony with the Saint's own view of his vocation to this extent: that he vowed himself specially to serve the poor. He made this vow after a period of severe spiritual trial, and he was then 38 years old. He had been ordained fourteen years and was still an obscure priest of whom no one, least of all himself, would expect any extraordinary work. Acting upon his desire to serve the poor, he laboured to supply their spiritual wants by preaching missions in country villages. Pursuing this purpose, he founded the religious order known as the Vincentians, but properly styled the Congregation of the Priests of the Mission, whose special work was to be the preaching of missions in the poorest parishes. It was a time of laxity and disorder among the clergy, and St. Vincent perceived there could be no better people until there were better priests. He, therefore, commenced to give retreats for candidates for the priesthood on the days preceding their ordination. The retreats for ordinands led to conferences for priests after ordination, and so remarkable were the results obtained by St. Vincent in raising the standard of spirituality among the clergy by these means that he found himself placed by the Queen Regent on the "Council of Conscience," with powers of veto over the nomination of Bishops. At that time bishoprics and other ecclesiastical benefices in France were at the disposal of the State and were cynically disposed of by the politicians without regard to religious interests. Mazarin, the Queen's chief adviser, and the real ruler of France, would never have consented to the formation of the Council of Conscience had he anticipated that the humble priest, Monsieur Vincent, would be inflexible in resisting the nomination of unworthy persons to positions in the Church. But St. Vincent proved No arguments absolutely uncompromising. about reasons of State or family connections would ever induce him to consent to what was virtually simony, although consciences had been

<sup>\*</sup> E. K. Sanders, "Vincent de Paul, Priest and Philanthropist."

dulled in France to the wickedness of a practice as familiar then as political patronage is in government employment to-day. Next to his own personal sanctification, the evangelization of the poor and the reformation of the clergy of France were the chief preoccupations of St. Vincent. The great enterprizes for material relief that he carried through were lesser things in his life.

A feature of St. Vincent's life is that though he always acted with prudence and thoroughness, neglecting none of the natural means to success, yet his works were not the result of deliberate planning and forethought. Everything was done to provide an immediate remedv immediate need. Whether an we consider the founding of the Priests of the Mission, or the Sisters of Charity or the lay Associations of Charity, it is the same: their beginnings were almost accidents. St. Vincent himself drew the moral: "It was what God willed. Can you call that human what

no man ever thought of?"

The foundation of the Sisters of Charity resulted from the assembly known as the Ladies of Charity. The Ladies of Charity were about three hundred in number, and they included the Queen and persons of the highest rank in France. The assembly was first formed to visit the patients in the great hospital called the Hôtel Dieu, but it became an organization for seconding all sorts of charitable projects of St. Vindent de Paul. The ladies raised extraordinary sums of money for those days. It was through the Ladies of Charity that St. Vincent accomplished his work for foundlings, which, of all his labours, has most touched the imagination of the world and made his name venerated. One night as the Saint was walking through a street, he saw a wretched beggar in the act of maining a child, in order the better to excite compassion for begging purposes. The horrified Saint seized the child and took it to a place called the "Couche." which existed to receive foundlings. St. Vincent related the incident to the Ladies of Charity, who arranged what American newspapers call a "probe" into the work of the Couche. They found it a poorhouse, badly organized, and kept by a widow and two servants. According to official reports about four hundred children were admitted each year. There was disgraceful trafficking in the children. They were sold or abandoned at will. Often they were left to die without baptism. St. Vincent and the Ladies of Charity inaugurated a system of inspection to prevent ill-treatment and ensure baptism. They took

away a few children, who were chosen by drawing lots. But the Saint felt they must take charge of all the children, and he urged this upon the ladies. A great "campaign" was organized to finance a foundling hospital. The King gave an annuity of eight thousand livres; a number of noblemen raised this sum to forty thousand, and the Queen and the Ladies of Charity were equally generous. But owing to the large numbers of foundlings, and failures of subscriptions and to the war of the Fronde, it required superhuman efforts and courage on the part of St. Vincent to prevent the work being abandoned.

The assembly of the Ladies of Charity gave rise to the institution of the Sisters of Charity, which has become one of the most glorious organizations in the Church. Their beginnings were of the humblest, but exceedingly interesting to anyone experienced even in a small way in the difficulties of organization, as showing that the human nature we meet with to-day was present in St. Vincent's associates. The Ladies of Charity, as we have said, were the great ladies of the land, some were heroines of charity, to whom no work was too great or too small, but others were less heroic. They could not persevere in the work of personal visits to the poor, and sometimes when their intentions were good they were not capable of any practical service. So some of these great dames began to send their servants in their stead. These were not always satisfactory. St. Vincent decided to obtain some suitable assistants for the Ladies of Charity, who would nurse and visit the sick poor. He knew that among the humbler classes of people there were many pious and competent girls who were not anxious to marry, nor yet thinking of entering religious communities, who could do excellent work for the poor. He brought a number of these girls together, lodged them in houses of Ladies of Charity, and allotted a certain number to visit the poor of each parish. After a while it was found necessary to give some training to these girls, and so they were all lodged in one house under a directress, who was the great and saintly Mademoiselle le Gras. A long time passed before St. Vincent allowed any to bind herself to the work by religious vows. It was almost in spite of his designs that the Sisters of Charity grew into a great religious Order. The constitution that St. Vincent did finally decide upon for the Sisters was something then quite novel in the history of the Church, and he had to overcome much opposition before he could get his rules approved.

P. J. C.

Heretofore Religious had always taken solemn vows which involved enclosure and legal inability to marry or inherit or bequeath property; or they had taken simple but perpetual vows. St. Vincent felt, and it was practically the unanimous view of all other holy directors, that to send young women bound by perpetual vows into the streets and garrets Paris was. altogether inadvisable. Vincent determined that his Sisters should either take no all vows at themselves only for one year, so that they could freely engage in the work of visiting the poor. It was a bold undertaking, and though many of the religious communities of women within the past three hundred years have adopted the rule of terminable vows, it is easy to understand the opposition to the novelty in its first "You are not Religious in the strict sense," said St. Vincent to the Sisters, "and never can be, because of the service to the poor. You must, therefore, he holier than Religious, since you have greater temptations and less security." And again he says: "The Sister of Charity shall have for her convent the house of the sick, for her cell the chamber of suffering, for her chapel the parish church, for her cloister the streets of the city or the wards of a hos-Obedience shall be her enclosure, the pital. fear of God her grate, and modesty her veil."

These scrappy notes on the life of one of the most wonderful saints in the Church may move

some readers to make themselves acquainted with his published biographies. There are several fine books available in English. Bishop Bougaud's "History of St. Vincent de Paul" is, I think, the best, but of Miss Sanders' work already mentioned, it may be said that it is as readable as a novel, and it has many excellencies with few defects.

#### Niagara Falls

Niagara, majestic waterfall!

The earthquake moves in thy resistless sweep;

The force of millions guides thy reckless leap:

Thy daring plunge doth vividly recall The swoop of eagle from its mountain wall;

Thy foam bespeaks the fury of the deep; Thy roar contains the thunders of the steep; In thy o'erwhelming presence man is small.

And yet, by reason of a spark divine,
This puny man is lord of all thy might;
For he can change that awful course of thine,
And turn thy waters into heat or light;
Thy rainbow hues he flings along the line,
And makes a distant city wondrous bright.

CANISIUS COLLEGE, BUFFALO.

## NIAGARA AT THE BATTLE FRONT

BY WILLIAM JOSEPH SHOWALTER

(Published from the National Geographic Magazine, Washington, D.C.—Copyrighted 1917—by special permission.)

IAGARA FALLS, held in reverence for its beauty by generations of nature-loving Americans, has enlisted for the war and is doing its bit in the cause for which the people of the United States have pledged anew their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

Aided by science, it has transformed the silvery sheen of its whitened waters into the fateful furies of the artillery duel and the infantry charge. The placid flood of the upper river has become hardness in steel, speed in manufacture, healing in antiseptics, whiteness in linen, cheapness in automobiles, durability in machinery.

It has lengthened the lives of big guns; it has multiplied the power and the number of shells; it is standing guard over every mile of

war-carrying railroad track, and is protecting every engine axle and car wheel from failure in the rush of material to the front. Aye, who knows but that the very scales of victory will be turned by the weight it throws into the balance?

The story of Niagara's rôle in the battle of the nations is an epic in the history of war.

Twenty-seven years ago certain manufacturers, seeing the tremendous amount of power running to waste where the waters of Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Eric leap from lake level toward sea-level, undertook the installation of a great hydro-electric plant at Niagara. Later other power-developing interests entered the field, and then began a legislative and diplomatic war between those who would utilize



NIAGARA FALLS.

some of the power of Niagara and those who would keep it untouched by the unsentimental hand of commercialism.

Finally the governments of the United States and Canada made a treaty regulating the amount of water that could be diverted for power purposes. Canada has used her share to the last second-foot, but the United States has never permitted the utilization of a considerable share of her allowance.

#### A VAST ELECTRICAL LABORATORY

But for the part used there has been rendered by the users one of the most remarkable accounts of stewardship in the history of commercial progress. The cheap power obtained made Niagara a laboratory where great ideas could be transformed into nation-benefiting enterprises.

When Niagara power was first developed, efforts to make artificial grinding materials were proving a failure because of a lack of electric current at a price the new venture could afford to pay. Those who backed the process thereupon went to Niagara Falls, set up a plant, and founded the artificial abrasive industry. How much its success means to America cannot be overestimated.

Take the grinding machinery out of the automobile factories, remove it from the munition plants, eliminate it from the locomotive works, car foundries, and machine shops of the country and you would paralize the nation's whole industrial system. And that would have happened ere now had not Niagara's artificial abrasives stepped in to save the day when the war shut out our natural supply of emery and corundum from Asia Minor.

There is not a bearing in your automobile but is ground on Niagara-made grindstones; crankshafts are roughened and finished with them, pistons and cylinders are made true, camshafts likewise, and a hundred critical parts of every car, whether of the cheapest or the most expensive make. It would be impossible to build anything of tool steel on a commercial basis without Niagara's abrasives.

NIAGARA SHAPES AND HARDENS OUR SHELLS.

No shell goes to Europe whose nose has not been ground into shape on Niagara-made grindstones. Likewise it is Niagara's abrasives that have done more than any one other thing to master the "hot box," that "bête noire" of the American railroad man and the worst enemy of schedule-time train transportation the world

While the processes of carborundum manu-

facture were being perfected another lesson was learned. Quartz, you remember, is the geologist's thermometer, for it is formed between narrow ranges of temperature. If the materials from which Nature makes it are subjected to more than so much heat, they take on an entirely different character from quartz. The same is true if they are subjected to less than a certain amount of heat.

So, also, it is with carborundum. In its manufacture a large quantity of a mixture of coke and sand, with a touch of sawdust and a dash of salt, is put into an electric furnace. A heavy current of electricity is passed through this for 48 hours, heating it to 1,350 degrees centigrade.

If it is properly heated, there forms around the central core of coke a great array of crystals, large and small, almost as hard as dia-If too much heat is applied, instead monds. of forming into crystals, the material breaks up into fine particles of black dust and you have graphite.

LEADS FOR PENCILS; ELECTRODES FOR FURNACES

Therefore, largely by the same process, the electric furnace produces from the same materials the near-diamond of the artificial grindstone and the microscopic dust that becomes lead for a pencil, color for ink base for lubricants, electrodes for furnaces and death chairs, or a thousand other things, under the manipulations of industrial science.

In making carborundum wheels, whetstones, and other grinding implements, the crystals are separated, graded, mixed with various binders, pressed into the shapes desired, dried, and then baked in kilns, like porcelain or other ceramic products. In some cases binders are used which do not permit exposure to heat, as

in the case of emery cloth.

Carborundum has a companion, alundum, as an abrasive, each having its more advantageous uses. In the manufacture of the latter certain clays are used. One of these is bauxite. This is first purified and then put into a waterjacketed electric furnace, which fuses the aluminum oxide. The fused material is taken out, crushed, and prepared for use much after the manner of carborundum.

Between the two, Niagara has succeeded in saving American industry from the calamity that would otherwise have ensued as a result of the cutting off of our supply of natural abrasives. For more than two years Niagara's abrasive industry has been mobilized against the Central Powers with an effect that cannot be measured.

#### GIVING STEEL A GREATER HARDNESS

But Niagara's bit in behalf of American arms does not end with the story of abrasives; indeed, it only well begins. The story of ferrosilicon is another illustration of how beauty under the alchemy of science is transmuted into grim-visaged war.

Last year this country made more steel than the whole world produced when William Mc-Kinley became President of the United States. Nearly three-fourths of that steel was made by the open-hearth process, and ferro-silicon was used as a deoxidizer, to purify it by driving out the oxygen. Furthermore, in the making of big steel castings that alloy is practically indispensable in the elimination of blow-holes.

The entire ferro-silicon industry, practically, is centered at Niagara, which thus gives pure steel and sound castings as another part of America's contribution to the cause of Allied victory. Every contract for shell steel that has been made in two years calls for a content of ferro-silicon.

There is another alloy of iron indispensable in war, and well-nigh so in twentieth century peace—ferro-chromium. This is the alloy which gives that peculiar hardness to steel which makes it resistant almost beyond human conception. It has been estimated that a modern 14-inch shell, such as our Navy is ever holding in readiness for the possible dash of a German fleet, has a striking momentum at a distance of eight miles equal to the colliding force of a modern express train running at top speed.

Yet this shell must have a nose so hard and so perfect that, although the entire force of the impact is upon its narrow point when it strikes the armour plate, it will pierce the plate without being deformed itself.

#### NIAGARA PROTECTS YOUR AUTOMOBILE AXLE

Not only does ferro-chromium go into the shells of American manufacture, giving them hardness and death-dealing qualities which must make the stoutest enemy heart quail, but it gives strength to the tool steel shaft, life to the automobile axle and gear, and serves peace and war alike with equal fidelity. And Niagara produces half of America's supply of ferro-chromium to-day.

Other alloys indispensable to our success in the great war, in the production of which Niagara is a contributing factor, are tungsten, vanadium, and molybdenum. Some of these alloys are made there, but in the production of the part that is not Niagara contributes the aluminum which makes their preparation possible. Together with chromium, they give us our high-speed steels, gun steels, etc.

America has been able to turn out munitions with a rapidity that has astonished the world and even ourselves, because through Niagara's influence the high-speed tool reached an unprecedented development in days of peace.

In the old days of carbon steel the machine that would cut rapidly would heat the steel so hot as to ruin its temper. To-day alloy steel is not even fretted, much less put out of temper, by cutting speeds that would have been fatal to any carbon steel ever produced.

#### NIAGARA'S GIFT OF ALUMINUM

Where once a cool cutting edge was absolutely indispensable, now even a huge battleship shaft can be turned down, revolving at a speed of 30 feet a minute and giving off shavings more than half an inch thick.

It was the touch of Niagara that transformed aluminum from a laboratory curiosity into one of the most essential of all the minor metals, one with which it would now be difficult to dispense and which has been power to the Allied arm in the European war. Take it out of the automobile industry, and the stream of cars America is sending to the battle front would fall to low-water mark, instead of rising above it.

Then there is silicon metal which keeps transformer steel in electric transmission from ageing, and which, in conjunction with caustic soda, will produce the gas for the army's hydrogen balloons, and titanium—both Niagara products which cannot be overlooked in any summary of Niagara's part in America's war.

Between Niagara's alloys and her abrasives, it is estimated that every industry utilizing steel has multiplied its productive powers by three. Engineers who know every phase of the processes of automobile manufacture declare that if it had not been for these abrasives and alloys, every motor-car factory in America would have had to slow down to one-fifth of its normal production when the war broke out.

#### PREPAREDNESS AGAINST THE DYNAMITE PLOTTER

Calcium carbide is another product of the electric furnace which Niagara is giving to the nation in vast quantities. One furnace uses egg-size lime and chestnut coke in the proportions of 3 parts lime and 2 parts coke and is able to produce as much calcium carbide in a day as the original furnace could produce in a year. This compound is the only commercial source of acetylene, whose many uses are well known.

In every big industrial plant in the country there is fear of the spy, and every oxy-acetylene blow-pipe in the neighborhood is registered, so that in the event of a wrecked plant the work of rescue and restoration can begin at once.

When the *Eastland* went down in Chicago harbour it was the cutting power of the oxyacetylene flame that liberated the imprisoned people. Calcium carbide is also the material from which calcium cynamid, essential in the fixation of nitrogen, is obtained.

But Niagara does not stop with these things. In the trenches of Europe there must be pure water lest epidemic disease sweep over them, destroying more than the shells, shrapnel, and machine-guns of the enemy; and Niagara comes forward with chlorine, or an allied product, which kills the germs of disease, yet leaves the drinker untouched.

In the simplest form, the process of breaking up salt and getting command of the qualities of the two elements in it consists of dissolving about one part of common salt in eight parts of water and passing a given current of electricity through it. The resultant fluid is a great bleacher and disinfectant. A gallon of it will kill all the germs in a day's drinking water of a city like Washington. Of course, the processes of manufacturing chlorine, bleaching powder, and other compounds is more complex.

A thousand American cities sterilize their water with these products, which have done more than any other agency in the hands of the sanitariums to wipe out water-borne epidemics. In the hospitals of France and England they form the active part of mixtures used

to sterilize the wounds of the soldiers. Without them there would be no book or letter paper; cotton dresses and sheets would be no longer white; our every-day chemical fire extinguisher would disappear.

One might go on showing how Niagara aids America in her preparedness campaign. Its laboratories are producing the materials from which pieric acid and other powerful explosives are made. They also are producing metallic soda from which is manufactured sodium cyanide, used alike in extracting gold and silver and in electro-plating.

All these things Niagara has been able to do without detracting at all from its beauty—even without exhausting the amount of water authorized by the Canadian-American treaty.

#### Anchored to the Infinite

The builder who first bridged Niagara's gorge, Before he swung his cable shore to shore, Sent out across the gulf his venturing kite, Bearing a slender cord for unseen hands To grasp upon the further cliff and draw A greater cord, and then a greater yet; Till at the last across the chasm swung The cable—then the mighty bridge in air!

So we may send our little timid thought Across the void, out to God's reaching hands—Send out our love and faith to thread the deep—Thought after thought until the little cord Has greatened to a chain no chance can break, And—we are anchored to the Infinite.

MARKHAM.

## MURDER OF THE MODERN INNOCENTS\*

BY MRS. LEW WALLACE.

THE murder of the innocents of the twentieth century is a march to untimely graves, not by order of a wrathful King, but under what is claimed to be the finest freeschool system in the world. Go into any public school and you will see girls pallid as day lilies, and boys with flat chests and the waxen skin that has been named the school complexion. Every incentive and stimulus is held out—dread of blame, love of praise, prizes, medals, badges, the coveted flourish in the newspapers—the strain never slackens. Watch the long lines filing past, each pupil carrying books—three, four, five—to be studied at night in hot rooms by fierce, sight-destroying lights. Time—was

when spectacles went with age. They are no sign of age now. Many must wear glasses to help eyes worn prematurely old by night work.

Said a thoughtful father: "My children have no child life. They are straining up a grade, talking about examinations. When is their playtime if not now, and what has become of the light-hearted boys? School is never out. Even in the fields, the butterfly and the tree-toad are turned into object lessons, and the grasshopper is torn to pieces in order to be instructive. When I was a boy, and school let out, we were gay and free. We studied in

school-time, and in play-time there was no thought of anything but play."

I do not undervalue education; it is greatly to be desired, but over-education is slaying its thousands.

The burden is books. The tasks imposed on the young are fearful. The effort seems to be to make text-books as difficult and complicated as possible, instead of smoothing the hill so high and hard to climb.

Said a mother: "Two and two are what?" The boy hesitated.

"Surely, you know that two and two make four."

"Yes, mamma, but I am trying to remember the process."

Process, indeed!

A child of nine years is required to define and understand such words as these: Aphocrasis, apocope, paragoge, paraleipsis, diocrasis, syncrasis, tmesis. There are famous speakers and writers who never saw them.

Lest the gentle reader be as ignorant as the writer, I mention that these, and more of the same sort, may be found in many modern English grammars.

One day, Mary was bending over a tablet, writing words on both sides of a straight line, like multiplied numerators and denominators.

"What are you at now?" asked grandma.

Mary answered with pride: "I am diagram

Mary answered with pride: "I am diagraming."

"In the name of sense, what's diagraming?"
"It's mental discipline. Miss Cram says I have a fine mind that needs developing. Look here, grandma, now this is the correct placing of elements. 'Fourscore' and 'seven' are joined by the word 'and,' a subordinate connective copulative conjunction. It modifies years, the attribute of the proposition. 'Ago' is an adverb of past time. The root word of the first clause is—"

"Why, that's Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. I keep it in my work-basket and know it by heart."

"Indeed! Well, 'our' is a simple personal—"
"That's enough. If President Lincoln had been brought up on such stuff, that speech would never have been written. He called a noun a noun and was done with it."

One day Mary came home at noon too sick to eat dinner. What had happened to the darling? She had seen a cat dissected in class. Are our daughters being trained for surgeons?

Other noons she was required to find who was the author of "I sat by its cradle. I followed its hearse," and what caused the fall of the Feudal System, and bring back the answers for

the afternoon session. She was too hurried to eat anything but a banana, while making a dive at the reference books and said, "I only remember these answers a few days. There's so much more coming on all the time." Of course, by far the greater portion must be forgotten as the waves of yesterday.

The whole family go and laugh themselves to death at the "Milk White Flag," while Mary stays in to do her problems, her head bound with a wet cloth. Having no turn for mathematics, she will never get any sense out of it. Naturally, she hates the hypothenuse—if that's the name—and its kindred torments are foreign to her as monkey talk. With red eyelids and nervous fingers she ciphers whole evenings over partial payments—sums not two men could do, and for which she can never have need.

"Mental discipline." Not any more than a Chinese puzzle; merely, so much rubbish under the attic. The mathematics superstition is strong in the land we love to call our own; children of thirteen are in algebra.

Undertake the tasks laid on girls in their teens for one year, and then write me how you like the "system." We need no physician to tell us that the number of nervous diseases on the increase is appalling. Even paralysis has crept in on the young; a leading physician of our State has constantly new cases. There is too much of everything except what is contained in Judge Baldwin's admirable answer to the question, "Should manners be taught in our public schools?" Four, or at the utmost five, hours are a full day's study, if one is to have health in this exhaustive climate. Under our forcing system, the time demanded is nearer ten hours. Foreign children may study harder, but they do not come of fathers consumed by ambition, and mothers trying to do the impossible.

The girls break first because of greater capacity for suffering in nerves alive and quivering that with boys are insensible as telegraph wires. Besides, girls are more tractable, and take to music, embroidery and painting, while boys play ball. In sanitariums, rest cures, water cures and other refuges, forlorn wrecks of women lie on beds of pain, swallowing cod-liver oil, malted milk, and beguiling "foods" and drugs in order to build up. But there are no foundations to build upon.

There are limits to geography; since literature has possessed the public mind there are no boundary lines. To be sure, it is a fine thing to read Browning at sight, and to know what Carlyle means by "hell-queller," but these delights may be reserved for mature intellects;

something might be left undone in the schools. A pupil must read "Paradise Lost" and write an essay on the poem within six days; a composition for scholars and that few scholars do read. I learn with pain that Dante has been added to the course in some States. The dead cat lasted only a day. Dante goes through a whole term. Let the great poets come in later years, royal guests, not task-masters appointed to afflict us with burdens. Be sure if your children want Milton they will find him, and oh, do not make a study of "Childe Harold."

Back of all, and harder than unbending rules, is the merciless ambition of parents. American children must do, be, and have everything. Propose to cut down, drop the least congenial study, and there is an outcry—"Why, then, Mary could not get her diploma!" What will she do with it if she does get it? Lay it away in a forgotten top drawer, or frame and hang it in the guest-chamber—a costly document bought with a great price.

Said a tender mother to me: "The air of the schoolroom is so foul that my boys' heads smell of it."

"And you continue to send them?"

"Oh, yes, you know they must pass."

They are passing.

The mother of a girl with lips colorless as her forehead, declared, "I have a high standard of education for Julia."

"But health, if she leave that in the textbooks, though she speak with the tongues of men and of angels, it profiteth nothing."

"I mean," determinedly, "for her to have advantages and when she gets her diploma she can rest."

So she sums along till she can multiply three figures by three figures in her head, day and night, thinking and thinking. One soft Sunday afternoon, when even the day-laborer was having his leisurely stroll, I asked why she was not out with the rest of the family. She was at home, writing an essay on Gray's Elegy.

"Oh, it is no trouble for her to do it. I don't see how she writes so easily. This is her last year; she has seven studies; then comes the finishing school at New Haven."

"Doesn't her head ache?"

"Sometimes she talks in her sleep"—again the proud look—"it's Latin, I think."

She was already in the finishing-school, and what she now says in her sleep we shall not know till we learn the language of the dead.

That is not the only house where there is a drawer scented with tuberose and heliotrope, and opening it is like opening the grave.

Easy for her to have seven studies under seven different teachers! Try it yourself.

Said one of my neighbors: "Here are two diplomas; they represent my two daughters educated to death." Death by freezing is easier. One of the most foolish sights I have ever seen was a feeble country girl who expected to earn a living, she hardly knew how, puzzling over Cicero's Orations.

Latin is part of the treadmill stairs all must climb. Well has it been said of the Romans that had they been obliged to learn their own language they never would have been able to conquer the world. The dull girl pulls through grades high and low.

To get through in a given time, the rate of speed is like the Frenchwoman's who, at dinner, whispered to the philosopher: "Now, while the plates are changing, be quick and tell me the history of the world."

I knew one type of a class. She mastered various sciences and languages, had seven years of music, and in mathematics went so far as to carry the surveyor's chain. She started in evanescent beauty, rosebloom and snow, and faded as certain sea-shells lose color lying in the sun. The last time I saw her she said with angelic patience: "My children are wakeful at night and I suffer a good deal." She drooped without complaint, and, one day the black horses came to the door and bore away the young mother to the city of the silent.

There is a school, not a thousand miles from Indianapolis, where little children go three hours in the morning and three in the afternoon, and are punished for the least restlessness. Naturally, the prisoners are too exhausted to make much racket when released, so the houses where they live are "kept quiet."

Among women I have known, the one loveliest where many were lovely, had little book learning. It is not what she knows, but what the woman is that makes her charm. This one kept household accounts with exactness, wrote pleasant letters, spelled perfectly, wrote a readable hand. She knew that the verb must agree with its nominative, and that the nose is not an organ of speech. Her voice was so sweet, I hear it yet, though years have fled since it was hushed in eternal silence. She lived to old age, and to the last the banner over her was love; yet, she never heard of the differential calculus, nor knew that man is a magnificent efflorescence of protoplasm!

It is urged that every American is a possible President; that he should be well equipped, a many-sided person equal to any fortune, and so on. True, but do not forget that our greatest

—''the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times''—

had what would now be called a meagre education, cared nothing for books, and was without a library. It is doubtful if any one of our chiefs walked through the Valley of the Shadow of Dante, while a schoolboy.

Few are born great, and if greatness is to be achieved, it will not be by piling books at the top of one's head till the brains cannot move.

President Lincoln taught us that if a man loves learning, he will have it though he live in a wilderness.

If your boy's tastes are not scholarly, you make him miserable trying to force a love for learning. He will go through the books, and the books will go through him; there is no assimilation. You cannot change his nature any more than you can make your Rose of Spring smile on old Croesus, instead of sighing her soul away to Romeo waiting in the shadows.

There is no reason why our little people should be bound under the same rigid rule as the heads of the Flat-head Indians; why eighty should learn what perhaps six will need. As the English say in their straightforward way, if your son is to be a tradesman, give him a tradesman's education. The man who, under happy stars, might excel as an architect or a machinist, may be a poor lawyer, and sentenced to it because his father was bred to the law and there was a judge somewhere among his ancestry.

The founders of our free-school system— I hope they rest in peace!—little dreamed of the latitudes and longitudes that would grow out of their idea of a sound English education accessible to all; or, as General Grant sensibly wrote: "Every child in the land can have the opportunity of a good common school education unmixed with sectarian, pagan, or atheistical tenets." Their idea has been elaborated into a toilsome course, sapping the strength of the strongest. German, Latin, music, drawing, and studies, whose names I do not know, are brought in.

A girl of seventeen, who determined to do or die, said to me with effusion: "I want to know—just everything."

After all, what are our children being educated for? The boys are to be bread-winners—that is decided. They must hurry through and "hustle for a living." The girls—let us believe it—are the future homemakers. The word helpmate is obsolete.

Constantly the question is being brought up,

"Shall this and that be added to our public schools?" But who asks, "Can the scholars endure any more?" They have no protest nor petition; they must stand like human vessels ready to be filled to the brim with mixture of facts. I plead for a childhood of the soul as well as of the body, for the free air, the blessed sunshine, the moderate task ended at the school-This night young heads are leaning against their mothers, tired as no young things should ever be, and it is a sorrowful sound to hear a child waking from what might be the sunny slumber of a light heart beating to healthful music, to ask in a troubled voice, "Do you think I can make the pass grade?" It is said that they like to go to school. Yes, and they would like it twice as well if there were half as much to learn. Many children have I known, but not one who loved study for its own sake. Companionship is what lures them.

Instead of wandering up and down the wilderness of wintry facts, let them loiter a while among the dear illusions. The Happy Valley of Childhood is but narrow, where the golden water babbles to the talking bird and the singing tree, where the sun always shines and the years are summers. They who adjust the load that presses so heavily on the springs of life have much to account for.

Of the long-suffering teachers I can hardly trust myself to speak; no nobler army of martyrs ever marched to chambers of torture. Said one: "I begin the weekly reports Monday before the lessons are recited, else I should never have them ready by Friday night."

I have seen teachers carry home piles of manuscript to be corrected, often spending Saturday and Sunday at their desks. Most dismal of tasks; no wonder the professional reader of manuscript goes crazy.

Said another: "It seems that to teach anything, we must know everything. We have to write essays on subjects that do not touch our studies, and there are the long meetings and institutes."

"What about the institutes?" I asked. It was at the close of one of the hottest days of our tropical summer.

"We must meet and hear compositions on basic thoughts, cosmic entities, the concept of ideality, and Mr. Nobody, from Nowhere, reads 'Locksley Hall.'"

'Can't you read 'Locksley Hall' for your-self?'

"Yes, if I had a chance. My back ached so that I could not listen, and sometimes I am so hurried I feel as though I should lose my wits."

At one time there was a regulation that teach-

ers should stand during recitation. When a number had dropped on the floor the order was revoked.

After much hesitation this cry goes out—petition to lighten the load of the over-laden that may not reach the hearing ear. I should not have the courage to send it had I not been en-

treated: "Speak for us: write for us: you have nothing at stake. We dare not complain; we should lose our places; there are many waiting for vacancies." Pathetic appeals from the helpless!

So, watching their unconquerable work, what I have written I have written.

## ISABELLA OF CASTILE

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., LITT.D.

ECENT celebrations of multicentenaries, Dante's 650th, Shakespeare's and Cervante's 300th, have rather familiarized us at the present time with the idea that not all the highest accomplishment of humanity was reserved for our time. Most people, however, would be quite sure that while men may have been in a position to do great work in the long ago, women at least were, by their environment and above all by their education, debarred from any serious achievement. It so happens that two of our most recent centenary celebrations, those of Shakespeare and Cervantes lead rather easily to the recall of a woman who, more than four centuries ago, succeeded in stamping her personality deeply on the life of Europe. and, at the same time, influenced profoundly American history while preparing the conditions out of which the Golden Ages of English and Spanish literature were to arise.

The surprise for the generality of Englishspeaking people would be that this great woman should have come in Spain, for the Western Peninsula of Europe is commonly supposed to have been particularly barren of genius and above all, lacking in any opportunities for women to weild a profound influence. Spain, however, during the course of a single hundred years, just before Shakespeare's time, witnessed the careers of two women whose works and words are forever memorable, and whose intellectual and administrative genius was probably the greatest ever exhibited by their sex. Saint Teresa was the rival of Queen Isabella, and those two form the best possible demonstration that women could be the surpassing leaders of their time in every way. Among the statues of the Doctors and the Fathers of the Church of Rome, there is a single one raised to a woman, St. Teresa, who is called the Mother of Spiritual Things, "Mater Spiritualium." In any group of great administrators of the world's history, Isabella deserves a corresponding place as the mother of her people and one of Spain's greatest sovereigns.

America owes very much to this great queen, who not only materially helped Columbus in the discovery of the Western hemisphere, but did so much afterwards to initiate a proper organization of government so as to secure the development of the Colonies and the humanitarian She did not succeed comcare of the natives. pletely, but then no one ever does succeed completely when human nature is the material with which one works. It is human to err; abuses are simply inevitable, and they represent the mystery of human history only expliciable, as I believe Mr. Hilaire Belloc said not long since, by that other seemingly greater mystery, original sin.

Now that the place of women, above all in public life, has become one of the important questions of the day, the career of Isabella deserves to be studied once more, particularly here in America, where we owe her so much. Her eminence, so clearly outlined by Prescott more than half a century ago, when his enthusiasm seemed to a great many to be over-ardent and partial, has now, after further historical developments in conection with the Columbian centenary of 1812, come to be recognized as thoroughly representative of the heights of executive administrative and intellectual ability to which women may attain when they have the native genius that enables them to exercise their special feminine qualities for the benefit of their time.

Isabella was born in 1451, just at a time when the coming of a woman to the throne of Castile seemed most unfortunate. The nobles had succeeded in stripping her brother, Henry IV., of Castile, of nearly all his authority. A number of marriages were proposed to her, but already, at the age of not quite fifteen, she had fixed upon Ferdinand of Aragon for a husband, and, as usual, she had her way. She was eigh-

teen when they married. They were so poor that they had to borrow the money in order to give the customary presents to the attendants. They faced quite literal poverty. It is said that she mended one doublet for her husband, the King, as often as seven times. For some years it was a constant struggle for them to obtain even what would enable them to make any show of their rank. On the death of her brother, Henry IV., Isabella was proclaimed Queen of Castile, and this precipitated a war with Portugal over the claims of the daughter of Henry IV. Ferdinand did not succeed to the throne of Aragon until 1480, and after that event the Catholic sovereigns were free to exercise their influence over the remaking of Spain, the union of which into a single country had been practically completed by the conjunction of their crowns.

Undoubtedly Isabella was the most important factor in the magnificent results for the realm which occurred. The nobles had to be curbed, because they were imposing not only on the Crown, but above all, on the people. Isabella brought about the establishment of the "Santa Hermandad," or Holy Brotherhood, a sort of national police, really a permanent military force which served as a protection of persons and property against the violence of the nobles. Coincident with this, if permanent reform were to result, had to come the re-establishment of courts of justice in such a form that legal rights would be assured to every citizen and every class of the population. Legal processes had to be reorganized and royal edicts preventing injustice issued. Certain abuses that weighed heavily on both government people had to be corrected. the midst of the subserviency the kings to the nobility, extravagant grants of land and rights of various kinds in the collection of revenues and even in the coining of money had been made, and these had now to be abrogated. Some of the nobles had entrenched themselves in strong castles, which constantly proved a menace to public order, and these had to be demolished or their transfer to the crown secured.

Anyone who knows the awful state of affairs which had developed in Spain, as a consequence of the rule of a succession of weak monarchs, will understand how difficult was the task that Ferdinand and Isabella had before them and which, mainly through Isabella's administrative ability, were worked out. Religion and education had, of course, suffered quite as much as political and legal rights, in the midst of the lack of government. Isabella promptly took in hand the revivification of education and just

as promptly set about the reform of religious In doing this latter, she established the Inquisition and this has been looked upon as a lasting blot on her name. Unless these two great movements—the reforms of education and religion are studied together, it will be quite impossible to understand what Isabella accomplished. There is not a hint but that in what she did for education she accomplished a supremely great purpose with magnificent success. The misunderstanding with regard to the Inquisition is due entirely to two factors. The first and the most serious of these is an utter exaggeration of the facts with regard to the number of its trials and especially its death penalties, and the second is religious prejudice which makes people refuse to see any good in any Institution which could possibly favor the spread of any religion except that which they themselves profess.

The number of so-called victims (the very term is itself an argument) of the Inquisition is exaggerated out of all semblance to truth. Until one recognizes the place of religious prejudice in the matter, it becomes almost impossible to understand how such an utter perversion of the facts in the case could possibly have become almost a commonplace of history, as it is written in English-speaking countries. Most people are quite sure that there were hundreds of thousands of "victims" of the Spanish Inquisition. There are no good grounds for any such wholesale convictions. Llorente's figures are now utterly discredited.

As a matter of fact, the most recent investigation of Inquisition data shows that probably there were less than ten thousand Inquisition executions. One recent German authority, after reviewing the subject thoroughly, has even ventured to suggest four thousand as the maximum number put to death by order of this tribunal. When it is recalled that the Inquisition lasted about four hundred years, the number of its victims then bears no relation at all to the exaggerated ideas of heartless wholesale cruelty which a great many people have accepted as absolutely historical. The very fact that Cardinal Ximenes, after Isabella's death. became Grand Inquisitor, is ample proof that there were no serious abuses at this time, and for some twenty years before this as the Queen's confessor, Ximenes had wielded compelling influence in religious matters.

NOTE; Just the same sort of historical perversion has gained credence as regards the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day. Some historians have set the number down as 100,000. The official figures, and we have learned to wait for official figures in this war, make the number actually less than 1,000. It is in-

teresting to realize that we have in this country between a hundred and a hundred and fifty lynchings a year—always nearer the larger number. In the course of ten years the lynched (not always negroes) would surpass in number the victims of St. Bartholomew's, and since the Civil War more have thus died probably than the Inquisition put to death in 400 years. (Comparisons are odious, but interesting).

Most of the great awakening of interest in education in Spain at this time was due to the patronage of Isabella. The Renaissance was at work, but as in Italy, needed fostering. It may be said at once that practically all of the interest of the Spanish women in education and the intellectual life was due to the incentive of their great Queen. The straightened circumstances of her early years made it difficult for her to secure opportunities for intellectual development, but with the success of her reign she turned her attention particularly to this phase of life. She made a magnificent collection of books, fostered learning in universities, patronized the great Cardinal Ximenes, who did so much for scholarship in Spain at this period, helped him with his work of founding the University of Alcald, inviting scholars to Spain and in every way making it clear that education was, to her mind, the most important thing for her people.

In order to make up for the loss of educational opportunities in her younger years, she did not hesitate to sit on the benches beside her children. She was well beyond thirty when she took up the study of the ancient languages and yet succeeded admirably at them. It is astonishing to find Ignatius of Loyola daring to sit on the benches beside young boys, when he himself was a grown man, because he wished to learn Latin, but many a Spanish adult man and woman did the same thing as a result of Isabella's example.

It would be easy to think that all this had been accomplished in the midst of the ease and peace that probably came to her as a great successful ruler. On the contrary, few lives have ever been so much disturbed by serious problems of State and deep worries of family life, than that of Isabella. During the time when she was bearing her children she was often in the saddle for many hours, and over and over again she made long journeys on horseback in order to encourage her soldiers or to prevent injustices or to bring about a punishment of those who had broken the laws. Her children did not bring her happiness, mainly because of unfortunate mental and physical conditions, and she saw her son die in the promise of youth and one of her daughters go mad. Isabella had to be the source of consolation for her children

as well as the protectress of her people and the guardian of their liberties and rights.

Perhaps the most interesting consideration with regard to Isabella is that, while the attachment of the stigma of the Inquisition to her name, makes her stand out in history, for a great many people, as one of the cruel and almost actually bloodthirsty sovereigns, the records of her reign show exactly the opposite as Above all, she cared for the her character. American Indians and it was not until after her death that abuses of them began. Her spirit in the matter of the rights of her subjects can perhaps be best appreciated from the wellknown expression which she used on hearing that Columbus had offered some of the Indians be brought home with him, to some of the Spanish nobility, as gifts. The Queen indignantly demanded: "Who gave permission to Columbus to parcel out my subjects to anyone?" Having learned that some of the Indians were being held as slaves in Spain, she issued a decree that they should be returned to their native country, at the expense of the person in whose possession they were found. Nothing so aroused her indignation and her prompt action to secure justice than to learn that the nobility had been imposing on the poor people. Over and over again she put herself to great personal inconvenience to secure justice for the very poor.

It seems surprising, then, that her reputation for humanity should have suffered so much at the hands of posterity because of the Inquisition, but that is, I have said, almost entirely because of religious prejudice and the acceptance of historical exaggerations. In this regard Isabella suffered the same fate as her contemporary, Lucretia Borgia, who has been held up to execration as one of the worst women who ever lived, and who actually was fairly worshipped as a saint by the generation of people who had known her personally for twenty years in the town of Ferrara. The establishment of the Inquisition was very fortunate for Spain indeed if, as it seems clear now, it saved the country from even a few troubles which devastated Germany during the hundred years war after the reformation, when religious divisions so embittered the struggle and made it impossible for national affairs to prosper, or for men to be brought to any common understanding with regard to anything for the good of the commonwealth. The contrast between the history of Spain and of Germany after the reformation, so called, is highly instructive and must be taken into consideration in connection with any historical judgment of the significance of what Isabella accomplished in securing her people from unappeasable division of religious opinion, leading to long drawn, out intestinal strife and years of war.

Prescott, who studied her career deeply, as his three ample volumes on Ferdinand and Isabella demonstrate, declared that Isabella's heart was filled with benevolence to all mankind. Certainly what we know about her bears this out, and with the horrors of war around us at the present time, we can understand and appreciate her qualities better than we could when war seemed a distant institution of a barbarous time. Isabella, though deeply engaged during the wars of her reign with providing the money necessary for war, and the materials of all kinds for the armies, and presumably so occupied that the human problems of war might be forgotten, found time in the most fiery heat of the conflict to devise means for mitigating its horrors. She is the first in history who organized that wonderful humanitarian institution, the Camp Hospital, and there is many a story told of solicitude to spare the effusion of blood of her enemies and to care for wounded prisoners, emphasizing the fact that they were fellow human beings and must be treated as such, even just like their own wounded. Her reign saw a great development of feminine education and the intellectual life among women in Spain. The knowledge of this comes as a surprise to most people who are very little inclined to think of any feminine education having developed before our time, and above all, would be prone to think that nothing good could have come out of the Nazareth of Spain in the matter of feminine education, especially over 400 years ago. Prescott in his history of Ferdinand and Isabella, however, has told up in his chapter on Castilian Literature, in volume 2, the story of the magnificent development of education and scholarship in Spain at this time.

"In this brilliant exhibition those of the other sex must not be omitted, who contributed by their intellectual endowments to the general illumination of the period. Among them the writers of that day lavish their panegyries on the Marchioness of Monteagudo, and Dona Maria Pacheco, of the ancient house of Mendoza, sisters of the historian Don Diego Hurtado, and the daughters of the accomplished Count of Tendilla, who, while ambassador at Rome, induced Martyr to visit Spain, and who was the grandson of the famous Marquis of Santillana and nephew of the Grand Cardinal. This illustrious family, rendered more illustrious by its merits than its births, is worthy of specification,

as affording altogether the most remarkable combination of literary talent in the enlightened court of Castile. The Queen's instructor in the Latin language was a lady named Dona Beatriz de Galindo, called from her peculiar attainments, "La Latina." Another lady, Dona Lucie de Medrano, publicly lectured in the Latin classics in the University of Salamanca. another. Dona Francisca de Lebrija, daughter of the historian of that name, filled the chair of Rhetoric with applause at Alcala. But our limits will not allow a further enumeration of names which should not be permitted to sink into oblivion, were it only for the rare scholarship, peculiarly rare in the female sex, which they displayed in an age comparatively unen-Female education in that day emlightened. braced a wider compass of erudition, in reference to the ancient languages, than is common at present; a circumstance attributable, probably, to the poverty of modern literature at that time, and the new and general appetite excited by the revival of classical learning in Italy. I am not aware, however, that it was usual for learned ladies, in any other country than Spain, to take part in the public exercises of the gymnasium, and deliver lectures from the chairs of the Universities. This peculiarity which may be referred in part to the Queen's influence, who encouraged the love of study by her own example as well as by personal attendance on the academic examinations, may have been also suggested by a similar usage, already noticed among the Spanish Arabs!"

Prescott has made for us a comparison between Elizabeth of England and Isabella, whose two names, in origin the same, and careers, which in both cases shaped the destiny of their nations, make almost inevitable the temptation to comparison. I prefer to quote it, because while Prescott's studies of Isabella and the fact that he was her historian, may have made him partial towards her, by education, tradition and religious prejudice imbibed in New England, all of which are manifest in a good many ways in his work, he, if anyone, might be expected to compare the two ladies from the standpoint of definite historical knowledge. He said:

"Their characters afford scarcely a point of contact. Elizabeth, inheriting a large share of the bold and bluff King Harry's temperament, was haughty, arrogant, coarse and irascible; while with these fiercer qualities she mingled deep dissimulation and strange irresolution. Isabella, on the other hand, tempered the dignity of royal station with the most bland and courteous manners. Once resolved, she was constant in her purposes, and her conduct in

public and private life was characterized by candour and integrity. Both may be said to have shown that magnanimity which is implied by the accomplishment of great objects in the face of great obstacles. But Elizabeth was desperately selfish; she was incapable of forgiving, not merely an injury, but the slightest affront to her vanity; and she was merciless in exacting retribution. Isabella, on the other hand, lived only for others—was ready at all times to sacrifice self to considerations of public duty, and far from personal resentments, showed the greatest condescension and kindness to those who had most sensibly injured her; while her benevolent heart sought every means to mitigate the authorized severities of the law, even towards the guilty....

"To estimate this (contrast) aright, we must contemplate the results of their respective Elizabeth found all the materials of prosperity at hand, and availed herself of them most ably to build up a solid fabric of national grandeur. Isabella created these materials. She saw the faculties of her people locked in a death-like lethargy, and she breathed into them the breath of life for those great and heroic enterprises which terminated in such glorious consequences to the monarchy. It is when viewed from the depressed position of her early days, that the achievements of her reign seem scarcely less than miraculous."

Isabella must, then, be looked upon as one of the world's greatest women, probably the greatest of women rulers of all time. Queen, a model mother, a liberal patron of learning, an administrative genius unexcelled, a

pious, beautiful character whose watchword in a supremely strenuous life was "Duty."

#### Cleaners of the Air

O, cleavers of the air, what bard can sing Your skyey glory, since great Milton passed Who sang the angel hosts on pinion free Sweeping the empyrean, and told of him The mighty spirit who on broken wing From Heaven's high battlements went plunging down

To the unplumbed abime.

O, ye who sail

On daring quest the azure seas of air, Piercing the clouds and leaving earth behind, To bathe in lakes of light—we need a new, Sublimer language to record your deeds And trace your weird sensations as you glide To heights so dizzy that no eagle's wing May tarry there!

What think ye now of man Whose bee-hive dwellings lie all dwarfed below The while he crawls about so like an ant? How small he is, to harbour pomp and pride, How poor his vision, and how short his day!

Your thoughts of Him are like the thoughts of

And ye who see God's wonders in the skies Must deep adore, when earth like falling ball Recedes, and past the glory-tinted hills, Past towers of cloudland and vast gulfs of fire The morning sun peers out before the dawn!

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

## VISIT TO CANTERBURY

THE "Canterbury Tales" of Chaucer made Canterbury famous, ( and invested the old town with a certain romantic interest. One loves to picture those Knights and Dames of old, riding gaily caparisoned horses to the Shrine of St. Thomas. They while away the hours of a tedious ride with tales of romance, not at all times conducive, perhaps, to a fitting spirit of devotion, such as might be expected of Pilgrims.

Instead of an interesting ride upon a "capering palfrey" through a most beautiful flowerstrewn country, the pilgrim or visitor to Canterbury now rushes there by steam.

As I left London from Victoria Station by the 10.45 train one lovely morning in May, I was conscious of a thrill of expectation. I was about to visit the spot where St. Augustine had established his See, where he had first planted the cross, and sown the seed of the Faith which soon spread over all England, the spot made sacred by many holy Bishops and Abbots; also the cruel martyrdom of St. Thomas á Becket, a spot invested with some of the most romantic and interesting recollections in the history of England.

Two hours brought me to the quaint old city, through which I walked to the magnificent Cathedral, passing under Christ Church gate into the Cathedral green. This beautiful old gate was built in 1517 by Prior Goldstone II. I entered the Cathedral by the southwest

porch. The dates of building the different parts extend from 1070 to 1495; various Archbishops and Priors are named as building different portions. The proportions of this grand old Cathedral are most beautiful; the aisles are narrow and lofty. The choir is raised considerably above the nave and is approached by a flight of steps, this is to allow space for the crypts, which are built under this part of the church.

After walking about the nave, admiring the beauty of this ancient structure, allowing my mind to go back to those glorious days when England was Catholic, when faith was deep enough to inspire the children of the Church to build such monuments to the glory of God: peopling the space again with devout worshippers while Mass might be in progress in the choir; with a sigh for the past, I ascended the steps to the choir, where now heretic services

are daily held.

The choir screen is a beautiful specimen of ancient carving. I was here taken in charge by a guide and entered the choir, where are many interesting monuments of antiquity. I ascended the well-worn pilgrim steps to the spot where the Shrine of St. Thomas a Becket. used to be. Now, alas! an empty space, speaking eloquently of the cupidity of that royal robber, Henry VIII., and the fanaticism of the Puritans. Trinity Chapel was built especially to receive the shrine of St. Thomas á Becket; just in front is a mosaic pavement pretty well preserved. The shrine was enriched by many costly gifts from royal and other pilgrims, the wooden sides were covered with plates of gold set with innumerable jewels. The body of the saint was at first interred in the crypt, but fifty years later, in 1220, it was removed with great ceremony to this shrine, prepared for its reception on the site where Becket had first solemnized Mass after becoming Archbishop. This is the spot commemorated by Chaucer in his "Canterbury Tales," where we read of all sorts and conditions of people joining in a pilgrimage.

At this shrine, in 1520, knelt Henry VIII. and rendered homage at the side of Charles V., but eighteen years later his greed for gold was roused, and, as he was never at a loss to trump up an accusation when he had determined to lay hands upon riches that did not belong to him, he had the daring to issue "a writ of summons against Thomas Becket, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury, accusing him of treason and contumacy"; and this after he had been dead for 368 years! The marvel is how such a man as Henry VIII. ever imposed upon Englishmen, and how they could stoop to carry out the mandates of so daring a robber!

The summons was read over his tomb, and thirty days allowed for him to appear and answer for himself; then the suit was solemnly tried at Westminster, and, needless to say, judgment was given against the dead man. The shrine was dismantled, and the gold and jewels taken away to fill Henry's coffers. The spoils, it is said, filled twenty-six carts. Becket's images were destroyed throughout the land, and his name erased from all books; it is not known even whether his body was burnt, or what became of it; there is a skeleton under the crypt which has been discovered of late years and which, it is supposed, might be his. This sad work is of a piece with many other doings of the valiant founder of the English Reformation.

Next the vacant space of Becket's shrine is the tomb of Edward, the Black Prince (1376). The figure is clad in full armour, the hands Above the canopy hang clasped in prayer. his brazen gauntlets, his casque, shield of wood and velvet coat emblazoned with the arms of France and England. Immediately opposite is the tomb of Henry IV. (1413), and his second consort, John of Navarre. A circular chapel at the extreme east end of the Cathedral is known as the Corona, or Becket's Crown. The ceiling is shaped much like a crown. On the left is the tomb of Cardinal Pole, the last Archbishop who acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope. In the centre stands the chair of St. Augustine, a plain marble chair, in which it is said the old Kings of Kent used to be crowned, and which was given by Ethelbert to St. Augustine, from whom it descended to the Archbishop of Canterbury. In it the new Archbishop (now, of course, Protestant) is placed when he is enthroned.

The next most interesting part is the Chapel of the Martyrdom in the north-west transept. This was the scene of the ghastly tragedy which rendered Canterbury famous throughout Chris-St. Thomas, who, much against his tendom. will, had been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury by Henry II., proved himself the faithful guardian of the rules and the rights of the Church upon which this same King desired to infringe. Not being able to overcome the Archbishop by friendship nor persecution, he said one day in a moment of anger: "Will no one rid me of this troublesome Churchman?" Immediately the four knights, Fitzurse, de Moreville, de Tracy and Richard le Bret, hoping to win the King's favor, set out for Canterbury to compass the death of the Archbishop. They entered by the same doorway which to this day leads from the "Chapel of the Martyrdom" to the cloister. The holy Prelate was at the altar. "Where is the traitor?" they cried. St. Thomas did not reply. "Where is the Archbishop?" they then said. "I am the Archbishop," replied the Saint, "but no traitor, what would you?" "That you die!" they exclaimed, advancing upon him. One struck him a violent blow upon the head with his sabre; he fell, covered with blood; two others pierced him with their swords, the fourth opened his skull and scattered his brains. In the south-east corner of the space before this altar is the "Murder Stone," where the martyr fell.

Henry, on hearing of this crime, wept, declaring he had never ordered it to be committed. He performed sincere and rigorous penance. The four assassins died in a few years, full of bitter repentance. A blind man recovered his sight on applying to his eyelids the

blood of the martyr while yet warm.

From this point I entered the Cloisters and the Chapter House, a large and lofty hall. I then returned and was taken through a passage under the choir to St. Michael's or the Warrior's Chapel. It contains, partly built into the wall, the stone coffin of Stephen Langton, the leader of the Barons who wrung the Magna Charta from King John. In the centre is a beautiful alabaster monument of Lady Margaret Holland and her two husbands, John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, and Thomas, Duke of Clarence.

I now descended into the very beautiful crypt with its exquisitely carved pillars. The whole crypt was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, "Our Lady of the Undercroft." Remains of what was once a fine chantry are still to be seen. The "Black Prince's Chantry" was founded by the Prince on the occasion of his marriage in 1363. A portion of the croft is railed off and here the French Protestants hold their service. In the east end, or crypt of Trinity Chapel, Becket's body was placed and remained for fifty years until it was translated to the magnificent shrine in Trinity Chapel Here Henry II. did penance for his and was soundly scourged by the Church's representatives. A stone marks the spot where some bones were found in 1888 and re-buried in the same place. It is thought they might possibly be those of St. Thomas á Becket, but it is uncertain.

After my visit to the Cathedral I had lunch in a delightfully quaint restaurant adjoining Christ Church gate. Here pictures of Chaucer's Pilgrims abound in all sizes and colorings.

I then walked along the street listening to the Canterbury Bells until I came to the Catholic church of St. Thomas. It is a pretty little church, nicely kept, but, oh, how different from the stately Cathodral built centuries ago by Catholic piety, now in the hands of aliens!

I walked on to view St. Augustine's Gateway, the entrance now to a Missionary College, where once stood an Abbey founded and endowed by King Ethelbert in 598, immediately after his conversion. It incorporated a heathen fane, which was dedicated by St. Augustine to St. Pancras, the Roman boy-martyr. In the cemetery attached to the Monastery the remains of St. Augustine and a number of succeeding Archbishops were interred. Until the tragedy of Becket in 1170, the Abbey and the Church of St. Augustine were of far more importance than the Cathedral. In 1538 its revenues were valued at £1,412, 4s., 7d., and it possessed upwards of 11,800 acres of land. This proved too great a temptation to Henry VIII., so he suppressed the Abbey, and piously transferred the lands and revenues to his royal self. The principal buildings were stripped of their lead, and nearly everything of value removed. The great Hall was pulled down to furnish materials for the Guildhall. The beautiful gateway became the entrance to a brewery; the state bed-chamber held the cooling-vat; the guesthall was used for dancing and cock-fighting. The whole place was suffered to fall into decay. In 1844 the late Mr. Beresford Hope rescued the Monastery from the state of degradation, and, as far as possible, restored it. It is now a College. The beautiful embattled gateway was the work of Abbot Findon in 1300. Above the vaulted archway is the State bed-chamber, where Charles I. lodged when bringing his bride Henrietta Marie from Dover.

From this I made my way to the Dane John and walked through its beautiful avenue of lofty lime trees. This avenue extends for more than a thousand feet; at the end is a huge artificial mound which is supposed to have been a Danish earthwork, hence the name Dane Others say it is of earlier date, and that the name is a corruption of Donjon, a castle weep. The Dane John is a very pretty park and recreation ground. I now turned towards the West Gate, a beautiful gate with round towers, built by Archbishop Simon, of Sudbury, in 1380. I passed under the archway and returned to the station, thus ending a delightful day in the old town of Canterbury, amid suroundings that almost made me forget there was such a thing as a modern railway. MARY HOSKIN.

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## THE RAINBOW



#### JUBILEE NUMBER

Published Quarterly During the College Year.

LORETTO ABBEY, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ONT.

#### \_\_ S T A F F \_\_\_\_

FRANCES GALLIGAN, '18 GRACE ELSTON, '19 DOROTHEA CRONIN, '20 FRANCES O'BRIEN, '21 MILDRED ROSS MARY F. A. FALLON ANNIE SUTHERLAND SARAH MORTIMER .
ELIZABETH MARSDON
MARION HOGAN
MARY CURNIN
GERTRUDE O'NEILL
FRANCES McKENNY
LIDA PIRRETTE

The New Year bring all good things to our readers! A new impetus to the pens of our writers! And a new interest on the part of our patrons! With the blessing of our loved Archbishop, and under the renown of his name—the signature to a gift from his pen—we face the new untravelled stretch of road before us.

During the past three years "history has been coming off the loom so fast," as a well-known writer expresses it, that the threads escape our most alert and careful notice. It is hard to regret that fact when we see how closely the thread of tragedy is woven in the fabric. Anxious and perilous days these are for us all. We are forced to pray that the New Year will justify some of our old faith in its good intentions; some of our old hope in its power to carry them out—and that chief among its gifts will be, a special vocation for the suffering so clearly before the world in the near future, with a high courage to meet the hardships already at our door.

How far astray the first writers of the Rainbow would have been, had they chosen to forecast a page of to-day's history! What wild, improbable items a sheet from one of our dailies would have seemed to contain!

A twenty-year-old copy of the St. Nicholas Magazine has a fascinating article in it on an "Air Battle" — a subject that lived only in the realm of Fairyland then. If all our Fairy Tales are coming so grimly true their readers will begin to fall off. I fear. Nearer still, we have in Benson's "Lord of the World" that remarkable account of the volers crossing and re-crossing each other in the air, a prophecy only too literally fulfilled in the war news of to-day.

Let us hope that these appalling times are but the first phases in the ritual of a change

more beneficial for us than our small minds can measure. Already the great world-struggle is bringing about a return to truer, higher standards of life—a growing distrust in material things, and a reaching out towards the things of the spirit. Many of the chains which have fastened society to frivolous and worldly conventions have been broken, and a nobler purpose than the pursuit of pleasure, or fame, has dawned in the minds of many.

OUR FRONTISPIECE is the copy of an interesting and charming work of Christian Art. The figure, borne so securely along through the air, in royal state and holy company, represents St. Catherine of Alexandria, or of the "Wheel," as she is some times called. She has been revered by the Church and by all Christendom as far back as the eighth century, but there is such a bewildering number of stories connected with her name that it is quite impossible to distinguish between her true history and those accounts which are current, only by a pious tradition.

As the Patroness of Education, philosophy, science and theology, St. Catherine holds an undisputed position in Hagiology.

Dürer, Raphael, Giotto, Luini, Paul Veronese, Guido Reni, Corregio, Titian, Vasari, Perugino, and a host of great artists of every age and country, have painted her, in one or other phase of her varied life. Luini, as well as Mücke, the author of our picture, has chosen that instance which predominates in most of the histories, namely: the translation of the Saint's body, by the hands of angels, to its burial-place on Mt. Sinai, following her martyrdom by the sword. Artists as well as scientists—notably Da Vinci, who was both—were filled even in those days, with ideas on the conquest of the air, now a happily accomplished fact.

At that early period of history monks were often called "angels"—so there may be a natural explanation for the legend. But the artists chose the more beautiful and exalted idea, and we are glad they did so, as it is quite in accordance with the spirit of the Church, which distinctly recognizes the miraculous translation in Her Office, in the following beautiful terms:

"O God Who didst deliver the law unto Moses on the summit of Mt. Sinai; and there also didst, by Thy holy angels, miraculously place the body of blessed Catherine, Thy Virgin and Martyr; grant, we beseech Thee, that by her merits and intercession we may attain to that Mount which is Christ; Who with Thee liveth, etc."

The attention of our readers is called to the scholarly article on St. Vincent De Paul in this Issue. The Rainbow is grateful for this gift from Mr. Somerville, who wrote it, and to Rev. M. J. Ryan, of St. Augustine's Seminary, who was kind enough to solicit it.

#### In Memoriam

In November, the month of All Souls, two of our dear ones went to receive their well-earned reward: Sr. Serena Doyle and Sr. Aurelie Clarke. 'Sr. Serena, a dearly loved member of the Community at Loretto Abbey, after a life of singular perfection and devoted service, breathed her last on the Feast of All Saints. Sr. Aurelie, the niece of the late Sr. Bede Noonan, died in Chicago after some months of severe suffering, borne with heroic fortitude, and resignation. May their souls rest in peace!

#### Exchanges

"The Trinity College Record" is a magazine worthy of its efficient staff. There is a professional stamp upon many of its articles which spells "literary fame" in big letters, for some of its enlightened editors. The poetry is excellent, the short stories clever, and the "Hoover Verses" in the last issue, full of humor and good humor—valuable assets in these days.

"The St. Joseph Lilies" maintains its tone of excellence in the Christmas number. The enterprise and skill that go to the making and keeping up of such a magazine cannot be too warmly praised. The scholarly article by Rev. John Talbot Smith has merit enough in itself to endorse all that follows. Yet it forms but one of the many contributions of high merit, in the list of contents. Congratulations!

The Rainbow acknowledges with thanks and appreciation the following: D'Youville Magazine, Lorettine, St. Angela's Echo, Campion, Memorare, Loyola College Review, Villa Marian, Abbey Student, Agnetian Quarterly, Mount Loretto Messenger, St. Mary's Messenger, Loyola University, The Villa World, Echoes, Duquesne Monthly, and the Nardin Quarterly.

Echoes from the Pines has renewed its suspended publication in a chastely beautiful number in celebration of its Silver Jubilee. We extend our cordial good wishes and congratulations upon the event and upon this fitting record thereof.

#### Book Reviews

(M. A. Q.)

Irish Lyrics and Ballads. Rev. Jas. B. Dollard, Litt.D. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto).

Once again the gifted singer has tuned his magic harp, and its strings vibrate the fairy music of "The Homes of Elfland" and "Echoes from The Shadowy Glens" of Erin, whilst over the magic scenes conjured up by the Master-artist falls the light of "The Ancient Celtic Glamour." As we read Dr. Dollard's verses, we are spell-bound by the mystery of enchantment, and readily yield credence to the belief that

"The crooning of the wind-blast is the wailing Banshee's cry,

And when the silver hazels stir, they say the fairies sigh."

Ballads of Peace in War. Michael Earls, S.J. (Harrigan Press, Worcester, Mass.).

"A book for the soldiers in camp and ship; for the folks waiting at home; for a charming gift to friends," is the summary by a critic of the above. But the chief charm of Father Earl's poetry is in the power of interpretation of human life. The author's comprehension of "Childhood" is illustrated in "On a Train," "The Young Adventurers," "The Philosophers," etc., etc. The poems are worthy of the author.

At the Foot of the Sand Hills. Rev. J. Spalding, S.J., author of "Camp by the Copper River," etc. (Benziger Bros. \$1.00).

"A wholesome out-door story for boys," in which Walter, a Chicago lad, goes to the prairies of Nebraska to visit Dr. Murt, a friend of the family, and keen in out-door sports as well as efficient in his profession. The recital of Walter's novel experiences would gladden the hearts of all normal youngsters, and the book should be a favorite.

"He willed to lack, He willed to bear;
He willed by suffering to be schooled;
He willed the chains of flesh to wear;
Yet from her arms the world He ruled."

## MARY IMMACULATE

"Mother with a maiden's innocence; Maiden with a Mother's love."

GREAT critic has said, "There is nothing so practical as an ideal." It alone can lift our mind from the midst of our material surroundings and enable us to see higher truths in a clear, unclouded atmosphere. It alone renders possible the right working of the great power of life—love. An ideal is the light which shows us the path to tread while love is the motive force which furnishes the power to tread that path.

Human ideals, however lovely, are still vague and visionary. They flit before us with changeful mien, least useful when most winning.

God has given us His Ideal, His own Divine Son. He has stooped to become like unto us, that we might be won to aim at likeness to Himself. Yet He is God and we are sinners, and our timorous hearts fear the glory of the light which shines from His countenance. Therefore is His splendor reflected in the innocence of a human maiden and His love is brought closer to our hearts by the tenderness of His human mother. It is His light upon her life that makes Christ's Mother beautiful and His likeness upon her soul that makes her "Blessed among women."

Many persons have a wrong or very faint idea of what our Lady really is. Because she is holy they imagine she is necessarily something removed from practical life. They picture her as a model of dainty prettiness, a fit subject for poetic dreams and pictures, but as a living, active, powerful inspiration, they never behold The reason is doubtless because too many consider what holiness is not, rather than what it is. As Mgr. Benson expresses it, they look upon the negative rather than upon the positive side of virtue. To him, purity was white indeed but not snow-white so truly as "white hot," the energy of a love for God, so strong as not to permit self to be squandered in frivolous passions.

Holiness is true moral beauty illumined by grace; the union of all moral excellence in full measure and right degree under the guidance and blessing of God. It is the true worth of life without which there is none other.

Holiest next to her Divine Son, our Lady is yet only human, and the Virgin Mother is revealed "Full of grace," "Whom all generations shall call blessed."

How beautiful is the soul of Our Lady! No-

thing is there that is base or unworthy. Nothing that is not most faultlessly fair. Every excellence is there, each in the choicest tone, all in the most exquisite union. With all strength and with all gentleness, with all loveliness and with all power, with all affection and with all heroism, with all sweetness and with all resolution, with all winningness and with all worth.

St. John Damascene thus addresses her: "O Mary, most gentle daughter of our race, behold my tender worship brings me back to thee. How could I describe thy demeanor, enhanced as it is with saintly dignity. How could I paint the beauty of thy face or portray the balanced prudence of thy character, sedate as the wisdom of old age, yet enshrined within the tender form of a maiden. In thy dress there is no line, no curve, which has not been arranged with delicate modesty, so that there is no faintest trace of affectation or display. step is measured to the golden mean, between unseemly haste and unbecoming indolence. With an air of deep seriousness, tempered withal with winning cheerfulness, thy soul retains all its humility amidst the sublime splendors of thy contemplation. Thy speech is ever bright and kind, for it is the rippling overflow of a heart full of a ceaseless flood of goodness and sweetness. What art thou in truth but the maiden whom God hath made worthy to become His own Mother. Rightly do all the generations of the world proclaim thee blessed, thou who art the flower, the fruit, the balm, the blessing of our race?"

And Cardinal Newman says of her: "As to Mary, her holiness was such that if we saw her and heard her, we should not be able to tell to those who asked us, anything about her except simply that she was angelic and heavenly. Of course her face was most beautiful, but we. should not be able to reflect whether it was or not, for it was her beautiful, sinless soul which looked through her eyes and spoke through her mouth and was heard in her voice and compassed her all about. Whether she was still or when she walked, whether she smiled or was sad, her sinless soul, this it was which would draw all to her who had any grace in them, any remains of grace, any love of holy things. There was a divine music in all she said and did, in her mein, her air, her deportment, that charmed every true heart that came near her. Her innocence, her humility and modesty: her simplicity, sincerity and truthfulness, her unselfishness, her unaffected interest in all who came to her, her purity—it was these qualities that made her so lovable."

Wherefore, in Mary we find our Ideal Christ, imaged in a type that is more near to us because she is only human; less dreaded by our guilty fears because she is only a maiden; most encouraging to our hesitating hopes because she is a Mother.

As our Divine Lord has lovingly chosen to re-

ceive from a peerless Maiden the heart with which He loved us unto death, so, in bringing His divine ransom, and still more divine tenderness to our hearts, He lovingly leans upon the noble and fond Mother whose blood is in His veins. So we behold her the ideal of true womanhood; Maiden of beauty, Mother of love, bearing in her arms the Child-God, the light and the life of men.

LORETTO.

JUDITH YOUNG.

## THE MUSICIAN AS AN ARTIST

It is a truism that we cannot know one thing until we know two. The teacher of history must know a good deal more than history; the teacher of Christian Doctrine will be inefficient unless he knows much in literature, philosophy, art, and other seemingly alien fields. Similarly, the teacher of vocal or instrumental music will remain all his life a prosey potherer unless he deepens and widens his outlook. Apropos of this, Mr. Redfern Mason, a convert to the Catholic faith and one of the leading musical critics in this country, has recently said:

"The musician who would do worthily in his art must open wide the portals of his soul; he must be a thinker, a dreamer; he must ruminate like the melancholy Jaques; not the processes of art alone must interest him, but the riddle of life, the ever-varying story of nature, the problems of the rich and the perplexities of the poor. Your musician ought to have commiseration written deep in his being. Beethoven was a humanitarian; Schumann told his love story in music; Palestrina made song a vehicle for the expression of the spirit of the Beatitudes. The musician who has never read his Dante, who is a stranger to Homer and Shakespeare, who has never pored breathless over 'Faust,' may be a good enough technician, but I am sceptical of his title to be called an art-

Some of our community musicians need to take this lesson to heart. They will find that the fundamental reason why they are so deficient in real musical expression is because they have nothing to express. They may know something of the purely technical side of music, but they do not know enough about life. They need to read much, and to think more. They need to sit at the feet of the great historians and poets and novelists and dramatists. They need to grow in the appreciation of great pictures. They need—this above all—to get into closer touch with the life within them and round

about them. And they need to convert their knowledge into power and beauty.

The musician who is nothing but a musician is not a musician, even as the teacher who is merely a teacher is no teacher at all. Both must be artists; and the artist is a man with a comprehensive vision, a synthesizing spirit. "The man wholly and exclusively absorbed in music," says Mr. Mason again, "is not an artist; he is a craftsman, a technician. Your Paderewskis and Kreislers are of another sort. Talk to Paderewski about American politics and he will render you a reason better than most people who are natives of the soil. Kreisler is interested in everything; De Gogorza is not merely a great singer; he could entertain a drawing room with a discussion of Mr. Britling or the Cubists." -SELECTED.

## A New Year's Prayer

"Low at the threshold of this white new year I kneel in prayer:

Lord, may it be

A Temple unto Thee;

Wherein each rounded day may stand

A column grand.

Grant that the walls may be

Of work to Thee,

With faith for buttress firm;

And for the shadowing arch above,

Oh, roof it with Thy love!

A 7 11 11 WITH THY TOVE

And on the spire of Hope

The cross of Courage set.

Lord, this were yet

An empty temple and a barren year.

Oh, be Thou present on the altar there.

And may the incense of unceasing prayer

Make sweet the air.

Thou, Lord, the builder and the inmate be,

I, but the mason under Thee,

My hours the blocks to raise

A Temple to Thy praise."

## A CHRISTMAS STORY

I WAS visiting my uncle, an aged priest, during the Christmas holidays, and I enjoyed many hours listening to him as he told stories of various incidents he remembered. I never tired of his reminiscences and one evening just at twilight, as we sat before the glowing hearth fire, I said:

"I know, Father, that you must have experiences that would fall into an interesting Christ-

mas story. Please tell me one."

The old priest smiled as he answered: "Yes, you are right, my child, I have many Christmas tales, some sad, some glad, but I have just received a letter which is, you might say, the sequel to a most remarkable Christmas story, one which has lasted for nearly twelve years."

My curiosity was aroused and I begged Father Kieley to relate this story which had its

beginning so long ago.

"Well, my child, you remember some years ago I was in charge of a parish in one of the poorer districts of New York. Worshippers of every nationality flocked to my little church, their one bond being their religion. I soon became accustomed to their amazing stories and was convinced that "truth was stranger than fiction." I was the confidente of the neighborhood; Catholics and Protestants alike came to tell me their joys and sorrows. The Christmas season was a time of great religious celebration for my people, and this Christmas of which I speak was to glory in a new feature, a children's choir.

On Christmas morning the singing was angelic, and I saw tears in many eyes as the familiar old carols rose in sweet child tones. The very air was laden with devotion and I could see that distractions were as far away from my parishioners as they were from me. No wonder our thanksgivings were a little longer or that we all felt a little more fervor.

When I thought all had left the church I turned to take one satisfying look around, and to my surprise, I noticed a man still kneeling in the church, with his face buried in his hands. Thinking that the singing had brought back tender memories of his home, and not wishing to disturb his reverie, I busied myself for some moments in the sacristy. From time to time I looked out, but still the man knelt. At last, becoming anxious at his long stillness, I approached, and touching him on the shoulder, said, 'Sir, is there anything I can do for you?'

Slowly he raised his head and showed me a countenance on which the marks of sorrow

and anguish were so deeply written that involuntarily I started.

He rose to his feet and said: 'I beg your pardon Father, I must have kept you waiting, but this is the first time that I have been within a Catholic church for years, and repentance and regret overpower me.'

"I am only too glad to pardon you, sir," I said, 'for you have been communing with a higher Judge than I, but I know you are a stranger and I thought I might be of some as-

sistance to you.'

'You are right, Father, and I thank you.'

We walked out together, and as we reached the sidewalk the man looked about as if dazed and said: 'I left my hotel to take a walk and I must have gone farther than I intended, for I was weary when I reached your church, but the children's singing drew me in, and the weight of guilt and sorrow vanished, until I felt that some power must have come to bring peace to my soul. But now I am indeed lost, and I must find my way to the Hotel Graham.'

'Hotel Graham,' I said, 'why that is a long distance from here, and you seem very tired. Come over to the rectory with me and rest

awhile.'

'This is good of you, Father, for I do not feel able to retrace my steps, so if it will not inconvenience you I should like to take ad-

vantage of your kind offer.'

"The rectory was but a short distance away, and as we walked I soon became aware that my companion was a man of culture. When we reached the rectory I offered my guest some refreshment and then took him to my study, where a cheerful fire blazed."

"We talked for some time on topics chosen by my new friend. With a careful deliberation, then the gentleman said, "You must wonder what led me to this part of the city, so I shall tell you my story, long and tedious though you may find it. I am an Englishman, but in my youth I travelled extensively, and one year, while touring Italy, I met a young American girl whom I afterwards married. Our home was in London, and we were very happy, though my wife sometimes longed for her native country. Finally, one year, just before Christmas, we decided to visit America. We were told it would be rather dismal to cross the Atlantic in mid-winter, but my wife had set her heart upon spending Christmas with her parents. So we took passage, the party consisting of my wife, myself, Betty, our infant daughter, and Nona, her nurse. We enjoyed the first few days of the trip, but later a heavy fog enveloped us. At first we thought the ship would bring us through and we felt secure, until one day the vessel suddenly gave a great lurch—only one, and no second one was needed to tell us of our danger. On the deck pandemonium reigned. People rushed madly back and forth, sailors were shouting orders, women were screaming, and above all the thunder Someone shouted to us that the ship had struck a rock and was sinking rapidly. We made our way to the life boats while the Captain shouted that there were plenty of boats and there was nothing to fear. But the nurse who was carrying the baby was beside herself with fright. At last we were next in line. I helped the nurse into the boat and turned to assist my wife, when I heard someone shout, 'No more in this boat!' Instantly the boat was lowered, my wife rushed forward as if to leap into it, I caught her and tried to soothe her by saving that we would go into the next boat. Soon our boat was ready and lowered, but to our dismay, the fog on the water was so thick that only dim outlines of the other boats could be distinguished. We called to the nurse, "Nona! Nona!" but no reply could be heard, for our boat quickly drew away.

After we had drifted about four hours the fog lifted and some distance off a vessel could be seen. The sailors exerted themselves to the utmost and we slowly approached the ship. A shout was heard and ladders were lowered and willing hands assisted us to the deck. We inquired for our child and the nurse, and a search was made among the rest of the passengers, but no trace of Betty or Nona could be My wife was prostrated with grief, and on reaching New York, was ill for many days. A report was brought to us that the passengers of a life boat had been rescued by a small steamer. We employed detectives to investigate the rumour, and also advertised for a person answering to Nona's description, but all in vain.

"My wife never recovered from the illness brought on by the shock, but before she died she made me promise never to give up the search for Betty, as she felt that somewhere our baby was alive. I had little confidence in her belief, but to please her, made the promise, and although heartsick and inconsolable at my double loss, I still followed every clue and advertised extensively in spite of the fact that coming to New York but intensified my sorrow. I have returned here at Christmas for the last ten years. I know you must think

me senseless, but something seems to call me to this city. For years I have had no trace, but I still come, and often tramp the streets for hours. That is what I was doing when I came to your church, and although I had given up my faith in God in my despondency, the sound of those sweet childish voices seemed to draw me in and I realized that I should have turned to Him long ago for comfort. Then a feeling came over me of great consolation and I knew that my only happiness lay in making my peace with God, and for this reason I have told you my story and I ask you to help me to return to my religion.'

"I was deeply stirred by the story this man told and did my best to comfort him. He told me that his name was Roger McAllistair, and I dimly remembered reading of the disappearance of his child and of the search he made for her. I casually asked him the name of the nurse, but at his answer that her name was Nona Mathews, I exclaimed, 'Mathews!' why that name is familiar. The name of a little protegé of mine is Elizabeth Mathews; she is the child who sang the solo in the Children's Choir. She is an orphan, but lives with a kind old Irish woman, Mrs. McGuire, near here. The name is not a common one, perhaps she would know something of this Nona Mathews."

Mr. McAllistair sprang to his feet and almost shouted, "Let us go to her at once; every clue is precious."

We started out immediately and soon reached the little house where we were admitted by Mrs. McGuire. She looked surprised at our visit, so I soon explained our errand, which was to ask her if she knew anything about Elizabeth's relatives, and how Elizabeth had come to live with her. And this is what she told us:

"Many years ago, on Christmas eve, I was coming home from the Church, and I met a woman who was carrying a small child. She looked ghastly, so I hurried her into my house. The hall light let me see more clearly how serious her condition was. Medical treatment revived her a little, but she talked wildly and seemed to be delirious from fever. All we could understand was that her name was Mathews. She begged me to take care of the child Elizabeth, and gave me a purse filled with gold, and said that some day the child's father would come for her. That is all I know."

Mr. McAllistair leaned forward and showed Mrs. McGuire a case containing two photographs, one of a young woman, the other of an infant. Mrs. McGuire gave one look and with a startled air, said:

"Yes, that is the woman. I will show you a picture just like that which is still in her

purse."

Just then, attracted no doubt by the voices, in walked my little friend, gazing wonderingly at us. Mr. McAllistair gasped and slowly rose to his feet, whispering hoarsely, "Elizabeth, my Elizabeth!"

The child ran to him, exclaiming, 'Why you

must be my father!'

The reunion was a joyous one and reluctantly we left, after making arrangements to call

for Betty the next day.

Soon after Mr. McAllistair and his daughter sailed for England, after leaving a sum of money to Mrs. McGuire to keep her comfortable for the rest of her life.

That was two years ago, and the letter I just received was from Betty and her father, again thanking me and inclosing a generous check for the poor of my parish. This story sounds almost improbable, but shows the wonderful ways of God."

After the story was told I sat for a long time, musing, and as I pictured to myself the incidents I thought, "Verily, the ways of the Lord

are marvelous."

LIDA PIRRITTE, '18.

LORETTO, ENGLEWOOD.

#### Sursum Corda

Oh, once to soar, a lark—or sail, a cloud
In the eternal azure overspread!
Could ever the world's voices vain and loud,
Allure again the soul that once had fed
On the tremendous silence, where the tread
Is heard by ears with finer sense endowed,
Of Angels, who the crystal pathways crowd
In unseen myriads, all on mercies sped?

Could ever the transfigured face again

Lose all its rapture? Or the soul forget
To cherish as a charmed amulet

The words, too worn with using to retain Their visual virtue; "These same feet have trod The sapphire pavement around the throne of God!"

Lionel Johnson.

"Even in the case of mere human learning we mistrust the intellect that claims to know all there is to know about a thing. Your wise man is ever humble and thinks of ascertained knowledge as but a ground-line and a bit of colour to map out the boundaries of his explored ignorance."

## ALUMNAE NOTES

#### LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Patroness	. REV. MOTHER STANISLAUS
Hon, President	.M. M. BENEDICT.
Hon. Vice-President	MRS THOMAS LALOR.
President	MRS. FRANK McLAUGHLIN.
First Vice-President	MISS GERTRUDE KELLY.
Second Vice-President	MISS HELEN SEITZ.
Recording Secretary	MISS VICTORINE ROONEY.
Corresponding Secretary	MISS EILEEN CLARKE.
Convenor of House Committee.	MRS. HARRY MURPHY.
Convenor of Entertainment	.MRS. JAMES MALLON.
Convenor of Membership	
Convenor of Press	.MISS MABEL EALAND.

It seems too bad that, in spite of an actual Alumnae of several hundred members, in and around Toronto, such a small number, not more than a hundred and fifty, have availed themselves of the privilege of formal membership. Of course there is an obstacle in the case of those who live out of the city, but we know that right here in our home town there are at least two hundred old pupils who rarely come near the Convent or take the slightest interest in the Association. Some of the younger people say, "Oh, we don't know anyone down there these days!" But if they would just come once and meet the ladies they would find themselves mistaken—at least, they would enjoy the music and the cup of tea, and I am sure they would come again; for where in all Toronto could one visit a more hospitable home, or meet more charming hostesses than our own dear Ladies of Loretto?

The Alumnae held a most successful Patriotic Bridge in October last. The proceeds went to buy a Victrola and records for the hospital at Davisville, and twenty-five dollars were given to Mrs. Doherty to provide comforts for Catholic patients at Weston Sanitarium.

Letters of acknowledgment and thanks have been received by the Alumnae from Major Merritt, Q.C., of the Military Orthopaedic Hospital and from Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet, Hon. Superintendent Soldier Comfort, M.H.C.

The annual November Mass for the deceased members of the Alumnae was celebrated by Rev. John Burke, C.S.P., at Loretto Chapel. The members are to be congratulated on their splendid turn-out. The Alumnae thanks Mrs. James Mallon and Miss Corcoran for their delightful music.

With the approval of His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, the Alumnae has joined the Toronto Local Council of Women. "Believing that the more intimate knowledge of one another's work will result in larger mutual sympathy and greater unity of thought, and, therefore, the more effective action, certain Associations of women interested in philanthropy, religion, education, literature, art and social reform, have determined to organize Local Councils whose aim will be to bring the various associations of women in Toronto into closer relations through an organized union. But no society entering a local council shall thereby lose its independence in aim or method, or be committed to any principle or method of any other society in the Council—the object of which is to serve as a medium of communication and a means of prosecuting any work of common interest."

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The trustees of Loretto Alumnae Scholarship Fund wish to announce that Miss Ada Guay of Toronto, pupil of Loretto Abbey Day School, has been the successful candidate for 1917-18. The Alumnae congratulates Miss Guay and wishes her every success in her College career.

Mrs. Hugh T. Kelly is to be congratulated on the splendid annual report of the Edward Kiely Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, of which Mrs. Kelly is Hon. Regent.

Wedding bells have been ringing for Zoe and Bessie Case, now Mrs. McCormick, of Calgary, and Mrs. Anderson of Boston. The Alumnae wishes them every happiness.

Notes of felicitation have been sent to Mrs. Alfred Cox (Clara Foley) on the arrival of another son; and to Mrs. Chase Hart (Sister Cosgrave), to Mrs. Jas. Hynes and Mrs. Tom Anderson (Evelyn Foley), whose wee daughters we know will some day be pupils of Loretto.

The Alumnae extends the sincerest sympathy to Miss M. Mason and to the Misses Casserly in their recent loss; and to Mr. G. M. Clark in his grief at the death of his wife (Kathleen Flood); also to Mrs. Chas. Watt (Ida Phelan) whose husband, Lieut. Watt, paid the supreme sacrifice.

A large number of Alumnae members attended the unveiling of the windows in Newman Hall Chapel, dedicated to the memory of the

three young lives sacrificed at Zillebeke—Gus and Vincent Defoe, sons of Mrs. D. Defoe, and Paul McLaughlin, brother of Mona.

Mrs. McLaughlin has received a letter from

Brother Rogatian, thanking the Alumnae for the enthusiastic support given to the Bridge held in November for the Christian Brothers.

Three of our members are making a big success of Kindergarten work. Miss Daisy Dorrien is considered one of the most efficient teachers in the public schools; Miss Tessie Lalor of the Separate schools; and Miss Alma Small is to be congratulated on her own flourishing class of fifteen.

Miss Edith Smith returned to Canada and Montreal just before Christmas, after a period of four months V.A.D. service in a British Hospital, near Rouen, France. Loretto is proud of the splendid service she has given to her country and the cause of humanity. She was the youngest of the V.A.D.'s who first left Canada and was allowed to go only because of the specially faithful and efficient service she had already given in the Convalescent Home in Montreal. Her experiences in France have been varied since she was in a Hospital but a few miles from the trenches. There she met Loretto girls from several other quarters of the globe. We hope to be able to give some further account of her experiences in our next number. and meantime we congratulate her and feel sure that her life will be always the nobler for this season of service.

Mrs. Harry Murphy, our young Convenor of House Committee, is to be congratulated on the very capable way in which she managed the Tea for the October meeting. The tea table was lovely with its basket of yellow 'mums and golden shaded candles. Mrs. F. P. Phelan and Miss Hynes poured tea, assisted by the younger members.

"Being perplexed, I say,
Lord make it right!
Night is as day to Thee,
Darkness as light.
I am afraid to touch
Things that involve so much,
My trembling hand may shake
My skill-less touch may break,
Thou cans't make no mistake,
Lord, make it right."

## MOTHER MARY WARD

#### A BRIEF REFLECTION UPON HER LIFE AND SPIRIT

The reader may have noticed, in the Abbey Reception Room, a large portrait over one of the mantels, of a noble-looking woman in a semi-religious garb, whose striking features and dignified bearing suggest a story of more than passing interest. The following pages are intended as a mere outline to that story, one of extraordinary interest and historical value. For further information the reader is referred to a work of peculiar charm on the subject, by Mother Mary Salome of St. Mary's College, Cambridge, England, from which the author of these reflections has drawn material.

SOMEWHAT over three hundred years ago, in a grand old manor house near Ripon, in Yorkshire, England, a little girl was born, who was destined to perform a great work for God and for mankind at large. She was the first child of Marmaduke Ward, a man who was distinguished, the country round, for his unwavering loyalty to the Catholic faith, and for his high Knightly qualities, but above all, for his kindness and liberality towards the poor. It was a common thing to see as many as eighty, ninety, even a hundred, people receiving alms at his door. This charity was exercised by him even when times were very hard.

Mrs. Ward, whose name was Ursula Wright, was a woman of deep piety also. She helped her husband in all his good works and devoted her time and her energies to the training of her children. It was not long before there were several brothers and sisters in the Ward household—but Mary's history contains hardly any reference to any but Barbara, who was not only a sister, but a devoted companion, during the greater part of her life.

God endowed Mary with many charming traits of character and great beauty of person, as well as winsomeness of manner. She was tenderly reared from her earliest infancy, and very early indeed did the little girl give signs of her vocation. Long before it was time for the baby-tongue to frame her thoughts into words, she startled her mother and many around her by pronouncing quite distinctly the holy Name of Jesus. During her first efforts at the difficult art of walking, and being in danger of falling out of an open window, she heard her mother exclaim in terror, "Jesus, protect my child!" she turned promptly around, and with a sweet smile on her face, echoed the Holy Name, and repeated it. You can perhaps imagine the intense joy which filled the mother's heart at this. By that one utterance she seemed to have made a new and

deeper claim upon her parents' love and care. From that time on, it became their chief duty to foster this early promise of piety, and she became doubly dear to all, now that it was evident that God had marked her out for His special regard. Very carefully did they try to keep her out of the reach of the smallest evil. Once, as she relates herself, she uttered an unbecoming word which she had picked up from a companion, who had not been so carefully guarded, and her parents took instant and serious alarm. She speaks with deep gratitude of the punishment which followed this offense. One day when Mary was at home with her little brothers and sisters, the house caught fire, and during the confusion that followed the first alarm, it was not noticed that she and two or three of the little ones were missing. Their father, the first one to perceive this, rushed back into the burning building in search of them. There in the nursery he found Mary and her little charges saying the rosary. She explained that as it was the feast of Our Lady's Purification, she knew they would be protected from all harm. That their prayer had been heard did not surprise her.

Mary had much need for this gift of prayer, which she possessed so early in her girlhood, for a day came when she was to leave her home and country, and to encounter great trials and hardships for the sake of the souls of her country-women. Like the leader of a company of soldiers, she had ever to be ready to lead on the assault, and to dare the worst attacks in her own person. The hardest of her trials were those that came to her from the very ones who should have helped her the most. But it was evidently God's will that this should be so, in order to make her more like Himself, and to fit her by this hard discipline, for the work He gave her to do. That she came out of all her troubles at last, and that the cause she fought for was gained and has effected untold and ever-increasing good in the world, is a proof that God was guiding her at every step.

When Mary was about five years old, she went to live with her grandmother, Mrs. Wright, at Ploughland. We do not know why she was sent away from home so early, but we do know that Mrs. Wright was a remarkable woman—indeed a real heroine. No doubt Mary owed many of her own heroic traits of character to the example she got in that house hold.

Imagine a little girl nowadays, of so tender an age, seriously taking her first lessons in house-keeping. Yet from this on until her tenth year, she submitted to a training in this difficult art, for, though Mrs. Wright's establishment was well furnished with servants, she herself was a wide-awake and vigorous manager of all that concerned it. Every morning she visited the entire house, inspected the dairy and served the poor. She made jam and cakes as well as simple medicines for the sick, taught her children to spin and embroider and was most diligent in teaching them to say their prayers.

Mary wrote many letters to her mother, telling her all the wonderful things her grandmother could do. This was, therefore, one of the most profitable periods of her life. One thing she took especially to heart when very young; this was the great necessity and importance of prayer. It became clear to her that prayer was the oil which kept the machinery of that admirable household in such wonderful order. She used to wonder if her grandmother ever went to bed, because, she declares in a letter to her mother, she never awoke during the night and failed to see her upon her knees in prayer.

There was dire need for prayer, as Wright well knew, because these were dreadful days for the Catholics of England. property, reputation, their very lives, were in constant danger. She had herself been confined in a common jail for several years, beshe matched her indomitable spirit against the unjust and cruel persecutors of the Church, proving to them that her faith was dearer to her than any consideration of personal safety. While in prison, a miserable dungeon-like place we are told, she encouraged and comforted her companions in misfortune and taught them some of her own confidence in prayer. Now that she was free, she constantly ran great risks in her efforts to aid those who were still suffering in those foul dens.

Our histories, many of them speak of the reign of the "Good Queen Bess" and allude to her kingdom as "Merrie England." I hope my young readers know enough about the matter to realize the sad falsehood of such an epithet. It is a well-attested fact that during Elizabeth's reign alone, between three and four hundred people were hanged every year. Then there were fines and imprisonments without number, imposed for the mere confession of the faith, or the refusal to deny the true religion. The present war against militarism and the rights of small countries, which is accounted the

worst calamity that ever befell the world, has at least two consoling features about it. It is not a war waged between the people of one nation, nor is it a religious war. We are, indeed, witness to the fact that, awful and barbarous as it is in so many of its phases, there are vast numbers of people being aroused to deeds of wonderful heroism, who otherwise might have lived very ordinary, if not unworthy lives. But in the times of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, the ground of England was literally soaked with the blood of martyrs, many of whom could have lived in high favor and luxury had they swerved ever so little from the strict line of allegiance to God and His Church. So, while in one way it was a worse kind of war than the present one, in another way it was not so, because it peopled Heaven with saints.

It was not possible during those times, in England, to get a Catholic education nor even to purchase Catholic books. Private libraries were ransacked by the persecutors and all books were confiscated that held to the doctrines of the true faith. Parents had to choose between a distinctly Protestant education for their children or allow them to grow up in comparative ignorance. Of course many who could do so, sent their children to Flanders or France or Italy, to be instructed. There were, however, many difficulties in such a course. The differences in social customs and language made parents hesitate to subject their children to the dangers and trials of such a life. The result was just what you would expect. Some, who were forced to associate with those of another faith exclusively, grew weak in their own

and in many cases gave up the fight.

Mary's family could be daunted by no ad-Its descendants to this day can claim to have held on unwaveringly through the worst fortune that a hostile government or a wild fanaticism could devise. The Wards were well known then and closely watched by Few, however, suspected this beautiful and attractive girl who had so many friends among those who enjoyed the favour of Royalty, and who delighted all by her winning manner, no less than by her modest demeanor. Yet she was a very determined little "Papist," and while seemingly immersed in the gayeties of the times, was secretly binding her friends to a scheme which would perhaps have cost her her head had they betrayed her. She gathered the first members of her projected community from the ball-room. The world had never captivated her in any of its attractive forms because she had learned early in life that its joys are never lasting, and that they cannot satisfy

a heart which is made for better things. Her contact with it then had but one object: to draw others away from its false allurements, and she burned to undo some of the evil which the persecutors had wrought. So filled was she with plans to this end that she could think of nothing else, yet she hardly knew the meaning of religious life. There were no convents in England at this time. They had all been confiscated by the Government, or burned or bestowed upon the favorites of the Crown, However, the desire to do good to her countrywomen grew so strong in Mary's heart that it began to form itself into a definite plan. Just as industrious, we may be sure, was the evil one in rallying all his forces to prevent those plans or to upset them when once accomplished.

And now began that visible conflict between good and evil, which we have always witnessed at the beginning of all good works. It can almost be taken as a sign that the undertaking is pleasing to God, if it arouses a general opposition, and often the opposition comes from that very quarter where there is every reason

to look for support.

Vocations to the religious life in Mary's day, meant banishment from one's country and parting, not only from one's home, but almost from one's very self. Therefore they were very rare; yet Mary, who had never seen a nun, nor knew anything of their way of life, had secretly made up her mind to become one. She felt that only following by such a career could she carry out God's designs, so often made known to her in prayer. At first her confessor, Father Holtby, a holy and saintly man, encouraged her to follow her vocation; but, later on, after the terrors following the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, in which her uncles were involved and her father was accused of complicity, though falsely so, she was urged to marry one whom her father had chosen for her husband some years before. In vain she reasoned and pleaded with both of them against the plan -they were determined. Where could she go in her distress? Where but to Him to Whom we are all told to go, and are so foolish as to try every other quarter first. God must hear a prayer which He Himself inspires, one whose object is, first and last and always, His greater honor and glory.

It never occurred to Mary, at this crisis hour of her life, to oppose her will directly and obstinately to those to whom she owed obedience. So she poured out her whole soul in prayer to God, His Blessed Mother and her guardian Angel.

One morning after serving Mass, said by Father Holtby, in her father's house, she glanced up and noticed that tears were streaming from the priest's eyes, and she heard him exclaim aloud: "What, is it possible that I should live to offend my God?" Soon after Mass Mary was called to his side to hear that he had been suddenly enlightened during the Holy Sacrifice. The sacred contents of the Chalice had been accidentally spilled, while it was made known to him that his opposition was displeasing to Our Lord.

This, then, was the answer. Could she ever doubt her mission after so sweet an evidence of God's watchfulness and love? No, the way was now clear, and her heart bounded at the

thought.

There was a world of toil and suffering and misunderstanding, even calumny, before her, but that is the portion of those whom God calls to do great things for Him. That He hides the future from us is, indeed, one of His special mercies, for which we can never be grateful enough. Step by step, day by day, we go on not knowing what fresh cross awaits us; but we may be sure, if we have once started upon our upward climb in earnest, that crosses will be thickly sown in our path. Let us learn from Mary Ward never to shrink from our crosses, but also never to neglect to pray for the grace we need to carry them.

Will you object, perhaps, at the introduction we have given you to Mary Ward, that we have already made her a being in every respect so perfect that she seems on too high a plane for our imitation; or that being called to an exhalted mission, she was, in a manner, specially equipped by God to meet its demands? Such an objection would not be altogether unreasonable, since writers are apt to emphasize the good things in their biographies so strongly that the other side of the picture is quite ob-

scured

In the case of Mary Ward, however, we have to look in her own diary for a record of her shortcomings, and a pitiful little catalogue it is, even with much ingenious exaggeration on her part. Yet we are not called upon to believe her utterly faultless; though efforts are now on foot to increase her accidental glory by putting her name upon the calendar of saints. Fervent prayers are going to Heaven for the success of this glorious cause. There are many difficulties in the way, but none too great to be removed by prayer.

We have reason to rejoice that the accusations of her enemies have proved to be false the result of either error or malice—and that her name has been cleared of them all by the Church, whose devoted champion she ever was. Let our prayers help to bring about the grandest celebration that was ever held throughout the widely scattered branches of her Institute and let us look forward to the day when England, Ireland, Italy, Germany, Spain, America, India, Africa, Australia and the Mauritius, will be authorized to call Mary Ward, first "Blessed" and then "Saint."

A brief study of her most prominent characteristics will appear in our next issue.

BARBARA BABTHORPE.

## A Christmas Carol

Through the still and frosty air,
Sung by angels everywhere,
Rings the anthem of a far-off Christmas night—
When a Babe so sweet, divine,
Came to win this heart of mine.
Came in darkness, yet was He the world's true
light.

II.

And He comes once more to-night
In His weakness and His might,
With His infant smile to set our hearts aglow.
With the angels let us sing,
All the glory of our King,
Let our hearts with sweetest charity o'erflow.

#### III.

Shall I hear unmoved His call?
Shall His words unheeded fall?
Shall His Infant arms outstretched plead all in vain?
Oh, never be it said,
That a soul for whom He bled
His tender love repaid with scorn and pain.

#### IV.

Open wide I throw my portal,
Thou hast conquered, Babe Immortal!
And the sinner's heart shall be Thy place of
rest.
For this blessed Christmas night
All my darkness turns to light,
Whilst the Christ Child nestles cradled in my
breast.

F. O'DOHERTY.

# Loretto Convent—Letterkenny A Retrospective Reverie

"Neath Loyalty's warm glow Melts space away, And years ago become As yesterday."

Dear little Convent! circled by fields of green, and nestling at the foot of an old-world garden, what tender memories of childhood days come thronging fast to-night from out the dreary waste of passing years.

Across your threshold I was borne, a babe in arms; adown your corridors I toddled, clinging to my mother's skirt; beneath your kindly roof I dwelt, for ten short, happy years.

There on your "Broad Walk" we laughed and played our childish games, whilst demure "grown-ups" linked arms and walked and talked; there, too, we drilled, whilst solemn-faced cows gathered at the fence to gaze in mild-eyed surprise at the gruff Sergeant who thundered his strange commands, "Eye front! Right dress!" And in the little-triangular play ground adjoining, were our white painted swings and see-saw, where we had many a thrill, and—(whisper)—full many a bump!

"Up the Hill" too, we went on festive occasions, or to spend a lonesome penance-hour, with our wicked self for company. And down "St. John's Walk" where the shady trees grew arched overhead, we sought for the early primrose and the modest fairy bluebell. And there, methinks, Life and Death did meet, for through the hedge, at times, we caught passing glimpses of the world beyond, and at the end of the path, in God's quiet acre, slept the dear dead one, whose name I bear.

And to the left stretched that pleasant meadow land, where a quiet streamlet trickled by, and contented cows grazed at will, and corncrakes shrilled monotonously in the dusk of summer's day.

And Oh! the joy of a secret visit to the Convent Farm-yard, where noisy mother hens clucked to their fluffy, yellow brood, and where at times new-born calves might be seen!

Was ever garden fair as that of ours, with its arbor of fragrant honeysuckle, and those bushes laden with a wealth of ripe, yellow gooseberries, and luscious red raspberries. And why, tell me why, did stolen pears always taste so sweet, and forbidden flowers have such a delicious fragrance?

Sometimes, too, the big iron gate at the end of the "Broad Walk" swung slowly back on

its creaking hinges, as we filed out for our long-looked-for walk into the country. And up the Asylum road we went or away out by the lone graveyard plot. Methinks we young had gruesome tastes!

And skies were very blue in those by-gone days, and the sun shone very bright, and never

countryside looked fairer.

I close my eyes and see again that long, cool dormitory, with its rows of white-curtained cells, where the day's troubles were all forgotten, whilst we slept our dreamless sleep; and that study-hall where so many vexed problems were worked out, and so many bitter tears were vainly shed, and that play-room below, where on rainy days, we romped and danced and sang; and the low-ceilinged refectory, where no appetizer was ever needed, and where hunger was oft times the best sauce.

And then the vision comes before me of the quiet little chapel where we were always so good, and where God seemed always near, and there, at least, I know I am not forgotten, for there, day after day, when evening shadows fall, a prayer goes up to God "for those who have been and are now under our care, that they may lead good lives, die holy deaths, and be happy with God for ever and ever." Amen.

Across the years, across the seas, I stretch a hand in greeting. Dear old home of mine! As a mustard seed, may you grow and flourish, and may all your children call you blessed.

"So through the gliding years Bring faces strange, Some hearts stay with you—hearts That know no change."

FANNIE O'DOHERTY.

## OUT OF THE SHADES OF NIGHT

ARKNESS on the hill-side, and darkness in the heart of the boy, who, cowering in its shadow, watched with a sickening dread, the group of shepherds, rough men of the hills, gathered around the dim blaze of the watch-fire, as they kept their star-lit vigil with their flocks. Below in the valley, scattered twinklings of light from over-crowded kahns, and dwellings, betrayed the presence of the slumber-bound Bethlehem of Juda. Above in the heavens, myriads of stars glittered like gems in the folds of a velvet mantle.

To Rath, crouched in a fissure of the rock, they spelt disappointment, deep anger, and resentment. That day he had received his first responsible charge, a small proportion of his Uncle's flock, and now what remnant was left? He tarried with companions and when at length

he sought his duty, all were gone.

During the day he had scoured the hills in search, and at last when evening fell, sore in every limb, he had crept back to the hillside, still lacking the courage to face his only rela-

tive, and tell of his neglect.

He loved the great God, above, and he loved his uncle too, but it was the love of fear, and as he pressed his tear-stained face to the cold rock, bitter sobs shook his slender frame, for there was nought to comfort. Each movement of the flock, each turn or whisper of the figures round the fire, paralyzed his chilled heart with terror, and he vainly wished for death.

Still, the stars held fascination for him as they always had since early childhood, and in searching for some friendly light in those frosty orbs, he found one, larger than the rest, and surpassingly beautiful. Immediately all sense of the piercing night, his aching limbs and troubled mind vanished. A strange peace entered his unquiet soul, and unmindful of cold and fear, he slept, lulled by the light of promise within its depths.

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth,

peace to men of good will!"

Rath, awakened by that loud paean of joy, stared spell-bound, awed and frightened.

A strange white light illumined the sky, causing the stars to pale, and casting into full relief, the rugged outlines of the hill.

It showed the shepherds upon their knees, heads bent to the earth in terror, and legions of white-robbed angels above, whose rapturous song rang sweetly o'er the wild hill and plain.

But the words! What hope they held! "Fear not," a clear voice had said, "for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people, for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger."

Oh, it must be real. Here was a promise of joy. He must have it—he must! Would the shepherds go to see the wondrous Child?

Slowly the radiance faded, the angelic forms melted into darkness, and the lone night once more held sway o'er the hillside and the sleeping town.

Timidly, the anxious boy watched the men, as they held debate upon the strange message, and when they rose to find the spot where the new-born Saviour lay, he timidly followed.

A pale pink tint rested upon the grey of the horizon, as they entered the rude cave, once a stable for animals, and there, in the manger, as they had been told, lay the Child, watched in silent adoration by the Blessed Mother.

All time vanished, and as Rath looked upon the sweet Infant face, he knew that he would give all, to remain there forever, and when the little hands clasped together, moved toward him, and the Child smiled upon him from those eyes, so full of longing, yearning, infinite sadness, he knew that come what would, he must tell his Uncle all and bear the punishment in silence, for the sake of that beautiful Baby, whose speaking gaze pierced his inmost soul, and seemed to command it.

Dark clouds upon the hill-side and dark clouds in the heart of the man, who, seated on its slope, watched in bitterness of soul, the ever darkening landscape, as he tended his restless flock upon that bleak grey afternoon. Below in the valley, houses, gardens, trees, each sign of human life, betrayed the presence of the waking Bethlehem of Juda. Above in the heavens clouds thickened as dust upon an isolated surface.

It was but one short day since he had again beheld the loved face, seen long ago on that memorable night of childhood, but oh! it had been crowned with thorns, and the Baby grown to Manhood had been tried as a common criminal, and sentenced to die to-day.

Was there no justice? And He had looked upon him as He passed, and again that tender, entreating, yet commanding glance had held him, seeming to speak of struggles and reward. Reward, yes, victory. Victory over self, and the trials of earth, always pointing to that sure but narrow pathway to the skies.

But was He the Saviour? Where was that earthly kingdom, fancy had painted many and many a time in the watches of the night? Why was not the sway of the hated Roman broken, subjected by this Wonder Worker? Why must He die, and by such a death?

Thus, reasoning, his misery grew until before him seemed to lie years of empty blackness, and

at the end, a yawning pit, despair.

But, hark, what means that rumbling sound? Surely this is not the day! As the dazed shepherd, awakened from his thought, clutched the rock in terror, while the earth swayed around him, he beheld a spectral form in grave-clothes, rise before him, and the voice of his Uncle, laid to rest these many years, echoed o'er the waste of hill and plain.

"Rash man, waste not thy thoughts; He is

the Son of God who dies."

The awful vision sank into the earth, which ceased to tremble, but amid the pall of darkness, lay the shepherd, unconscious from sheer terror, while the wind wailed mournfully o'er the hill-side and the silent town. Was it imagination that pictured in the sky the self-accusing words, "His blood be upon us, and upon our children."

Spring upon the hill-side and spring in the heart of him who, standing on its summit, watched with joy so great it seems as pain, the fiery radiance of an early Eastern sky. He had seen the risen Saviour, and though years had passed since then, he still retained that memory, and his faith. In that splendour of the East, he seemed to read the future, as it lay before him. The years of martyrdom, of sorrow, and of trial, always struggling, striving, gaining, going ever, ever onward, and at last, the glad reward, when He would come again, as once before, out of the Shades of Night into the Radiant Light of God's Presence.

MARY H. A. MALLON

LORETTO DAY SCHOOL.

## OLD FAITHFUL

"Amid the roar of a surf tormented shore."

—Edgar Allan Poe.

JEST the kind o' luck one might expect. A body with enough to do an' now it comes and storms. I must hev' that fixin' fer the light and that mighty quick. Now, then, Alfie, get ready. Ye must go to the mainland."

Thus spoke John Andrews, or more familiarly, "Old John," keeper of "Faithful" light, situated on a long, narrow on-shore island.

His tones were surly as he gazed upon the tumbling waters of the lake, through one of the many narrow slits in the weather beaten wall.

A thin, sallow-faced man whose whole personality seemed in direct opposition to that of the sturdy keeper, interrupted him.

"I'll go fer ye, John. The youngster ken help ye a deal, an' it'll be a lot safer, I'll tell

ye what."

"Ye'll stay with me, ye wull. De ye think

I'm to sit up all night with that lentern? No, not if my name's John Andrews. Here, young un,'' to a boy who stood near, dressed in oilskins, "here's yer orders. The boat's in the cove an' mind ye, cross from here, by the nearest point. Ensley'll see ye started. Get along with ye, now."

The sallow-faced individual and the boy departed, and Old John with many a grumble, proceeded to make things fast, his brows contracting as he gazed at the ever-darkening sky, for he was a confirmed pessimist, and this trait was at its height in a storm.

Nine o'clock. Ensley had returned over three hours ago, having seen Alfie safely started on his journey, and the light had been lit at five.

As old John moved about with frowning mein, anxiously examining every part of the huge lantern, he occasionally paused, ejaculated emphatically, and at length growled out. "Et's pretty clear somebody's been a-handling this here instrument as shouldn't, but she'll do for the night. I hope that boy hurries."

The storm increased in fury with the advancing hours. It swirled the sand high around the old white-washed tower, and drove the rain against it in dreadful gusts. Still undisturbed, the keeper sat thoughtfully, and now and then rising to tend the light, fearing nothing for his nephew, and less for himself.

His-s-s-s-, his-s-s-s came the rain, in sharp gusts upon the wide windows of the lantern room. The surf pounded dully on the beach, and the wind shrieked shrilly o'er the waste dunes.

The warmth within, the brightness of the place, the regular click of the revolving light, all were conducive to thought, and thought to drowsiness.

Old John became reminiscent. Let us see, was it his great grandmother or his great, great—no it was his sister-in-law's mother, that owned the cat that—the cat—that—soon all became a tangled mass of dreams, and he fell forward on the table in deep slumber.

Somewhere out on the seething waters, the crew of the schooner "Mary Anne" looked anxiously ahead, into the driving storm, watching impatiently for some glimmer of "Old Faithful." Ah! there it is at last! Thank God!"

Andrews was never a very heavy sleeper at any time, but to this day he cannot tell how long he had remained in that condition, when he was awakened by the absence of some familiar sound. He was up in an instant. The light had ceased to revolve, and bending over it was his worthless assistant.

No suspicion entered his mind till he saw where the other's hand rested upon some delicate lever. With the fury of a madman he was upon him, seized his collar, dragged him to the trap door, shoved him through, down the spiral stair-case, and shot the bolt.

It was the work of an instant to regain the light, which was fading fast, and endeavor to rekindle the flame, but still it would not revolve. What had caused the fellow's action? What should he do?

It was no time for idle conjectures. Unless something was done and that quickly, heaven only knew what might happen on those roaring waters without.

Old John knew his duty. If the lantern would not move mechanically, his hands must turn it till day-light. He lost no time and soon the regular click, click, sounded through the one bright room in the tall stone tower.

Not once did he stop to consider the fact that a desperate, unprincipled wretch roamed at random in any of the apartments below. His mind was occupied with other thoughts than personal safety—anxiety for his nephew appeared chief among them. If this man had proved untrustworthy, might he not have harmed him, or if the boy attempted to cross tonight, might he not be swallowed in the rolling waters? Great beads of perspiration stood out upon his brow, and he rashly thought of abandoning the light to search for his one tie to life, but to what avail. Duty, stern duty, rose before him, and harrowed by anxiety, he worked

The rain still hissed savagely upon the broad panes, the surf still pounded heavily on the beach, and the wind, rising at times to a shriek, seemed to howl in triumph.

The room became chilly, but with fingers numbed and arms racked by spasms of pain, he held his post, and kept the light revolving.

The dawn of a misty, sad colored morn had come ere he abandoned his task, and stumbling down the winding stairs, at length half walked, half fell, into his own apartment, and gave himself up to despair. His boy had not returned, and he realized that for the few minutes the light did not revolve he had seen signals of distress to the westward, but he had forgotten them in his excitement.

Oh! how many precious lives had he sacrificed perhaps by that indefinite space of slumber! "Uncle," called an anxious voice. He raised

his head. It was late morning now, but the

next instant he was elasped in his nephew's bear-like embrace.

"Oh! I am so glad to find you, Uncle John. Mr. Erwin was afraid ye might have alarmed the next station. One of the ships sent up rockets last night, but she arrived safely this morning, and oh, yes here's the fixin' fer the light. Where's Ensley?

Old John, with a suspicious moisture in his eyes, mentally thanked God, and informed his nephew that he had found it necessary to dismiss his assistant, who had proved incapable of his duties. It was not long, however, before they heard of his arrest, for some crime not unlike that which Old John had so bravely thwarted.

And down on the docks at the harbour, Captain Simon of the schooner "Mary Anne," argued to convince a loyal fisherman, that he was positive for five minutes the guiding light had ceased to shine.

"Nonsense! are ye crazy man?" asked the old salt, vehemently, "Do ye know there's only wan light in all these parts, that's never known to fail, and that light's "Old Faithful."

LORETTO DAY SCHOOL.

HELEN FRANCES.

#### A Reverie

I have before me the prettiest little painting. The name of it is "Through Greenwood Glades" and that just expresses it. There are two roads going in different directions. One goes through lovely, shady wood, and the other winds over the countryside away into the dis-The sun is shining through the leaves and that path leading into the woods looks so inviting. I would just love to walk down there all by myself and listen to the birds, and smell the fresh, green growing things, or sit by a little brook, for I am sure there must be one there. The only touch of life to this picture is a shepherd with a flock of sheep coming along the other road. I would like to explore that too, but it does not appeal to me half as much as that lovely path "through greenwood glades."

ELEANOR NEALE MACKINTOSH.

LORETTO DAY SCHOOL.

"Do not ask for tasks equal to your powers—ask for powers equal to your tasks."—Phillips Brooks.

"I place my frightened hand in Thine, Father,
And look into Thy face,
Stretching these childish steps of mine

To keep the measure of Thy pace."

# FOUNTAIN PENS IN STUDENT HANDS

#### Catholic Women's Colleges

There seems to be a great danger of the insularity spirit getting a hold upon Catholics generally and Catholic College students in particular. In Toronto, as elsewhere, this may be due to the fact that they constitute the latest affiliations. The other Colleges had secured their positions as members of the greater body when the Catholic branch was little more than thought of. Naturally the first classes were much smaller in number than the others, and thus at once arose the problem of competition between a new and small body with larger ones already organized.

If a true University spirit is to prevail, Catholic students should not hold themselves aloof. Their object cannot be attained without association with all the students as far as possible. It cannot be expected that non-Catholics will exert themselves to get in touch with the new body, and they cannot be blamed for this, for they know no reason why they should. There is more or less prejudice against Catholic College students, which is sure to be dispell-

ed by proving that their prejudice is without grounds, a point that will be achieved only by a friendly association. Catholic students on leaving college, will be obliged to mingle with people of other creeds, and it will be well to

have beforehand some idea of the obstacles

they are bound to encounter.

Non-Catholics need to be convinced that Catholic students can take their place in the University world. This will never be proved to them by mere theory. In these early years of affiliation Catholic women students are subject to a great deal of criticism. Probably the most severe censure comes from members of their own faith, who expect far more from the Catholic graduates than from the rest. Certainly they have a high ideal to live up to and need to keep ever before their minds: "Act well your part, therein all honor lies."

#### Miracles

"I know that miracles can happen because they do happen." What strength of faith, what implicit trust, what ardent love burns in the heart of him who with all the sincerity of his being can give utterance to such a statement. In what striking contrast he stands to one who with equal sincerity exclaims, "Miracles do not happen because they cannot." Why can they not happen? Does the poor, weak human intellect dare to question why? Is anything impossible with the great Worker of miracles? Is He not just as willing to manifest His power and goodness to us to-day as to those who lived in the early days of the Church?

GENEVIEVE TWOMEY.

#### **Democracy**

"Make the world free for Democracy!" is the hue and cry of those who are exhorting their fellow men to fight the battles of the freedom of mankind. We all want democracy, that is to say, political democracy. It is what the world has been struggling to obtain during these last two centuries. And indeed our hope in this war has been to obtain such victory as will give small countries safety in working out their political and democratic ideals. strange to say, when Ireland lifts up her voice to demand democracy as her right, she is told by the peoples of other countries that her demands are fanatical, and her political leaders a lot of mal-contents. Let it be hoped, however, that the principle for which so many nations are fighting will end in victory, and when Ireland appeals to the fair judgment of the allied nations in the coming Peace Conference. that she will secure the justice so long denied her and so clearly her due.

LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE. DOROTHEA CRONIN, '20

## "Sail On, Sail On!"

Columbus did much more for humanity than discover America. He gave us a powerful example of perseverance, in this motto. The reply so persistently given to his timid and wavering. crew is a strong lesson for us. What he said to them he has taught us all by his powerful example. We, too, must sail on through the rough waters of life until the outlines of another, fairer shore break upon our sight. We areall human and tend to despair at times. What a beacon of light is the remembrance that through perseverance is our end attained. This is the source of the courage which animates all serious workers. Nothing of any importance is achieved without effort. "Up and over," is the watchword which is driving our brave troops on to victory.

The world and all therein is in perpetual motion, there is no halting place; we must move on or we go back. Our motto must be, either, "On and on" or, "Back, back."

Let us look at individuals. There is no one who has not some obstacle to overcome. He must surmount it or fall beneath it. Which is the worthier course? Others cannot overcome the difficulties for him.

"Life is a river flowing ever toward the sea of Eternity." Each of us is the pilot of a tiny barque borne on by the stream. Rocks lie hidden beneath the tranquil surface to be seen only by the wary. Many beautiful islands invite delay and offer countless attractions. But we are the pilots; we must each guide our boat to the sea. We may bring others in our train, by good guidance on our part, but, alas! others are equally as willing to be guided if we lead them towards the rocks. In our journey through life we must of all things avoid delays and discouragements, and ever keep in mind the magic words that gained for Columbus a world and that will gain for us a safe entrance into our everlasting haven. "Sail on! Sail on!"

MERTIS DONNELLY, '19

LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE.

#### Four Hours at a Lonely Junction

"Sharbot Lake! Change cars for Kingston, Renfrew, Pembroke!" It was Christmas Eve and the holiday spirit was upon me. excited, eager, expectant, when the porter carried my bag from the Toronto train. But what a disappointment awaited me! The side-track was empty. In vain I looked for a single coach comprising first-class compartments and baggage car. "Kingston and Pembroke train four hours late!" called out the station agent in stentorian tones. Imagine my chagrin! How could I while away the time? Magazines and papers had been forgotten in the confusion, and exploring, in the face of wind and snow, was out of the question. Naturally my homecoming enthusiasm was slightly abated, and my spirits sank low. It was bitter cold and though the station looked anything but inviting, it was at least shelter from the bleak, frosty air.

The building consisted of a large, barn-like room, lighted by a kerosine lamp. Rough benches stood around the wall, and the floor was covered with slush brought in by the passengers. Men and women were huddled around an old box-stove trying to get a little warmth into their frozen veins. The picture was certainly far from comforting, and I resigned myself with a sinking heart to what promised to be the most miserable afternoon I had ever spent.

Presently I saw coming towards me an old farmer, enveloped in a sheepskin coat, coon cap

and cowhide boots. His face was ruddy and beaming with health and happiness, and, of course, it was not long before he opened up a conversation with me concerning the weather, the crops, the new government, the sleighing, etc. My gloomy spirits dropped from me under the spell of his hopeful words, and though shivering with cold and miserable with fatigue, my heart warmed to this kindly old man, and pretty soon I was listening with real pleasure to his whole family history, concluding that the world was not such a bad place after all.

It was not long before my new friend invited me to his little home across the street to share his afternoon snack. How he knew I was hungry I cannot tell, but his conjectures were correct, as I had had nothing to eat since morning, and the demands of the inner man were becoming more and more imperative. So I yielded, and the tiny home, the kindly welcome of its housewife, a cheery, animated little woman, who divided her special attention between me and an invalid boy lying at full length on the sofa, the neat table and a high-piled plate of pancakes, whiter than snow, browner than chestnuts, and lighter than swansdown, put me in such a state of mind that for the moment it was a matter of blissful unconcern to me whether the train came in or not.

If this was not an Idyll or a Pastoral or the real something which, before this, I knew but from books, I cannot make one mark on my next examination. Some day you will number among your classics, dear reader, this Idyll, "Four Hours Wait at a Lonely Junction," by

Frances Galligan, '18

LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE.

## A Hero of the Household

All acts done through a pure motive of charity, and requiring some self-sacrifice, are heroic. But these may be divided into two classes: first, there are the great deeds which are known to the world, and secondly, there are those which are performed in every-day life and which are hidden from all except the great Observer of all things.

At boarding school there are many opportunities by which we can ennoble ourselves and which help to make our companions happy and contented. This recalls to me an incident of the first college term which seems to me to be really heroic.

Last fall, shortly after college re-opened, we all decided to have a tramp along the Humber, before the fine Autumn weather had departed. So all preparations were made, and early one Saturday afternoon we set out, each girl provided with a basket. The day was beautiful and the sight of the lake, together with the beauties of the woods, gave us much to talk about and to admire. Everybody was happy, for all had formed into groups composed of boon-companions and were rendered more happy for being together. This last remark is the real thread of my story.

Among our number were the indispensable Freshies. They were mostly strangers and possessed of that timidity which all Freshies possess. They remained in a group by themselves. We, on the other hand, made no advance, for we found too much delight in our own group to bother about the rest. There was one, however, who had an eye out for everybody. She saw the Freshies bringing up the rear and she hastened back with them. She may have not been welcome, but still she was doing her part as a senior member of the LA.C.

Arrived at our destination, we found a suitable spot for the fire and proceeded to prepare our lunch. My heroine did not leave off her good work, though she might have done so had she known that I was watching her. She did not take a bite until she saw everyone around her was served. Shortly after lunch we were obliged to set out for the city, because the distance was great and college hours rigid.

The return journey was even more delightful than our setting out one, for we were guided on our way by a beautiful harvest moon, which lent a mysterious appearance to all the objects around us. We sang, for our hearts were joyous, but there was one walking in the rear with the Freshies who sang with a deeper joy—the joy that comes of self-sacrifice and a tender consideration for the welfare and happiness of others.

Gertrude Walsh. '20.

LORETTO ABBEY.

## These Days

"Oh! spacious days of glory
And of grieving,
Oh! sounding hours of lustre
And of loss,
Let us be glad we lived you."

—Robert Service.

The great war has brought in its wake so

much crime and sorrow that we become too heart-sick to appreciate properly how great a privilege it is just to live during these days. We are facing the greatest crisis in the his-

We are facing the greatest crisis in the history of our Empire and of civilization itself. No period in the history of the world has ever witnessed such widespread horror and desola-

tion, and yet, in aftertimes it may be singled out as the age of highest honor and achievement.

Should we not find some consolation for the sufferings brought on by the war, in thinking that future ages will thus characterize it, and that others will owe their peace and joy to us, who, by labor, and sorrow, and suffering, won it for them. In our own future lives, too, we will be proud and happy to be able to say that we took some part, great or small, in assisting one of the noblest causes for which man ever fought.

Kathleen Costello.

# A Summer Evening

As I sit at the window watching the snow-flakes, my eyes wander over the white-blank-eted fields, the monotony broken only by a row of scraggy poplar trees, stretching away to the hills. How cheerless, how hopeless it is! Involuntarily, drawn probably by the attractions of the opposite, my mind roves back to the sweet summer-time, when grass was green and birds sang, before this great white hush enveloped the whole world. One walk at eventide has left its indelible stamp on my memory.

It was mail time—six o'clock—and I set out through the fields of tall grass towards the hill. As I walked I looked around me, but could see only meadows, with a row of poplar trees in the distance. Behind me was the lake, and for the moment I thought (impossible though the idea) that it was on fire. Every wave was tinged with red, which dazzled the eyes. I glanced at the sky, and it was bright red also, with soft velvety little pink clouds relieving the vivid crimson. I hurried to the top of the hill to see the sun which I knew must be the cause of it.

When, at last, I reached it, I stood still by impulse, and my heart beat fast. Before me was the most beautiful work of God's hands that I have ever witnessed. The sun was going down in full splendour, and all the hills and vales gloried in the beautiful flush of crimson brightness that it spread over them.

Far away to the left was a small grove of maple trees through which the sun shone, giving them a hazy golden hue. As my gaze travelled on, it encountered the valley, where the sun shone only on the tops of the trees, and the road below was left in shadow. Even as I looked, the light began to fade slowly away, so I turned my eyes to the evergreen hill. The sun was just dipping slowly down behind the trees, and beneath them, all was in darkness. In the distance, to the right, was the village.

the roofs nestling in the trees. The soft echo of the church bell ringing vespers was borne to my ears by a gentle breeze and lifted my thoughts to God.

I walked slowly along the road, and as I passed through the woods my spirits were quieted by the silence. I heard the last sweet song of a thrush, the last "hoo-hoo" of an owl, the last sleepy twitter of a little mother bird.

When I returned, the moon had risen, and was swinging low in the heavens, bathing the world in an ethereal light. Every leaf, every blade of grass, every little ripple on the water, was clearly defined. A soft wind murmured among the poplars, soothing the sleep of nature. Truly, in such a scene one could realize the Omnipotence of God.

As I went to rest that night, I thanked God that He had shown me such a wonderful work of His all-powerful hands.

ELEANOR V. MURRAY.

LORETTO DAY SCHOOL.

# A Dialogue in a Street Car

One of those slow-moving little street-cars that thread their leisurely way along the curving streets, was progressing eastward on the night before Christmas. A great fall of snow had transformed the dusty streets into a new Fairyland of freshness. Over all, the white mantle has silently come down, and the twinkling lights reflected in a hundred different ways and at a hundred different angles, the magic images of the trees and bushes, making a new world out of an old one.

Away in a far corner of the little old car a woman sat, huddled up in her shawl. Next to her a bright-faced girl, her arms full of parcels, seemed anxiously watching the passing streets.

"It's a very cold night, is it not. Ma'am?" said she to the little old woman by her side. The shawl was drawn slightly aside and the old, wrinkled, eare-worn face looked up at the girl's.

"It is, indeed," said she, as if glad of her contact with another human being, or perhaps being stirred by something in the young voice, she went on: "What a night one like this must be out there with our laddies in France! It's two sons, Miss, as I have over there, two of them. Last Christmas they were here, one of them; the other was training in England; now they're both over there, but," and her voice trembled, "one of them is dead."

"Dead, did you say?" She answered to something the girl had whispered in sympathy. "Yes, Bob; he was wounded twice (at the sound of that name the girl started percept-

ibly) and—died there," faltered the old woman, "at Vimy Ridge-a terrible place." Here her voice steadied a little, "but didn't they do well, the Canadians there? The Germans found out what the Canadians were made of then, I can tell you." They were silent a moment. The girl appeared to be thinking, then she spoke: "Bob was his name, too-Bob Carter."

"Carter—Carter, did you say?" gasped the old woman. "Carter, why that is the name of

my son, it is."

The girl turned to her speechless with amaze-"Why-why!" she exclaimed, "then you are his mother! Oh! how wonderful that I should find you after all these years. He spoke so much of you in his letters to me, and I always wished that I could meet you-knowing that I would love you. I am very lonesome. My mother is dead and my step-mother says I am nothing but a nuisance. When I received the news of Bob's death my heart was broken, for I loved him deeply and knew I could never love anyone else."

Here the old woman's hand sought that of the girl beside her, and gently pressing it, she looked up into her face, which was not as

bright as before.

"My dear," she said, "since my boy's death life has lost all its sweetness, it has, for my husband too, he is dead, and I would be very happy, yes very happy, to have you come and live with me."

At this the girl's eyes shone with a new light and she tightened her clasp on the old woman's hand, and looking up, breathed a prayer of thanks.

"O God, how good of You to have heard my daily prayer and to have at last sent me—a mother!'

She turned her eyes, now filled with tears, to thank the old woman. Words failed her, but her eyes spoke her gratitude. Deep silence followed, but their hearts were filled with gladness and their faces shone with that light of contentment which only happiness can bring.

Across the aisle a returned soldier leaned heavily on his cane—saw, and understood. little way down the car an old gentleman, muffled to the ears in furs, had also seen, and as rather carefully he took off his glasses to wipe them, one could see tears in the kind old eyes, for two graves lay white under the Flanders sky and his heart was buried in them.

"Oh, dear!" said the old woman, "I have gone past my street!" and taking the girl's

arm, they hurried out into the night.

VIOLET McCAUSLAND.

# My Study Hour

I OFTEN wonder if Poe was thinking of the school days of long ago when he composed "The Bells."

"The moaning and the groaning of the bells." It ought to be the moaning and the groaning

of the pupils.

I had announced that I did not know my lesson and the teacher told me to study for one hour to-night and know it to-morrow. I promised I would. So I went home with a firm resolution to spend sixty minutes on the cultivation of my mind. My mother had gone out, and I was alone in the house. I thought what a grand and glorious feeling to have no interruptions. I started to study. Julius Caesar was the first subject on my study list. As I opened the book I began to think of something that happened on that particular afternoon in We were to be given our parts for Julius Caesar and all the girls wanted to be Calpurnia, but such a social height as hers was not to be attained by everyone. No one was anxious to be a conspirator like Brutus, Casca and the rest. No, all who failed to gain Calpurnia's role wanted to be the martyred Julius. So we were forced to conspire against the innocent Caesar and finally murder him.

Here my meditations were interrupted by a knock at the door, and I ran to expel the intruder. The lady across the hall wanted to know if I would take care of her baby while she went to the store. She said the baby had just gone asleep and would give me no trouble. So I consented. She brought her baby in and left us.

I began to study again, this time geometry. However, geometry is far from my favorite subject. It seems to me the figures jump up in haughty defiance however you may seek to ex-

plain their twists and angles.

The telephone bell rang. I raced madly to answer it, fearing it would awaken the baby. But my haste was my downfall. I tripped on the hall rug; I rose and answered the phone in not too pleasant a tone. A woman's voice said: "Hello! Mrs. Smith?"

I answered: "Mrs. Smith is not at home." "Why, that's queer," she said. "Mrs. Smith told me she was always home at this hour."

Then the dear child from next door began to cry as I never heard it before. My feelings were slightly upset, to say the least. It finally turned out that this woman wanted the Mrs. Smith down the street, and not my mother. Why do so many people have to be named Smith, I'd like to know?

Then I proceeded to pacify that "enfant terrible" from next door. I turned on the Victrola and that soothed it for awhile. Then the door bell rang and the baby again broke into a roar. I was exasperated. I left the screaming infant and ran down the three flights of stairs, but not before the bell had again rung three times, and how the visitor must have pressed to ring so loudly!

I thought it must be a telegram or a special delivery letter, but when I got there an old man placidly informed me that with the coupons he was selling you could save one dollar on every dozen photos taken at the studio he represented. But the shrieks of the baby came down to me and I could see its mother approaching, so I turned and ran up the steps, leaving the man in doubt as to my sanity.

I wiped off the baby's face and proceeded to soothe it the best I could and by the time its mother came it was quite calm. I was thanked for taking such excellent care of the baby.

It was one hour since I started to study, so I put my books away. I will surely know tomorrow's lesson, I reflected. But my efforts had drawn a thoughtful atmosphere about me, and under its influence I concluded—if the three sisters of fate are still spinning life's golden web, their gold is not for everyone, and at least, that day's web must have been spun of tarnished threads.

LORETTO, ENGLEWOOD.

GOLDIE SMITH. '20.

# My Bit

Dear Editor:

I have changed, I am a new I. I expect you to be alarmed at such a statement, but not any more than you were a few days ago when I enclosed the following official report in my letter to you:

August 13, killed five Germans, brought up two U-boats and down three German aeroplanes.

I will now acknowledge to you, dear bewildered one, that that was merely fiction, but that I have actually achieved the one desire of my humble life—to be noble, to be chivalrous. When a child I had two great ambitions— to lead an orchestra, joyously waving my arms in the air, or, as a great general to lead my men in splendid attacks. But last year I realized that being a woman, I must give up heroic fancies to mere men. Men must be the warriors while women may be only the silent spectators of deeds they long to perform. Their patriotic hearts may be breaking with enthusi-

asm, but not a gun could they lift in defense of their homes, their country.

For weeks after my brother John enlisted, I spent hoarded pennies having his pictures reproduced to distribute among interested friends, while no one even noticed that I was wearing my hair up. It was maddening. Any day I thought I would break my ankles jumping over the yarn tangled, chairs and the packing boxes for lemons and sugar, that were to be sent to make lemonade for the dear boy. So at last I decided if I could not wear a uniform I would at least pretend I did. I held my chest high and my shoulders back until father said he was paying enough for my clothes to have them fit properly and not make me look like a martyr. Disgusted, I wanted to give up, when the day of triumph came—registration for women. But silvery clouds have various linings. I became delirious with the mumps and isolated from the world. I raved continually of being a soldier until mother thought I had secretly married one. When quarantine was over I hurried to school, where I was sure to receive sympathy from my classmates. But alas! Their seats were vacant, the room deserted. The country had called and each girl answered. Ah! where were they? Not in the trenches of France or on the plains of Russia. No, surely not, but scattered over their native land up and down and everywhere. beautiful thing it was for these girls to aid their country thus! I must likewise do my share. What could I do, an unskilled woman? Painting and music were of no benefit now when only real labor counted. A plan came. I would search for my companions and beg them to help me.

When the great Halsted Street car came to where I stood, I got on and found myself facing Marion O'Shea, who was ordering the multitude, "Watch your step!" "Marion," I pleaded, "won't you, for the love of your country and mine, teach me how to punch transfers?" I learned quickly and for one hour I labored thus. But at last I grew tired of the solitude. Marion had left me alone on the back platform while she chatted at the front of the car with Berenice, who, being the motorman, positively must not talk to passengers. An opportunity came, so I got off, taking the precaution, however, to leave hundreds of the punched tickets for the people to help themselves to. I then found myself watching with great curiosity a sign painter decorating a lurid poster. It was interesting to watch him furiously slapping the brush over the board. But I was indignant when a splash of scarlet was

whisked on my new coat, and I attempted to upbraid the careless one. "Sir, what do you mean by that?" The ridiculous person misunderstood my question. "I mean that, I am helping my country on to Victory by taking the places of those who are needed in You should take example." I overlooked the reply when I saw that Miss Lida Pirritte was my admonisher. Immediately I ascended the scaffold and insisted on painting a hat on the soldier boy who was the centre of vision on the poster. I was working beautifully when I heard queer squeaks from seemingly near regions as though Lida were crying; so, thinking to comfort her, I said, "Do not feel so badly, Lida, he will come back; they always do." The squeaks became worse, and then upon the still air broke these words, "Sara, that—that hat looks just like a pumpkin being balanced on my boy's head. Please stop painting." You understand that under such circumstances I would remain on that plank no longer, even though I had enjoyed the sensation of having my feet dangle in the air. However, I could not endure such insults, so I started off again to find a diversion. Going along trying to solve my problem of just what a woman should do to serve her country, I spied what seemed to be a small squirred climbing a tree, but upon investigation, proved to be a man, a telephone lineman scaling a huge telephone pole, and, trying to imitate his dexterity, I, too, began to climb until at last I found myself almost in the clouds and gazing with full admiration at the curl escaping from the lineman's cap. Even men had to acknowledge the coquettishness of Martha Washington vanities. But, perceiving my presence, Mr. Climber turned around. "Why, Catherine Hogan, what are you doing up here?" I exclaimed. The rosy tints of the blush that always danced over her face when she was delighted, came now, reminding me of the time when I tested my compositions by reading them to her; if they were good she would raise her eye-brows and laugh heartily. When I explained why I had wandered up the steep ascent and just what I was looking for, I was advised to be a lineman, "the most prominent position in the world." Suddenly, in the midst of enjoying the scenery and high suspension, I was startled by the alarm of a wreck-wagon, and looking street-ward, I saw one coming toward our telephone pole. In desperation I cried, "Look out-look out!" But to no avail. The moment came when we were to be dashed to pieces, but instead of rushing ahead, it came to a sudden stop. Just as I was about to swoon

I heard someone calmly putting sylables, then words, together. "Catherine is afraid to climb down the pole, so we call for her every night." Mary Kingston and Thelma were the drivers of the extension wagon and bus combined. Mary decided that I looked pale, but I told her that I was exceedingly hungry. So Thelma said that we should all dine with her. Politely I objected, but objections were waved aside. "We will just drop around the corner to Ada Maloney's quick lunch Counter." I gasped in astonishment, but the girls, thinking I was yawning and solicitious for my comfort, added: "After that we will visit Olive and Lucille at the Engine House and perhaps they will let you take a nap in one of their sweet little beds.'

Even our Olive was taking her part in the service of fireman while I was merely a grasshopper. Spurred on by seeing the nobleness of my friends, I declined their invitation and hurried to Marshall-Fields. Going up to the first floor-man, I asked if I could have a few moments of his attention and then with beating heart I asked him for a position—a position I had long coveted. "What is the position you mean, Madam," he asked, with polite tolerance in his voice. Indignant, I started immediately for my father's office. I had forgotten that he was the president of this firm. There, with clenched fists and my cheeks flaming with patriotism, I announced, "I don't want to be a soldier, or your pride and joy, but father, won't you please let me be Santa Claus and dress up in a big red coat?" So father let me, and I told the Santa they usually had, to go to war, so that I would really be helping my country by taking his place.

I have written this, dear Editor, during odd moments, but I must stop now, for a number of people are coming to shake hands with "Dear Santa," and I do believe they are Charlotte, Helen and Mary Hanton. So "Merry Christmas!"

SARA MORTIMER.

LORETTO, ENGLEWOOD, '18

### Haith

In every seed to breathe the flowers,
In every drop of dew
To reverence a cloistered star
Within the distant blue;
To wait the promise of the bow,
Despite the cloud between,
Is Faith—the fervid evidence
Of loveliness unseen."

—John B. Tabb.

# CHRONICLES

### Abbey College Notes

Ye graduates and Post Graduates, and Ye of the higher classes, do you remember your Freshman days? Go back in your memories to your first year of College life, and think of your trials and tribulations, that memorable day when you first reached your College! Did you not gaze in awe at those envied ones who were no longer verdant newcomers, no longer mere 'Freshies?'

If one could make a collection of the diaries of First Year students, I am sure it would be found that the impressions of one are the impressions of all. How far beyond hope of reach seem the Seniors, how learned the studies, and how much woe and loneliness is mixed with the introduction to an establishment where we expect to love and to labor for years to come!

Our Freshman class, twelve in number, and mutual strangers, began the year hoping for the best, but fearing the worst. Our respect for rules and regulations was a wondrous thing; we revered Seniors, honored Juniors, feared Sophomores and sympathized with our fellow victims, and dreaded that "Sine qua non" of College life—Initiation. The Sophomores toiled and plotted for their entertainment and our downfall. We trembled and shook.

At length an imperative notice of a compulsory meeting of the student-body was, we felt, the prelude to our doom. We mustered our sportsmen's courage as an outward shield and attended! Ah, me! There was need! Such attempts as were made to upset the dignity of Class '21. We had to prove our identity, pledge ourselves solemnly to do a host of things, namely, to make no remarks favorable or otherwise on the temperature of sleeping apartments or class-rooms, to preserve a religious silence in the halls during study hours, and especially if a Senior, Junior or Soph. is endeavoring to express her views, etc., etc. Then we must needs display our incurably amateur powers of entertaining, all of which we did with such docility that the tide of fortune turned and behold our persecutors suddenly revealed themselves as charming hostesses and an informal dance and dainty party sealed our membership into the happy circle. The Freshmen found out for themselves that the "revered seniors, honored juniors and dreaded sophomores' were like the hunble freshies—ordinary and very nice girls.

#### College Tea

Saturday, Nov. 24.—The biggest undertaking of the term was also the most expeditious, the most enjoyable, and the most materially successful. Around the end of October some of our leading spirits became enthusiastic in their desire to do something for their Alma Mater in these distressing financial times. Their enthusiasm was contagious. Meetings were called and committees formed in which graduates and undergraduates enlisted. There were reception, entertainment, and ticket committees, and then ten rival groups to provide home-made candy, cake, fancy-work or any other commodity that might entice the contents of pocket-books. All must be accomplished in one week and our astonished professoresses stood aghast at our allunsuspected reservoir of energy. The concert hall was parriotically hung with flags and drapings, booths were set up, the program rehearsed and at length it was four o'clock on Saturday and our great 400 arriving. The Reception Committee and ushers and their assistants at the tea table which was presided over by Mrs. Lalor and Mrs. McLaughlin of the Alumnae all were gracious and untiring. The program consisted of College Songs, a short introduction by Mary Power, B.A., a song by M. A. Grace, an exquisitely dainty dance by little Miss Isabel Lyons and a drill and song by the tots of the little school-future college students in our eyes. This is a very practical age and our many kind patrons and generous donors may be pleased to know that we had to our credit when the day's accounts were gathered in, the sum of \$218.84. Some days later we had the great pleasure of meeting Reverend Mother and presenting her with this token of our desire to be helpful daughters of our Alma Mater.

December 10th, Monday.—Mr. Henry Somerville spoke to us this evening on St. Vincent de Paul and his Charities. It was most interesting and inspiring to find that this great Saint had solved many of the questions of social organization and even of war relief, in his own day. In collecting funds and directing methods he was quite as advanced as our own age claims to be, and in the spirit which animated his work he had the sublimest power of all ages, the humble, confident love of the merciful Creator which must spend itself in love and help for His creatures.

October 24th.—No school is complete without its three days' Retreat, and no Retreat is ever quite as good as the last one. Rev. Father McCandlish, C.SS.R., took us as the angel took Habacuc, away from our surroundings of time

and place, and all their hindering circumstance, and there reminded us of our soul's existence, of its importance, its needs, the dangers that beset it on all sides, the streams of grace from which we should seek refreshment, light and strength. It was all very wonderful and beautiful, so much so that we forgot for the time that we were keeping three days' silence—a miracle in itself!

December 2nd.—Forty Hours' Devotion. The privilege of living under the roof with the Blessed Sacrament was brought vividly home to us by this devotion. We thought of those who are far from Church and Sacraments, in their stern, bare shelters in trenches, under an inclement sky, in mud and filth; and we wondered why we were singled out for this indulgent treatment. We prayed that some of the blessings showered upon us would bring comfort and fortitude to the dear boys that are guarding our homes with their precious lives, especially to those of our many relatives and friends.

Hallowe'en! "Men may come and men may go," but the old-time pranks of All Hallows will be played with the old-time zest "forever." A ghostly procession wended its way through Rosary Hall that night, and the unusual din that followed was stopped only when the summons to Dormitory rang loud and clear.

### Loretto Convent

SEPTEMBER twentieth. — During the early days of the term we have been busily employed with our various school-tasks — the days gliding by so swiftly and harmonionsly that we scarcely realize how many have already passed. The first interruption in our regular work came this afternoon in the form of a very enlightening and practical lecture on "Thrift," by Mr. Marshall, who has worked out a system which we are now going to practise, hoping thereby to become quite methodical in our financial affairs.

September twenty-third.—Permission for a two-hours' lunch period was graciously given us to-day that we might view the parade and departure of the soldiers—our teachers agreeing with us that this first contingent of drafted men to leave for Camp Grant deserved every mark of appreciation that could be given. At one o'clock, with flags in our hands, we watched our heroes march to 63rd St. Station. At the train we witnessed many affecting scenes which we shall not soon forget. We are still endeavor-

ing to do our little part towards the war relief work, hoping, in this way, to help the great cause now at stake.

September twenty-fourth.—Mr. Ritchie, who gave the whole school two hours of real merriment this afternoon, is a tall brisk, old gentleman. He radiates good humour and must feel no little satisfaction in finding that his audience reflects it before the first selection is ended. His voice is an exceptionally pleasing one and his mimicry clever and invariably funny. Such an entertainment as this acts as a stimulus in these times of war and dread suspense, when people must go about bravely concealing their heart-aches, and striving to believe that the appearance of gladness is some beginning of that goodly thing itself.

October twenty-second.—The annual banquet and entertainment given this evening, in honour of the Alumnae, proved wholly enjoyable alike to entertainers and entertained. The dininghall was prettily adorned with "fleur de lis" and scrolls conveying to the guests our sentiments of sincere welcome. Miss Lucille Potter, President of St. Ursula's Literary, performed her part as toast-mistress very charmingly. following toasts were proposed and responded to: "The Alumnae," by Miss Lucille Potter; "Our Holy Father, Pope Benedict," Miss Fitzpatrick; "President Wilson," Miss Florence Fox; "The Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary," Miss Helen Lunney; "Our Alma Mater," Miss Dorothy Lynch; "Our Devoted Clergy," Miss Edna Rice; "Our Boys in France," Miss Emily von Albide, "The Class of 1918," Miss Antoinette de Roulet. In the programme given later in the evening, addresses, choruses, semi-choruses, piano, vocal and zither solos—all made pleasing interludes in the play, "Daddy-Long-Legs," presented by the Graduates and Undergraduates.

We have just completed our course in Parliamentary Law under the excellent direction of Miss Gannon of Davenport, Iowa. It consisted of lectures, drills, and lastly, a mock Convention. At each meeting, a secretary was elected pro tem, and the closing convention was made even more interesting than the previous ones by a strictly orthodox ballot-voting for officers. In our class meetings of the year, as also in the several women's clubs and conventions which it may be our privilege some day to attend, the principles which we have acquired in this course will we hope, make us real time-savers and gracious recipients of even such unflattering information as that we "are

decidedly out of order."

Rev. I. McDonald, O.C.C., gives us every Thursday morning a most lucid and impressive instruction on the truths of our Faith. Incidentally, we have learned that it is wise to come well versed in Current Events on those mornings!

November ninth:

To cause us mirth, our school tasks o'er, Came Leon Maguire, with wizard's lore, A youth au fait at sleight of hand, Who made things vanish at his command.

A card, first drawn and then repacked, Was found inside an egg he cracked. A jug of water was changed to ink, And this was done with just a wink.

That bottle, glass and cylinder tall Were surely shaped in Vulcan's hall, They changed their place so rapidly, From table-top to chair—all three!

That objects vanish and then appear Without a reason—it's surely queer! The wizard's art will ever cause A thrill, a start and give us pause.

November twenty-fifth. — A delightful Thanksgiving party, planned as a surprise by the Juniors, was given us this evening. For more than an hour, a variety of games, to the winners of which prizes were awarded, caused uninterrupted merriment. Refreshments were then served, after which, thanks and congratulations were proffered by the Class of '18.

December tenth.—The Forty Hours' Devotion opened in the Convent chapel on the 8th inst, and closed this evening. Many have been the prayers offered during these days of special graces that the Prince of Peace may soon bestow on the troubled world a lasting peace.

The beautiful paintings on exhibition in the library this week draw us thither at every free period. One never wearies of those marine pieces and landscapes with their rich colouring and realistic charm.

December twelfth.—An animated debate on the time-honoured topic, "Friends vs. Books," took place this afternoon between the members of the Graduating Class, Miss Jean Fife being the leader of the side espousing the cause of friends, and Miss Willinore Potter, of the opposing side. Excellent points were advanced by the members on both sides, but when time was called "Books" had won by a majority of

three. Class of '18

LORETTO CONVENT, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO.

#### Englewood, 1917

Sept. 4th.—I thought of some daring enemy of long ago, as the sound waves lengthened. Was it a school bell, or were my senses deceiving me? Yes, it was Loretto calling back her care-free children to another year of hard work, calling back fourteen Seniors who were much disappointed because their feelings proclaimed them neither older nor bigger in spite of the fact that they were Seniors.

Sept. 12th.—The Holy Name of Mary was a word that brought all its loveliness into our ardent hearts to-day and as it is the special feast of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in our Lady's honor, we were given a half holiday.

Sept. 20th.—A lecture for the afternoon. "How shall we ever live through it?" we said. We all know what lectures are; well, this one would give us a chance to sleep anyway. But the afternoon was all too short for the comic selections and that lecturer was the funniest person we had ever seen.

Oct. 17th.—Our Reverend Pastor, Father Ryan, came to-day and gave us a very vivid account of his trip to Lourdes. He has promised us a like pleasure for every Wednesday. At this date our ideas of lectures have undergone a marvelous change.

Oct. 18th and 19th.—A Minstrel Show! How wonderful! There were the daintiest, merriest darkies in it, and Margaret, our golden blonde, was one of the darkest. They easily understood why their singing and dancing merited every encore. (There were twenty).

Oct. 24th.—Hurra for the Liberty Loan! It gave us a holiday. Alas for patriotism!

Oct. 31st.—October is without doubt a friendly month. If every month favored us with as many holidays we would try to be happy (on these days). And now comes Hallowe'en with its last period off for dancing. Anyone who has seen a group of school girls in one of those frolics can easily interpret our merry mood. We were excused from a botany examination, thanks to Mother E.

Nov. 8th.—The "Harvest Party" this evening was a unique affair. The brilliant gathering was bent on raising funds for the Church decoration really, but incidentally on having an evening of rare amusement and on lending unusual color to this one feature of the improvement eampaign.

Nov. 13th.—Reverend Mother's Feast Day. We dispatched our greetings to the Abbey and

bestowed a "demiconjé" upon our teachers. We are noted for our generosity.

Dec. 8th.—We were greeted by the dulcet tones of beautiful electric chimes—the handsome gift of the Loretto Alumnae to their Alma Mater, on the occasion of its Silver Jubilee.

Dec. 14th.—As a slight token of our appreciation of the lectures and instructions given by Father Ryan, our Pastor, we, the High School pupils, presented him with a Morris Chair. We consider ourselves fortunate in being able to contribute a little comfort to the rare moments of leisure in a life so busy and strenuous.

There are good days yet to come, perhaps all the better for delaying until time and experience have lent keener powers of appreciation to thoughtless, careless, little girls.

ADA MALONEY, '18

LORETTO, ENGLEWOOD.

### The Knitters

The Yuletide season's close at hand, A welcome time throughout the land. This year 'tis not gay gifts we make, But knit for our dear country's sake.

The nuns responded, one and all, When first they heard their nation's call. For they have bought their khaki yarn, To knit it into garments warm.

Oh! happy he who wears a gift Made by the nuns with fingers deft, Who pray at every stitch they take For him who wears whate'er they make.

The children have the spirit, too, For countless are the things they do, They work with cheer, and hand in hand They help the nation—save the land.

Then let us praise the knitters true, And when our flag, red, white and blue, Shall wave a vict'ry o'er the land, We'll say it was "Our knitting band."

ROSE McLAUGHLIN.

LORETTO, JOLIET.

"Weak and full of wants as we are ourselves, we must make up our minds, or rather take heart, to do some little good to this poor world while we are in it. Kind words are our chief implements for this work."—Faber.

#### Loretto (Hamilton) Notes

THROUGH the kind solicitation of a mutual friend Miss Isolde Menges, violinist, and Miss Eileen Beattie, pianist, visited the Mount and charmed a select audience with a musical programme of unusual brilliancy. The delightful personality and simplicity of the two young artists impressed all who met them.

\* \* \*

The senior music pupils had entered with such enthusiasm into the re-organization of St. Cecilia's Club for 1917-1918, that by the fifteenth of September, all was in readiness for the first formal assembly. The good directress thought it well to spend the opening evening in a general study of the life, virtues and martyrdom of St. Cecilia, whom they were about to choose for model and patroness of their year's work. So a pleasant and profitable evening was thus spent.

Rev. (Major) J. J. O'Gorman, C.E.F., visited the academy on the sixteenth of September and said Mass for the community. He gave a very interesting talk to the students on "Chaplains" Life at the Front," and on the great necessity of "Catholic Huts."

\* \* \*

At the first meeting of the Loretto Cecilian Club, September twenty-first, the following officers were elected: President, Miss Gertrude Murphy; Vice-President, Miss Marie Hiscott; Treasurer, Miss Geraldine Goodrow; Secretary, Miss Margaret Bailey; Committee, Miss Hattie Boyes, Miss Louise Dell, Miss Margaret Balfe, Miss Muriel Nash and Miss Marie Campbell. It was then proposed to combine work and pleasure during the year.

On October the sixth, Mr. Charles Higgins, barrister, of the city, as representative of the Hamilton Catholic School Board, addressed the pupils on Red Cross Work. The outcome of his appeal was a generous contribution to the Million Dollar Fund of the city.

The Cecilian Club held their Chopin day on October twelfth. Many selections by this renowned composer were rendered by members of the Club. After a dainty luncheon a musical game was played. It was then announced that Friday, October nineteenth, would be Italian Composers' Day. After the National Anthem the meeting adjourned.

After officiating at the October Devotions and giving Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, His Lordship, Bishop Dowling, honoured us with his gracious presence on the evening of October twenty-fifth. All, as usual, enjoyed his pleasant visit.

\* \* \*

On November the tenth, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Mahony, V.G., D.C.L., gave in his usual happy manner, a short address to the students regarding "Victory Bonds." A spirit of patriotism was aroused which resulted in the purchase of a Fifty Dollar Bond by the school.

\* \* \*

A delightful programme was presented on the feast day of St. Cecilia, in her honor, by the members of the Cecilian Club. The hall was well filled with invited guests—parents and friends only, of the youthful performers. Every number was well rendered, but especial mention must be made of the artistic manner in which the two little accompanists—Miss Mary Eckstein and Miss Eileen Murphy—did their part in making the semi-choruses a charming feature of the evening.

\* \* \*

The results of the Music Examinations have just reached us from the University of Toronto and are most gratifying. One hundred per cent. The three following young ladies wrote Junior Theory on December the fourth and passed with 1st Class Honours: Miss Louise Dell, Miss Marie Campbell and Miss Marie Hiscott.

\* \* \*

The spirit of Christmas and of Santa's approach was greatly in evidence on December the eighteenth, when the Juniors of the school presented a novel Yuletide programme. These minims, in the costumes characteristic of the various countries represented, entertained their audience with a most interesting account of the Christmas customs in foreign lands. The recitations and songs were deserving of the highest praise, but the distribution of gifts was the crowning feature for the happy little ones.

MARGARET BAILEY, SECRETARY.

LORETTO, HAMILTON.

"If life an empty bubble be, How sad for those who cannot see The rainbow in the bubble!"

#### Comment from the Northern Front

Sept. 14.—Celebration of the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary. Annual welcome party. Rev. Fathers Stenglein, Rémillard and Waechter, guests of honour.

Sept. 15.—Initial meeting of St. Teresa's Literary. Election of officers: President, Miss Mary O'Gorman; Secretary, Miss Catherine Phelan; Treasurer, Miss Angela O'Boyle. Plans for the year discussed. The tradition of the Society well sustained by the ambitious proposal to present "Twelfth Night" this year.

Oct. 7.—The members of St. Teresa's Literary belonging to First and Second Year ,under the direction and at the kind suggestion of their class mistress, entertained the Seniors in Baraga Hall at a charming "Evening with Longfellow." The programme was of so comprehensive a character as to be an education in minature in the work of that sweetest and noblest of American poets, yet so varied was it that the audience came away unsatiated. The numbers, all well rendered, were further enhanced by their stage setting. Particularly attractive in this respect was a dramatic rendering of the Expulsion of the Acadians from "Evangeline." The Seniors received beautifully illuminated programmes very suitabe for insertion in the memory book of a graduate. A shrewd financier extorted a silver collection from the rest of the audience, very suitable for insertion in the exchequer of St. Teresa's Literary.

Oct. 19.—Re-organization of St. Augustine's Latin Circle. Preparations begun for giving the play "Andromeda," involving lyrics from Catullus, and other nice things.

Oct. 24.—On this day certain Pilgrims to Canterbury, "Wel nyne and twenty in a companye," with other guests to the number of thirty, met at that gentil hostelrye that night, the Gabard, in Southwark, faste by the cloistre of Loretto. Dismounting in the court-yard, they disported themselves in song and dance and mirthful jibe. Among the old English songs, the one sung with most zest was the round, "Summer is i-cumen in," dating from 1250 A.D.

Nov. 12.—This afternoon fifty students attended "The Tale of Two Cities" at the "Dreamland," unchaperoned, and proved themselves worthy of the privilege.

Nov. 16.—Recital in Spanish by Miss Angela O'Boyle and Miss Mary Porter, who seem to have forgotten their mother tongue entirely.

Nov. 18.—Re-organization of Children of Mary's Sodality election of officers. Address

by Rev. Fr. Stenglein.

Nov. 23.—A charming musicale was given by the students of Loretto Academy on Thursday evening to honor the feast of St. Cecilia to whom the opening and closing numbers were The programme was of a varied dedicated. character, but the interest centered chiefly in Handel and Haydon. A sketch of the rise of Oratorio in Rome under St. Philip Neri by Miss Catherine Phelan led up to a beautiful character sketch of Handel, the Dr. Johnson of music, showing the devout spirit which produced that crowning glory of Oratorios, the "Messiah." The Handel Chorus, "On Mountain Heights," which followed, was finely rendered. Mary Porter's recitation, "The Vision of Hangave an added interest to the glorious "Alleluia Chorus," composed under angelic inspiration.

Lessons were drawn from the life of Haydon by the pupils interested in his work, after which the andante movement from Haydon's "Surprise Symphony" was artistically rendered as a duet by Miss Dupuy and Miss Sprague.

The moonlight scene from the Merchant of Venice, Act. V., by Miss Angela O'Boyle and Miss Mable Husband, gave expression to Shakespeare's tribute to the power of music.

Dec. 9.—Procession in honour of Mary Im-

maculate. Solemn Benediction. Recessional to reception hall, where a programme, "Lyra Catholica," was rendered consisting of Hymns by Father Taber, "Macula Non Est in Te," by C.A.C., an essay on Catholic poets, by Miss Mary Porter; three lyrics by Father Tabb, with musical setting; Francis Thompson's "Lilium Regis," recited and annotated by Miss Angela O'Boyle; Adelaide Proctor's "Lost Chord," sung by the Choral Class; an essay on Benson, by Miss Angela O'Boyle; "The Veil of the Virgin Mary" and a "Nocturne," by Father Dol-

lard, recited by Miss Lilian Bennie and Miss

Eileen O'Neill respectively; Joyce Kilmer's

"Trees" and "A Citizen of the World," by

"Hound of Heaven," beautifully given by Miss

Mary Porter and interpreted in gesture by a

Francis Thompson's

Miss Catherine Phelan.

group of students, was an attractive number.

Dec. 17.—The thirteenth anniversary of our beloved Father Stenglein's ordination, we had the pleasure of expressing our congratulations in a short programme this afternoon. Father Stenglein signalized the occasion by granting a half-holiday on Friday afternoon, and with characteristic kindness, surprised us all with "an elegant collation" this evening.

### Comment

(From Horatio, the Scholar, at Wittenberg, to Hamlet, the Prince, at Elsinore).

LL goes on, my lord, at Wittenberg as before a truant disposition took you to Elsinore. The bell with its lofty and shrill-sounding note still rouses us before the god of day and, when it rings at nightfall, every spirit hies to his confine. Should a spirit fail thus to hie, so much the worse for him, as was proved a few weeks ago. An extravagant and erring spirit, lately come amongst us, was missing. A search was made and continued for some time, but failed to disclose his hiding At last, toward the witching time of place. night, when church-yards yawn, appeared the provost in a mood to do such bitter business as the day would quake to look upon. The spirit was found in the confine of another, sitting on the ground, telling sad stories of the death of kings and the departure of heroes during his incarceration. Vain was his plea, "what if my house be troubled with a rat?" He was driven back to his confine with opprobrious epithets. Since then I notice that the hey-day in his blood is tame, it's humble, and he waits upon the judgment of the provost before he stirs abroad.

Yet, his plea was not ill-founded, for within a fortnight Angelo, hearing something stir behind the arras, cried, "Help! ho! a rat, a rat! Dead, for a ducat, dead!" Mabello, Gormano and Julius came running at the call and found him standing on his bed with unhatched rapier, his kuotted and combined locks standing on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine and, in general, marvellously distempered. "Shall I strike at it with my partisan?" asked Gormano. "Do, I entreat you," urged Angelo. A combined attack was made, and then it started like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons. "'Tis here," "Tis there," "Tis gone." But ah, lack-a-day! it returned, harrowing up the soul and freezing the young blood of Angelo with mighty fears, until someone bethought him of a harmless, unnecessary cat, Gray Malkin by name, which soon restored peace to our days and sleep to our eyes. Now the nights are wholesome. No fairy lakes, no witch hath powto charm, no spirit dare stir abroad, so hallowed and so gracious is the time. All this we owe to Gray Malkin and the provost.

On a day two months ago—and of that day the memory still is green—we wrung from Signor Astrello, our master, his slow leave to go see the puppets act in a dumb show at the city play house, he having a mean opinion of such shows as being only fit for the groundlings and

not for men of sense and judgment, and himself caring for naught but such as are caviare to the general. When the matter was proposed to the provost, he exclaimed, "The play's the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience of these students," and forthwith he sealed his hard consent to our going, but on one sore condition: "Your fingers on your lips the while, I pray," parting injunction. And that day the burghers of Wittenberg beheld an unwonted sight—a company of fifty students marching through the streets, sans tongue, sans eves, sans ears, but seeming to find their way, passing well without the help of these organs. Best of all, we were seen at it by two dons, who crossed our path by chance, and bore witness that we seemed in suffering all to suffer nothing. Whereupon the provost grappled us still closer to his soul, finding we were no pipe for fortune's finger to sound what stop she please, nor like that most miraculous organ in Algonquinstadt which roars protestingly in the bass when you touch any part of its sensitive anatomy, even its remotest excrements.

At the play-house we saw a robustuous periwig-pated puppet tearing passion to tatters in the "Tale of Two Cities," but, on the whole, 'twas excellent for a dumb show, and held the mirror up to nature indifferent well.

As strolling players and mountebanks rarely visit Wittenberg, we still inact plays at the university. Not many moons ago we were all very merry, watching little Andario as he spoke the line, "With many a tempest hath my beard been shake." Suiting the action to the word and the word to the action, as you suggested, he seized an imaginary beard about four feet long and began to wave it vigorously up and down till we all rolled on the floor, slain with laughter. Andario, of course, could give exquisite reasons for what he did, and, in fact, had begun a prologue on the subject, but Signor Astrello, who, by the way, has a weakness for Andario and often spends a whole night looking up a lost mark of his, cut him short with the words, "More matter, with less art." After this we saw, my dear Lord Hamlet, that it was of no use to put your precepts on the art of acting into practice. You'll say we didn't "beget a temperance." as you recommended, but, marry, 'twould be impossible to beget anything else with the present high cost of living and the Hooverians declaring our eye looks not like a friend on Denmark, if it but glance in a civil way on any toothsome viand. These are the days when the funeral baked meats are kept in storage to coldly furnish forth the marriage table. Thrift, Lord Hamlet, thrift is the

watchword! Truly we eat of the chameleon's dish here in Wittenberg. You cannot feed capons so. No wonder all here have a lean and hungry look, especially Angelo, whose devotion to the cause of Denmark is well known.

Your Highness will doubtless remember two kingly ganders that for many years were wont to move majestically across the plaisance just in front, in the very cheer and comfort of our eye. Well, the gardener at the Library, a potent alchemist, well skilled in deadly poisons, stole upon their secure hour, with juice of cursed habenon in a vial, and, on the tender plants, whereof they use to feed, did pour a leprous distilment and did thus despatch one of "them ganders." The other dragged out a sad existence deprived of his noble brother, till a few days before our national festival, when he mysteriously disappeared. As he failed to respond to the voice of the town crier, his mistress, whose soul's idol he was, fell distract. O that a matron's wits should be as mortal as a gander's life!

But just at the same hour of his taking off, appeared a gander on the school campus. The bereaved female who, by the way, is only mad north north-west, and, when the wind is southerly, knows a hawk from a handsaw, was not slow in connecting the two events. Bringing with her an officer of the law, Mitchello, by name, she demanded access to the bird. Vain was our assurance that he had been given us by a man in the country who had reared him from a gosling. There he stood, her gander, she affirmed. These hands were not more like; the same regal part, an eye like Mars to threaten and command, a station like the herald mercury, new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill. To complicate the question some wit had called him "Georgius" in mockery of the departed bird.

Signor Mitchello knew not what to think. The lady, on the one hand, urging him to re-deliver her property and take us into custody, we, on the other, clinging with hooks of steel to our prospective festival fare. "I'll have grounds more relative than this. Methinks the lady doth protest too much," quoth he. "About, my brain!" and suddenly he hit upon a device. The city engineer was summoned to find the exact geometric centre of the campus. The gander was placed upon it. The lady and Francisco, our trusty old verger, were stationed in diagonally opposite corners, and each at a given signal called him by his name, exposing at the same time a vessel of corn. At first it seemed as if the story of the proverbial donkey between two loads of hay was to be re-inacted and that the gander would starve to death irresolute.

"I'll tent him to the quick," cried Signor Mitchello. "If he but blench, I know my course."

It was a tragic moment. On one side lay love and happiness, on the other death and annihila-To be or not to be, that was the ques-Slowly his head veered round, his feet addressed themselves to motion, and he marched off to his doom (even as you and I), whereupon the minion of the law adjudged him ours. He received his quietus with a bare bodkin at the hands of Francisco, and we feasted mightily on his remains.

What is man, if his chief good and market of his time is but to sleep and feed? We spend but little time in either here in Wittenberg.

Every month we undertake enterprises of great pitch and moment, such as Latin plays, debates, quarterly examinations, modern language contests, all of which you miss, whiles you tread the primrose path of dalliance at Elsinore. Your going hence was most retrograde to our desires. Return to those who love you.

Good-night, sweet Hamlet,

Your poor servant ever.

HORATIO.

# A Hield in France

A faint shell pink in eastern sky, The awakening sun's first glance, Heralds the coming of the dawn O'er a fair, sweet field in France. A field thick-strewn with myriad blooms. On a bed of emerald green, A play-ground fit for fairies bright, Robed in their starry sheen. But the sound of cannon shot and shell With rage of War's advance! And a nation strives with a deadly foe, On that fair field of France. Dead and dying strew the ground, No longer emerald green, The flowers are drenched with heroes' blood-A dreadful carnage scene!

A flaming red in the western sky, The dying sun's last glance, And many a mother's joy lies there, On that blood-stained field of France.

DOROTHY K. REID.

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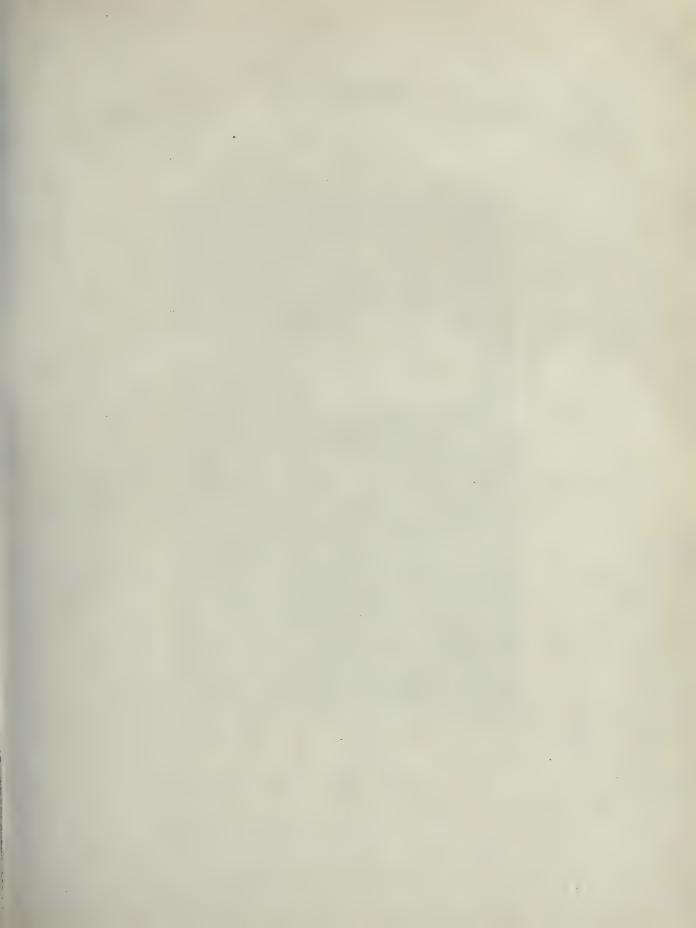
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VOL. XXV.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1918.

NO. 2

# The Challenge

"If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross." Matt. 27, 40.

The piercing taunt from hardened populace

Went up that direful day to Calvary's height

A challenge vile to test the Master's might, Worthy the lips so foul, the hearts so base.

It pierced the gathering gloom, the noxious air,
And through the darkness like an arrow dart
It pierced the Master's throbbing, quivering
heart

Through His bruised body, desecrated, bare.

More bitter than the gall mingled with wine, Sharper than thorns into His brow deeppressed,

The poignant struggle was which rent His breast,

The struggle 'twixt the human and divine.

Should He remain thus taunted, so to die
Upon the cross—what would the sequel be?
Would death upon the ignominious tree
Prove that His life and teaching were a lie?

Stronger than taunt these sordid hearts could wield

Rose His Divinity, a conqueror still, The prophecy of Scripture to fulfill; Wounded—and by His bruises we are healed.

With honour, truth, dominion all at stake,
Of proven heritage He recked not loss;
Rather He chose to die upon the cross
And every claim to majesty forsake.

The stillness of that deicidal hour

Remained unbroken; early twilight stole

Upon a crown, a sceptre; while a soul

Went forth to claim with God co-equal power.

Loretto Abbey.

DOROTHY B.

# WHAT WILL SHE DO WITH IT

A SLIGHT consideration of why woman should be given the franchise may throw some light on "What she will do with it?"

It seems a pity that women, the mothers of the race, who have most to do with the training of our foremost men and with the moulding of their characters, should be put in a class with the "feeble-minded" and "idiots," the only class of men refused the franchise. An alien may vote even before he has learned the language of the country, before he knows anything of the national institutions or has learned to take any interest in the country except in so far as it furnishes his daily bread.

If women are incapable of knowing how to use the ballot, how can they be able to train the minds of the future generations? But woman's ability as a teacher is unquestioned. Even in our universities we have women lecturers. An important example of woman's sense of justice was shown in the recent Kruger case in New York. The New York police were quite content to drop the case without sufficient investigation. It was due to the efforts of Mrs. Humiston, who undertook the case, that the girl's body was found and the murderer brought to justice.

Do those who oppose the movement for woman suffrage mean to say that they consider their wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, less capable of using the franchise than a foreign street cleaner? Do they mean to imply that the women who teach their sons know less about how the government ought to be run than the laundry man or fruit vendor?

Do not think I make any attempt to defend the militant suffragettes. They are people who have become obsessed with an idea and have allowed themselves to be carried away with it. One finds fanatics in every great movement and they do more to ruin the cause than they could ever do to further it. Each woman voter need not be a Mrs. Pankhurst. It is claimed that giving women the franchise would take them away from their homes, and their time from their children. But casting a ballot is not a very lengthy process. Ask an ordinary business man how much time he loses by having the franchise. We do not hear men complaining that the time given to war charities is having a very injurious effect on the women of to-day. Moreover, a woman's first interest is in her home and her children and she is not likely to give this up for a secondary interest.

Of course if every woman voter had the definite aim of becoming Cabinet Minister, there might be a serious difficulty. But this is hardly probable. The women who would take an extremely active interest in public affairs would be women who are not bound by many family ties, and surely their time would be more profitably spent in attempting to better society than in gossiping and performing that mystic function "their social duties."

Women form a considerable percentage of the working class and the labour vote is undeniably an important factor in any election. But the women workers have no voice in it. They are wage-earners just as much as the men. Why the distinction? Where women have been granted the franchise it has been entirely satisfactory. Women are admitted to the Bar, to the practice of medicine, to the most important secretarial positions, but are refused the ballot.

What will she do with it? What does a man do with it, or rather, what is a man supposed to do with it? It is claimed that women will be swayed by party politics. This is questionable. Certainly some will, but will a larger per cent. be thus swayed than the present percentage of men who are thus swayed? I am inclined to think that there is a strong tendency toward independent thought among the women of to-day. Woman will take an active interest

in questions of education and child welfare. She will assume more responsibility and take an interest in any question which is presented. The women's vote in the last election showed what women will do, what way their interest will tend. And I wonder how many homes

were neglected and families wrecked because the mothers, wives and sisters of our soldiers voted. Would the enfranchisement of Canadian women be so very disastrous?

MERTES DONNELLY, '19.

Loretto Abbey.

# THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

#### Scene at The Tabard

(Tabard Inn—Chaucer and Franklin seated at small table.)

Franklin: God wot I rejoice to see you here, Sir Geoffrey Chaucer. Methinks it must be matter indeed that hath drawn ye away from your old Boethius, your Ovid, your Theophrast, and your Plato.

Chaucer: Verily on bookes for to read I me delight. In them have I such joy and faith that there be scarce any sport to draw me from them, unless it be some high festival or the lovely time of May. But when I hear the smalle foules singing, farewell my studies for that season. Besides I have a vow upon me to wend upon a pilgrimage to Canterbury and thither am I bound.

Franklin: Well met, Sir Geoffrey, eke do I purpose to set out thither before to-morrow's prime and shall be glad to travel in your companye. This is a full faire hostelrye, and, as I have heard, a trysting place for such as seek the holy martyr's shrine, and certes we may have a goodly companye 'ere even song. Mine host of the Tabard maketh them ever good cheer. He is a seemly man, fit to be the marshal of a banquet hall. A large man with eyes sharp and bright. A fairer burgess there is none in all Cheapside and withal a right merry fellow.

Enter Harry Bailey (jovially): God save ye lordings! Right welcome to the Tabard! Sir Franklin, we have met before, but who is this man who casteth his eyes upon the ground as he were waiting to see a hare? He seems elf-like by his countenance. Look up, man, fresh and merrily!

Franklin: Nay, shame not the worthy gentleman. This is Geoffrey Chaucer who, as many a man knows, though he be little skilled in metres and crafty rhymings, has told many

a good tale in the best English he has—whoso will read in his large volume will see Troilus mourning his Cresside, Phyllis hanging on her tree for love of Demephon, the large open wounds of Thisbe of Babylon, Dido's sword stroke for the false Aeneas, and many a woeful ballad and roundel made to his lady's eyebrow!

Harry Bailey: An this be Chaucer the poet; we ought to have some notable entertainment this night. But who comes here? A shipman, I trow, by his gait. Sirrah, I wot well ye know every port from Hull to Carthage for the hot summer hath dyed your hue all brown as a berry.

Shipman: Yea, Master Inn Keeper, in my good ship the Maudelayre have I sailed a many times from Gothland to Finisterre. Many a draught of wine have I had privily in the hold whilse the merchant slept and in good sooth with many a tempest hath my beard been shake. Many a vessel have I boarded and many a man have I sent aloft by water as well as by land. But now, a truce to all this! I go to Canterbury to do penance for my ill deeds.

Servant: Master Bailey, there hath appeared in the court Madame Eglantine, Prioress of the Convent at Osney, with another nun and three priests. She is fair and stately of manner, but withal simple and modest. I doubt not she is a great lady and worthy of all reverence.

Mine Host: Go give her courteous conduct to the hall.

**Prioress** (Carrying a little dog): Ma foi, Master Host, speak to your thralls; they smote this small hound so sharp that 'twas piteous to see. Apportez-moi un morceau de pain pour la pauvre bête.

Mine Host (Bowing low—all rise and bow respectively): My lady Prioress, we are honored by your presence at the Tabard. If any thralls of mine hath done you any discourtesy him shall I sharply snibben for the nones.

**Prioress:** Nay, speak not too harshly to the youth. I would not that he suffer for this.

Servant: A fair company is even now drawing high. A knight with two attendants. Of his port he seems as meek as is a maid, yet I trow he is full valiant. With him comes a gay young squire with lockes curly as they were laid in press, and a vest broidered all with flowers, and a stout yeoman with cropped head and visage brown. By his side rides a lady more beautiful than the sun, with three tirewomen. Some damsel errant perchance.

Knight: God save this goodly companye! Fair Host, wilt give honourable herberage to this lady and a goodly stall and food to her palfrey? If room be lacking I and this lusty young squire, my son, can find sound slumber in your hall. Many a time, in sooth, must a knight take his rest under the stars of heaven.

Host: Sir Knight, my master and lord, God forbid that such a worthy gentleman should rest rudely in our hall. The chambers and the stables are wide, so you may all be eased at beste. In a faire bower will I bestow the lady as befits her quality, and your worthiness shall be no whit incommoded thereby.

**Prioress** (To Faire Ladye): Whither ride ye, my child, with so small attendance? Fear ye not the robbers that ride the moors and downs?

Faire Ladye: Nay, for sooth, my reverend lady. Innocence is a full good shield against danger. By our Lady's help, I have met with no discourtesy, though by bold brethren three have remained behind to succor a damsel in distress. An honest outlaw met me on the fringe of yonder wood, and led me safe to the parting of the ways, where I met this verray parfit gentil knight.

Yeoman: You speak truly, faire ladye. By my cross-bow, a gentil knight. He never yet spake discourtesy to any maner wight in all his life. He is the very mirror of chivalry. Well doth he keep his vows of knighthood.

Servant: O Master, I have seen the strangest sight I wot of. A clerk of Oxenford in an old threadbare cloak with a book in his hand and another under his arm and eke one slung behind his back. He readeth and smileth to himself as he rideth along. Lean is his horse

as is a rake, and he is not right fat himself, I undertake.

Mine Host: A truce to thy prattle! Let the good clerk read if he lists. If his horse stumble he falls to the ground himself, not you.

Clerk: (Reading half aloud some philosophic treatise): Benedicite fair guests! Mine Host, a chamber and food and a stall for my horse, an it please ye. (Resumes his reading.)

Mine Host: Nay, Sir Clerk, draw nigh, be not so shamefast. I trow you are in a study over some sophism. But everything hath its time as Soloman says. For God's sake, be of merrier countenance!

Clerk: Host, I am under your rod, therefore I bind me in obedience to you as far as reason asks, till Chanticleer sings the second watch, when I must be up and away to Canterbury.

Franklin: Yea, ye all hie to Canterbury full merrily, but ye wot what vile inns are on the way and what ill fare shall be served us. Yet none of you has bethought him of a remedy. In good sooth 'tis well to have a son of Epicurus in the company to think on such gear. I have well bethought me, and have found a cook for the company by the way. Come hither, Roger of Ware! He can seethe and bake and broil and fry, he can make pottage and well bake a pie! 'Tis pity he hath a normal on his shin, and yet 'tis not, for without this he would scarce be on a pilgrimage to the holy blisful martyr, and we should lack a cook.

**Poet** C.: The Franklin is a right good judge of cooks, I dare be sworn. In his house it snows of meat and drink. And the table in his great hall, always laden with many a roast pygge and fat capon and many a measure of mead, gives food to the countryside. A very St. Julien is he to his people.

(Enter Outlaw, pursued by Sergeant of the Law).

Sergeant of Law: Sir Knight, I make complaint of this outlaw. He cometh into the bounds of London town, a thing clean contrary to the statutes. I am ware of every case and judgment that hath fallen from William's time to this day, and every statute know I plain by rote, and nowhere is it writ that he who has been outlawed by the laws of England may come to doon his pilgrimage with honest folk. I pray you give judgment in due form and I will enforce it.

Outlaw: Honest folk! If none but honest folk mingle with honest folk, then were men of law excluded from this noble company. That would I prove were no gentle ladies present.

Faire Ladye: This is he who guided me safe through the wood of Hounslow. Though he be an outlaw his deed was full knightly. I pray you, Sir Knight, to do him this grace.

Knight: Full many a wight goeth at large and boasteth him a fair burgess who is a very caitiff and a churl God wot. And sometimes a banished man may do a courteous deed. So bide ye, Sir Outlaw, and ride with us, if ye list, at morrow prime.

Outlaw: Graunt mercy of thy courtesy. By the rood I take it as freely as 'tis nobly given.

(Enter Wife of Bath, talking and laughing with the Merchant, followed by the Doctor of Physic, the Haberdasher, Weaver, Dyer, Tapicer, and Carpenter).

Wife of .Bath: Ah! How be ye, Harry Bailey? Every year for full ten years have I lain at the Tabard on my way to Canterbury and never a whit older do ye wax in all that time. Ye be indeed a proper man and never choleric and well have I a right to speak. Husbands at church door had I five (counts on her fingers) yea, five, the best I could pick out, so I am something of a judge of this gear. Divers schools make perfect clerks and practice in sundry employments verily makes the perfect workman. Blessed be heaven I wedded five! Of husbands am I verily the scholar.

Mine Host: Of pilgrimages eke are ye a well learned clerk, good Wife of Bath—so you can give good counsel to this companye.

Wife of Bath: That can I in good sooth. At St. James of Compostello have I been, at Rome, at Jerusalem thrice, and at Cologne, and know much of wandering by the way.

Merchant (Aside): The good wife hath not bootlessly visited shrines. She hath received the gift of tongues. She well-nigh talked me mad all the way from Bath to London.

Wife of Bath: Speak out, Merchant. am somdel deaf, which is scath. Ye were glad on the way to London methinks you said. Well, so was not I, gentles. This Merchant ne'er let me get a word in edgeways. He talked much and pompously, always sounding the increase of his winnings.

Doctor: In sooth, I could cure the good

abide long enough to watch for a fortunate ascendant, under which to treat the images. When I have cast your horoscope, Madam, I can then tell from what humour proceedeth the malady. Such is the mode of discerning the causes approved by Averroes, Avicenna and Damascene. I could then proceed to cure it by the rules laid down by Galen, Hippocrates, Esculapius, and Diascordes.

Wife of Bath: Beshrew thy right ascensions, Sir Doctor of Physic, thy images and thy Galens, my deafness proceeds not from my horoscope, but from my fifth husband, who dealt me a blow on the ear. I conquered him in the end-but of this anon.

Shipman: Who be these clothed in the livery of one of the great fraternities? seemeth each to be fit to sitten in a guild hall on the dais. Each one bids fair to be an alderman.

Haberdasher: A haberdasher, a weaver, a carpenter, a dyer, and a tapicer, we are of the guild of cloth and wood workers of St. Giles. As to being aldermen, thereto our wives would gladly assent. It is a full fair thing to be yelept "madam" and to go to vigils before all others and to have a mantle royally y-bore before one.

(Enter Reeve and Miller, quarreling).

Thou hast told a sorry jest at the 'expense of my trade—but by mine head I would requite thee in thine own coin, if it were fitting to use thy language in presence of gentle folk. Of how millers have been hoodwinked 'ere now, I know many a tale.

Friends, this reeve takes in ill-Miller: part a story I told of a bailiff's being outwitted and swears I must mean him, and threatens to break mine head therefor. I fain would be at peace with him, though I fear not for mine head. Many a door have I heaved off its hinges at a running with this same head, and at a wrestling, as everyone knows, I never fail to carry off the prize ram.

Nay, Master Oswald, make Mine Host: not earnest of a jest. In good sooth the miller may be a churl, but he bears thee no ill-will. This party would now be complete, with some of every profession, were the graced person of the country parson present. Him do I expect with his brother, a plowman. This plowman is kind and charitable according to his means. A true twinker and good is he living in peace and perfect charity. The parson is poor in wife's deafness by natural magic, if she could athis world's gear but rich he is in holy thought

and work. Christ's lore and His apostles twelve he teaches, but first he follows it himself. Benign he is and wonder diligent and in adversity full patient, as has been oft times proven. Wide is his parish and houses far asunder, but he does not fail to visit in sickness or mischief his poor parishioners, even in cold and rainy weather. A better priest I trow there nowhere none is. But hither comes he for the nones.

Parish Priest: Benedicite! God bless all those who wend upon this pilgrimage and take from our hearts all worldly motives and plant therein but His love and His grace.

All: Amen.

Mine Host: Now, lordlings, you are right heartily welcome to me, for, by my troth, if I shall say sooth I have not seen this year so goodly a company in this inn at once. So let us make merry with a roundelay. Let each one bear his part in "Summer is i-cumin in." (All sing the round).

Franklin: Sir Squire, you seem as fresh as is the month of May. I trow you can scarce refrain from singing and floyting all the day; give us a song of your own composing.

Knight: He should give us a song of lovelonging with the best. For so hot he loves that he sleeps no more than doth a nightingale.

Franklin: Nay, his spirit beseemeth his youth. I would that my son were as proper a man. Sing and it please ye, Sir Squire.

**Squire** (Sings): ("Drink to me only with thine eyes.")

Fair guests, do you now bear me the burden of the song I shall propose, "Ah, the sighes that come fro my heart." (All sing).

**Cook** (Who comes in stirring a saucepan occasionally): Lordlings, the good Wife of Bath can turn a tune on the fiddle excellent well, an it please you to listen to it.

Wife of Bath: Gladly that I will. (Plays). Roger of Ware, 'twould be good for that normal of thine if thou wouldst tread a measure with yonder hothead yeoman—you too, Master Plowman—and you, Sir Squire. (Two folk dances).

Mine Host: I have but now thought of a mirthful thing to give you pleasure by the way. If it please you to stand by my words and to do as I say, raise your hands withouten more words. To speak briefly and plainly, this is to the point—that each of you will tell two tales on the journey to Canterbury and two others on the way home. Whichever bears him best shall have a supper at our aller cost here in this place. And to add to your sport I will go with you at mine own cost to be your guide.

All: Agreed! Agreed! Come with us and be our guide and judge our tales.

Mine Host: Then come hither, Sir Knight, and you, my Lady Prioress, hold not off. Let us forthwith to supper with the king's Hunting Song on our lips. (Processional March to supper-room, singing "The Hunt is Up.").

A. STARR.

Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie.



# "A COMING EVENT"

A NYTHING worth having is worth fighting for. Many noble and far-seeing women for more than forty years have spent their last effort in striving for the franchise which is lawfully theirs. One person has just remarked to me that women are setting about it in decidedly the wrong way; but let me ask what great reform was ever brought about easily and without strife? Those of us who recall our history will remember what struggling the men of our country endured in order to obtain the vote. There is no separate order for women, the same path must be trodden before final victory has been achieved.

We in Canada do not realize in what light the women of the middle class are held in England. No matter what property a woman may have before she is married, after the wedding day her total possessions become her husband's. She belongs to him entirely. No matter how much he is behind her in intellectual development the man may have a say in the governing of the country, but women may not.

One of the strongest arguments used by men in opposing the extension of the franchise to women is the fact that even though they receive the vote they will not use it. Are there not just as many men who never use their vote? Yet, if it were taken from them they would think a great injustice had been done. In the recent municipal elections a friend of mine was a candidate for one of the offices; meeting an acquaintance on the day before the election I asked him if he would cast his vote in favor of the candidate in whom I was interested. "I never go out to vote—but if the weather is fine, and seeing it is for a friend of yours, I guess I'll manage to get out."

"Why don't you appreciate your opportunity more? Why don't you take more interest in public affairs?" said I.

"Oh! politics are so crooked, you know," was the reply I received.

Why should not women be given this opportunity to show "what she will do with it?" There is much wisdom in a multitude of counsel—why not let her try?

Most of us little realize in what category we are placed. The constitution regarding the franchise is worded in this manner, "Imbeciles, idiots, and women," may not vote. This may hurt our pride, but it is a much greater injury to our intelligence.

Why are we opposed so strongly? Is it that men who bring forth such forceful arguments, fear the place that women may take in public affairs, else why the great opposition? It can't be the fear of depleting the home, because it takes less than an hour, at the most once a year, to cast a vote. Wouldn't a husband and a wife have a greater common interest if the woman could talk intelligently with her husband on the current affairs of the day? It follows naturally if women could vote they would interest themselves in what they are voting for.

It is not necessary that a woman develop into that "low-heeled, stiff-collared type" as I have heard suffragettes described, but rather let us choose for a model Miss Sylvia Pankhurst. A charming or more lovely person never pleaded the cause of women.

Some women remark, "but I don't want the vote—my husband always votes as I would wish." True—you may not want the vote, but think of the rest of the women, and the women to come. The world is fast being depleted of its men, our best leaders are being snatched away. Who, then, in generations to come, is going to rule our country? "The time is not yet ripe," you say. Then in the meantime let us have the benefit of experience to fit us to take our place when the time is ripe.

Women, fight for what is your right, not your privilege.

ALICE McCLELLAND, '18.

Loretto Abbey.

# "A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

IS name was David Alexander Macklinbut they called him "Dave-Boy." He had no brothers or sisters, but he had a beautiful young mother and a busy Doctor-Dad. He spent most of his time in a big, sunny nursery with servants to do his every bidding, but he was very, very lonesome. His mother was always going to take tea with a friend or driving in the motor. She seldom had time to spend with Dave-Boy. Sometimes she would come into his nursery in the evening when nurse had just given him warm bread and milk and tucked him in his little white bed. When Dave-Boy sprang up to give her a big hug, she would disengage his warm, clinging arms from her silken-clad shoulders and explain that she was "just going out, Dave-Boy" and had "only a minute." Of course he knew that "muvver" loved him; only she never seemed to have time to do it properly.

It was much the same with Doctor-Dad. Doctor-Dad would sit by his bedside and tell his "dandy" stories of "gobble-uns and fairyladies and brave princes and giants," but he would be just at the most thrilling part, and Dave-Boy would be leaning eagerly forward on Doctor-Dad's knee with his eyes and ears and mouth open, when-ting-ting-ting-it was Doctor-Dad wanted at the "tellyfone," and Dave-Boy would be carefully tucked into bed again and expected to sleep, with the vision of the beautiful fairy-lady, weeping at the plight of her frog-lover, still rampant in his brain. In fact, the only person who seemed to have much time to spend on Dave-Boy was Dave-Boy himself. And he had so very much time that it hung heavily on his hands and made him feel with a child's unerring instinct that he was missing some of his due in life. Dave-Boy, you see, was only six years old and his extreme youth made his loneliness a tragedy.

One bright, windy, March morning, Dave-Boy was sitting on the stone edge of the dry fountain in the park near his home, pondering his trouble. He wore a furry little coat and cap and his gaitered feet beat a steady tattoo against the stone. Brow and lips were puckered with heavy thought. On a bench nearby sat his nurse, absorbed in a book. Dave-Boy glanced at her frequently with a certain wistfulness in his eyes. At last he slipped off the fountain's edge and crossed the muddy, draggled turf to her side.

"Maggie," he said, earnestly, laying one small hand across the pages of her book, "Maggie, will you tell Dave-Boy about the Tree-Man?"

Maggie put aside her book and took the little questioner on her knee. She was a kindhearted girl and seldom could refuse him a request.

"The Tree-Man, Dave-Boy," she began slowly, "The Tree-Man was big and kind and brave and beautiful and he lived long, long ago in a poor little cottage in Nazareth, with His father and His mother."

"His farver and His muvver?" put in Dave-Boy, questioningly.

"Yes, dear," the girl replied. "And He was good and kind and obedient and always did just as if God was beside Him. And all his life He did wonderful things—made sick people well and had people obey God again and helped the poor fishermen to catch plenty of fish and made the waters quiet when the sailers' boats were rocking, and loved little children who came to Him."

Dave-Boy looked up suddenly. Unconsciously Maggie had struck a responsive note in his lonely little heart. "Loved little children," repeated Dave-Boy slowly and turned his head to look far away across the hills flooded with heavy Spring mists, as though he had a vision of the gentle Master blessing the babes.

"But because He was so kind and wonderful, wicked people were jealous of Him and called Him names and stoned Him and at last they made Him carry a heavy Cross to Calvary and there they nailed His hands and feet to the Cross and left Him to die."

Dave-Boy's eyes were big with awe. Maggie, touched by his look, hurried on.

"A kind man who loved the Tree-Man laid Him in a place in his garden, all wrapped in beautiful white clothes. And his friends brought pretty flowers and sweet spices to lay about His body. But when they came the third morning after His death they found His Body gone and a big, shining, white angel told them that He had risen—and when some people wouldn't believe, the Tree-Man showed them the marks of the Cross in His hands and feet."

"Wait!" interrupted Dave-Boy, eagerly. He leaned on Maggie's knee, his eyes shining with a new thought.

"Were they glad, those people, were they glad to see Him alive again? Did they love Him now an' they didn't before? Quick, Maggie, tell Dave-Boy!"

"Yes—why, yes," Maggie answered, surprised at the sudden excitement in his tones.

Dave-Boy seized her hand and dragged her from her seat. "Come quick, Maggie!" he urged, "Come home, quick. I gotta get home and fink!"

Once in his sunny nursery he sat down on the edge of his bed, curly head in hands, like a little old man. He appeared to "fink" deeply for some minutes, till Maggie called him to lunch and Doctor-Dad, coming in for a hasty hug, decided that he looked pale and stirred him up a hot drink. The swallowing of this, Dave-Boy found a huge joke, because, he said, "that funny fizzly stuff fickled his nose." Maggie thought he had forgotten all about the morning story, but she was wrong. For the next few days the fate of the beloved Tree-Man afforded him much food for thought. As the days passed, he spent more of his time outdoors. The park was waking to new life with the Spring. Up in the hills the frozen streams melted and sent the fountain waters out again to sparkle in the bright sunshine. The ground grew softer and softer and new, little, green shoots apeared on the moist sod. In one corner a little clump of snowdrops made their appearance, and on the top of the highest, sticky-budded chestnut-tree, a fat robin red-breast sang his carol to the spring. Dave-Boy made the acquaintance of several park-gardeners in blue overalls, who were infinitely amused by his remarks. One of these men Dave-Boy questioned regarding the subject nearest his heart.

"Does your farver and muvver love you?" he enquired earnestly.

"Bless you, young sir," returned the man, resting a moment on his rake to gaze at the anxious, upturned little face. "My old folks have been dead for years. I've taken a wife of my own and we've a fine young 'un now."

"Oh!" Dave-Boy was evidently trying to adjust his mind to understanding of the man's words. "A young 'un! Well, does you love the young 'un!"

"Does we love 'im!" repeated the man joyously, "Why, young sir, we wouldn't trade that young 'un off fer a hundred dollars—no, not fer a thousand or any sum you can think of."

"Oh!" Dave-Boy said again, his eyes big with wonderment. He thought deeply for some minutes. Then, "Did you ever hear of my Tree-Man?" he demanded, suddenly.

The gardener scratched his head.

"Well, you are the beatenest youngster I ever heerd on," he replied, "Now who may your Tree-Man be?"

"'At was nailed to a tree," explained Dave-Boy, "'At was maked fun of and called names and nailed to a tree and left to die!"

"You do be meanin' our good Lord Himself," marvelled his companion. "Yes, for sure I've heard of 'Im."

Dave-Boy hesitated. Then he said slowly: "How d' you s'pose they maked His Cross?"

But the gardener had caught sight of his foreman moving in his direction, and, applying all his energy to his task, he answered in a preoccupied way, "One board across another, I guess."

Dave-Boy, finding that his companion had lost interest, slipped away to his nurse and requested to be taken home. All the way he kept repeating to himself, "One board across anuller." "One board across anuller." In his nursery he sat down in his favourite attitude, head in hands, to think. Suddenly his eye was caught by a shelved cabinet in one corner. He was quite alone. Maggie had gone to bring his lunch. He tiptoed across the room and wiggled the lowest shelf. It was quite loose. He took down a big book in both hands, used it as a step, and wiggled the second shelf. It came loose with a squeaking noise. He went back to his seat, satisfied.

The following day was Sunday—Easter Sunday. His mother and father went to church and Maggie with many admonitions to him to be good, left him alone in the nursery. That was exactly what Dave-Boy wanted—to be left alone. When he saw Maggie, from his window, going down the drive, prayer-book in hand, he went straight to the shelf-cabinet. By dint of much struggling, the first shelf was lifted out by the end and dragged to the floor. Bravely he climbed up on a chair to reach the second, but the heavy weight of the loosened board on his hands suddenly sickened him. It slipped from his grasp, and falling, struck him on the temple, throwing him unconscious to the floor. And though Dave-Boy never knew, the boards, quickly staining with blood, had taken the shape of a cross.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Doctor-Dad and his young wife sprang from the motor and hurried up the drive. Doctor-Dad was speaking excitedly. "The fellow said he thought Dave-Boy was talking queerly, Ellen. We haven't done our duty by him. You for pleasure and I for gold—and Dave—our baby—struggling on without us. If—we—are—too—late!"

His voice broke.

"If I can have my little son again," sobbed the boy's mother—"My little son!"

The man threw open the nursery door. They saw the little unconscious form by the bedside, the fair curls drenched with blood. But even as they looked, Dave-Boy opened his eyes and smiled, his lips twitched with pain.

"Love me now, Muver and Farver," he whispered, and drifted off into unconsciousness.

All that afternoon and all the long night, they stayed by him, watching his every move. Maggie hovered in the background, white and tearful. And in the rosy dawn of a new April day he awoke to find them there. His "Muvver," careless of her beautiful dress, gathered him to her heart with a passionate love born of long hours of dread. His Doctor-Dad took them both in his arms at once and held them tight. And Dave-Boy sat up in bed with his head grotesquely bandaged and cried joyously, "Oh muvver, oh farver, do you really love me now—love Dave-Boy?"

They could not answer though they held him closer. The same thought was in the minds of both—"A little child shall lead them."

ANNIE SUTHERLAND.

Loretto, Guelph.



# A NIGHT UNDER CANVAS

P AULINE was no coward, but she confessed that she had some misgivings about spending her first night alone in a tent. The prospect, although it held the advantage of being infinitely cooler than the house on that sultry July evening, was not altogether a cheerful one. There were all kinds of moths and bats to be dreaded, and she had the usual abhorrence of snakes. However, she screwed her courage to the sticking point, and, armed with the few coverings she deemed necessary, a lamp and (she would have died rather than let the rest of the party know it) a heavy club of elm; she went her lonely way to the water's edge, where the tent was pitched.

She would have left the lamp lighted, but the swarm of flies and mosquitoes attracted by it, made this impossible. So about ten o'clock she was alone, listening almost enviously to the happy voices in the cottage calling out their last "Good-nights" to each other, and watching the last flickering lights from the windows.

Although only about a hundred yards from the house, it seemed miles, as at last all was quiet and the big shadow loomed up in the moonlight.

She lay on the cot, one hand hanging over the bed, suspiciously close to the club, and she listened to the voices of Nature without. Suddenly she heard a low, ominous rattle against which she had often been warned. She strained all her hearing powers, and in spite of the suffocating heat, she shivered. Then sitting up, too terrified to let her hand remain so near the floor, she summoned enough courage to grasp the club. This, however, afforded her little reassurance. She listened intently again and again for what she dreaded to hear, and heard!

She reached for the matches beside the bed. Then the idea occurred to her that this might give the "monster" the advantage of seeing her and in that way secure a surer aim. But for what? Her common sense told her that snakes were not capable of achieving a three-foot leap

into the air, so she struck the match and fearfully lighted the lamp. As she did this the sound came closer and was still more distinct. Rivetting her eyes on the entrance of the tent, and nearly paralyzed with fear, she awaited events. She waited and waited until weariness nearly overcame her terror and sent her to sleep. Her mental condition by this time was so wrought upon that she made herself believe that she heard what had long been silent.

Why, she asked herself, had she agreed to this plan of everyone taking a turn in braving a night alone in the tent? Never again would she consent to such an undertaking. But now it was too late to remedy the matter. So with a vague fear, not unmixed with wonder as to the identity of her guest, she blew out the light and tried to compose herself to slumber.

Two o'clock came and she had not succeeded, but as the moon sailed across the sky directly over her head, she occupied herself in discerning imaginary figures formed by the leaves of the elm throwing grotesque shadows on the canvas. At last a tiny breeze began to move the leaves ever so lightly and she watched them, fascinated. She became aware of a low sound accompanying the slow, irregular movement. She listened without seeming to connect the noise with any previous impression on her mind. However, she was not totally unconscious of it, and then suddenly she started up. It was!-her conjecture was right. That rattling, green-eyed monster was none other than the tiny elm leaves playing a rather slow game of tag with the wind.

Laughing at her groundless fears and sorry to have lost so much sleep, she finally dozed off, and though the remainder of the morning was very pleasant, our friend Pauline does not think that she will ever again be anxious to spend a night under canvas.

ELSIE IRVINE.

Loretto, Brunswick.

# THE NEW 'UN

HAT d'yer make of the new un?"

This was the question repeated again and again in the narrow confines of the muddy trench, the stronghold of "C" regiment. The answers were varied and always unsatisfactory.

He was not the only "new un," for five or six had arrived the night before to fill the recent vacancies, but he was "the new un" by common curiosity, to all or most of the regiment.

Not that he had not seen service, for they knew he had. The few original members of the company had survived the early turmoil at Mons and elsewhere, in the early intricacies of the war, before they had settled down to watch and take, if possible, that other line of trenches, some few yards distant across forbidden ground; and they knew well the hardened look which that late night-mare of unintermittent strife had given.

Not that he was not cheerful; on the contrary, he seemed too much so when they were inclined to growl, and ease their feelings by sundry rough remarks, but he did not understand their speech at times, and in general, was silent and reserved, though not morose.

Considering the fact that one half or threequarters of their conversation consisted of London "Slang," the reason for his silence, if he happened to be a foreigner, was easily seen. But how could they know this, for did he not speak English?

At length one of their number determined to ascertain his nationality, and put an end to all doubts.

Accordingly, the evening of the third day after his arrival, as they all crouched in the small dug-out, endeavouring to free themselves from the mud which weighted their garments, he began his task by calling, "'ere you over there; come lend a 'and at this."

A long, angular figure with a rough though not unpleasing face, advanced with a humourous look and proceeded to render the required assistance.

"See 'ere, stop that grinnin' and do this right. It musta been awful wet in China afore yer blew in 'ere, goin' 'cordin' to them chuckles of yourn when yer near drowned in mud an' water. But them 'Indus is queer. I spose yer came from there, did yer?''

"I came originally from England, but for twenty years and more have lived in the northern wastes of Canada, young man."

"Did you?" asked his auditors with the greatest curiosity, "an' how'd yer come 'ere?"

"Well," drawled the "New Un," as if pleased to have some one to listen to his history, "I come of good parents, but they died when I was still a boy. I was left poor and joined the army, but despite military training, became sickly. Bad habits was the cause o' this, but I did not mend 'till I'd disgraced my name and regiment and was left destitute. Then a friend who was leaving for Canada induced me to go with him. I went and since then have trapped and hunted far up on the shores of Hudson Bay in the Great North West Territory. You seem surprised that I laugh at mud, cold weather, a few feet of water. Many's the night I've spent in the cold in the great wilds and have felt the seemingly light weight of snow just as heavy as this mud I'm scrapin'. But to continue, as the writer says, I've longed for the day when I could right my youth, and when war came again and England wanted men, though I loved and still love my Northern refuge, I seized the chance (I was at a Southern Post when I heard the news) and came by the first steamer I could get, back to old England, and here I am."

Many were the remarks, complimentary and otherwise, which followed this brief narrative. His ways, henceforth, still remained a puzzle, but they admired his motives and his experience in the Dominion across the sea.

Days passed, busy days, days filled with

toil, discomfort and sorrow, yet through it all the "New un" remained unchanged.

Attacks were not infrequent on both sides, yet the relative positions of the trenches remained the same and the mud-begrimed regiment had to grit its teeth and struggle heroically to hold what little shelter it had already obtained.

During the short terms of still shorter respite from their labour, the "New un" spoke little. When he did he never again alluded to his past story, but described the great plains, the lakes and rivers of Canada, the animals and Indians, and aught else that pertained to the land that had sheltered him.

Then he startled the regiment again, causing various members to declare him mentally unsound. His latest exhibition of queerness as they termed it, was his attachment to their young lieutenant. Whether the "New un," who was old enough to be his father, was attracted by the young man's youth, courage, or handsome, frank face, none could tell, but when he was appointed to be his servant, he was certainly pleased, as the regiment soon saw to their disgust.

Not that they did not like their junior officer, for all admired him, but it irritated them to think the "New un," although he was plainly invited to relate his experiences, would rather perform some unnecessary (at least to them, unnecessary) service for their young commander.

As their curiosity and chagrin increased, his reserve and cheerful ways irritated them the more until it was agreed by some of the men, at least, to send him to Coventry.

A day came, and that soon, when they regretted their harsh acts and words.

A cold, raw day with a biting wind, clouds piled high in the air through which the sun struggled in desultory beams upon the muddy scene below. The line of trenches opposite had been strangely silent for hours. Many expected an attack and others knew not what to ex-

pect, but soon all was clear. A khaki-clad figure emerged from the communication trench and as he turned the corner, a very small glimpse was afforded the enemy. Small as it was, it was sufficient for the sniper opposite. His rifle spoke. The man pitched forward and fell dead at the feet of his comrades.

They knew him well-a despatch-carrier.

When the poor fellow had been removed every device was tried to lure the marksman to expose himself in firing, but without avail.

Then some one remembered the lieutenant who had left the trench some time ago, and might return at any minute through the now dangerous passage. There was no way of warning him, but as their best shot remarked as he stationed himself in an advantageous position, if he died, they could avenge him.

An hour had passed thus in anxious waiting and futile attempts to draw the enemy's fire when around the turn appeared another figure, khaki-clad, as always. The marksman shifted his position. A rifle cracked, and like an echo another answered.

The shot told in the opposite trench, for a grey-clad figure leaped into the air and fell back among its comrades, but this was scarcely noticed, for on the muddy ground knelt their officer supporting in his arms a rugged private, who had served as a mark to the enemy to save him.

"You're safe, Sir, thank God! You will live to do better things than I. Tell the boys I repaired my fault. I pray that God will forgive——" He faltered, and without a groan, departed on his last, short journey.

So died the "New un" and another took his place, and was, in turn, replaced by still another. A name, a number in a paper, a muddy grave in Flanders, that is all to tell his fate, but his act of generous self-sacrifice and amendment cannot have been unnoticed in that last great court of justice.

MARY F. A. MALLON.

Loretto Day School.

# WORK

FTER reading through Ruskin's lecture on "Work," one is apt to feel in a halfconverted state of mind, for certainly some of his arguments are set forth in a very general manner and will scarcely stand the test of close investigation, whilst others impress you with the depth of their penetration. For instance, I certainly agree with him that people should be classed according to their qualifications of being 'workers' or 'idlers.' Would it not be unjust to say that because a man was wealthy, it naturally followed that was idle, or because a man was poor it naturally followed that he had been reduced to such a position by his own idleness? Ruskin makes certain statements regarding the great English games which certainly are not applicable to all cases. For instance, concerning the money-maker who, he contends, never knows why he is endeavoring to multiply his gains. Now there are some wealthy men who merely wish to gain more so as to establish a prominent position for themselves, yet this even is an aim and therefore according to Ruskin's theory, would certainly change money-making into work. Perhaps if he had said "money-winners" at the outset instead of "money-makers," it would have made it clearer, because he himself ends by saying that there is a difference between money-makers and money-winners. I knew a man, for instance, whose parents were very wealthy, and he, according to Ruskin's doctrine, ought not to have carried on his father's business, yet he continued to enlarge that business, employing thousands of men every week. Now he certainly made more money, but some might say, "Yes, but he could have retired and allowed a person of more moderate means to have had a share of his success." Perhaps, but that man's money was the root of a tree from which shot out many beautiful branches of philanthropic work. Even Ruskin could have admired him, as his money was not only the means of buying

extensive parks and establishing buildings filled with comforts both for the mind and body for his home town (two of Ruskin's ideals) but many people owed their ultimate success in life to his private help. Now for such a man to have hidden his talents for money-making by retiring, would have been little less than criminal. He is yet making money and according to Ruskin's definition, is still playing. Alas! if only more were still playing at his game perhaps Ruskin's ideals would take root in this twentieth century.

I am certain that his idea regarding the game of "Hunting and Shooting" is right. Before agreeing with him I consider of what country he is speaking. Now he is speaking of England, which, as everyone knows, is too small for its immense population, yet certain people preserve huge tracts of land for their own selfish pleasure, whilst many thousands die annually through lack of fresh air. Undoubtedly everyone must realize that these grounds would benefit the English nation more if they were preserved for the use of the public. Such preservation would yield direct results for the people. Would they not prove beneficial as facilities for healthful exercises, or as incentives to refinement? Thus instead of slums producing weak, pale-faced children and tired, irritated 'grown-ups' we should have healthy, rosycheeked children and active, good-tempered. "grown-ups." Would these results bear directly on the nation's wealth? I venture to say, "yes," as the people would be better able to work and such a bitter feeling would cease to prevail against the wealthy classes.

In the ladies' game of "dressing" selfishness is allowed to prevail to such an extent as to lose the merits which the game has for its beauty and good taste. It is a sin for people to decorate themselves up in the costliest of garments, utterly unconscious that many deserving poor are, right in their midst, pierced with cold. Ruskin's ideas of war at the time he

lived were probably right, for undoubtedly the army was looked upon as "the" profession in England then, a common saying being, "If not for the army, then for the Church." The extravagance in the soldiers' dress was absolutely wasteful and unnecessary, as our own soldiers' dress of Khaki proves. Again, many of the wars during his time were fought merely to gain new territories, not as they are to-day, on a plea of the stronger protecting the weaker. So undoubtedly war was a costly game, if for a mere selfish whim thousands of homes were ruined and thousands of lives wrecked. I do not mean in England alone, but in all the countries of Europe at that time.

The comparison Ruskin makes between the Christian poor and Jewish poor, arouses my sense of justice. Who dares profess to be a Christian and then set such a low standard for sustenance? Is it a Christ-like doctrine to see how little is necessary to sustain the breath of life in the body of the poor, whilst rich people see how many imported goods are necessary for their sustenance? I think not. Is it not disconcerting to all right-minded people to think that in so recent a period, the poor were forced to seek their "imported goods" from the bones of animals? Some might voice the opinion, "Well, that is their own affair, they should not allow themselves to become so poor." The question then arises: Is it their own affair? Is it your affair that you are so rich; or is it merely a case of being born in such circumstances, or a case of being given a helping hand when you were not so influential? Whatever is the cause of your prosperity, I am sure that as professing Christians we are all certain that Christ's teaching is, "We cannot err too much on the side of kindness to those in need." Thus it is proof that for any committee to set a standard for barely maintaining life in a poor person is presumption and a despicable policy. We all know there are the deserving and undeserving in all classes, but then because of this have all to be classed as undeserving? Then why not class all rich as selfish and robbers?

Of course everyone will agree with Ruskin's argument that a man should be paid fairly for

his work and allowed the privilege of keeping what he has justly earned. If a capitalist increases his wealth merely for the purpose of having more, like a miser, then his power over labor would be absolutely wrong; but if, on the other hand, a similar capitalist increased his wealth as a means for promoting further good works, then his power over labor would be right. I therefore agree with Ruskin in this statement.

After reading through Ruskin's lecture I had a feeling of having drunk some cool, invigorating drink. One realizes that he was "a man amongst a thousand" who stood firm in his earnestness and enthusiasm, regardless of all the adverse criticisms hurled against him.

CECILY WOOD.

LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE.

# The Sumach

Spake the bright Angel who God's garden tendeth:

"Gabriel, 'ere thy last summons shall fall, Ere to the dreaming woods thou the blast sendeth,

Ere the swift ruin shall follow thy call, Pluck me a sumach, a wild, flaming sumach, Ever to burn by the jasper wall."

"God to its dumb lips shall give inspiration,
So shall it sing through the aeons of light,
Harkened in joy by the souls of salvation,
Memory's paean of mortal delight.
Paean of beauty, of beauty precursive
Perished forever in Chaos' dark night."

"'I am the spirit of earth's fairest sunset,"
Shall sing the sentinal sumach for aye;
I am the Dawn on the flame-gloried wavelet;
I am the Love-Rose that danced in the May;
God's immune Symbol when symbols He shattered;

Star of the midnight, and Flower of the day!"

M. O. B.

Loretto Abbey.

# THE GIFT

C WEET Dawn awoke and gathered up her vagrant tresses of midnight blackness, which, falling from her couch—the jewelled sky-covered the whole earth with their fra-As she turned, the broad grant darkness. band of gold binding her forehead shone in the east, and the glory of her face lighted up the heavens. She leaned over, her eyes still filled with dreams, and gazed upon the earth. The lark, her worshipper, impatient for her stir with a joyous peal of silvery song soared to the skies and paid his homage at her feet; the birds sang her praises; the flowers lifted their dew-mantled heads to gaze on her, the fairest of the fair; the forests and wooded lands stretched their yearning arms upwards in silent adoration; the snow-capped mountains kissed the hem of her azure garments while she waited, lovely and radiant for the coming of her playmate the Sun, whose brazen chariot rose swiftly over the broad horizon and filled the world with a new glory, as he charged down the broad path of the heavens.

As Sweet Dawn tripped lightly away in playful effort to escape the Sun's pursuit, something fell unnoticed from her bosom and floated down through the sweet, empty spaces until a tiny breeze met it.

"What are you doing down here, little Pearl Cloud?" he asked.

"Ah, I am lost, Sweet Breeze," she replied sadly. "I fell from my Lady's bosom. I cannot go back, for I do not know where to find her, and where I shall go now I know not."

"Poor little Cloud," he said gently, "I will take care of you. Come with me. I will show you the wonders of the earth."

They sped along over the fragrant country fields, over broad, shimmering rivers, past deep, still forests, while Pearl Cloud exclaimed in wonder and joy at all the beauties below her:

"How happy they must be, the people who live in such a beautiful world!" she said.

"Ah, little Pearl Cloud"—but as he spoke something strong and cool blew past them, catching Sweet Breeze in its arms, who looked back sadly and waved his hand in silent farewell. Pearl Cloud cried out to him and followed quickly, but soon grew very tired, and seeing a small spire not far below her, she rested on it and wept. What was she to do? Her tears glistened on the church steeple and fell on the greensward below. People looked up, smiled, and said, "It is nothing but a baby cloud weeping." But ah! who knows what is in the heart of a cloud, even a baby one?

The sudden chiming of bells frightened her from her refuge, and sadly she set out once more. On she wandered over great frowning cities whose din was deafening to her delicate ears, and whose grimy smoke threatened the purity of her garments.

On and on, one small, lone cloud over the great blue waste of sky.

Suddenly, looking down, she beheld something which lay shimmering and glistening as far as she could see. Coming closer, she felt its cool breath. How welcome it was to her tired, hot face!

As she floated along, half asleep, half awake, her great loneliness and helplessness overwhelmed her, and she wept once more. Would she never be happy again!

Across the margin of the world sped three objects. Pearl Cloud lifted her tear-stained face to watch them. On they came, and to her surprise, they bore some faint resemblance to herself. But they were grimy and tinged with blood and their faces were tired and their eyes sorrowful.

"Where are you going?" asked Pearl Cloud; but they did not hear her as they hurried on, and she was left alone.

All day she stayed over the ocean, and to it she told her troubles. It comforted her with its deep, silent sympathy, and at last she slept. the stillness and Pearl Cloud awoke to see a troop of clouds speeding across the waters. They, too, were black and grimy, but each bore something held sacredly against his breast.

"Oh, where are you going?" cried Pearl Cloud. "Please tell me."

But they would not answer, and as they passed a perfume richer, sweeter than any she had ever known, floated by her. A small violet-blue cloud, covered with blood, his hands folded reverently on his breast, followed more slowly. Pearl Cloud met him.

"Please tell me where you are going. I am lost and know not where to go nor what to do. May I go with you?"

His eyes were kind as he looked at her, and his voice was gentle when he spoke. "We are going to the great God of heaven and earth. We have been to the lands where men kill each other for the little things they value, and where all is desolation and sorrow. We have gathered the prayers of the dying and are bringing them to their God, who will know the dead when they come by these golden words. You cannot come with us until you have something to offer Him."

"But how shall I find that land, and how shall I know the prayers when I find them?"

"Follow the course of that ship you see below us, and you will find the land where all is tears, and where the little children cry during the cold night hours, little voices that make God weep. Where I have been the air is filled with noise and fire and the cries of men. You will know the prayer by its sweet fragrance and by the beauty of its form."

He opened his hands; the golden prayer lay in shining loveliness upon his breast—the single word "Jesus." From it exhaled the same sweet fragrance that had so charmed her during the passing of the other clouds.

"How beautiful!" whispered Pearl Cloud. "Jesus." She was filled with a sudden, strong desire; she, too, would find a prayer and take it to the God of Gods. She bent low with a whispered "good-bye" to the ocean, and was gone. She followed the trail of smoke which

The sound of approaching presences broke - marked the course of the steamer below, and after many long, tedious days and nights, she came to the land.

> She was very tired and could scarcely stand; but she was afraid to rest lest she should be too late. She paused over the heart of a great, smoking, blurred object directly beneath her, and as she gazed, a sound, wild, sad heart-rending in its loneliness, rose from the ruins and up to the dark sky; another cry arose, and another and another, until all the air rang with them.

> "Oh God, Father of the little children, hear us. We are alone, and afraid; we are hungry and cold; our fathers and mothers all are dead. Oh Jesus, Father of little children, take us!"

> Lower she came. Something lay white and still on the ground, something with shattered limbs and the face of a boy, startlingly young in its death pallor, dead! Ah, who waited for his return? Who prayed to the God of refuge for his safety?

> On she passed, searching for those whose password was "Jesus."

> Near the edge of a field lay a writhing figure, his body one huge, bleeding sore. He cried aloud in his agony, but none heard him. Pearl Cloud's heart filled as she looked at him and her tears fell on his pale, wet face. He gazed upward, his eyes burning with fever. Pearl Cloud caught up the word "Jesus" from his dying lips and holding it close to her heart, she flew with it to the feet of the great King of heaven and earth. The heavens rang with joy at her approach. The King from His throne of burning whiteness, bent down and received the precious burden; then with a voice whose tones filled the universe with sweetest music. He pronounced those blessed words once made in answer to another cry, from another battlefield in the long, long ago, "This day he shall be with me in paradise."

> Pearl Cloud, ravished by their sweetness, expired with joy at His feet. Her mission was complete; her wanderings at an end; her destiny—to rise as incense in His sight forever!

> > ANGELA O'BOYLE.

Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie.

# A CONSPIRACY

T was the first of February; the world lay dreamy and silent beneath its great coverlet of snow, and it still continued to fall in great white flakes. But what mattered the cold, or the snow either, when one could sit comfortably curled up in a great armchair beside the bright fire, and read and dream, or watch the fantastic shapes and dark silhouettes chase one another along the wall. But Ella was not reading, though a magazine lay open in her lap; she was gazing intently into the red glow. Perhaps if she had glanced towards the window she might have seen two shiny eyes peering in at the artistic picture she made, but she did not look, and was too deep in her own thoughts to hear the little conspiracy outside the window between the Sandman and Jack Frost, the artist. If she had, I fear Mr. Sandman would have been transfixed by a lightning glance from her eye. Gradually a drowsiness stole over her and she was soon lost to the world.

"Who are you?" she said, as a dwarfish figure with merry eyes and sandy colored locks stepped forward bearing a bag of sand on his shoulder.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha, you don't know me," he laughed, and his blue eyes contracted so as to be almost invisible above his fat cheeks. "Why I'm the Sandman." ("Well," thought Ella, "he appears to be a pretty jolly old fellow") "and this is my friend," he said, in his heartiest tone. "Jack Frost, meet my little friend, the Fairy of Dreams," but before Ella could interfere to correct the introduction, she was swiftly carried away to an omnibus and deposited on a soft snow cushion, while her two recent acquaintances stood guard beside her. The white bears were soon racing over vast tracts of snowy land, up hills, across rivers, down valleys-on and on they sped, until it seemed as though it was to be an endless journey.

At last they reached a great mountain; the

iceberg gate was unbolted and they passed through. On the other side was the most wondrously beautiful city; great snowy castles and turrets, smooth, glittering lakes and parks greeted one everywhere, and above all, surrounded by a wall of holly bushes, in all its regal splendor stood the palace of the Snow King, Jack Frost.

"Here we are," he shouted in chilly tones, and jumped out to assist Ella, whose heart well nigh froze when he touched her with his icy hand. Up through the broad avenues they went and entered the palace. What impressed Ella most was the beauty of the house. Everywhere one looked were pictures, carvings and statues, modeled by an artist. All the servants wore white cloaks and hoods, and Ella laughed outright when her old friend the school-master. whom she, in childish amusement, had once modeled out of snow, came forward to meet her. She was shown to her room, which caused her still greater surprise. It certainly was a fairy's playhouse, "and after all," she mused, "it was rather nice for the Sandman to introduce me, as the Fairy of Dreams. "I'll not contradict him now." Just then a tap at the door made her start and Jack Frost entered, looking prim and pretty in his suit of crystal and white.

"You like the place, don't you?" he said.

"Yes, it's just like a dream."

"Well, I want you to sit for a picture of the Snow Queen," he said.

Ella was delighted and was led off to the conservatory. She fairly gasped with astonishment at the beauty of some of the works of art, and a sudden impulse moved her to note the touches of the artist and to paint a picture herself. With great care she watched him, and, when he had finished her portrait, she asked to be permitted to try a picture herself. Jack Frost was delighted and gladly left her alone. Ella worked hard and conscientiously, and when the artist returned his eyes were sparkling; it was his own palace in all its magni-

ficence that greeted him from the canvas. But he was not indifferent to her talent, and if the Fairy of Dreams could have read his thoughts the snow palace would never have seen canvas.

The rest of the day she spent in admiring the beautiful city. When evening drew near and she was in her room again, the artist came to her door, but this time a train of servants followed, and an old man in black robes with long grey hair, carrying an open book in his hand. Ella had been trying to model the figure of the Sandman out of snow, but she put it away when the visitors entered. Jack Frost stepped forward and bowed low, and in smooth, liquid tones addressed her thus: "Fairy, I have observed that you possess an artist's eye and an artist's touch." Ella's face grew very pink at this compliment, and he continued, "you would make a very nice Queen for my snow palace. I have talked it over with his Reverence, and we have decided to make you mistress. Now, your Reverence," he said, "proceed with the ceremony."

Ella did not catch the meaning of his speech at first, but all of a sudden it became clear to her, and with wild excitement, she vainly looked for a means of escape. But the black-robed clergyman had already begun the prayers. Presently her quick eyes perceived a red curl peeping unceremoniously forth from his grey hair. With triumph she pointed to it, declaring that he was only the Sandman and was not a clergyman at all; but with a merry chuckle he calmly drew forth his certificate giving him the necessary spiritual powers. On seeing this Ella drew back in disappointment. The clergyman was now asking Jack Frost if he would take the Fairy of Dreams for better or worse, for good or ill, to be his wife. Here lay the means of escape. Ella leaped at the opportunity and, as the Fates had decreed, in her great enthusiasm knocked the crystal wedding-ring out of the bride-groom's hand, and it fell to shimmering particles on the floor.

"I'm not the Fairy of Dreams," she shouted in exultation, "you can't marry me, for that's not my name." Again the little clergyman chuckled and replied in rolling tones:

"You are the Fairy of Dreams; you were dreaming when I found you, and you are the Fairy in my dreams." Ella was too much disheartened by this sudden answer to note the logical reasoning in it.

"But there is no ring," she said, "and I won't be your bride. I don't want to be the Snow Queen; I hate your old palace," she screamed at the bridegroom, but he, quite undisturbed, cooly drew a ring from his own finger and slipped it on the Snow Queen's.

"Oh!" she screamed, "it's freezing my finger. Take it off, take it off! Father, father, take him away; take it off!"

"What is the matter, child?" said a deep, very human voice.

"Oh, I must have been dreaming," replied Ella, rubbing her eyes, "It was such a horrid dream."

"Well, I think it is bed-time," rejoined her father.

Sleep would not come to Ella; a pair of cold, peering eyes, sandy locks, mischievous blue orbs, snow men and palaces confronted her everywhere. But at last Mother nature dropped the soothing balm of rest in her eyes, and gazing at the imaginary figures at the side of her bed, she sighed dreamily, "You cannot have me now."

MARY PURCELL.

Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie.



# COPIED STYLES OF WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS

#### A CONTEST

A PRIZE is offered to the one who will identify the poet whose style is imitated so closely in the following lines. Conditions: The candidate must declare that the discovery is the result of personal investigation or knowledge. The first correct answer will reap the reward:

No. 1.

"Now all the Zephyrs sound the call to Spring, As o'er the heaven's ethereal plain they wing; Now all the Graces trip with stately mien The wide enameled lawns' new-tinted green. The radiant orb of heaven blazes hot, And pierces every shady forest grot; While dwellers of the glades relax their throats, To trill in feathered rivalry their notes; Now every cloud weeps crystal tears of rain For man's proud foot to spurn in mire again."

Thus Nature's art is ever lavish spent
To make the earth Man's chiefest ornament;
So vilest man may revel in the sight,
And learn the truth, What must be, must be right."

No. 2.

"You need not far a-hunting go
A Triolet of Spring to seek;
For all about fresh blossoms grow,
You need not far a-hunting go,
Here at your feet there sprout the crocuses
and violets meek;
You need not far a-hunting go
A Triolet of Spring to seek."

No. 3.

"Ye have moiled and babbled and boasted Of the Spring so far away; Come—leave your threshing for what has been, For the Spring of the Great To-day. Ye may maunder about the morrow, Ye may christen it Golden Age; But the Gold lies snug in its rift to-day, For you if you pay the wage.

Ye need not sweat to gain it;
Ye need no gems to pay;
For now ye may find the golden Spring,
The Spring of the Great To-day."

No. 4.

"I gazed me down upon the rubble pave
Muddy, but a-sweetening in the April sun
Which shines (How know I?—God save the
mark—I guessed)

Spring-wise upon these cobbles "ad infinitum" (Meaning "forever" in the Briton's vernacular).

Then with a tilt o' the eyelid, on buttress point I glimpsed (mark you the vista well, my friend!)

Two Spring-sprung pigeons, carrier belike. So, gazing starward, whisked along my veins The call of Spring—(Think you I babble, sir?)"

No. 5.

"I feel that Spring is at last here . . . I feel the April mud on my ankles. I do not feel it alone.
Others feel it.

The little boy feels it as he hurries to the kindergarten; the typewriter girl feels it squunch round her new Oxford ties; the immigrant feels it as he slouches with his dinner-pail towards the quarry; the broker—his lips still warm with the good-bye kiss of his wife—feels it.

I feel the Spring in every atom of my terrestrial being:

I feel it in my eyelashes . . . .

In every separate scintilla of me, myself, I feel the Spring.

Do you also feel it? I hope so.'' No. 6.

"I found a ragged peasant boy Asleep upon the lea; I said to him, "My peasant boy, Now tell how can this be?"

Said he: "My father ploughs the fields, My sister darns the stockings, My mother scrubs the pots and pans— But, sir, I fear you're mocking.

"So here upon this grassy hill I tend the parish sheep; You did not find me wide awake Because I was asleep."

"My boy," I cried, "you thrill my heart With joy this very minute, Since you can spend your time in sleep Or listen to the linnet."

No. 7.

The filmy air enshrouds this isle,

The woodlands are dank and cool;

No Zephyr fondles the cypress boughs,

Nor sweeps the scum from the pool;

No bird-note wakes the putrescent marsh,

There is only the laugh of a Ghoul

In his Spring-time sport with a Will o' the

Wisp—

A chuckling, midnight Ghoul;
In dalliance here with a Will o' the Wisp—
A blood-bedabbled Ghoul.

No. 8.

At morning first I raise my head,
Then sit up in my little bed,
Look out my window towards the sky
Where great white clouds go trundling by.
I hear a Robin Red-breast sing,
I smell the pleasant smells of Spring;
And then I dress and go to play
Out in the sunshine all the day."

# Economy and College Life

When a girl begins her college life she is supposed to be responsible enough to manage at least her money, allowance. But allowances, like many other first ventures, do not often turn out well. With the thoughtlessness of youth, the money is gone before it is noticed

that the purse is getting slim. Then follows an interminable period of time before the next advancement.

In those dreary days of poverty, great resolutions are made; sometimes they are kept, sometimes broken. But in the case of the latter, a period comes at last, when, profiting by a series of sad experiences, economy and thrift are at length instilled into the mind.

This lesson is not forgotten when the college girl is obliged to deal with greater things. All through her life she profits by it, for the lessons of youth are not forgotten even in old age. If, perchance, the life of a religious has made an irresistible appeal, then the rules of poverty will be borne with more patience. If not, then what lesson could be of more benefit to one living in these times of war and high prices, than to know how to manage an allowance, be it large or small, with carefulness and skill?

ANNIE HENRY.

Loretto Abbey.

# Sundown in the Country

Slumber-flushed the poppies nodded In the cooling evening shades, Stole the fresh September breezes Soft across the clover glades.

In the gentle hush of sundown Vespers' call fell silver clear, From a velvet-throated song bird In a shadowed marshland near.

Far adown the misty hilltops, Through the faintly radiant west, Dewy-browed and drowsy-lidded, Crept the weary day to rest.

Silver-scarfed the moon came flinging Far into the approaching night, Myriad twinkling, starry lanterns For the guardian angels' light.

And the fireflies, through the darkness, Noiseless flitting to and fro, Bore the Master's benediction To the sleeping world below.

Loretto, Guelph.

ANNIE SUTHERLAND.

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# THE RAINBOW



Published Quarterly During the College Year.

LORETTO ABBEY, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ONT.

#### - S T A F F -

FRANCES GALLIGAN, '18 GRACE ELSTON, '19 DOROTHEA CRONIN, '20 FRANCES O'BRIEN, '21 MILDRED ROSS MARY F. A. FALLON ANNIE SUTHERLAND SARAH MORTIMER ANGELA O'BOYLE MARTON HOGAN MARY CURNIN GERTRUDE O'NEILL FRANCES McKENNY LIDA PIRRETTE

NONA KELLY

#### **PREPAREDNESS**

"The religious sisters have been among our most valuable allies," said a military officer of high rank, not long ago. "No one," he continued, "can care for our wounded and ration them as the sisters can." "That is because their life-work has been one of service—trained and voluntary service"—was the reply.

"Quite so, quite so," he agreed.

There was, clearly, too much to be said to say anything. It was but one among the countless admissions,—implicit ones at least—of the preparedness of the Catholic Church, a preparedness which would seem to include all that is claimed by the Allied Powers in the term "resourcefulness."

The secular press, so loth to allow the efficiency of Catholic Organizations, is constantly forced into admissions of this kind, all the more eloquent because of their unwillingness.

Yet the few dramatic instances of heroism, as reflected in the pages of the Press, are but the faintest hints of the great record which during all the long ages of the Church's existence, waives recognition as well as reward, until the great day of general "Reconstruction."

Our Frontispiece, the work of a modern French artist, typifies in a beautiful way a particular form of service rendered by religious orders of women. Taken as a mere type, it is related to the many forms of service for which the Church has during many centuries been prepared and equipped. The Red Cross and other relief societies have nothing to teach those who have been trained in Religious Orders, and who have spent their lives in the unremitting, and often unrepaid, service of nursing, instructing, reforming, and providing for the unenlightened and the unfortunate of all ages and conditions in life.

Dr. J. J. Walsh, of New York, in his address on Higher Education some weeks ago at the Abbey, referred to the enormous unreckoned sacrifices made by Catholics in the United States to maintain their Parochial Schools and other educational institutions. He said: "They could not have maintained their position were it not for the fact that they had endowments, not endowments in money, but in the flesh and blood, and hearts and brains of the teaching Sisters." After giving some interesting statistics in proof of his assertion, he said that the nuns had given a fourfold greater endowment than all the millionaires had given to all the Institutions. It is safe to say that a full account of religious women's work, in this period of world warfare, will never be told, how searching or generous soever the records of future historians.

#### A PHASE OF PERSECUTION— MICHIGAN

The chief topic of conversation throughout this state during the past week has no doubt been the astounding article which appeared in the public press, stating that the Civic Association of Detroit had prepared a petition to be sent to the State Legislature at Lansing for the purpose of abolishing parochial and private schools and compelling all children to attend the public schools.

Any association or club, the members of which would be the instruments of starting such a preposterous movement at this great crisis of the world's history when we are sending "the flower of our youth," and curtailing even the necessaries of life to defeat the great and domineering German Empire and assist the other countries engaged in this epic struggle, is nothing less than a band of German

sympathizers and should be kept under lock and key. Such people are a dangerous element to a peace-loving nation—all the more dangerous because they veil their disloyalty under the sacred name of Patriotism. True Patriotism is not always noisy. Statistics which cannot be disproved show the Catholics of America to be at least as loyal to the flag as any other religious body, if loyalty may be judged by readiness to shed one's blood and to make sacrifices for it.

Are we not posing to the German people as lovers of peace, and is not our watchword "Liberty?" In order to impose our views on others we usually have to practice what we preach. How can we expect the German people to accept our beautiful theories of freedom when we do not practise them ourselves, and when an autocratic government will allow them a greater measure of religious liberty?

If such a thing ever comes to pass, which is surely impossible, the people of Michigan and of America will find out when too late the true character of its instigators as France has found out that of Cailloux and Bolo who were instrumental in expelling the religious from that country. But as Christ had to suffer persecution, we certainly cannot hope to escape it entirely. It only serves to make us stronger Christians.

CATHERINE PHELAN, '18.

Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

#### "BEHOLD THY MOTHER!"

Art arises from a consciousness of the spiritual. The keen heart of the artist is aroused by some ideal beauty which, as a living principle, seeks expression. As it is the nature of life to produce life, every piece of true art is a source of spiritual inspiration.

Father Kane calls Our Lady "The Masterpiece of God's artistic Love," and what masterpiece enshrines such power!

Beautiful in form, in feature, in voice and mien, immaculate and radiantly lovely in heart

and spirit, the Virgin Mother of God has been a source of inspiration to the artists of the ages.

Churches, statues, pictures, melodies and poems have been born in artists' souls and wrought into beauteous form from loving and reverent contemplation of Mary Immaculate. But the masterpieces that are most in keeping with the source of inspiration, are the living copies of her life virtues. Only the saints have caught and translated by life itself, the subtle loveliness and unsurpassed charm of a soul that is "full of grace."

"Behold thy Mother!" were the parting words of our dying Saviour, and within each heart that has love for Him, He enshrines her image.

"O mystery to Christian souls endeared;
O chaste virginity so sweetly crowning
Maternal love; what wonder that thou art
A joy to contemplate from age to age.
Such blending of all purities as draws
Unto itself the countless hearts of men,
And once drew God to take a human heart."

JUDITH YOUNG.

Loretto, Niagara.

#### IN MEMORIAM

The many friends and relatives of Sister M. Rosa, late of Loretto, Niagara Falls, were shocked to learn of her very sudden death, on the twenty-first of last January. Although Sr. Rosa had been in poor health for some years, the indisposition which immediately preceded her death was matter for no grave alarm, yet, in the discharge of active duty, and without a moment's warning, she was called to receive the reward of her long and useful career. The keynote of Sr. Rosa's life was "perfection." She knew but one way of doing a thing-the most perfect way. All who knew her most intimately believe that she was not unprepared for the stroke which carried her off. leaves many in and out of the Community to mourn her loss. May she rest in peace!

#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES

# Should the Government Own the Railroads?

With the passing of the railway bill providing for government control of all roads throughout the country for the duration of the war and for eighteen months after, arises the question of the advisability of such a measure as a permanent one. Will not the government "by the people and for the people" manage more advantageously and with greater general good, those things necessary to the public welfare than private corporations or individuals? It would seem so. Why should not the government own and control that which is necessary to the general welfare of the people? Would such a condition create an autocracy or pave the way for one? Not in a country where the government is the people. Of course in buying over the roads a reasonable price must be paid; this would be an added expense to the country. Which is more important, money or the public good? How many weeks after our troops were ordered to the Mexican border were the majority of them still hundreds of miles this side of it because of faulty transportation? If Mexico had suddenly rushed her troops across the border where might we be to-day? How many hours after the declaration of war against France were German troops on the Belgian frontier ready to march to France? Are we less concerned for the safety of a nation than Germany for world empire, that she may crush all nations with the iron heel? What is true of government control of railroads in time of war is true in time of peace and that is: operation entirely for the public good; increased efficiency for the same. Against a hundred and seventy thousand cars on the road on January 1st there are now, in March, two hundred and sixty-six thousand. The Government expects to save millions of dollars by standardization of equipment. If this can be done under present conditions, why not under the favourable conditions of peace times?

Senator Lewis, of Illinois, believes that all agencies of this kind will be taken over by the government as a necessary protection for the government. Furthermore, there is nothing to indicate that the prevailing opinion of Congress is against permanent ownership of the railroads by the Government.

Loretto Academy, MARY PORTER.
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

#### Fuel Shortage

OAL is one of the most commonplace articles of every-day life and yet, at the same time, most romantic. Its possession by a nation or community means comfort and progress. A country without coal cannot make progress in manufacturing and, it might be said, cannot advance intellectually. Without coal, a country is almost in the position of North America three hundred years ago.

We may say, "What is the cause of such a shortage in Canada and United States?" Is it the want of coal mines?" No. It is expected that when the statistics of nineteen seventeen are published, the production of coal will be seen to have exceeded five hundred million tons. which is about twice the production of ten years ago. "Then," we say, "Why have we no coal?" To this question there are several answers. First, there is the scarcity of men to work the mines. There is also the great need of more rolling-stock to convey the coal from the mines. Then, this year, there was serious trouble in the congestion of the cars at various terminals. Lastly, munition plants are running twentyfour hours a day, with continuous demands from the Government for increased production; consequently they are using thirty-three to forty per cent. more coal than they were a year ago.

Through all this difficulty and trouble, Canada has suffered untold discomforts. From the great shortage of fuel, Canada has come to realize, at last, her dependence on the United States for coal and that at any time her supply of fuel may be cut off. The present unsatisfactory—indeed alarming—

situation can be improved only by a determined and energetic exploitation and utilization of Canada's own vast fuel resources.

GUINEVERE TAYLOR.

Loretto, Guelph.

#### **Economy**

CONOMY is the uppermost question today. Housewives are exhorted to save everything and to use those things which cannot be sent overseas to our troops or to those families of the Allies who are in need of food. And not only are we to economize in food, but in all other things which we have been used to in abundance-coal, dry-goods, and even electricity. The Government does everything in its power to encourage economy and pays lecturers to go out and preach economy. Cards are distributed among the people who economize to be placed in their windows that passers-by may see their good works. However, many, in fact the majority of people, economize more rigidly than their neighbours realize, partly from a patriotic sense, but more so from obligation, because their scanty means cannot feed the hungry little mouths around the table. "Everything has gone up in price since the war began," is the saying that is heard most frequently on the public streets to-day.

Food-stuffs have soared higher in price than anything else. They have almost tripled their former prices. The cause is chiefly shortage of men, who have been taken to the front. The farmers, thus left short-handed, cannot produce as much grain and other food. If a man succeed in seeding all his ground, he cannot give it proper attention. The weeds grow up and endeavour to choke the grain which is left Harvesting time comes and the untended. grain goes to waste because the farmer cannot obtain help to reap it. This shortage of production alone helps to raise the price. Then the grain lies in the granaries and elevators for want of transportation facilities. Some of our best engines were sent to France and we can hardly supply men to run those that are left. One reason for the shortage of men for the work on farms and railroads is the high wage paid even to unskilled labour in warsupply factories. To meet the leakage from these industries which are of vital importance to the Dominion, farm hands and railroad men must be paid highly and all this, added to the war profit, makes the price of food-stuffs very high indeed. To counteract this we are urged to garden as extensively and intensively as possible, so that it may not be necessary to buy those foods which we can produce at home.

In accounting for the coal shortage, we face the same problems again—shortage of men and poor transportation facilities. The fuel controllers have great difficulty in supplying every family with even a little coal. Many people are burning wood and some have no fires at all. Experiments are being tried continually by scientists who think they have a substitute for coal. One substitute is made from ashes and oxalic acid, but even house refuse is being converted into fuel. These are but temporary troubles, for with the coming of summer, heat difficulties will vanish, for the time at least.

Dry-goods production presents a different view of the question of ways and means. Here the difficulty is dyes and materials. The "Made in Canada" fabrics are not to be compared with those we bought before the war. Much of our woollen as well as our cotton goods we received from overseas. This supply is now cut off. Not only that, but in some cases the Allies cannot supply themselves and must be supplied from our cruder resources. The quality of textiles has depreciated because all the beautiful, steadfast dyes that we saw were brought from Germany, and, unfortunately, their secret had not been learned when the war broke out.

It is no wonder that in the face of all these difficulties—and these are but a few among many—that we are urged, entreated, commanded to economize. With France and Russia, once among the granaries of the world, now dependent on America for food, it is only fitting that our password, till the world's greatest war is ended, should be "Economy."

MARGUERITE BUSH.

Loretto, Guelph.

#### An Aeroplone Episode

AN has invented many machines for his own protection, but nothing has yet come up to the aeroplanes or rather birds which swoop through the air, dealing death and destruction to the enemy. As the mother-bird protects her young, so does the aeroplane, guided by the skilful hands of one of our boys, save our fair land from becoming a mass of ruins as Belgium has.

The body of the aeroplane is long and slender with the wings made of canvas, supported on steel frames. It is unnecessary to tell you that in such a machine, the risk that accompanies a scouting trip is very great indeed. The following incident tends to show the bravery of our boys and the satisfactory way in which aeroplanes have fulfilled the purpose of their invention.

Gerald Rutherford was a young British airman, full of life and energy, and anxious for promotion, but best of all he belonged to the corps whose turn it was to go to France. Now you must know that the word "France" to a soldier means all that can possibly be desired. To-morrow was to be the day of departure, so no wonder Gerald was in a fever of excitement, and as he strolled over to the tent of one of his chums, he was the typical British soldier from head to foot.

About a week after the above-mentioned day, they were in France and were already fairly used to the booming of guns and the loud reports of bombs and shells as they crashed to their terrible destination. One morning, bright and early, Gerald received a call to report at headquarters. His orders were to scout over the enemies' trenches and discover, if possible, the exact position of the enemy's supply station. As "No sooner said than done" was Gerald's motto, he was soon whirring far above the heads of his comrades, to the land where Life and Death fought their daily game of chess with the lives of men.

Now he was there. Crash! came a shell close to him, but skilfully volplaning, he escaped

most of the eruption that it caused in the air. On he flew till he came to a vast wood, on the outskirts of which stood a field. Deciding to land there, Gerald dropped and soon he stood on terra firma again.

To his startled ears, came the word, "Halt!" Up went his hands, and he turned slowly round to find the homely face of a German sentry staring at him. Then Gerald realized that he had run right into an ambush and was directly in the middle of the much-sought supply station.

He was taken to an underground prison and left there to await his fate.

Rising in the morning from his fretful sleep on the earthen floor, great was his surprise to see a beam of light coming from a tiny window high up in his cell. Hope shot through him and he tried in vain to scale the wall. Then some of his feats at college, when he had been the leading athlete, came back to him; and with a quick leap, he was up on the sill, which proved to be a wide one. Looking out, he saw a sentry pacing up and down. How to escape was the question. He felt in his pocket and there sure enough was his jack-knife. By dint of hard work, he soon had the bars loosened and when night fell, crept out. Oh joy! There was his aeroplane, with only one man guarding it. He crept quietly up, put one hand on the man's mouth, and with the other, knocked him unconscious. Then, giving the propeller a whirl, he shot up; several searchlights played around him, but by careful steering, he kept clear of them.

He arrived in camp, safe and sound, and for his services was mentioned in despatches to be decorated in due time.

This story serves to show how much our airmen have to endure and how useful aeroplanes are to the army. They have been such a help that they are called the "Eyes of the British Army."

MADELEINE COFFEE.

Loretto, Guelph.

#### A Sunday in the Armoury

One of the most awe-inspiring functions I ever attended was a Military Mass. No doubt it was the Holy Sacrifice that lent so much enchantment to the music rendered by a twelve-piece band, the leader of which held the rank of Sergeant.

We were standing on the balcony of the great Seventh Regiment Armory in this city. The hall below is one block square. the band played "Top O' the Morning" the soldiers marched from each company room, and took their places around the Altar. It was wonderful to listen to that band and at the same time see a mass of soldiers moving in straight line all over the hall. The musical part of the Mass was played by the band. It seemed as if these men were offering their prayers and their souls to God through their music. To announce to the people the solemn parts of the Mass, instead of chimes a bugler from the band played the soldiers' calls. Those clear, sweet notes cutting through the air touched all hearts and brought their thoughts nearer to God. During the Consecration the band stopped playing. The officers saluted, the privates "presented arms" and the colour bearers saluted with the American flag and the colours of the regiment. At Communion the band played "O Lord, I am not worthy." By the time they finished I thought that I was not worthy of God's graces so lavishly bestowed on me. Immediately after Mass the band played our national air, and every soldier stood "at attention," not moving a muscle and as the last notes died away into the stillness the soldiers saluted. A short pause, and the band burst into a brilliant marching tune which filled the men, as they marched away, with a thankful feeling that they were able to serve their God as well as their country in this great World War.

MARY FITZPATRICK, '19.

Loretto, Englewood.

#### Passing of the Social Call

ANY a time-honored institution is passing away during these times of stress and distress. Some of them arouse sentiments of regret while some will call forth audible sighs of relief. Who among us will go in mourning for the "social call?" Reader, do you live in a city, a moderately large one, where your circle of friends and relatives added to their circle of friends and relatives, not to mention the never-ending stream of casual acquaintances flowing around this circle as time goes on-reaches well nigh to the infinite? Are you one of those who, entirely free from any desire to shine in your own social world or to make a very conspicuous figure in anyone else's, yet, notwithstanding, are afflicted with a social conscience which says to you, "I mustn't be an oddity. Let me observe a conventional mean in these matters, for though I do not seek to rise, I am somewhat loth to be entirely ignored? Remember that in order to remain merely stationary in the social stream, one must exert a little force against the downward trend of the current." Very good! That is your rôle as well as mine.

Let us now live over some of those inspired moments when, having manfully attacked and conquered whatever duties the household economy has allotted to us, we slip out of an open door into a tempting garden, whose state of blissful solitude we almost resent, or we gradually sink into a cosy corner of our library intending to read, but conscious of unusual fatigue—the result of our late labors—we perceive a hospitable sofa nearby, piled with an irresistible array of cushions, and are on the point of yielding to one or other of these attractions when a well-known voice calls out: "Amelia, or Gladys (as the case may be, but isn't) have you returned the Jenkinses call yet? They are here for only a fortnight, and Aunt Sarah wrote that she hoped you would see a great deal of them."

Do we now remember the soul-stirring emotions aroused in our breast during our college days, or do we, like miserable cowards, endeavor to stifle our conscience, perhaps to belittle the innocent Jenkinses, our Aunt Sarah, everybody's Aunt Sarah, and the world at large? Or, having dutifully succumbed to our fate, have we exchanged a comfortable negligé for our best and formal gear, and after darting a look of savage, un-Christian hatred at the card basket, laden, as it is, with ammunition to be aimed at our peace of mind, with daily and horrible persistency, do we remember those touching lines of whose? about a "slave being lashed to his dungeon," and in some such spirit go forward to meet our doom?

Then we must remember the feeling of keen delight which seized us when we found the Jenkinses awaiting us, and so charmed at our proposals to make things go merrily for them, alas! while signing the death warrant of our own peace of mind for a term stretching into infinity!....

Or, perhaps, perhaps!—we learn from an absurdly, unemotional bell boy that **The Jenkinses are out!** Out! Let us say it over to let the idea sink in and to taste its sweetness! There is an empty seat in a park we know, a modest, retiring one, and—O yes—we brought with us that last book of Benson's we had been dying to read, but were sacrificing on the altar of the Jenkinses . . . Here the curtain falls, but not before we have, in innocent retrospect, touched our two extremes of happiness and woe—if, dear reader, as I assume, you and I have anything in common.

ELSIE FREEMAN.

Loretto Abbey.

#### New Views and Old

The dominating ideal in this beautiful new world of ours is democracy. In the name of this ideal millions are sacrificing the comforts and necessaries of life, nay, life itself. The enlightened have always revolted against the tyranny of absolute and despotic rulers. Today the revolt is a world-wide one because this enlightment is not confined to a small portion of Europe, but is extended to every land. The enemy of democracy is absolutism, and the representative of this foe arose four years ago in the person of the Emperor of Germany.

It may easily be concluded that he adopted some of the theories contained in Michiavelli's 'Prince' as his policy. For many years the world at large gazed with awe and admiration upon the mighty emperor and his country, which was making such rapid advances in material things, but it was a child-like and unquestioning world that so gazed. Just as children often look at the people and the world about them through a piece of coloured glass, imagining it to be fairy land, so has the world been looking at Germany. But the disillusion has been sudden. Fairyland has disappeared and Comus and his band take the place of the beautiful fairies. Before peace and order can be restored, Comus must be conquered and his wand of power taken from him. This we hope will speedily be accomplished by Sabrina, aided by the Goddesses of Liberty and Democracy.

JULIA ROUSSAIN, '18.

Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

#### The Never-to-be-forgotten Storm

Shortly after the Christmas holidays a terrific blizzard visited us. The wind was high and strong and the snow drifted deep. Chicago looked like a great wind-swept prairie and even the oldest residents shook their hoary locks and told of winters they had known that were almost as severe. When the wind ceased it was a beautiful picture from a cozy seat near a window-two feet of snow on the level and six in the drifts. The world was solidified in white and brilliant in the January sun, a sparkling world which broke late but radiant from the confusion of the storm, a stretch of rolling hills and valleys, immaculate, and an unchartered prairie-land once more. This was Chicago on Sunday morning, January 6th, 1918.

The mercury dropped to fourteen below. Many and pitiful were the stories of the suffering, among rich and poor. Traffic was impossible, owing to the high drifts and depths of the snow. Automobiles were out of the question. "Any port in a storm" became the by-

word. Hospitals and all institutions furnished beds and accommodations for the stranded. One party of friends went to a theatre Friday evening, ignoring the weather prediction, and after a delightful entertainment, shivered in the piercing wind waiting for a plebeian street car—cabs seemed to have deserted the city and finally sought the district police station as a haven of refuge, where they spent the rest of that night and all next day while the storm continued. Strong men died in the battle with the wind, some left their homes for business and died in the streets. One particularly pathetic story of the storm is that of a young girl, perhaps sixteen, doing her share of the city's work. For two hours she struggled with the strong wind, blinded by snow, before she reached the office and fell, just inside the door. Her lovely face was blue and pinched and the little hands were hard and cold. Despite the Doctor's efforts to save so young a life, she had passed beyond skill.

Many families in their zeal to keep their homes warm, unfortunately succeeded in burning them to the ground. The fire department could give no assistance and many a family shivered in the cold and watched the wind fan the flames into greater fury and make a huge fire of their dwellings.

Although the wind ceased the following day the temperature was still low, but this did not prevent the boys of Chicago from being mobilized into an immense army to dig Chicago out of the drifts. But why give credit to the boys only? The girls did their share with shovels, and contributed quite as much as their brothers to the task of bringing relief to "Snow-bound Chicago."

NONA KELLY, '19.

Loretto, Englewood.

#### Art Begins at Home

Art begins at home. Home is always in our hearts and even the homeliest of objects adorning it is dear to us. Home means mother and the birth place of those ideals that are the making of our lives. How wise, then, to make the home beautiful and weave beautiful thoughts with childish impressions develop the baby minds with thoughts that will future become in cherished memories. At the hearth where children laughingly watch the brilliant flames dart hither and thither, parents can introduce art with word pictures and show the intense pleasure in seeking in nature those exquisite tints and shades of colour that master artists work over so painstakingly. The jingling rhymes of Mother Goose can be repeated in a good colour picture.

The hearts of children open wide to pictures of pretty babies, and children try to smell picture flowers. How lovely, then, to have copies in the nursery of the famous portraits of children. They would give precious thoughts to the child to be treasured for the gray days of to-morrow.

Every girl delights in pictures of noble women. What a love of the beautiful, then, might be cultivated if every young girl's room were adorned not only with these, but also with a picture of our Blessed Mother, the ideal Woman whom Wordsworth designates as: "Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

I am thinking now of a room I once occupied and how I enjoyed feasting my eyes on a copy of The Flower Girl. She is sweetness itself and her garments as becoming as the flowers she is selling. The picture made me long to hear the gay songsters that must have been perched in the green boughs above her. In its quiet serenity it is a garden of flowers and smiles—a song in itself.

A work of art does not mean that an artist has attained perfection in his life work. It means that he has seen nature's beauties hidden away from an unappreciative world and has gathered and disclosed them to the privileged few whose evident duty it is to uplift the rising generation.

SARAH MORTIMER, '18.

Loretto, Englewood.

#### French Letter

The following letter was received some time ago from Miss Dorothy Dallas, once a pupil of Loretto. It is so good that we cannot resist publishing it and inviting an answer from some of our own little students, or big ones, for that matter.

Couvent du Sacré Coeur, Point Grey, B.C.

Ma chère tante,—

Je sais que vous êtes toujours contente d'avoir des nouvelles de Vancouver, aussi je tâcherai de les donner exactement.

Cette année je suis dans la Seconde Classe Anglaise que j'aime beaucoup. Nous étudions la Chimie, la Psychologie, l'histoire du Moyen-Age, la Littérature la Géométrie, l'Algèbre, le Latin, et cele va sans dire, que j'aime toujours.

Au mois de Septembre nous avons eu la visite de ma Révérande Mère Mahoney, la vicaire de tous les Couvents du Sacré-Coeur au Canada. Je vous assure que cette visite nous a fait grand plaisir.

Nous avons eu une réception, le jour de son arrivée à Point Grey; le lendemain ma Révérande Mère Vicaire nous a donné une congé, dont nous avons beaucoup joui. Le matin nous avons eu une tournoi de tennis et une séance française. Il m'a été impossible de rester pour l'aprèsmidi. Ma Révérande Mère a visité toutes les classes et les cours et elle est si intéréssante!

Hier Monseigneur Bunoz était consacré à l'eglise du Saint Rosaire, il y avait des archévêques et des évêques de Vancouver, Portland, Seattle, Regina, Victoria, etc., et un grand nombre de prêtres. Dans l'aprèsmidi nous avons eu une réception pour eux au Couvent. Voici le programme:

1. "Vivat Cor Jesu." 2. "L'adresse anglaise." 3. "Toujours Toujours, Englise notre Mère," un chant des enfants du Sacré-Coeur.

Le nouvel élu fut très content de tout cela et il nous a remercié Comme il est français, il a aimé particulièrement l'addresse française, qui était si bien dite. Je suis très occupée avec mes études et ma musique mais je les aime beaucoup et je tâche de fait des progrès.

La semaine dernière nous avons eu des composition en Instruction Réligeuse et en Littérature Allemande et j'ai obtenu la première place pour l'Instruction Réligeuse avec 97%, de même pour la Littérature, avec 92% et cela fera grand plaisir à mon Père et ma Mère.

Je suppose que maintenant, il fait froid à Niagara, mais ici nous avons de belles journées et des roses dans nos jardins.

> Votre nièce affectionnée, DOROTHEE DALLAS.

#### The Inner Room

After quite a fatiguing climb, I found myself in a large attic-yes, it was really Grandmother's attic, one I had not seen since I was a child. I ran across the room to open the windows and noticed, as I passed, that thick dust had settled on everything. The warm spring breezes blew in refreshingly and suddenly a paper was blown straight to my feet. I stooped and picked it up, but could not decipher the scarcely visible writing which the yellowed sheet bore. My first thought was to run downstairs to Grandmother and show it to her, but, on second thought, I folded it and put it in my pocket. But where could it have come from? The wind had carried it from the south end of the room; thither, I proceeded and found a number of papers on a table by the window. I had never been in this part of the attic before and now I spied a door which my curiosity impelled me to open. In vain I tried, but just as I was turning away, in real disappointment, I discovered a small fixture, quite rusty, at my right. I pressed this, the door flew open, and I assure you I left it open as I entered. It was rather dark within, but I could see that everything was in perfect order. Deciding that some light was needed, I secured a candle and proceeded to explore these unknown quarters. A table stood in the centre of the room and, at one side, a small book-case. As my chief delight is in reading, I was about to select a volume, when a glittering object on the other side of the room attracted my attention. I went over to investigate, and, to my surprise, found a silver crucifix suspended on the wall above a kneeling-bench. Why were these here? I ran from the room straight down to Grandmother, still holding the lighted candle in my hand.

She explained that the house was a very old one, having been built in the days of religious persecution in this land, and the small room which I had entered was really a hiding-place and oratory, used during those sad times.

"But, child, you are burning yourself with that candle!" she cried. I awoke with a scream, to realize that, for the last hour, I had been, not in an old attic, but in the depths of an armchair in the library, and that dead Grandmother's voice would never more be heard except in dreams.

The marvel of that dream remains, for Mother has since told me that the appointments of the inner room, of whose existence I had never heard, were precisely such as I had seen them while I slept.

BESSIE SHEEHAN.

Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

#### A Gate Post Register

TIDSUMMER—the twenty-fourth of June -fulfilled its promise of being a beautiful day. As the sun's last rays grew dim in the skies an old couple walked slowly and feebly up the path that led from the main road. Coming behind them was a child of about fourteen years. There was a troubled look upon her face and more than once she turned to look back in the direction from which they had come. Each time she turned the look became more troubled, for it was rather difficult to understand what connection a gatepost could have with grandpa and grandma. Still wondering, she followed the old couple into the house, waiting her time to ask grandpa about that post.

The soft vibrations of the string of a violin

blended harmoniously with the clear, delicate voice of the child as she sang "Then You'll Remember Me." Though the music and song had ceased the light echoes rang softly from the rafters of the house; then a dreamy stillness prevailed. At last it was broken by the impulsive action of the child as she lightly dropped upon the floor by her grandfather and almost demanded his reason for taking grandma to the gate-post and there carving, "June 24, 1915."

A pause—then he answered, "My child, it is a" long story leading back some forty-five years, but the first date will explain the succeeding ones. "It was the 24th of June, 1870, the world was glowing in all its beauty as the soft gloom of evening slowly and silently descended upon the country, then settled into night."

"No doubt, it was our surroundings that first gave cause for happy exclamations of joy in roaming through field and orchard and along the banks of the stream that leads to the mill-pond.

"As the lights of Heaven were turned on one by one, to illumine the beautiful walk bordered by tall, stately trees forming a canopy from the gate-post to the humble little cottage called "Paradise," a young couple stood looking about them and into the future. The young man took from his pocket a penknife and carved on the post a name and a date that marked the beginning of two lives as one.

"The anniversary of that day has been faithfully remembered and each year has added another date to the rustic monument. With the engraving of the last date will be registered the history of an earthly "Paradise" into which no serpent has yet entered. Now do you see the connection a gate-post can have with Grandma and Grandpa?"

ENGLEWOOD.

BERNICE SWEENEY, '18.

"Life is no 'brief candle' for me. It is a splendid torch which I have got hold of for the moment; and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations."

#### Books

"My never failing friends are they
With whom I converse night and day."
—Southey.

What a dreary place this world would be if there were no books! As someone says. "Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books." But there are books and books and also ways and ways of reading. There is that losing of oneself in a book, deaf to all the world, drinking in each word thirstily, living the lives of the characters. This truly is superlative delight and we all know some book that has enthralled us like this.

But then there is another manner of reading. As we grow older, we are apt to lose this fine careless delight and we read more critically, realizing the impressions which certain books make on us and comparing one author with another, not feeling the rapture of a child but the appreciation of a well-trained mind.

The student of American Literature, who not only wishes to store his mind with the works of American Authors, but who wishes to increase his power of appreciating prose and poetry, would do well to accustom himself to regard literature as the revelation of an author's characteristic moods. Doubtless he has laughed at Irving's delicious dry humour, has wept over Hawthorne's melancholy pages, has marvelled at the ingenuity of Poe, has been snowbound with Whittier, has been separated from Acadian friends or felt the joy of the first Thanksgiving with Longfellow, but these impressions are mostly vague and scattered and he wishes to record them, to be able to put them into words, to comprehend a book through and through. To do this it is an excellent plan to compare two books, for instance, Thackery's "Vanity Fair" and Dicken's "David Copperfield." What do we find? The authors both have high rank as novelists, but how different are the styles. Thackery's keen, sarcastic wit and Dicken's quaint, pathetic humour. We enjoy them both, but each suits a different mood. Thackery exhilarates us but does not hold us completely under the spell of his words, while once we start Dickens, we are loath to close the book until we have finished it.

So, also, we can compare a masterpiece of literature with one of the best sellers of the day. True, the newer book may captivate us for the moment, but when we have finished it, it does not live in our memories, so why should we waste time on this light reading when there is so much that is good and so little time to read.

"Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,

Are substantial worlds, both pure and good; Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,

Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

LIDA PIERITTE, '18.

Loretto, Englewood.

#### Advantages of Having a Cough

Of all the subjects which might have been given, this, if you will pardon the expression, is the limit. I whose ideas——. But that is another story.

The advantages of having a cough! Are there really any? Yes, reluctantly, but truthfully, I admit there are. However, in order to enumerate them, I must take you back, let's see, four, five, six weeks.

It, the Cough, introduced itself the very Sunday Frances paid us her long promised visit. We august Seniors were gathered in the library, chatting and playing the Victrola. I believe it was during Jeane's "Huca-Hula" exhibition it announced itself. At first it was rather shy, but before the evening was over I was a subject for sympathy.

Who does not love sympathy and attention? Ah yes, you confess there is no one, and I have many characteristics in common with other human beings, though I must confess I am of the type with red hair, etc. So with pleasurable sensations I recall the lavished affections, choice bits that found their way to my tray, the cosy sleeps in the morning, kind mes-

sages, fruit, flowers and compassion for all delinquencies.

By managing to stand in every available draft, refusing all syrups, drops and mixtures that might shorten its stay, I have kept my friend from whom I am most reluctant to part, for, I repeat, a Cough has its advantages—try it.

MONTROSE PHILLIPS.

Loretto, Niagara.

#### Dick

The subject of this sketch is not as you may suppose, a dog, a horse, or a cat, but only a crow. He came into our family circle by falling out of his nest one beautiful April morning, and we found him lying senseless on the ground near the house; however, after several days of careful nursing, he was completely restored to health.

We soon found we would have to name our new pet, and it was not at all easy, as each one wanted a different name for him, but at length we decided on "Dick," as it was so short and easy to remember.

Dick soon proved to be a very clever bird, and he was not with us many months before he learned to talk and perform many tricks. He was very fond of the children and, for a while, used to cry for them every day when they went to school. One morning a bright thought came to him. As the children left home he flew to a tree top and watched where they were going, then followed. He perched on the fence close to the school, and announced his presence, when one of his little friends read aloud, by coming to the open window and calling, "I want John."

Dick was very fond of his master, who would sometimes offer to help him bury a piece of meat, for this was one of Dick's favourite pastimes. When this treasure was buried, and the master had left him, Dick would dig it up and bury it in some other place. Once we left him alone for a whole day, and one of our neighbours afterwards told us that he cried all the time we were away, and that the carpenter who was working for

her said, "I wish whoever owns that child would keep it quiet."

Another morning we missed our pet and at first we did not worry, as we thought he would soon turn up, but the whole day passed and there was no sign of him, so we came to the conclusion that something had happened to him. However, when one of the children was going to bed he heard Dick crying, and called us to come. After listening for some time, we felt sure he must be under the floor, and we were right. That morning some electric wires had to be repaired, and to get at them the electrician was obliged to make a small hole in the floor, and Dick, as curious as ever, got into it but could not get out again.

It was very difficult to get him, as he would not come when called, so one of the children had to crawl after him. Finally he found him, nearly dead with fright. For many days after this he seemed very melancholy, but never again was he as curious as of old.

These are only a few of our experiences with wonderful Dick, who came to a very sad end. One morning we missed him, and several days afterwards found his body in a field not far away. Someone had shot our Dick.

GERTRUDE FISHER.

Loretto Academy, Stratford.

#### Hopes and Dreams

HO is there among us that does not sometimes dream of the future? Only very few are contented with their every day life. Most people long for a change or cherish at heart an ambition, a hope for something different.

Life demands that one follow a daily routine for a time at least, and one must submit to the inevitable as cheerfully as possible. But even though the body is held tightly in a groove, one's mind may be borne on the wings of hope miles away from the steady monotony of life. Our dreams paint pictures of future days and carry us into the "Land of what we wish would be." In this way one is content with the pre-

sent by the hope of future realization of cherished ambitions.

Thus a young girl student plugging along over books in the high school finds Latin, Algebra and History made interesting when dreams lift her out of the class-room and unfold a possible future before her. First, she sees the day of her success in Matriculatingoh! the joy of that day when the anxiously awaited results at last are printed and the weeks of suspense over. Then comes her Arts course, and the day of her graduation when she leaves University with an M.A. attached to her name. She finds herself spending a few years travelling in foreign countries and viewing the ruins of the Great War begun in 1914. Later she dreams herself mistress of a happy home; or perhaps teacher, happy in imparting knowledge to others. Possibly she is a nurse, spending a life of self-sacrifice in caring for others. Mayhap she has chosen that vocation for the cloister which requires the most selfsacrifice and for which there is the greatest promised reward, for she is secure of her hundredfold in this life and eternal happiness in the life to come. But though she knows not which path of life it will be God's Holy Will that she should follow, yet she realizes that no matter where or how her future is spent, there will always be one great hope beckoning her on, until the dreams have become realities and earth's fleeting joys have been changed for an eternity of divine rest.

MARGARET BRADLEY.

LORETTO DAY SCHOOL.

#### The Chimes

ORETTO, Englewood, has acquired the dignity of chimes to replace the old bell that has stood for years near the Community Room. It is really a venerable old bell and a very worthy one when we think of the many times it has summoned the Nuns to prayer. Faithful it has been, its iron tongue has never once in all the years refused to call to duty, and if it were not for the beautiful chimes that have replaced it, we would, I think, protest against its relegation to the obscurity of the store room.

When I first heard the chimes peal forth "My Country, 'Tis of Thee,' I thought of the "Bells of Shandon,' and wondered if they sounded "One half so grand on the pleasant waters of the river Lee as our beautiful chimes when they echo through the halls of our convent. Sometimes grandly solemn, and again as sweet and light as a fairy bell.

So, our chimes, more beautiful than the irontongued bell, may you serve as faithfully as your predecessor and never balk your duty in the years to come. Your silvery tones will echo in our memories and follow us over the world, and we will always uphold your name and dignity, for never were there chimes one half so grand as the chimes of Loretto.

We are indebted to the Loretto Alumnae for the gift of the chimes. On the occasion of our Silver Jubilee the Alumnae presented to the Ladies of Loretto a basket of silver and lo! as if by magic, it has been transformed into wonderful chimes.

The Community and pupils of Loretto, Englewood, thank the Alumnae sincerely for their generous gift.

NONA KELLY.

Loretto, Englewood.

#### Stray Thoughts

The question of higher education for Catholic women being a comparatively new one—as indeed, the admission of women into the University lecture-room is of recent date—it is still under discussion in circles of educated Catholics; so much so, that the pioneer students of our Catholic Women's Colleges have had to ride, shall we say, "unarmed and alone," to prove non verbo sed facto, that such education is, and will be, one of the greatest means of promoting Catholic interests. It will place Catholic women in a position to compete fairly in every sphere of woman's activity, with her ambitious and enterprising Protestant neighbor.

Since the number of women students at our Universities has been increasing each year, and is bound to do so more rapidly now by force of economic requirements, what will it mean, eventually, if the Protestant colleges increase and advance in any like proportion, as they are

bound to do, and yet no provision be made to aid the Catholic women students? What will it mean also if Protestant women are encouraged to seek higher education and no encouragement whatever is given to the Catholic women to do likewise?

The pressure of this problem has spurred on a few of our far-seeing Catholic men and women to encourage and to do all in their power to promote the establishment in their own ranks of Colleges affiliated with the different Universities, wherever they may happen to be.

Have the results so far been encouraging? Certainly. No longer does the Catholic girl at University feel that she is a lonely figure without sympathetic companionship. She now feels that she is one of a body of students, all of whom, have interests, sympathies, and ideals akin to her own and she hopes that the members of her own college will soon be as numerous as those of the Protestant affiliations.

Already, in standing and efficiency they have equalled, if, indeed, they have not surpassed It is conceded by one of their own Professors that our own College has more honor students in proportion to its size than any other College of the University. More and more, too, are the Catholic colleges being recognized by the others. Until last year we had no representation on any of the inter-collegiate affairs. In two years' time we have gained a voice in all matters of the kind. Is this desirable? Most assuredly so. It is an excellent means of showing the enlightened women of the country that we have enlightened Catholic women who are capable, properly fitted, or in possession of, the means of becoming so, to take their places side by side with the most highly educated Protestant women of the country.

The very fact of coming in contact with many persons interested in the same work, spurs one on to put forth every effort in the struggle for efficiency. To this end the interchanging of ideas between the students of the different Colleges is an invaluable aid. The intermingling of students from all Colleges is also a means of shattering old-time prejudices that have existed between Catholic and Pro-

testant, partly because the Catholic has been so prone to live apart and has been backward in showing what she really can do, and that she is willing to do what she can.

GENEVIEVE TWOMEY, '18.

#### Autibiography of a Raindrop

WELL, here I am, right on the top of milady's new spring bonnet! I know she will be annoyed when she sees me and will rudely shake me off, so before that occurs, I must relate my experiences.

Many, many years ago—to be exact, 'twas on Christmas night, 1776—I lay as a particle of ice on the Delaware river. Just as Washington was carefully picking his way across the icebound passage, he unwittingly hurled me on a bank of snow, from which, after a few days, I was mysteriously drawn up into a cloud. After floating about for a week, I was converted into a beautiful snow-crystal, in which condition I fell with my companions in a mantle of snow and graced the lawn of Mt. Vernon. Here we afforded great pleasure to Washington's many little friends, who rolled us into an immense snowman. As the weather grew milder, under the influence of Old Sol, the snow image melted and my comrades and I once more donned the appearance of a light and beautiful cloud. For two or three weeks I battled with strong winds, and then, where do you think I landed? No other where than at the North Pole! For fifty years I lay there under the annually increasing neve. One day I stirred again and, thereafter, moving slowly and steadily for another fifty years as an insignificant part of a great iceberg in the Arctic regions, I finally felt the influence of the Gulf Stream. My companions and I now dwindled into separate drops, each pursuing his own course. Two years later I was picked up off the coast of Florida by a happy little lad who was taking the utmost delight in hurling tiny bucketfuls of water at an alligator. The animated target fumed and raged when I struck him in the face and trickled down his face, just escaping his wide-open mouth. Once more evaporated, I travelled through the sky until I hovered over Mt. Blanc, where I condensed and fell. There, I remained until the summer of 1914, when, having resumed my aerial flights, I, together with a host of companions, played havoc with the Kaiser's men, in a rain-storm, when their first attempt to enter Paris was thwarted by General Joffre. In 1916, at the long battle of the Aisne I again tormented the Germans under Hindenberg, in a blinding snow-storm, and so great was the pleasure I experienced that I induced my friends in the clouds to visit them again at the Somme in 1917.

While I realize that I have travelled very considerably, and feel well content to be again in the good, great "Land of the Free," I hope to accomplish some work "over there" again.

EDWINA KELIHER.

Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

#### Niagara

From o'er the steep and stately rock, So tall, so huge and oh, so dark, The roaring waves come tumbling down, Some white, some green and some are brown.

From the rocks above to the deep below, The waters leap, then onward flow, While clouds of dazzling, glittering spray Arise and gleam with rainbows gay.

The vision changeful ne'er is still; Its form, its charm, its colors thrill Each feeling, while its magic art Awakens dreams within the heart.

Some say that fairies hold the caves, Others see spirits in all the waves; While some, its glorious harmony Of colour and form and minstrelsy, Echo with cadence soft and sweet, A Hymn of Praise at the Master's feet.

Loretto, Niagara.

KATHRYN KANE.

#### THE BLUE PENCIL BUREAU

In opening this department, the B.P.B. wishes to raise the hopes of those students who have been discouraged by the array of blue pencil marks upon their essay papers; yet who would like to acquire an easy and correct style in the writing of English. It realizes that students are, for the most part, so hampered by the multiplicity of subjects in their course of studies that they find little or no time to devote to the conscious pursuit of writing. At a recent educational conference, a high school master of experience and ability prefaced his lecture with these words: "The chief problem of the teacher in the preparatory school is how to fit his pupils to pass the college entrance examinations without permanently destroying their love for literature." Whatever element of truth there may be in that remark, it is certain that there is an ever-growing demand for good writers, and many honorable and lucrative positions are open to such.

Believing that some benefit will be derived from the mere discussion of points connected with this all important subject, the B.P.B. invites questions under the following heads: (a) Methods to be employed in cultivating a good style. (b) Points to be avoided as faulty construction; grammatical errors; inelegances, affectations, etc. (c) Points to be observed, as clearness, simplicity, accuracy, paragraphing, etc. (d) Information concerning authors to be read and models to be studied.

Ques. If it be conceded that to write as one would speak is a point of good style, why is this sentence subject to correction?: "That wool is bad to make socks with."

Ans. A contributor answers this by repeating her first teacher's daily warning, one

whose dash of humor, happily, prevented it from becoming wearisome to his pupils! "Never," said he, "use a preposition to end a sentence with." This fault, not uncommon in ordinary speech, is none the less a fault. The preposition has always been a stumbling block to inexperienced writers. The poet Lowell once wrote to Mr. Howells, who had sent him a book for revision, "I won't let you say bring us in closer relationship,' for that isn't what you mean, viz., 'bring in to us,' but 'bring us into.' "I am going to get up a society for the prevention of cruelty to prepositions. Animals have certain natural means of defence. They can bite and prepositions can't." The B.P.B. agrees with Lowell and will do its "bit" in protecting this part of speech from painful or humiliating treatment in the sentence, where, in spite of its apparent insignificance, it performs so important a service, and wields so much power.

Ques. In an essay I was scored for this sentence. What is wrong? "We entered the motor boat and it took us in and out among the islands of the bay."

Ans. There is an unnecessary change of subject in the sentence, a fault against directness and accuracy. It would be better and more simple to say: "We entered the motor boat and were taken in and out among the islands of the bay."

Ques. When abroad I saw upon the walls of Oxford University a framed copy of Lincoln's letter to a Mrs. Bixby, about the death of her five sons, in battle. It was there, evidently, because of its literary value. In what sense does it claim to be a model of epistolary excellence?

Ans. Because it contains the writer's thoughts in the most fitting terms. The sentiments do credit to the goodness of his heart; the choice of words and their direct arrangement testify to the writer's knowledge, as well as to his sense of what the occasion required; and the restraint and dignity of the whole stand as an evidence of correct taste. Yet Lincoln was a self-educated man, a fact that should provide matter for reflection and encouragement to the B.P.B. We quote the letter:

Executive Mansions, Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.

To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.:

"Dear Madam,—I have been shown a copy in the files of the War Department of a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons, who have died gloriously on the field of battle.

I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save.

I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,"

A. LINCOLN.



#### "COME NOT WHEN I AM DEAD"

John Mc. Alpine sat in his great armchair by the window and wearily bowed his head upon his hands. His bent old shoulders in their nearly thread-bare covering seemed less heavy with age than with some crushing weight of sorrow. The late afternoon sun shone across the water of the Linn O'Dee, through the window on his bowed head, and lovingly touched the old man's straggling white hair with glints of silver. It shone, too, on the poor, thin, supporting hands and traced the blue veins with almost startling clearness. John Mc. Alpine was suffering.

When he moved, the old arm-chair creaked in sympathy. It was worn and aged too. Could it have spoken, it might have told the

cause of the old man's sorrow.

John Mc. Alpine was known through all the north of Scotland as the poet of Craigellachie. He lived in a tiny cottage on the green banks of the beautiful Loch Craigie, better known to the countryside as the Linn O'Dee. The comfort and support of his declining years had been his grandson Malcolm, whom he had reared and loved since the death of the child's parents. Malcolm had been "a guid and bonnie lad" and the two had spent a happy life together. Malcolm was now four and twenty and as "fine a man as e'er the kiltie graced." But alas! On one sore point they differed, and it was shadowing their whole lives.

John Mc. Alpine cherished a fierce hatred against his nearest neighbor, Ian Monpeth, nor had the quarrel sprung up of recent years. The Mc. Alpine-Monpeth feud was a thing of generations. For years the evidence of hate between the two families had been sufficient to please even John Mc. Alpine's hostile heart. The Laird of Monpeth dwelt in dignified isolation in his castle on the far side of the Linn O'Dee, John Mc. Alpine lived in proud seclu-

sion in his cottage home.

Then word passed around Craigellachie that the Laird's niece was coming from far America and that she was a woman of accomplishments, rare beauty and nobility of character. That had been three months ago in early summer. It was August now. The blow had fallen the preceding evening, when Malcolm Mc. Alpine, the pride of old John's heart, the solace of his old age, the boy on whom he had counted to prolong the feud between the Mc. Alpines and the Monpeths—and "fight to the death for Mc. Alpine"—Malcolm, the bonny, the brave

had appeared on the threshold of his cottage home, bringing to John Mc. Alpine the future mistress of his domicile, Malcolm's bride— and the niece of Ian Monpeth!

At first the old man, failing to understand, had gazed at the two in bewilderment. Then, as the light dawned in his mind, the weight fell on his spirit and he staggered to the old armchair in piteous grief. A minute he sat there motionless. Then new strength came, born of a great wrath, and he opened his lips to speak. He stood up. The stooped figure had straightened, had risen to its full height; the fierce eyes accused; the lips whitened. Malcolm's young bride cringed in terror, but Malcolm stood with a proud bearing. Old John recited the Mc. Alpine's war-cry. Shrilly, cuttingly, in quick succession fell the syllables on the tense air.

"Dread God," our motto, but we all loved strife, War for war's sake, the clarion and the fife, The call to arms the joy of Alpines life!"

Then the two had gone from his presence...

Long the old man pondered. Painfully came to his mind repetitions of his words and of Malcolm's—till, from the bell-tower on the hill the old clock gathered its musical messages and flung them far and wide upon the Linn O'Dee, where they broke into a million silver

tinkles to echo through all Craigellachie.

The old man rose from his chair, made an effort to shake off his thoughts of sadness and with slow step moved from cupboard to table, preparing the evening meal—that now would

seem so lonely!

That night, when the misty purple of the heathered plains had spread above the lock-waters to take the place of their silvery day-garments, old John fell into a weak stupor which was not sleep, and at the first flush of sunrise developed into a wild delirium. He lay tossing among his blankets, clenching his hot hands at imaginary beings, shouting at them in uncontrollable wrath.

It chanced to be Ian Monpeth himself who found him. The Laird from his own estate had listened in terror to the fighting cry in the Gaelic tongue to which the old man had returned in his delirium. In truth, the Monpeths had ever possessed the "forgive and forget," that meant cowardice to a Mc. Alpine mind. Long years ago Ian Monpeth would gladly have offered his hand to John Mc. Alpine in

token of friendship. But well he knew the Mc. Alpine pride, and soon became reconciled to existing conditions. He had, however, given a home to the son of his enemy and the young bride.

But now he was filled with remorse that he had not at heart attempted to make peace. He quickly summoned young Malcolm, and with hurried footsteps they crossed the Bridge O'Dee, so unfamiliar to the Laird's eye, and approached the cottage.

John Mc. Alpine had exhausted himself in his ravings. He lay now in a heavy stupor and was not even roused when the two men

stepped to his bedside.

For hours they watched by him and sought to revive the old man's failing strength. Malcolm's kind heart and his iron will fought a hard battle in these last hours. Then, when he saw the first signs of consciousness on the sick man's face, he crept softly nearer and looked compassionately into the faded eyes. But John Mc. Alpine's spirit was not broken. Quietly, impressively, he addressed his grandson in Gaelic:

"Come not, when I am dead,

To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,

To trample round my fallen head,

And tread the unhappy dust thou would'st not save.

There let the wind sweep and the plover cry, But thou, go by,

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime I care no longer, being all unblest;

Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of Time. And I desire to rest.

Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie; Go by, go by"-

The fire in the sunken eyes died out. A wave of infinite sadness passed over the emaciated countenance. One long sigh—the Mc. Alpine pride was now a poor weak thing, pleading mercy at the feet of One Who said, "Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart."

ANNIE SUTHERLAND.

LORETTO, GUELPH.

"Out of the world's thousand ideas make a single one your own, and you will have made more intellectual progress than if you were able to repeat Homer or Milton from memory."-Azarias.

#### A Rhansodu

Have you heard the distant thunder when a storm cloud is lowering?

Have you heard the mighty waters of the great Niagara pouring?

Have you heard the dreaded earthquake with its deep and awful rumbling?

Have you heard the sound that follows when the avalanche is tumbling?

Have you heard the oxen bellow, or the watchdog's deep-mouthed baying?

Have you heard the wild goose screaming, or the donkey loudly braying?

Collect these sounds with many more in one outrageous roaring

And you'll form some very faint idea Of Clementina

#### SNORING!

Last night I sought my downy couch, my mind bent on retiring,

My thoughts indeed were far from here and really quite inspiring.

And soon I lay in slumber wrapped, I might be dead in seeming,

I neither moved nor made a sound, so peaceful was my dreaming.

But soon the dream was rudely changed to one that was appalling,

I thought I heard a frightful noise like some lost soul a-calling.

The foul fiend, too, I thought I saw about the house go prowling,

While all the other little imps came on behind him, howling.

They hurried on from place to place through one door that was slamming,

It closed upon his precious tail, that same most sorely jamming.

He screamed, he kicked, he squealed, he roared, the pain kept on increasing,

The little demons laughed at him with no thought of releasing.

And oh! they made an awful din, 'tis quite beyond the telling,

The moans and groans and scoffing jeers of their infernal yelling.

I rose in bed in dreadful fright, for help in vain imploring,

And then I learned to my chagrin 'Twas Clementina

#### SNORING!

M. B. D.

LORETTO, NIAGARA FALLS.

#### Promising Spring Crops

"Je suis jeune, il est vrai, mais aux âmes bien nées La valeur n'attend point le nombre des années."
—Le Cid.

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast,

In the Spring the newest headgear is a military crest,

In the Spring we love to wander near the millinery shop,

For in Spring the supreme question always rises to the top.

-M. A. H.

"Comrades, tempt me not to study—while as yet 'tis early May,"

Said a maiden who intended to achieve a big B.A.

All the Winter she had wasted—counting on the April showers,

But the floods came—and they swept away
Most of her remaining powers;
Now she's sorry—now's she sore,
And she'll never waste no more.

—F. O'B.

Spring! Spring! Spring! Out of your bed so warm, For the time that is lost in lying there Can never bring aught but harm.

—M. D.

Work, Work, Work,
The books I never can shirk.
They hold me fast through the hours of the day,
They haunt me even when dreams hold sway.
English and French and Italiano,
And even the Deutscher's harsh lingo,
I watch their strife in my brains' deep cell,
And I look aloft and cry "Excel—
Excelsior!" —L. T.

There are springs in beds and springs in heads, And springs in watches and carts, And springs of sympathy in ourselves That make our tear-drops start. But the spring for me, My spring criterian, Is the one they call The Spring Pierian.

\_F. W.

"Ask me no more!
The moon may draw the sea,"
The mind may draw conclusions,
The honey draw the bee,
The maid may draw the water,
The archer draw his string,
But you will never draw from me
A rhapsody on Spring.

—R. U.

Drip! Drip! Drip!
In the corridor, oh Spring!
Drip! Drip! Drip!
You lovely musical thing!
Drip on the carpet, the table and chair,
Drip on the dresser and drip on the bed,
Drip on the dresses and drip on the bed,
Drip one drop of wisdom Plump!
Into my head.

—M. McC.

Spring is a season of beauty,
With flowers and sunshine so gay,
But it's also a season of duty,
So think of your finals, and pray!

And if your exams are oppressing, Don't bluster and worry, but sing, For all nature to-day is expressing The happy-go-lucky of Spring.

—М. С.

Spring did you say? Alas the thought, Some springs there are and some are not, There is but one comes to my head, The spring that is not in my bed.

—M. D.

In the Spring a young man's fancy
Turns to thoughts of love, we're told,
While his sister's new spring costume
Can her whole attention hold.
Mother revels in Spring cleaning
And a kite delights the boy,
So the Spring, it seems is filling
Everybody's heart with joy.
But our minds are filled with terror,
And hearts with tribulation,
No such joys can ease the horror
Of the Spring Examinations.

—К. С.

#### A Spring Snap-Shot.

Her gown hangs loosely on shoulders thin, Her cheeks are sunken, her eyes are dim; She carries great volumes, musty and old, That mean more to her than silver and gold.

In the hall she encounters a grim-faced soph, "Help, help!" she eries with a hollow cough, But the soph is beyond such earthly cries, Her soul is immersed in Thomsonian skies.

-F. M.

"The work-a-day, commonplace virtue of perseverance is full of inspiration. Hope the idealist, patience the practical plodder, co-operate to accomplish her task. As days and years go by, and she goes on steadily and unswervingly with her work, it is not all mere dry, hard plodding; bright dreams burn before her eyes and kindle her heart, she is all on fire within, though she looks so calm and commonplace, for Hope ever stands by her side like a prophet, to stimulate and inspire. She works like an artist with the model before her eyes and the chisel and hammer in her hands, and like an artist, her heart burns within her as she works."

The every day cares and duties which men call drudgery are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move.

#### COMPOSITION

#### An Ontario Farm in June

Here, in Ontario, the June weather is nearly perfect. The frost of the Spring has gone out of the air, and the sultry heat of July and August has not yet commenced. At this time, the atmosphere is balmy and delightfully warm, and the trees have still preserved their green freshness, even in the city. Imagine it, then, in the country, with no smoke, no dust, and no nerve-racking noises!

One wakes as early as five o'clock to find the golden, hazy sunlight filtering through the leaves at the window, and hears the songs of birds of all kinds that sing from sheer joy of living. It is impossible to decline their invitation to come out and enjoy the morning. My first morning, I jumped out of bed and crossed to the window to see that of which I was unable to catch any glimpse at all the night before. I gasped with delight. As far as I could see, the land, which undulated in little hillocks, was laid out in squares of red-brown, ploughed earth, bright green fields, and dark, wooded patches. Trees of all shades of green were dotted here and there and the sun hung a gauzy, golden veil over everything. the sky was that faint, hazy blue which later on in the day becomes a deep, deep shade. In the foreground was the barn, and it was a scene of great activity. The cows were being milked, and led out to pasture; the horses were being rubbed down and fed, and the chickens were strutting around, crowing and clucking lustily for their breakfast. I could hear, too, the grunting of pigs and the quacking of ducks, and I thought I had never heard or seen anything that gave me more pleasure.

Later on in the day we walked down through the fields to the little wooded patch at the foot. I would never tire of going there. The ground is rather marshy, so there is an abundance of foliage. The trees and bushes are quite thick and admit a soft, restful light. The ground is covered in some places with

ferns, in others with very late violets, and again, with marigolds and late trilliums. When there, I took great pleasure in sitting on a tree stump beside the little stream and gazing at the plants around me. Wordsworth speaks truly when he says, "There is a spirit in the woods."

But the evening is the time for rest. Everything tends to that. One sits on the lawn, when the evening chores are over, and listens to the lazy sound of the cow-bells, the last songs of the birds and the chirping of the crickets. Then the darkness falls and the air becomes damp and fragrant from the dew, and nature sleeps.

Of course, there is work to do also. But who would mind it with all these beauties around him. Myself, I feel far more like doing something when the whole earth seems so full of activity.

ELEANOR McINTOSH.

Loretto, Brunswick.

#### St. Bernard's Sacred Concert

It was a Church Benefit, that is why crowds went with no thought of a musical treat.

The organ broke into peals of thunder. It carried me away to that quaint little lighthouse just off Galway Bay where I had been terrified by a storm years ago. I closed my eyes and saw the lightning flash, saw the great foamy breakers as they encircled the rock. I heard the wind moan and the waves roar as they struck the rocks. Then someone sang. It was like the aftermath, like the sunshine that follows the storm when the sea gulls are seen to fly from rock to rock, when the water glistens and ripples its pretty song. There was hope in that voice. It was not grand and loud and inspiring, but was soft and sweet and young, the kind that makes you look for a brighter dawn.

All good things come to an end and there was a regretful shifting of position until the tones of an evening song played upon the air. It was all moonlight and stars and gentle

breezes and contentment. It was in a garden redolent of roses with crickets chirping in the grass and a stray firefly lighting the scene.

The next was an Ave Maria. Far above the clouds it penetrated the portals of Heaven. It was like a beautiful flame, a flame that was lighted from the primal fire and owed no homage to the sun. At intervals it flashed forth, the church disappeared and we were face to face with Mary, the glorious Queen of Heaven. We saw her and our hearts sang with the songster though our lips did not move. Then came beautiful Benediction, grandly solemn, such as only the Catholic Church can give. When it was over we rose to the beautiful strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" and went home with happy, contented hearts. Such is the power of song and such it was in St. Bernard's Church when all music lovers of the Parish came to hear the magnificent organ "speeches" produced by the far-famed artist, Reverend Bourget, and the vocal numbers by the members of this Choir second to none in our great city.

Loretto, Englewood.

NONA KELLY, '19.

#### A Portrait in My Private Collection

Buzz! Buzz! resounds through the wide corridor and various class-rooms. General confusion reigns for a few seconds and preparations are made for the next period. Preparation, mark! not preparedness. Silence in Room Onety for one moment—then Bunny, ragged book under his arm, shuffles in, straight to the desk, looking neither to the left nor to the right. Here he disposes of his treasures and then, Me Miseram!-ninety in the shade! and there our venerable professor stands with the window pole tightly grasped, while his weak force closes the windows, oh, so tightly and securely! Five are closed. Maybe, owing to the flight of time he will pass over the sixth and last. No! All hope is gone, we are secure from any breath of air.

"Hm! hm!" Satisfied and wringing his hands, he hobbles up the aisle, stopping to pick

up wee scraps of paper from his path with the remark, "Young ones, do you strew paper on your parlour floors thus?" The desk is reached; the daily episode is over. "Close texts! Sit erect! Proceed!"

ESTELLE WALSH.

Loretto Abbey College.

#### Another Portrait

"I defy anyone to say that I am a prey to this 'further foolishness!" "she exclaims with a firm stamp of her shapely foot, with a firmer setting of her shapelier jaws, and the firmest closing of her shapeliest teeth. Would one dare to dispute with such a pugnacious being, whose every muscle is tense and whose tongue and fists are ready to defend their owner to the death?.....

The mail is here! A letter from C—. Oh, wondrous transformation! Stormy clouds scatter. Sunny beams radiate from those hazel eyes, as gently and caressingly she presses that little insignificant piece of paper to her throbbing heart. "Girls, if you only knew!" and away she darts like an arrow.

GENEVIEVE TWOMEY.

Loretto Abbey College.

# MOTHER MARY WARD—II. HER COURAGE

"Be merry! In these times mirth is next to grace."-Mary Ward.

A little girl, about nine years of age who had never heard anything about God, once asked for a story. As she had come to school mainly for instruction, very naturally the story told her was that of the birth, life, suffering and death of Our Saviour. Her eyes blazed with interest at the recital, and curiously enough, her favorite point was the instance of the stone being miraculously rolled away from the tomb on Easter morning. The feat appealed to her sense of the wonderful in a marked way. She wished to know how big the stone was, how heavy, what shape it was,—and two full hours passed before she had heard enough. All during the telling of that beautiful story, which most of us heard from our mother's knee, she would interrupt and say, "Tell that part over again, oh, isn't it great!"

Now, Mary Ward's life has been told and retold, yet there are parts that one would like to hear over again, and to dwell upon. One of these parts has to do with that wonderful spirit of cheerfulness which stands out so plainly in every chapter of her life. It is true that a pure heart is the chief cause of a cheerful countenance, but there is another quality which is like a twin-sister of cheerfulness, and that is Of all qualities which go to courage. form a human character this is the one most frequently mistaken. We are sure to get it confused in our minds with daring and great bodily strength, which is a sad error. A person who has great bodily strength or cunning, or both, can face a powerful enemy, not because he is courageous, but because he is conscious of superior strength or skill. Real bravery comes in when, in spite of weakness, and even natural timidity, one steps forward to encounter a foe who has all, or most of the advantage on his side. In this sense, the smallest child who is conscious of its weakness, and has an exaggerated idea of its enemy's strength -yet dares to encounter him-is a magnificent hero. In the other sense, a mere brute could be called brave.

When Mary was only fifteen years old she was attracted to the religious life, though she knew nothing of religious orders. Books re-

lating to them were forbidden by the heritics around her. Our Lord invited her, as He invited His chosen twelve, to follow Him, and without any hesitation or misgiving, she determined at once that she would do so, whatever sacrifice it involved.

At this time of her life Mary was living in the midst of a gay circle of knights and ladies who were bent upon pleasure, and who, though free from the vices that prevailed in court circles at that time, indulged in much worldly distraction. It must have cost her much to withdraw from their company, as we are told she did, and to withstand their advances. ments upon her great beauty and attractiveness of manner brought many a blush to her cheek, but they caused embarrassment rather than pleasure to this modest young girl. On such occasions she generally managed to run away from her companions, and in a quiet corner or oratory she would tell her troubles to Our Lord, Who made her realize the vanity of all such talk. It may seem to some that such an action betrayed cowardice, but in reality she was braving one of the hardest things to brave -the ridicule of those she loved most. would have been much easier to listen to their flattery, and to run the risk of liking it, than to become the subject of general merriment, as Mary did.

When she was older, and had to protect her Community against the attacks of evil and misinformed persons, she proved herself as strong as a lion. Under the most discouraging and even dangerous circumstances she was not only calm and undismayed, but cheerful. She kept up the hearts of the first struggling Community with her constant exhortation, "be merry."

Do you think you could see all your plans go to pieces and yourself misjudged and condemned and still keep up your cheerfulness? Try it when your next cross comes and you will get some idea of the heroism it requires to follow Mary Ward's advice. I have told you that Mary founded the first order in the Church whose members desired to teach children and yet be uncloistered—that is, free to come and go as necessity or charity required, or the glory

of God could be advanced. But before God had made it clear that she was to do this great work for Him, she was advised by one of the Jesuit Fathers at St. Omer to join an Order of Poor Clares, in which, because of the great number of choir members already received, she was obliged to enter as an out-sister. In this position it became her duty to assist in the maintenance of the Community and their dependants among the poor, by begging from door to door, a very trying kind of life, and not at all suited to Mary's disposition or desires. She had to exercise heroic virtue to attempt it.

To some people, even less holy than Mary, the life might have been quite bearable; but to her it was painfully distasteful. Yet Our Lord, Who was guiding her on this difficult path, allowed her to encounter the trial, in order, no doubt, to prepare her for the coming ordeals of her remarkable life. He did not leave her in this position for more than a year, at the end of which period she was inspired to found an order of Poor Clares for English women exclusively. The greater part of her fortune went towards this undertaking and she had the happiness of seeing it flourish and expand.

Here she was happy for some time in spite of the very severe rules by which the Order was governed. But one day it was made clear to her during prayer that she was to leave this and found still another, a very different kind of Order.

Can you imagine what courage she required for this new enterprise? How many people would call her fickle and even suspect her of trying to draw attention to herself, and hear herself talked about? Many people abandon their highest and holiest designs, which have been formed under the direct influence of the Holy Ghost, because they are afraid of what people will say. It is cowardly, of course, to act in this way, and those are to be pitied, if not blamed, who do so. Yet if God allows really good and devout people to make serious mistakes sometimes in the management of their affairs, how much more are they apt to do so in their judgment of the affairs of others! Here

it was that Mary met one of her greatest obstacles. On the one hand Our Lord clearly directed her in a certain course; on the other, she was severely criticized for breaking through all the established customs regarding Convents of women. These criticisms came, moreover, from the very persons to whom she was forced to look for guidance and help. One or two good friends stood by her, but in some instances they endangered their own reputations in their efforts to be riend her, and though their support helped to further her cause in after times, they could do little more at the time than lend to it their encouragement and their prayers. Father Roger Lee of the Society of Jesus believed in Mary's cause through all vicissitudes of fortune. He advised and helped her in many difficulties and ever took the warmest interest in her plans and in the spiritual welfare of her companions.

There are some beautiful letters in existence written to Mary and to the struggling Community which do credit to his far-seeing judgment as well as to his kind fatherly heart.

Before entering upon her real life-work, Mary returned to England, though in doing so she was endangering her life, as her career in Flanders was well known, and her influence over Catholic women in London suspected. While there she mingled fearlessly with her old associates in the world of fashion and society, every day incurring risks which might have cost her her head. The Lord High Commissioner, who knew of Mary, but had never been able to detect her in her many disguises, was known to have said that he would rather catch that woman than fifty Jesuits. So little did she mind this threat that upon hearing it she forthwith donned her best robes and securing a handsomely appointed coach with liveried attendants, she called at his residence. Finding the Master of the House out, she wrote her name with her diamond ring upon the window pane of the room in which she had waited, that he might have an undeniable proof of her visit.

Later on in her career, we hear of Mary and her little band of devoted followers, consisting of five companions, a priest, a member of the Wright family, a serving-man and two horses, starting in pilgrim garb, on foot from Brussels to Rome. Such an undertaking at any time would be dangerous, but in those days the high roads as well as the forests were infested with robbers and murderers. Imagine what an indomitable spirit was hers and what confidence in the justice of her cause she must have had when, in spite of her gentle training and delicate constitution, she could brave the dangers of such a journey. Courage alone could not have upheld her in these cases. She had God on her side, and though all the world was against her the outcome was assured. This is what gives brave people their courage. They know their own weakness well, and they realize as none others do the terrific power of evil; yet they are sure that God's Omnipotence is able to strengthen the one and overcome the other. So they go ahead as Mary did.

Many a time it looked as if all was lost, but her trials, and the humiliations that nearly overwhelmed her, only proved the magnitude of her enterprise, and its worth in God's eyes. The day came when she was cast into prison because of some misrepresentation. Yet she never shrank from her task nor lost heart. She remembered that the Christian religion at one time looked like a colossal failure. Its Divine Founder was hanging upon a cross; His few timid followers were hiding away in fear; the world was full of men that hated Him and His disciples; and yet, our glorious, invincible Church was to spring out of that gloom. The Apostles were to come forth to teach His Gospel, to face tyrants boldly, and in the end to give their lives in defence of His doctrine.

There are reliable instances mentioned in the history of those troubled times, when extreme measures were adopted to enforce discipline upon supposed heretics, without the knowledge of the Pope. Mary's imprisonment was one of them. The accusations in her case were unfounded and unproved, as the Holy Father's intervention, added to his expressions of belief in her loyalty, abundantly testify. During her imprisonment, and when suffering from an illness which appeared to be her last.

she was pressed by misguided friends to sign a formal paper declaring that "If she had ever said or done anything contrary to faith or Holy Church, she repented and was sorry for it." After satisfying herself that she was in no way bound to this by obedience to authority, she refused to sign, saying, "God forbid that I, to cancel venial sins, which through God's mercies, are all I have to accuse myself of, should commit a mortal sin, and cast so great a blot upon so many innocent and deserving persons by saying "If I have done or said anything against Holy Church." Neither threats nor promises could move her in this matter. and the sequel justified her firmness in every instance.

It is one thing to bear crosses in a becoming spirit, as Mary Ward did, but there are souls who aspire to something beyond this high We find that aspiration in Mary's note-"It is necessary," it says, "to arm ourselves with a great desire to suffer much and many crosses."

BARBARA BABTHORPE

No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil; nor temperate, who considers pleasure the highest good."

How lightly once we set ourselves To memorize our part; With what small care we pledged our word To get our lines "by heart."

A new and sweet significance Now under-lies the art, When pupils at His feet we try To learn His ways "by heart."

Ruth Underwood.

Loretto.

What is Time? The shadow on the dial-the striking of the clock—the running of the sand -day and night, summer and winter, months, years, centuries; these are but arbitrary and outward signs, the measure of Time is not Time itself. Time is the Life of a Soul."

#### ALUMNAE NOTES

#### LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Patroness	REV. MOTHER STANISLAUS
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Convenor of Entertainment	MRS. JAMES MALLON.
Convenor of Membership	MRS. JOSEPH DOANE.
Convenor of Press	MISS MABEL EALAND.

NOTICE: Members are reminded of their privilege of bringing guests (fee twenty-five cents) to the quarterly meetings. The lecture, musical and tea are always worth while and it is an easy and pleasant way of entertaining one's friends.

The second quarterly meeting of Alumnae took place in January and was, as usual, a success. Dr. G. Locke, Toronto's chief librarian, gave a most interesting talk on "Books," and the songs of Mrs. Lee Woodland and Miss Corcoran, with Miss McAlpine's beautifully rendered piano numbers, were much enjoyed. Afterwards Mrs. Thomas Lalor and Mrs. Hugh Kelly poured tea at the table, bright with spring flowers and softly shaded candles—the younger members assisting.

We are looking forward to a large turnout at our April meeting, when Rev. John Burke, C.S.P., has promised to address the Alumnae. Mrs. Lowe, who has an exceptionally fine voice, will sing on the occasion.

The Alumnae is more than fortunate in having Mrs. James Mallon as Entertainment Convenor. Being herself one of Toronto's leading musicians, she is able to secure the best talent of the city for our meetings.

Wedding bells have been ringing for Miss Rilla De Vaney (now Mrs. Charles Gage). The Alumnae wish her every happiness. Mrs. Gage has been doing V.A.D. work for the last year in London hospitals.

We hear, too, of the approaching marriage of Miss Norma Ferry to Dr. George Tate. Norma has our very best wishes.

The French Government has presented Mrs. John McDonald (Ethel Mitchell) with the "Silver Palm" in recognition of her two years' continued V.A.D. work in French hospitals. Mrs. McDonald has been with her cousin, Countess de Lessops, who has also been doing her "bit" in France.

Notes of felicitation have been sent to Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Larson (Julia O'Sullivan), and Mrs. Charles Watt (Ida Phelan), on the arrival of baby boys.

The Alumnae extends the sincerest sympathy to Misses Patricia and Inez Brazill on the death of their father, and to Mrs. John McLaughlin (Mary Guilfoyle) at the loss of her brother Jack.

The religious and pupils of Loretto Abbey sympathize deeply with Mrs. R. Warren of Montreal, in the death of her daughter Marguerite. They will not forget the good example and the many endearing qualities of their little friend and class-mate, and their prayers will follow her and those who mourn her loss at home.

Miss Edith Smith, nursing sister lately attached to a hospital camp in France, is home on furlough and has given a profoundly interesting account of her experiences there. Very comforting is her testimony of the care which the wounded are receiving at these camps. There is nothing, she tells us, which a patient requires in the way of diet which is not secured for him. Chickens, ices, jellies, and champagne even, is obtained when asked for, and medical assistance is prompt and efficient. Miss Smith had the constant companionship of two other Loretto girls during her period of service—a matter which afforded mutual pleasure and benefit.

Miss Merle Simpson, a devoted friend and alumna of Loretto, has survived a serious fit

of sickness. We congratulate her upon this happy event, and also upon the fact that for four consecutive years her specimens of ceramic art have taken first prize at the Toronto Exhibition of Art.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Ferry and Mrs. McMahon are recovering from their recent attacks of sickness.

Members of Alumnae are very sorry to hear of Sister Adelaide's severe illness. They will miss her at their April meeting. It will be the first meeting for years when they cannot look forward to Sister Adelaide's welcoming smile at Loretto's door.

"What does your anxiety do? It does not empty to-morrow of its sorrow; but oh! it empties to-day of its strength."

If people who constantly worry over every little difficulty that they encounter and borrow trouble before it comes to them, would only realize the uselessness of it all, the whole world would be much better for it. Besides wearing themselves out and lessening their own strength, they make themselves more or less nuisances to their friends.

When a difficulty has to be met the only way to overcome it is by employing a little cheerfulness and determination. As a rule people who constantly worry lack this determination. They should set themselves at once to cultivate it, and if they do so, I very much doubt if they can then find time to spend in worrying.

MARY McCABE.

Loretto Abbey College.

#### SURSUM CORDA.

How can a broken heart

To earth that clings,
From self-spun cerements soar
On rainbow wings?

How from its husk had flown
The butterfly,
Save with its wings were grown
Love of the sky.

#### CHRONICLES

#### Doretto Abbey College Notes

Feb. 9th.—This morning the class of 1918, St. Joseph's College, were guests of our College, and we hope the evening may be another link in the chain of amity.

Feb. 14th.—The series of Intercollegiate Debates among the women of the colleges of U. of T. was opened by a debate "Resolved that the war has been beneficial to Canada." The debate was held in Lillian Massey Building and the respective sides were upheld by Victoria College and St. Michael's. Our speakers were Miss Mertis Donnelly and Miss Kathleen O'Brien. They proved noble champions though the judges' decision turned in favour of their opponents. Miss Alice McClelland was chairman of the meeting and Miss Julia Bigley gave a recitation number while the judges held their conference.

Feb. 22nd.—At the Men's Intercollegiate, held in the evening at Newman Hall, the musical part of the programme was provided by the Loretto Glee Club, an association formed almost unconsciously as the outcome of evening half-hours at the piano, and by way of recreation merely. To-night we sang "Missouri," specially harmonized in four parts, and accompanied by Miss Brazil and Miss Evans with mandolin.

March 19th.—St. Joseph's Day. Our Seniors had the pleasure of being entertained at St. Joseph's College in company with their Seniors, by the undergraduates. The evening will be one of the very pleasing memories of the year 1917-18.

March 21st.—Our Glee Club was invited to give some numbers for one of the weekly entertainments provided by Catholic Ladies for the various Soldiers' Convalescent Homes. We sang at the Base Hospital in the concert room, and the sight of our audience of returned soldiers put a new meaning and spirit into our songs, especially when reinforced by voices of the soldiers who joined in with real spirit and sympathy.

Rev. Father Kelly then conducted us to the wards where the soldiers are confined to their beds, and we repeated our programme. The soldiers were so appreciative and so cheerful that we shall not easily forget the evening.

We came home feeling how true it is that there is no pleasure like that of giving pleasure.

#### Academy Notes.

Jan. 19th.—Father Finn's Choir came to the city. Convent hours stretched a little to ensure the performance at Massey Hall a band of enlightened and appreciative listeners from our midst. A morning call from the young choristers who had luncheon in the Y.L.R. and a romp in the concert hall. Several of the boys recognized their former teachers among the nuns, and renewed happy acquaintance.

Jan. 26th.—Lecture on Edmund Burke given by Rev. M. J. Ryan of St. Augustine's Seminary. After referring to the fact that since the Russian Revolution all thoughtful men are reading Burke anew, the lecturer turned to Lord Morley's Burke in "English Men of Letters" and pointed out the instances in which the author failed to give a just or adequately written treatise. He dwelt upon Burke's excellence of style, quoting his own criticism of the artificial and strained writing characteristic of his day. Then followed a general study of the great statesman, philosopher, orator and man of letters, instructive and interesting in a high degree.

Feb. 11th.—Banquet given by His Grace Archbishop Neil McNeil to some leading Catholic laymen of the city. The guest of honour was Dr. J. J. Walsh, K. C. St. G., of New York, who made an eloquent speech on the necessity of higher education for women, followed by an appeal for a fund to promote the interests thereof.

Mardi Gras. A delightful pageant in which all assumed dress and manners of Colonial Dames, danced the minuet, and gave place to a drill by the very junior Dames, who carried off the hearts of the audience.

Feb. 7th.—Students of College and Academy present at Toronto Choir-Gardini concert, at Massey Hall, given under the auspices of Sir Henry Pellatt Chapter I.O.D.E. The pleasure and privilege due to the thoughtful generosity of Mrs. Ambrose Small, Regent of that Chapter. Loretto wishes to express her gratitude to Mrs. Small, who, in the midst of her many and great undertakings in the cause of charity and patriotism, was kind enough to remember that it is quite possible for student-youth to have some laudable, yet unfulfilled, desires,

Feb. 16th.—Profession and Reception Ceremonies performed by Very Rev. Monseignor

Whelan. Celebrant, Rev. Fr. Donovan, S.J., of Sermon by Rev. Father Sholly, Guelph. C.SS.R. A number of the Toronto clergy attended. The novices who made their final vows were: Sisters M. Adrian, Marie, Thérèse, Theophane, St. Margaret, Thomes Aquinas, St. Martha, Leona. Those received were: Miss Veronica Farrell as Sr. M. Cuthbert: Edna Adams as Sr. Denise: Helen Troy as Sr. Isabelle; Mary Gormally as Sr. Roberta; Teresa Yantha as Sr. Leonarda; Margaret Shea as Sr. Flavia.

March 20th.—Sincere thanks are due to Dr. J. J. Walsh of New York, for a valuable addition to the library of Loretto Abbey. His handsome gift includes some of those works which have given him such a prominence in the world of Letters and Science: "The Age of Columbus," "Thirteenth the Greatest of Centuries," "Electricity," and "The Popes and Science."

#### Niagara Brevities

Oct. 15.—St. Teresa's Literatae entertained the members of the Faculty and Boarding School by a Literary Programme entitled "Children's Poets."

Oct. — Rev. Mother M. Stanislaus and M.M. St. Roque arrived for a brief, but charming, visit.

Oct. 31.—Hallowe'en; events of the evening; a Harvest Scene realistically portrayed in the recreation room; a meeting of ghosts, clowns, dainty ladies and historic personages; games, dances and a substantial lunch.

Nov. 12.—A lecture, "Benson as a Man of Letters," delivered by Mr. Thomas Beasley of Washington, D.C.

Nov. 26.—St. Catherine's Literatae entertained their friends in honor of the feast of their patroness. Cherry blossoms, lanterns, chrysanthemums, kimonos; selections from the Mikado, Japanese stories and tea were so arranged, delivered and served as to render the evening picturesquely delightful.

Nov. 29.—American Exodus. Thanksgiving Day.

Dec. 8.—Music Exams. Congratulations to Miss Montrose Phillips (senior), and Miss Muriel Zybach (junior), for success and honors obtained.

Dec. 20.—Patriotic Concert. The patronage of many friends made the proceeds a worthy gift to the Red Cross Fund.

Jan. 7.— Classwork resumed. New Year greeting to all.

Jan. 22.—Feast of St. Agnes, Patroness of our dear Mistress. A delightful sleigh-ride and oyster supper.

Feb. 1.—Eight new members were received into the Sodality of the B.V.M. An inspiring sermon delivered by Rev. Father O'Neil, O.C.C., who conducted the exercises.

Feb. 12.—Shrove Tuesday. A grand masquerade ball in the study hall and a dainty supper.

Feb. 13.—A chapter of Red Cross was organized among the senior pupils. President, Miss Mary Carroll; Secretary, Miss Jean Connaughton.

Feb. 20.—St. Eucheria, Patronal Feast of our loved Superior. A programme was rendered in her honour by the members of the Boarding School.

Feb. 22.—Americans celebrated Washington's Birthday. A half holiday and a candy pull shared by the Canadians.

March 6.—Mr. Brookland of Philadelphia delivered a short lecture on Modern Methods in Literature, and delighted his audience with his reading of 'Evangeline,' "The Rose," and some humourous sketches.

#### Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago

Jan. 22nd.—Not entirely unwelcome was the announcement this morning that, in accordance with the expressed wish of His Grace, the Archbishop, all Academies and Parochial schools in the city will close until next Monday, just as the public schools will do, with a view to economizing fuel in this time of complication as to coal transportation. Who can reproach us for experiencing a pleasurable thrill at the prospect of remaining indoors for a few mornings, with perfectly free consciences, instead of making our way hither through depths of snow?

Feb. 4th.—It was our privilege and delight, this afternoon, to hear the distinguished lecturer, Dr. George Benson Hewetson, cousin of the late Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson, in a scholarly and exhaustive talk on Russia and Its People. The learned speaker, who has lived among the Russians in their own land and was personally acquainted with the scenes and conditions described, traced the history of this restless people from their remote days of discontent in the far east and consequent migrations northwestward, down to the eventful day in the Mid-

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dle Ages, when their czar proclaimed that each man must perforce settle on the strip of land on which he then chanced to be, a measure which remedied the apparently chronic tendency to roam about, and which, at the same time, established serfdom.

Feb. 8th.—Our most heartfelt congratulations are offered to the First Year students on the success of the unique surprise they gave us this afternoon, in the presentation of Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works." The perfect self-control of the "wax figures" was and will continue to be a source of wonder to all who were present. The merry peals of laughter, as one figure after the other, called for by Mrs. Jarley, was wheeled in, wound up and made to execute some characteristic movement to music, without relaxing a facial muscle, proved undoubtedly, the best possible reward the performers could have desired. There is a rumor that the Second Year girls have something nearly as good in store. Qu'elles se dépêchent!

Feb. 28th.—The lecture on Astronomy, given by Reverend Father McCann, O.C.C., of this city, afforded delight and instruction to a deeply interested audience. The first pictures on

the screen were those of the finest observatories in the world, as, also, of the largest refracting, reflecting and photographic telescopes, attached chronographs, electro-heliographs, etc. marvels of the heavens, as revealed by these varied inventions of man, were next shown, among the beautiful phenomena, not the least interesting being the surface of the moon, sunspots, coronas, Jupiter with his satellites, the rings and moons of Saturn, the milky-way, spiral and other nebulae, double and quadruple systems of stars and many of the constellations visible in our latitude. The Reverend lecturer, by his enthusiasm, aroused in all present, a keen interest in his favourite science and a desire to know much more of this great world-old study, which is still capable of incalculable revelations to the earnest and well-equipped stu-

March 15th.—This morning, the High School students of the Academy attended the Funeral High Mass in St. Lawrence's Church, for the repose of the soul of Mr. Hanrahan, father of our dear school-mate, Grace. Our sympathy and prayers are extended to her and the other members of the family in their great and sudden bereavement.





The Sanctuary-Loretto Abbey Chapel





# RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XXV.

TORONTO, JULY, 1918.

NO. 3.

### The Evening Tryst

There comes a hallow'd time when shadows long Begin their ritual of evensong. Noiseless they creep across the chancel floor. Mellowing the glamour on the burnished door. The circling angel-forms above grow dim, The columns tall, the kneeling cherubin; While tapers in their stands seem but to be A shadowy veil of silver filagree. High in the alcove where an Image stands, Darkness has left us but the wounded hands. Even the pictured group -earth's Trinity That looked on all with sweet benignity, Fades now — as figure of an olden day Faded before Reality, away. One ring of ruddy, tremulating light Streams from the faithful sentinel of night The swinging lamp—that never weary grows, But like a lovely heaven-nurtured rose, With heart of newly consecrated love, Climbs by its own, to meet a power above.

Soon when the hush is deepest, in they come,

His own beloved ones, like children home;

Home to His waiting Heart, their place of rest,

To lean, like loving John, upon His breast.

Whate'er of sorrow has been, or will be,

Is drowned in sympathy as in a sea.

One turns to go, her countenance afire, Her soul a vast, half-realised desire.

Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

ROSE UNDERWOOD.

#### A CANADIAN HERO

"My friends," said Father Lacombe—it was the postscript to the Sunday morning sermon—"I'm finished to cross that way in the water, walking in the mud and pushing the scow. I'll build me a bridge, and if any of you will not help me, that man shall not cross on the bridge; he will go through the water—yes, I will have man there to watch."

This was in the spring of 1863 at St. Albert, whither Father Lacombe had come the previous year, with his axe in his hand and a few Metis to help him to found his little Indian Utopia on the Western plains. Said water was the Sturgeon river, and the bridge was the first to be built in Alberta.

The congregation was uncertain as to just what a bridge might be, but Father Lacombe's words were not to be taken lightly. Accordingly the whole settlement assembled the next morning, bringing axes, wood, ropes—all that was necessary, and more that was not. Father Lacombe put an old Canadian freeman as supervisor and he, himself, fed the men with tea and pemmican—that Indian delicacy made of dried buffalo meat powdered and plentifully mixed with grease and wild berries—and at the end of the third day the bridge was an accomplished fact.

The Indians gazed in wonder and admiration upon the work of their hands and walked back and forth across it like children charmed with the novelty of a plaything. This was the way Father Lacombe always managed them, these big grown-up children of the plains, who loved him as their brother and respected and obeyed him as their father. "The man with the beautiful soul," they called him, and again, "The man with the kind heart."

Perhaps of all his work in the Great West the story of this little settlement of St. Albert is the most refreshing to the hearer and reader. It grew as if by magic under the skilful hands of the missionary. Elsewhere there were trou-

bles, disappointments, hardships, delays; here all was delightful activity, harmony and pro-Spruce logs were hewn and houses gress. built, fields ploughed and vegetable gardens planted; the second year there was actually a school—the first regular school opened west of Manitoba. The scholars, it is true, were as wild as hares; they wore deerskins, and carried bits of dried meat in their pockets by way of dainties; and a gunshot was sufficient to make them forget their work and dash out en masse to take part in whatever was toward. least it was a beginning. Soon there was a convent and nuns living in it, and last and most wonderful of all, a grist mill, the first horse power mill erected on the western plains. Father Lacombe wrote a rather naive account to a benefactor at Quebec, of "the wild ponies that turn the big wheel that catches the cogs of the little wheel, that pulls around the band that sets the mill stones in motion," to grind the flour for the colony at St. Albert.

By this time the settlement was growing rather "trop civilisé" for its founder. Lord Milton and his travelling companion in 1863, speak of St. Albert as altogether the most flourishing community they had seen since leaving the Red River. They mention the priest's own pretty, little white cottage with a garden separating it from the chapel and convent, the delicious dinner they enjoyed with him, the corn fields and vegetable patches he showed them, the bridge, the mill, the dam; and when they realized that all this was the work of one poor priest in two short years, it is no wonder that they exclaimed, "These Romish priests excel in missionary enterprise; they put us all to shame."

But for all this, or rather because of it, Father Lacombe was growing restless. He wanted real work; his heart was yearning to extend this happiness to the poor savage Crees and Black Feet who roamed the prairies; the appeal of the wilds was urgent, he could not re-

sist it. In the December of the following year, Bishop Taché arrived at St. Albert on a visit of inspection, and before his departure, Father Lacombe had the desire of his heart granted him. He was to be the missionary free-lance of the plains, to go about from camp to camp, from tribe to tribe, with his little flag bearing the emblem of Christianity, with his message of peace and his kindly ministrations that were to make his name great in the land of his adoption.

The next winter found him living in camp among the Crees, sharing their fortunes, accommodating himself to them in material things that they might accommodate to his ideas in essential points. After breakfast every morning he would assemble the women around him in his tepee and teach them hymns and prayers and catechism. Fifty women with almost as many infants(?) and when these last began to ery, "I assure you," says Father Lacombe, "it was interesting. I had to do my possible not to lose my patience." In the same way he assembled the children in the afternoon, and at night the men, who, after they had prayed and sung hymns with him, squatted around him on the floor and smoked and talked long and seriously with this "Man of the beautiful soul, this pale face," who yet was one of their own. He visited their sick and dressed their wounds with such rude surgery as he possessed; he took part in their famous buffalo hunts; whenever conditions permitted he said Mass for them; he nursed them through the plagues that visited their camps; he buried their dead; he settled their disputes; he was their friend at all times.

When he left them again to devote himself with his customary whole-heartedness to the Black Feet, great was their loss and great their lamentation. What endeared him most to both tribes was the bravery and utter fearlessness in the presence of death which he displayed that winter during a fierce battle which took place between them one dreadful night, when many, even of the women and children of the besieged Blackfoot Camp, in which he was living, were butchered by the invading Crees. It

was that cry of a Black Foot warrior, "You have wounded your Black Robe, Dogs! Have you not done enough?" that made the firing cease; but it was Father Lacombe's own stern words and sterner measures that restored peace at last. He had been wounded and had lost everything he possessed in the battle and the pillage accompanying it. It was a much changed priest who some weeks later, clad in a buffalo robe, disfigured from wounds, stained with dirt and weakened from starvation, arrived at Rocky Mountain House and fell into the arms of his shocked and astonished friend, Richard Hardisty, of the Hudson Bay Company, and brother of Lady Strathcona. "There, there," said Father Lacombe, reassuringly, "don't cry, my friend. I've been to war, but now you see I'm back."

Such, for many years was Father Lacombe's It would require volumes to tell all he accomplished in this self-chosen field of hardship, yet in the midst of it all, he was happy, supremely happy. One little chapter of his life at St. Paul de Cris, would furnish material for a modern motion-picture play. He was sitting in the twilight smoking, with the old warriors around him, when the peaceful hour was suddenly broken by the sound of galloping ponies' feet, and a band of young Cree braves dashed in upon the scene, bearing in triumph as their prisoner, a young Sarcee girl whose husband had been killed in the fray. She made a beautiful picture, clad in white deerskin, with her long, dark hair falling around her shoulders. When she saw Father Lacombe she knew that she was safe, and falling at his feet, she wept softly.

"Who owns this woman?" he demanded.

"I do," answered a young pagan warrior, who, proud of his lovely captive, desired to add her to the list of his wives.

"Will you sell her to me?" asked the priest.

The men laughed. "You don't want a woman, the Men of Prayer don't want women."

Yes, Father Lacombe did want this woman, and moreover he was determined to have her. She would be a valuable asset to him in a certain little plan he had in mind. So he bought

her for a new coat, a shirt, a pair of leggins, some tea and tobacco, and sent her to the Grey Nuns' Convent to be educated and made a Christian. He had long tried to convert her tribe, but while they were always on friendly terms with him, they would never give up their pagan superstitions and practices.

Six months later, with his faithful servants Alexis, and the aged Blackfoot, Susanne, he took Marguerite, as the girl had been Christened, back to the camp of her tribe. He concealed her in one of the women's tents, hoisted his flag, which was a signal for the tribe to assemble and when the critical moment arrived, he restored to them the flower of their flock, and from that time forth forevermore the tribe was his, to do with as he would.

There was only one thing among all his difficulties, dangers and hardships that brought him real discouragement, and that was, when at Rat Portage and the neighbouring camps, drink and the vices that accompany it had degraded the navvies and the half-breeds almost to the level of beasts. In after years he blamed himself for this discouragement and would recall nothing but their kindness and unvarying respect for himself. But even on such men this grand old missionary left his mark, which proved that the time he spent with them was not in vain.

What Father Lacombe did was wonderful and as a pioneer missionary he has no rival, much less an equal, but what he was is more wonderful and admirable still. He unconsciously sang his own praises once when he said in impulse of gratitude for the kindness shown to himself and his work, "Yes, of course I have a great many good friends—a great many good friends."

It was true; he had a great many friends in various walks of life: the pagan chief Sweetgrass, the great Crowfoot, many Indian braves, the rough traders and miners, shrewd business men, brother ecclesiastics, Lord Strathcona, Sir George Stephen, Sir Donald Smith and many other men of rank and distinction. The Indian school boys, repentant wrongdoers, and even unrepentant ones, one and all had a friend in Father Lacombe. Yes, even governments loved him, as his correspondence with the 'gros bonnets' at Ottawa, especially at the time of the Riel Rebellion, remains to testify. There was no sham about him. He was generous, simple and sincere to a fault. In one of his audiences with the Emperor of Austria, he interrupted the long-drawn formalities with an impatient, "But the time is short; and M'sieu l'Empereur, what we want is some money for those Ruthenian missions we have in our country," and because he gained a new friend and got his money, he could never be made to see that his proceeding had been at all out of the way.

What was it that made him equally dear to people of such different stamp, and in such varied walks of life? Sir William Van Horne answered the questions when he wrote to his friend, "We who know him love him because of his goodness, and we feel that he is great."

His life was hidden away from the world in far-away Indian encampments and it is there we must look for further accounts of his good works and great deeds. "Devoted and self-sacrificing it has been," writes Sir William Van Horne, "like a peaceful moonlight, commonplace to some, but to others, full of quiet splendor, serenity, mystery and much more for which there are no words."

Loretto Abbey.

MARTHA CRONIN, '20.



#### A MILE OF COUNTRY ROAD IN AUGUST

THE road lies before you, dusty-white and gently curving, wandering through the cool, dark forest and leaping sportively out again to meet the river and to span it with the little stone bridge, and then on and on, to meet the sunset. A fragment of verse comes stealing into your brain to beguile you on further—to the delight of the broad highway.

"Stumbling
To the portals of the sunset,
To the earth's remotest border,
Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall,
In the melancholy marshes."

Surely it is some trace of gypsy blood in your veins that drives you onward despite the heat of an August sun and the dust of a road which has not felt moisture for a fortnight. Or is it the bright, inspiring song of a meadow-lark that sings on the lissom bough of a silver maple, here by the roadside; or the gay fluttering of a red and golden butterfly round the ragged, blue petals of a cornflower, there by a sodden hearted tree-stump?

Yonder in the field, the breeze is bowing the corn-stalks and a hundred green, satiny ribbons are waving a welcome. Behind the pasture bars the cows, placidly chewing, raise their heads in mild-eyed greeting, and a young, long-limbed colt leaves the other horses long enough to accompany you, in friendly fashion, the length of his field. Instinct prompts you to march along the road in his company, as selemnly as when you walk alone, for should you pay him any marked attention, he would kick up his heels and race back to the other horses in a state of terror which no explanation on your part could dispel.

Where the road dips into the dusk and coolness of the forest, a long-eared, brown bunny speeds across your path and tumbles head fore-

most through the rail fence into the woods, while a humming-bird circles near enough to learn the cause of the commotion. The straggling milk-weed is hanging out its fat green pods, lined with silver, and tall Oswego teaplants burn their crimson blossom-fires in vivid contrast to the verdure of surrounding foilage.

But the forest road has another visitor. Tumbling, rushing, scrambling down the bank, a blithe musician in robes of crystal and silver—the brook is hastening to meet you. A saucy frog pops his head from beneath a green lily-pad and croaks a basso salutation; and then a chipmonk runs along the fence-rail and chatters a rebuke to the frog for his presumption.

You leave them fighting; apparently they derive no little pleasure from the occupation—and moving on a few rods you examine a rough stone slab, gleaming white in the sunshine. A straw-hatted farmer driving his team in your home direction nods cheerily in passing.

"Mile-stone fer Dumblane, Miss, he offers good-naturedly, indicating the stone slab "Twelve miles east as the crow flies. Have a lift, Miss?"

And you climb up beside him on the wagonseat, and as likely as not receive a jolly lesson from him in double-driving on the home journey.

Your companion does not forget to stop at the little rural school-house and offer you a drink of cold spring water from a chained tin cup.

"For it's myself knows," he says, remounting his seat and starting the horses with a smart slap of the reins, "For it's myself knows, nothin' feels better to the mouth than good, cold, clean water straight from the hills, when ye've been doin' up a mile o' country road in August!"

ANNIE SUTHERLAND.

Loretto, Guelph.

#### THE YOUNGEST OF THE GREAT POETS

I is useless to speculate upon the heights which might have been attained by those whose span of pronounced mental activity embraced but three or four years. It may be that the limits of the productive period are contained within that number of years; and the fact that Keats, the youngest of the great poets, achieved that distinction in so short a time would seem to support the idea; for we find that with little preparation and at the age of twenty-five, he left a body of poetry that will always be a cherished possession with lovers of English verse.

Through all of Keat's writings we see the pursuit of beauty above all things. With him beauty was so deeply inwrought with the secret heart and story of individual nature, and he followed it with such rapt absorption of gaze, that his details are often more remarkable for isolated splendour than for the harmonious power of the whole. His command of the springs of poetry was wider than that of almost any of his contemporaries. More than any other he lived for poetry, the noblest of arts. He enriched the whole romantic movement by adding to its interest in common life the spirit of the classics and of Elizabethan poetry. His unlettered mastery of the myths of Greece called forth Shelley's generous explanation, "He was a Greek."

It is said of Keats that he received very little appreciation, yet he did not become discouraged, but set out upon the quest of beauty about which he had dreamed in "Sleep and Poetry," and so spent the twelve months from April, 1817, to April, 1818 in writing "Endymion." The story had taken strong hold on Keats' imagination. Part of the attraction lay, doubtless, in its symbolism. Endymion's pursuit of the haunting vision of his love, readily became a type of the soul's passion for beauty. "Poetry must surprise by a fine excess' became a later dictum of Keats. In this poem he illustrated it by his luxuriant word painting, "Filling every sense with spiritual sweets as bees gorge full their cells." Before Endymion was complete he had planned in the early spring of 1818, with his friend Reynolds, a volume of tales from Boccaccio. The contribution, "Isabella," was finished in June and the advance in art shown in this poem upon the almost contemporary "Endymion" is very great, and the six months that followed was a time of rapid growth, not merely in imaginative power and technical mastery, but in the range and vigour of his intellect.

In April of that year he turned away dissatisfied from his own exquisite sense of the luxurious and felt the need of "philosophy's bracing experience and activity for his fellowmen." In this year he took a foot tour through Scotland with his friend Browne. The hardships of this journey told fatally on the health of Keats, but his first experience of mountain grandeur left its trace on the poem "Hyperion," begun immediately after his return. Its theme was the overthrow of the Titans by the young sun-god Apollo.

At this time also Keats began an intimate study of Milton. His delight in "Paradise Lost" grew daily, and in "Hyperion" we see the austere influence of this great master-mind upon the younger genius, in stripping away the remnants of effeminacy from his style without impairing its rich beauty.

"As when, upon a trancéd summer night
Those green-rob'd senators of mighty woods
Tall oaks, branched-charmed by the earnest
stars,

Dream, and so dream all night without a stir, Save from one gradual solitary gust Which comes upon the silence and dies off As if the ebbing air had but one wave So came these words and went."

The effort to be Miltonic, however, finally grew oppressive to Keats and he abandoned "Hyperion" for themes less grand and less highly prophetic. In proof of this he turned to the writing of "The Eve of St. Agnes," a poem pervaded by the glow, the romance, the exaltation of youth.

Again Mediaeval times provided him with new themes, and Chatterton and Spenser take Milton's place with him and prove more congenial to his poetic temperament. Spenser himself rarely equals Keats' final Alexandrines in felicity of expression,

"As though a rose should shut and be a bud again."

In "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," the ways of his genius are seen in an almost opposite aspect. Instead of the jewelled richness, the saturated colour of "The Eve of St. Agnes," we have a style of "horrow-stricken reticence and suggestion from which colour and form have been withdrawn." This, however, was an incomplete expression of Keats' nature and he soon put his most consummate work upon his "Odes," the two greatest of which, "To a Nightingale" and "On a Grecian Urn," have as their common starting point a "mood of despondent contemplation."

Taken altogether, "poetry as it came to Keats was not a spiritual vision as with Wordsworth, nor an emancipating vision as with Shelley, but a joy wrought out of sensations by a plastic and pictorial imagination."

GENEVIEVE TWOMEY, '18.

The following poem, which was composed by Keats for the eldest son of his brother, George Keats, who lived at the time in Louisville, Kentucky, is a direct copy from the manuscript, and is not included in any printed collections of the poet's writings. It is prefaced thus: "If I had a prayer to make for any great good, next to Tom's recovery (his brother's son was ill at the time of this letter) it should be that one of your children should be the first American poet. I have a great mind to make a prophecy, and they say prophecies work out their own fulfilment."

"Tis the witching time of night, Orbéd is the moon and bright And the stars they glisten, glisten, Seeming with bright eyes to listen, For what listen they? For a song and for a charm, See they glisten in alarm, And the moon is waxing warm,

To hear what I shall say.

Moon keep wide thy golden ears,
Hearken stars and hearken spheres,
Hearken thou, eternal sky,
I sing an infant's lullaby.

A pretty lullaby,
Though the rushes that will make
Its cradle, still are in the lake,
Though the linen that will be
Its swathe is on the cotton tree,
Though the woollen that will keep
It warm, is on the silly sheep,
Listen, starlight, listen, listen,
Glisten, glisten, glisten, glisten,

And hear my lullaby!
Child I see thee! Child I spy thee!
Midst the quiet all around thee;
And thy mother sweet is nigh thee,
Child I know thee! Child no more

But a poet evermore.
See, See the Lyre, the Lyre
In a flame of fire
Upon the little cradle top,
Flaring, flaring, flaring
Past the eyesight's bearing—
Awake it from its sleep
And see if it can keep
Its eyes upon the blaze,
Amaze, Amaze!

It stares, it stares, it stares,
It dares what no one dares.
It lifts its little hand into the flame
Umharmed, and on the strings
Paddles a little tune and sings
With dumb endeavour, sweetly.
Bard art thou completely,
Little child
O' the Western wild!
Bard art thou completely
Sweetly with dumb endeavour,

A Poet now or never. Little child O' the Western wild, A Poet now or never?

KEATS.

## THE CURE OF ST. REMY'S

"DINANT has been destroyed," commented a peasant from Visé, casually, "and there are bulletins on the Road of the Three Chimneys, offering a reward for Father Huriaux, the old Curé of St. Remy's. He is to be shot." Thus a few survivors of Louvain and Visé, safe at Namur, discussed the fate of Dinant and the venerable Curé.

On the fourth of August German troops entered St. Remy's-sous-Argentean. As madmen they came in a never-ending stream, like the majestic Meuse, hurling bombs into the houses, terrorizing the people, and, as our own Westerners would say, "Shooting up the town." They swarmed down the Friedraw Road, arrested the women and children, and marched them to the Rocher Bayard.

A few Belgian soldiers fired at them from the cliffs overhanging the opposite bank of the turbulent Meuse. The firing continued. It was most annoying to the Germans. The Curé—among the captives—was selected to cross the river and order the firing to cease. If the Belgians refused, the captors would shoot their captives immediately.

The Curé made the dangerous pass and returned. Still a flying bullet found a German heart from across the river. German patience was exhausted, a platoon was arrayed, General von Bulow gave the word. The soldiers fired on innocent women and children. Six of the latter were under three years, murdered by the people who had sworn to protect them.

It was drawing toward evening, so the heartless soldiers left the heap of dead and dying, to seek fresher fields of conquest or murder. Providence protected our Curé from even a wound, to administer the consolations of the Church to his people. He dragged the wounded out of the heap, and was bandaging the shattered arm of a little six-year-old girl, when he was interrupted by the returning horde.

In good French the German commander ordered him to shoot the little girl for the amusement of his squadron. The Curé of St. Remy's refused. He had defied German authority, therefore he must be tortured the next day.

It was not the fault of German vigilance that the priest escaped. He wandered off to a safe distance, over the fields, alone in the dark. The heavy darkness hid the dead forms on the plains about him. The moans of the dying made him turn occasionally to sign the cross and breathe a general absolution for the nameless hundreds who were lying there, praying for their release.

A bomb exploded at his back. God had given him a peace, a quiet and a forgetting!

Still they look for the white-haired Curé. On the Road to the Three Chimneys is seen a poster with his description. They want him, because his presence made the people fearless. They do not know that the weary body lies with its dear dead on the Plains of Dinant, while the heroic soul enjoys the Beatific Vision.

Loretto, Englewood.

NONA KELLY, '19.



### A FEW OF NATURE'S ALIASES

Nature calls us out of doors into the fields and woods to observe the things that grow, perhaps it will not be out of place to speak to our nature lovers of the charming way in which the common herbs and flowers served the monks of past ages.

The monks used the herbs and simples as medicine, but as they had the pious festivals of the Church always in mind, they tried to make the flowers, Nature's darlings, the timepieces of the religious calendar. For instance, they would light a taper to the Blessed Virgin on the day when the white snow-drop opened or round the time of Candlemas; Our Lady's Smock and the daffodil reminded them of the Annunciation; the Blue Hair Bell, of the Feast cf St. George, and so forth. Micklemas, Martinmas, Holy Rood and Christmas had also their appropriate monitors. The time of day was known by observing the opening and shutting of the blossoms of the dandelion and of the Star of Jerusalem.

The monasteries of the Middle Ages all owned botanical gardens. During the hours appointed for leisure and relaxation, the monks collected together the treasures of Flora, and gathered from her plants many useful medicines. They brought together in their own garden the lily of the valley and gentian of the mountain, the nymphaea of the lake and cliver of the arid bank; they collected the pilewort, the throatwort, the liverwort and every other vegetable species which the kind hand of Nature spreads over the earth. They designated these by their medicinal qualities, and converted them to the use and benefit of humanity.

Though many vegetable species used by the monks, have since been erased from our pharmacopoeias, yet their utility has been asserted by some very able writers on medicine, and their efficacy has often been witnessed to in cases where regular practice has been unavailing. It is a fact, curiously corroborating

their utility, that similar medicines are used by the Indians here in North America. The sagacity of the Red Man has found out that the various herbs found in the kind, hospitable woods, make very good medicine.

It is very remarkable that several hundred species of medicinal plants known to the monks and friars are now to be found in some of our books of pharmacy and medical botany by new and less appropriate names, as if the Protestant of subsequent times had changed the old names with a view to obliterate any traces of Catholic science.

The following are some examples of medicinal plants whose names have been changed in later times: The Virgin's bower of the monastic physicians was changed into flammula jovis by the new pharmacists; the herb of grace or hedge hyssop into gratiola; the St. John's wort into hypericum; Fleur de St. Louis into Iris; our Master's wort into imperatoria; the herb Trinity, our heartsease or pansy, into viola tricolor; marigold into calendula, and so on.

The snow-drop, galanthus nivalis, whose pure white and pendant flowers are the first harbingers of spring, was noted down in the old calendar as being an emblem of the purification of the Spotless Virgin. It was not known by the name of snow-drop till within the last century, being formerly called Fair Maid of February, in honour of Our Lady. The Lady-Smock, cardamine pratensis, is a word corrupted from "Our Lady's Smock," a name by which this plant (as well as chemise de Notre Dame) is still known in parts of Europe. This is "The Lady-Smock, all silver white" of Shakespeare, known to-day in England as the gilly flower, which is not white, however, but rather a pale lilac. It first flowers about Lady Tide, or the festival of the Annunciation, and hence its name.

Vain indeed is the endeavor to overshadow the fame of the monks in medical botany and the knowledge of plants! Go into any garden and the name of marigold, our Lady's bedstraw, holy oak (corrupted into holyhock), herb Trinity, herb St. Christopher or meadow sweet, herb St. Robert or geranium, Jacob's Ladder, Star of Jerusalem now called goat's beard, Passion flower, now passi flora, Lent lily now daffodil, Canterbury bells (so called in honour of St. Augustine) now campanula, St. Peter's herb (European primrose or cow slip) so called from a supposed likeness to St. Peter's keys, our Lady's slipper, and a hundred more such.

Go into any garden, I say, and these names

will remind every one at once of the knowledge of plants possessed by the monks. Most of them were named after the festivals and saints' days on which their natural time of blowing happened to occur; and others were so-called from a tendency of the religious persons of those days to convert everything into a memento of sacred history and of the holy religion they professed.

DOROTHEA CRONIN, '20.

Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

### "FINIS CORONAT OPUS"

It is fitting that even in disturbed and warclouded days the closing events of a College Course should be tinged with hope and joy. The fortunate students, who have climbed to the first height in life's journey, pause to look back over the valley and hillside spaces already traversed, and, rising on tiptoe, look on and up to the alluring heights and winding paths of ascent just emerging in the possible light of the future. The great mystery of God's paternal providence, is its individuality. He, with His eternal wisdom, looks lovingly and bountifully down on each soul aglow with fresh hopes and lofty aspirations, and though earth's woes may sober and strengthen the young hearts, they should not shroud them in gloom and darkness.

Young college graduates all the continent over will be the better citizens, the better soldiers, the better Christians, because the work of education and mental growth and characterbuilding is paramount, even while the world is in the throes of titanic conflict. The four years of university life, of the students who graduate this year, have been spent in the midst of war conditions; their leisure hours have been devoted to patriotic and charitable pursuits, their study hours inspired by a more earnest realization of the past and the future of this old world of ours, just because they live

in the epoch-making present. They enter on life's duties attuned to the great issues at stake in modern life.

M. C.

The baccalaureate sermon preached on the closing day of graduation week, by Rev. J. Dutton, Toronto, was in part as follows:

MY DEAR YOUNG GRADUATES: When I sat down to think of what I should say to you this morning my thoughts drifted back to a day, not long distant, when I was commissioned on behalf of myself and my fellow class-mates at college, to bid farewell to our Alma Mater. And I fancied if only I could live again that memorable day and give expression to my thoughts and feelings, they would be a pretty fair representation of what you think and feel this morning.

You have assembled here for a farewell visit to Our Divine Lord in the Blessed Eucharist, to render Him public thanksgiving for the successful completion of your college course, and for the many favors and blessings that He has showered upon you during all these years. If you reflect a little, your thoughts will swiftly fly to the day when first you entered your college chapel as a new pupil. Oh! how beautiful and grand you thought it, and how lovely to come here every day to pray! The years have

passed—Oh! how quickly, you now think, and during 'those years has not your chapel, in spite of the fatigue and weariness of mind and body, with which you oft-times entered it, has it not found a place of warm affection in your hearts? Indeed it has, for it has been the scene of your most intimate, most sacred thoughts and feelings. Laughter and tears have freely mingled there—the laughter of the innocent soul that basked serenely in the sunshine of God's smile; the tears of repentance so often evoked by a good confession; the tears, too, of gratitude for the peace and joy and sweetness and consolation with your Eucharistic Lord. Like an oasis in the desert to the weary traveller, has your chapel been through all the months and years of your college life. When weary with study, there in the silent presence of Our Saviour you found rest. When perplexed with the little problems of student's life, or sometimes, when distressed with some unwelcome news; or again, when confronted with the necessity of making an important decision, you turned always for help, for counsel, for advice, to Our Lady of Good Counsel. It was there that you sought and found the light of wisdom, the strength and courage necessary to follow the guidance of thoughtful, prudent superiors, whom the Lord often makes the mouthpiece of His Holy Spirit.

Think of all that the Church has been and has meant for you during these years of your student life and then associate all with your college chapel, which has been, as it were, her office-room, and you will then begin to appreciate how dear it is to you. What would your life at college have been without the Church? When you first began your student life absolutely care-free, and not a little bewildered with your new conditions and surroundings-was it not there, while listening to the words of Her priest in your retreat, that you caught the first glimpse of the stern realities of life and death; that you began to realize for the first time, perhaps, the necessity of a serious purpose in life; that your visions of a future all rosy-red with never ending ease and comfort and an abundance of what the world calls a good time-were dispelled and replaced by a saner, and withal a far truer vision of a life of happiness even in the midst of trial—to be achieved by the practice of the Christian virtues culminating in the perfect resignation to God's holy will in all things?

Ah yes, and as you ponder o'er these things and see how frequently and intimately the Church enters into all the different circumstances and phases of your daily life, you begin to realize how appropriate is the title when we salute Her as our Holy Mother Church. Truly she has been a mother, faithful and kind to you throughout your college days. And well may you come this morning to lift up your hearts in gratitude at the throne of Her Divine Spouse, by your offering of this Holy Mass of thanksgiving.

And as your spirits linger in Her fond farewell embrace, I fancy I can hear her parting message to you: Listen whilst I endeavor, in my imperfect, feeble way, to interpret what she says:

She rejoices with you, first of all, and congrafulates you upon the successful completion of your course of studies. She reminds you of the debt of gratitude you owe for that, first to Him from Whom all good and blessings flow; secondly, to your devoted parents, teachers and superiors, whom He has made the instruments of His goodness and providence towards you; and finally to Herself, the direct minister through her priesthood, of God's graces to your She tells you, too, how proud She is For She is proud of youof you to-day. proud of your scholarship, of your application to study, of your devotion to duty. ors that you have achieved can scarcely be won in any institution of learning without these But, best of all, She is proud qualifications. of you, because She is confident that this achievement of academic honours is linked with a noble, upright Catholic character. unbelievers, atheists, may shine and have shone in the past, in the spheres of science, of letters and of art. But what is their brilliance compared with that of the true Christian, Catholic scholar? It is as the pale moon to the noonday sun. The former glistens with the tinsel of the world, but the latter is burnished with the eternal sheen of divinity itself, because patterned after the model of the Son of God.

So, Mother Church, I say, looks with joy upon your fresh young hearts, your bright, pure souls. You stand before the world a type of cultured Catholic young womanhood, and so, naturally, the Church has built high hopes upon your future. In training, both religious and secular, She has given you of Her very best. With reason She expects your best service in You have learned from Her that the essence of Christianity is service service of God and your fellow-men. I give you two commandments, says Christ, the first to love God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, with thy whole mind, with all thy strength, etc., and the second, to love thy neighbour as thyseli. .

My dear young women, it seems to me that you will best measure up to this standard set by Christ if you will but fulfill well the mission upon which His Holy Church sends you this merning. That mission, to my mind, is three-fold in its scope: a mission first to the home; second, to society, and third, to the Church. Bear with me a little longer, while I endeavor to outline briefly each of these.

Your mission to your home is simply this: to be to your parents all that a good Catholic daughter should be and can be, to your brothers and sisters all that the word sister stands for in its fullest Christian meaning.

What return will you make in the way of kindness, of helpfulness, and thoughtfulness, of cheerful companionship, for the generosity and self-sacrifice of your parents in seeing you through your college days and years, for the many lonely, cheerless hours that they and your brothers and sisters may have experienced during your absence? My dear young women, it is above all other places in your own homes that the true worth of your Catholic education should reveal itself in all its splendour.

The same is true of your life in society—that is, in your relations with others outside of the home circle. Charity—true and unfeigned—I

know of no other virtue that is more sadly needed in the world to-day and that is more conspicuous by its absence. There is, it is true, an abundance of organized charity work going on in every community. Every week, yes every day almost, brings some fresh appeal to the public for donations for charitable undertakings—for the most part in these days for charity in connection with the great war. And seldom do we hear of any such appeal that is not responded to with much more than the expected generosity.

All this is very good—and it is to be expected that our Catholic young women, particularly college graduates, whose training fits them in a special way for leadership, will be ever ready to offer their services in all that is reasonable for the promotion of any worthy and honourable work of charity. But, at the same time, let me remind you, young women, there is no place in which the fair name of charity is more apt to be abused and misused, yes, even disgraced, than in this same sphere of public charitable undertakings. Pride, selfishness, greed and hypocrisy, like the wolf in sheep's clothing, are often disguised in the royal robes of charity. So of that you must beware. The charity to which I refer more especially, is that which is mostly hidden, and which consists chiefly in little (little I mean in men's eyes, but great in the eyes of God and His angels)—the little acts of kindness, thoughtfulness, helpfulness, sympathy and generosity for the poor and the aged, the sick and the infirm, the afflicted and the suffering, the lonely and the bereaved, who are to be found in every community no matter how small. I speak in fine, of the charity in thought and word and deed, which is always considerate and thoughtful for the feelings of others—the charity that calls for humility and self-denial, self-supression often of the most heroic kind. This is the charity that is so sadly lacking in the world to-day, and the want of which, according to no less a person than our beloved Holy Father Himself, the Vicar of Jesus Chrîst on earth, is one of the chief causes of the awful war that for four years now has kept the world in terrors. Now, it is part of your mission to society, as I conceive it, to show forth by your own lives and deeds the true standard of Christian charity as I have described it. You ought to be the exemplars as well as the champions of Christian ideals in this as well as all the other Christian virtues. Catholic ideals in the matter of education, of respect and obedience to authority; Catholic ideals in the matter of marriage and home life, of amusements, public and private; Catholic ideals in the matter of dress and deportment

lie and social life; to put into constant and faithful practice, in as far as you are able, within the bounds of reason, all the principles of Catholic life and practice that you have learned in your student days, to live a pure and virtuous life—to set a standard of real practical living, that shall be a credit to yourselves, to your homes, and to your Alma Mater.

It is, moreover, your mission to the Church, to be ever a ready and zealous and willing helper to your parish priest, where ever you may be.



College Students Entering the Chapel After Convocation.

and in every other important phase of life— all these must find in you, above all others, not only an ever-ready champion, but a constant and faithful exemplar.

I come now to the final point, your mission to the Church. What shall I say of it? Well, to put it briefly, your mission to the Church is to set forth the doctrines and ideals of Catholic teaching of Catholic life and practice—by being a practical Catholic in all your private and pubThere are so many ways in which young women (and young men too) can help in the Church's work in a parish—especially you young women with a college training. Your pastor will naturally look to you, above all others, to respond generously and zealously, to every appeal for co-operation, yes, even leadership, in the parochial societies, and in every other undertaking where the help and co-operation of the laity will be needed and sought for.

I only ask you dear young women, as you kneel this morning on the eve of the great festival of Pentecost, at the Holy Sacrifice, to implore the Holy Spirit of God, to enlighten your minds and move your wills that you may both see and courageously follow whatever may be His Holy will in regard to your future. And if some future day you should hear the sweet whisperings of that Sacred Voice, calling you to this higher sphere of the cloister or the convent, oh, harden not your hearts! Mother Church is ever ready to welcome you back with open arms, and She ever holds out to you the same, hopeful, cheerful and inspiring promise of Her Divine Master: "To all those who have left father and mother and brother and sister. etc., I will give them a hundred fold in this world and everlasting peace and happiness in the next—and they shall shine as stars in the Kingdom of my Father." But if, on the other hand, it be God's Holy will that you should remain in the world—She shall be equally happy, for God's pleasure is always Hers—and like Her Divine Master in this morning's gospel: She will not leave you orphans. Like your guardian angel, She will follow you all the days of your life, ever by your side to protect you, to guide you, and to comfort and strengthen and nourish you with the same holy Sacraments and ministrations that meant so much for you in your college life. If you will but remain faithful to the practices of devotion and the frequent reception of the Sacraments, to which you became accustomed at college, your way in

the world will then be easy and very happy. Not that you will not have your trials and crosses, perhaps even misfortunes—these are the lot of every true Christian. For you must ever bear in mind the words of Our Saviour: "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and only the violent bear it away," and again: "If anyone will be my disciple, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me."

And then when the spirit of the world oppresses and the false maxims of the world bewilder and tempt you, if you will but pause and listen, those other words of Our Blessed Saviour will float gently over the ages from the hillsides of Judea and Galilee and fall like sweetest music on your ears: "Blessed are the poor! . . . . Blessed are the meek! . . . . . Blessed are they that mourn!.... Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice!.... Blessed are the merciful! . . . . Blessed are the clean of heart! . . . . . Blessed are the peacemakers!.... Blessed are they that suffer persecution! . . . . Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in Heaven! May Our Divine Lord in the Blessed Eucharist be your constant source of strength and comfort and grace, and may His dear Blessed Mother, to whom I am sure you have had a great devotion during your life at this college, keep you under Her loving care and guard and guide you through the storms of life to the eternal shores of Heaven. Amen.



#### THE PECULIAR GENIUS OF CHARLES LAMB

HARLES LAMB is described as being perhaps more nearly unique than any other writer outside the great poets, in the vast field of English literature. He had a genius all his own. From among the essayists of the early nineteenth century he stands out as altogether delightful and refreshing.

Lamb's earliest work was the "Tales from Shakespeare," in which he was aided by his sister Mary. The book is for children, and the stories of the plots have been very delicately handled with the obnoxious details as much as possible eliminated. I fancy that most of us made acquaintance with our great dramatist through the charming medium of "Lamb's Tales," and that it was, in great part, owing to the charm which they had for us, that our interest in the plays themselves was awakened.

Lamb was very much attracted to the study of the Elizabethan, and even more so to that of the Jacobean and Caroline writers, and he has left us a book entitled "Specimens of the Older English Dramatists," which covers the whole field of Elizabethan drama and gives a few extracts from later dramatists. The selections are admirably chosen, and the comments on them full of sympathy and clever appreciation.

These two books have been mentioned merely to show that Lamb — "gentle-hearted Charles," as Coleridge called him—was a person of wide culture and rare literary discernment, but his chief fame rests on the "Essays of Elia," written for the London Magazine. Were it not for these essays, in which Lamb shows that he really is inimitable, his name might now be almost forgotten amid the host of prose-writers who flourished during his life-time and since.

A certain amount of Lamb's material was drawn from the middle-seventeenth century writers, Burton, Fuller, and Browne, but the greater part is altogether original. The most striking characteristic of his thought is its

whimsical quaintness. The two essays, "Dream Children" and "A Dissertation on Roast Pig," though in strong contrast, both as regards theme and treatment, are striking examples of this quaintness and of his vivid imagination. The latter essay is considered to be his best, though personally I do not care for it nearly as much as I do for some others in the "Essays of Elia."

He is considered "unique among English writers and unique among English humorists." This humor is of the kind that is always tender, even pathetic. We laugh, but it is just the touch of tender sentiment underneath the jesting that gives his work its human charm. In it we see mirrored his own sincere, loving, fanciful self, the man who sacrificed all to devote himself to a crazed sister.

Lamb's style in writing cannot be defined with exactitude. It is quaint, of course, like his thought, and when he is writing on homely, every-day subjects, chatty and conversational. Even when handling literary themes this familiar personal style is kept.

Perhaps the term "subtle" will describe Lamb as a critic as adequately as any other. His critical essays show him to be a philosopher as well as a very keen observer. He would be called a psychologist nowadays. For a delightful example of his criticism one should read his essay on "The Tragedies of Shapespeare." To lovers of the great world-dramatist this surely should prove a rare treat.

We must leave Lamb, then, reiterating that his genius is unique and indescribable, full of charm and universal appeal. Of the many excellent writers of his day he stands out as one of the most gifted and one of the most lovable.

HILDA VON SZELISKA.

Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

# THE RAINBOW 1

Published Quarterly During the College Year.

LORETTO ABBEY, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ONT.

#### \_\_\_ S T A F F \_\_\_

FRANCES GALLIGAN, '18 GRACE ELSTON, '19 DOROTHEA CRONIN, '20 FRANCES O'BRIEN, '21 MILDRED ROSS MARY F. A. FALLON ANNIE SUTHERLAND

'18 SARAH MORTIMER
ANGELA O'BOYLE
'20 MARION HOGAN
21 MARY CURNIN
GERTRUDE O'NEILL
FRANCES 'McKENNY
LIDA PIRRETTE
NONA KELLY

#### JULY, 1918.

"What will happen when a force that nothing can stop meets a force which nothing can move?" This old problem, with a trifle less of finality in each of its terms, is not unlike that which confronts the new Minister of Education for Ontario. He must deal with the headlong force of the so-called educational system to which the Provincial Government has been pledged this many a year; and he must oppose to it the sane and mature opinion of all who have mastered the very first principles of education, including the meaning of the word itself.

We are not personally acquainted with the new Minister, but we hear he is a man of broad culture and that he has been keenly interested in educational matters as carried on in Ontario, and we cannot believe that he has failed to realize the burden which educators as well as pupils are condemned to carry under the present system. Even in the case of those who survive their years of cram, with its ten, twelve often fourteen hours a day of close application to work, it will be seen that the system defeats its own ends and that it in nowise turns out educated people.

Led by the mistaken idea that they are being educated, the youth of this Province are exhausting their vitality between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, especially, and wearing out their eyesight upon a programme of studies

which is too wide and varied to be acquired with any degree of thoroughness, and which is too rapidly administered to gain any lasting hold upon the mind.

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In the specific cases of Lower and Middle High School work, and Normal Training, students are required to cover twenty subjects within the year, in the first instance; in the second, namely in Matriculation and Junior Leaving Classes, ten subjects, and for Normal training they must pass an examination covering both these limits. During first year Normal Training a student must take up thirty-six subjects and face about twice that number of majer examinations, not to mention many minor ones. Some one said of this endless course of examinations, that it is like planting a shoot and plucking it up every day to see if it has grown any. The simile is not too far-fetched, we think, because the practice is enough to destroy forever all love for learning and to substitute for it a sad bewilderment of mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

We marvel at the long-suffering of the thousands who have submitted to this solemn farce. Even their untutored judgments must have told them that rushing over two or three books of history, writing volumes of notes and memorizing a few headlines for examination, will be of no possible intellectual benefit to them; that trying to understand, or even commit to memory-(about all that is attempted by the majority of students)-compact works on chemistry, physics, zoology, botany and so forth, will go a very little way towards developing their minds, or their characters, and thus equipping them for the duties that lie before them when school tasks abandoned.

Statistics are often given, and the proper alarm sounded in the press concerning the amount of illiteracy that exists in a state or country. We should like the new Minister to test the genuineness of the literacy achieved under the present system. Then let him make

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comparisons between the results obtained, and those drawn from a less crowded, therefore a more sane and thorough system. We think he will meet with an interesting surprise.

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A special plea should be made to the new Minister in favour of a more thorough course in the study of English and composition—subjects which are generally left to take care of themselves, with results which speak their own failure only too eloquently. It may be argued that the courses outlined are abundant for these subjects. Yes, but unless the sun can be made to stand still, where is there a corresponding period of time for covering them? One might go further and ask where is there corresponding eyesight and physical endurance? Doctors and specialists are qualified to answer this question. They could provide some interesting statistics on the matter.

As for the zest that should characterize both teacher and pupil, that is a relic of past ages. Who can handle twenty or even ten subjects in a ten month course, with dreaded examinations ahead of them all the time-examinations upon which their fate in this world and the next would seem to hang-and find "zest" in the exercise? A genius, perhaps, but geniuses are flew, with a marked tendency of becoming fewer. We should not like to say that the present decline is wholly due to the educational system of Ontario, but the possibility of its being so, emphasises our need for something better and saner by way of system, and someone, at the educational helm with power to make it so. We have reason to believe that Rev. Canon Cody will appreciate the situation and exert his influence in reforming it.

The Rainbow, while making allowance for the kindness and courtesy of its many warm friends and patrons, cannot help being touched at the numerous letters and messages of approval and encouragement that have come to it. It takes this opportunity of returning sincere thanks to one and all.

#### PRIZE CONTEST

Here is a very old enigma in a new dress. Who among our contributors can send us the correct solution? A prize will follow directly upon the arrival of the first one, unless the writer forgets to send in his or her address:

'Twas whispered in Heaven, 'twas muttered in Hell,

An echo caught faintly the sound as it fell; On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest, And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed:

"Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,

Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.

'Twas albotted to man with his earliest breath, It assists at his birth and attends him in death, Presides o'er his happiness, honor and health, Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth.

In the heaps of the miser is hoarded with care, But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir.

It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,

It prays with the hermit, with monarchs is crewned;

Without it the soldier, the sailor, may roam, But woe to the wretch who expels it from home. In the whisper of conscience 'tis sure to be found,

Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drowned;

'Twill soften the heart, but though deaf to the ear,

It will make it acutely and instantly hear; But in short, let it rest like a delicate flower. Oh, breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

Miss Mattie Donovan, Tonawanda, New York, has won the prize for our last contest in identifying the series of copied styles of verse.

#### FLORES MEMORIAE

#### A Tribute to the Memory of the late Mother Mary Filomena

By Mr. THOMAS O'HAGAN, Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y.

I T was early in the nineties of the last century when I first met the late Sister Filomena of the Congregation of the Ladies of Loretto. I was on my way to do graduate work at Cornell University, and stopping at Niagara Falls, I visited Loretto Academy at Falls View. Sister Filomena was just projecting the publication of the Rainbow, a periodical which represents so creditably the fine literary culture and sound Catholic scholarship that obtains in the Loretto Academies both in the Old World and in the New.

Since then a quarter of a century has passed with swift wing, and numbers of the noble Sisterhood of Loretto Order have passed away, within those years, to their eternal reward. With this procession of the dead, this caravan of immortal souls, is numbered good Sister Filomena, a rare and gifted literary scholar, who conducted with consummate skill, taste and success, the beautiful literary messenger that she had founded in the strength and hope of her years.

I have always felt a personal interest in the fortunes and success of the Rainbow, because, was I not, at the invitation of its editor, the contributor of its title-poem, "The Rainbow," to the pages of its initial number?

Last autumn I again visited Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, and enjoyed the marvellous panorama that greets the eye from Loretto Heights; I found there two cherished memories of the gifted soul who had radiated literary culture for so many long years among the girls of the Academy.

Nay, more; I found at the Convent one of the finest libraries, in quality of books, I have ever seen in any girls' Academy in America. I marvelled as I glanced from shelf to shelf, conning the titles of the different volumes, at the ripe scholarly taste that was evidenced in the selection of these books. Nothing frivolous, nothing

trashy—I was going to say nothing popular—stuffed the shelves. The best thought of the best minds, Catholic and non-Catholic, was here, for nowhere does literary judgment count for so much, as in the selection of books for a library.

This wonderful collection of books, so rare and admirable in literary quality was largely the work, I was told, of the late Sister Filomena. This I could well believe, for I had soon learned in conversation with Sister Filomena that she was indeed a connoisseur of good books, I mean valuable, literary books.

I am both disappointed and pained sometimes at the tendency of our age in its predilection for fleeting, trashy, popular, nay, at times vicious and pernicious, literature. It is death to the growth of character, it is death to the soul. All the arts, and poetry is one of the greatest of the arts, and fiction too — should minister to the soul, giving it new vision and added joy. But how can or may you expect soul growth where the things of God are not present in the mind.

Good Sister Filomena will abide in the minds not alone of the members of the Loretto Community, but in the hearts of the countless girls she touched with the grace and goodness and inspiring virtues of a cultured soul consecrated to the noble work of Catholic Higher Education.

#### Confidence

"When God shall leave unfinished, incomplete,
A single flake within the whirl of snow,
A single feather in the airy wing
On which the butterfly floats to and fro,
A single vein within the summer leaf,
A single drop of water in the sea,
Then, not before, doubt that His perfect plan

Within the humblest life, fulfilled can be."

### TWO PHASES OF CAMP LIFE

LONE on the ledge of the great mountain, I watched the sun go down. The sky was filled with a burning radiance I shall never forget. It clothed the time-worn peaks with a magnificent robe of colour, making the weather-beaten, old rocks shine gold, crimson and amber; while here and there a scrubby little pine-tree relieved the brilliant glare. The glowing horizon was dazzling; it almost pained the eyes, yet I gazed on, fascinated by the spectacle. I felt my soul thrilled by it all, my pulses quickened. I seemed to face God in His glory then, as I had never faced Him before. His Omnipotence was called forth from the mountain-tops and echoed in the valleys.

But this glorious transfiguration of the mountain lasted, like other joys of time, only a few mirutes. The shadows which were darkening the valleys—as sorrows darken our lives—crept slowly but relentlessly up the mountain side. Soon all would, I knew, be enveloped in gloom.

The sun sent out one last triumphant ray, and dipped down behind the peaks. There was no after-glow; the light had gone out like a candle, and I turned slowly and went down to our camp, my soul uplifted by what I had seen.

Too soon was I brought back from my dreaming to an uncomfortable realization of the world around me. Buddy had dropped the bacon in the fire, and Ebenezer, the man of all work, was scolding him. Apparently all things had gone wrong in the camp while I was away. After enduring this discouraging state of things for a full hour, giving words of advice and listening to their tales of woe, I fell from my lofty pinnacle of ecstasy and became humanly, peevishly cross, and went to bed.

A night of mishaps followed. That naughty boy Buddy started it. Long after all were asleep he lay watching the shadows cast on the tent by an old tree. The moon shone with an ethereal light on all around, suggesting to me a beautiful garden in Italy, with knights and ladies in white wigs walking slowly around. To Buddy it suggested ghosts, and he was quick

to take advantage of the idea. He has the happy faculty of playing ghost very realistically, and before long the stillness of the night was rent with screams, which I succeeded in suppressing, in short order.

We were hardly settled down when I was awakened by Davida, who shook me excitedly to tell me that Eileen was gone. trembling violently, but almost too annoyed to be alarmed, I said, "I suppose she is walking in her sleep," and then started out with the others to look for her. I dared not tell them how worried I was, but the ledge on which our camp was pitched was not very large, and the river rolled two hundred feet below! If she had wandered near the edge! The very thought nearly took my breath. And there was ample cause for fear, for there she was, walking along at the extreme edge. Not allowing anyone but myself to approach her, for fear of startling her, I walked up quietly and laid my hand upon her arm, drawing her gently out of danger's way, before arousing her from that trance-like sleep.

It was a relief to breathe naturally again; and giving strict orders that we should have no more alarms or pranks, I settled down for the third time that night, only to be rudely awakened by a furious thunder storm, before an hour had passed.. The lightning flashed in to the tent so vividly that it lighted up for each the ghastly faces of all the others. The thunder rolled and rumbled high up on the mountain, and the rain came down in torrents. We all moved into the big tent and sat around shivering. Two tents blew down with a crash, but the big one held out, and sheltered us till morning, when I sent for the carry-all to come for us, and we returned with very few regrets to our less romantic, but more normal and safe dwelling in the city, three days before we had arranged. None of us wished to repeat our experience, I least of all—though, as a beautiful memory, that sunset remains and casts its old spell upon me again and again.

Loretto, Brunswick. ELEANOR MURRAY.

#### MY GARDEN

"GO or Grow, Help Save!" For weeks such notices as these confronted me at every turn I made. I boarded the car in the morning and a red poster greeted me; at school the same letters stared at me in the face everywhere; in literature it was the subject for composition; the members of the drawing class were busily engaged on posters bearing the advice; the walls of the assembly room were decorated with the same notices; even at night in the confines of my room, the burning letters brilliantly alight on some prominent building, refused to let me rest.

Finally, having threshed it out thoroughly within myself, I came home one afternoon, slammed my books upon the table, and with the air of one about to sacrifice herself to martyrdom, I exclaimed, "Mother, I am going to start a garden."

It was a good thing for my peace of mind that I did not see the faint smile about Mother's lips which these words had called forth, so I went on unabashed. "In these stirring times every young girl is eager and alert to do something for the great cause and it is her duty to do something. I am tired of being a slacker; you and Daddy won't let me train to be a nurse, neither will you allow me to join the motor girls' corp, so now, since I can't 'go' I am going to 'grow."

Having expounded my views with such vim, I departed to my room, there to sit down and plan it all out. My whole body was atingle with excitement. Here at last was an opportunity to do something worth while. By raising products at home, how much we could save! More food could thus be sent to our brave laddies at the front and . . . . . strange I hadn't thought of it before!

With a deep sigh I said good-bye to my other dreams. The vision of myself in the garb of a Sister of Mercy, administering help and words of comfort to the wounded and dying out on

a vast battle-field had to go. But it was with greater reluctance that I said farewell to the girl dressed in khaki dashing along the dark road at a terrible speed, the car swerving from side to side, and the young heroine's ears fairly deafened by 'the sounds of exploding bombs. Ah! well, I would swallow my disappointment and think only of my garden. After all, perhaps Daddy and Mother were right. But they thought a girl of sixteen such a baby. Their words came back to me as I sat there and thought of them with a tolerant smile; how little they understood!

"Of course, daughter, in a time of such crises, we must all be alert to do our bit; our country expects it and we must not disappoint her. She does not expect girls of your age, however, to expose their lives to such danger. You are future citizens and when you are old enough to be called upon to take part in the straightening out of all this havoc and disaster, you must be prepared; the best way to be that is to exert yeurselves in your daily tasks and studies, making yourselves fit for your future positions. And 'help save!' for instance, cut down the candy and ice cream, but above all, do your part cheerfully. Send prayers and thoughts of hope to our laddies 'over there'; they are in need of just such comfort as you can give."

The next day, true to my resolve, I hastened from school, donned some old clothes, rescued an old hat from some remote corner of the attic, carefully selected a pair of stout gloves and then, armed with a spade, a rake, and a number of packages of seed (a good many more than I had feet of earth), I repaired to the extreme end of the lawn.

Ah! could words ever express the agony I endured during those days that followed! Blistered, tired, warm, sunburnt, freckled and cross, each night that I tumbled into bed exhausted, and I awakened in the morning feeling that the night had been all too short.

Then, finally, when the last seed was in, the suspense—how I watched morning and night, waiting, waiting for the first green shoot to push its way through the rich, brown earth. After all this, can you wonder at the exalted feeling I had, when actually, after seven days, my little garden was bespeckled with numerous verdant shoots? That night in my diary I wrote:

"Usefulness is a great and wonderful thing. How good it is to feel that after much labour, heart ache and discouragement, the fruits of our labour lie before us; the thought that one has really done something useful. Ah! if only all the young women of the world would realize the full importance of the position they hold today, they could do so much to help. With the flower of our manhood going daily overseas, who will be left to carry on the industries of our country, who will raise the food with which to supply the Allies, who, but the women?"

Two weeks dragged slowly by, when one afternoon I walked, nay, trod lightly on the balmy air, into the house. In one hand were tightly clenched two radishes, and in the other I held a half dozen pieces of lettuce. A medal from the hands of the king could not have been treated with greater honour.

For nearly a week every day I extracted, with great ceremony, two, three and sometimes four radishes and as many bunches of lettuce.

Then, and then only . . . . I again took up my socks!

MONTROSE PHILLIPS.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.

"Reason is neurished by intellectual truth; the moral sense is strengthened by the continual choosing of right doing over wrong doing; the aesthetic sense is cultivated by the correcting and refining of taste for things beautiful and sublime; the spiritual sense is fostered by the spirit of piety and devotion. In the harmonious development of all four activities is the complete culture of the soul to be effected."—Azarias.

### An Apostrophe

Oh Time that holdest in uplifted hand
The chalice of the years—in which is blent
The bitter and the sweet! Thou who dost drip
Slowly the wine of life, as a vintner
Presses the purple juice from luscious store,
What do the rolling months conceal for me?
Is there within the cup fame and success
And peace—a wealth of joyous care-free days,
Spent in the company of friends that cheer
The way? Or does there lurk beneath the
brim

A greater destiny—beyond the acclaim,
The hollow, insincere applause of men?
Shall sorrow my companion be along the way
So lonely, so beset with toil and care?

Whether with the sweet there'll be some gall,
And with the bitter, sweet, or each alone
I know not—but I trust, yea, feel it true,
If I but take my draught without complaint
And shrink not from the lees that I must quaff,
Somewhere, when Thou, O Time, hast lost thy
power,
I'll sip ambrosia all unmixed with tears.

GRACE ELSTON, '19.

Loretto Abbey.

"Do you know where a rainbow ends?" writes an aviator. "I do, because I've been there. The rainbow ends on the top of every bloud, opposite the sun. Sometimes when you're flying above the clouds, you see the rainbow a complete and beautiful circle, sometimes in two lovely circles, one outside the other, with the colours reversed and facing. Wherever you go above the clouds a halo encircles the shadow of your machine. One seldom sees the rainbow from the earth, but it is always in sight from above. I have charged the rainbow like Don Quixote charging the windmill. It grows smaller and smaller as you approach, becomes a ball of fire, then you plunge into the cold, clammy mists of the clouds, and you're where the rainbow ends."-Westminster Gazette.

### "POPPIES RED AND CORNFLOWERS BLUE"

ARY wandered aimlessly along the country lane, her big, wistful eyes staring straight ahead, not seeming to notice the daisies and chirping crickets on the roadside, which had lately awakened the whole country to a new spring life. The poor child was about as unhappy as a very small, very dirty child of eight can be, who has just run away from the detested "Home" for little motherless boys and girls, where "they" make you wear print dresses and no hair ribbons, week in and week out, and where you never see a pretty, "different" thing the whole year round. Somehow, though, Mary didn't feel as careless and free as she had expected she would when she had escaped from the hateful Orphanage.

Suddenly she was arrested by what seemed to her, a grass-fire on the other side of the high white picket fence to the left of the road. The child approached and laid two very dirty hands on the fence and glued her eyes to the space between the pickets. A gasp of surprise and delight escaped her lips. Before her a field of blazing red poppies swayed gracefully in the tiny breeze. Unconsciously she pressed her face more closely to the boards, and brushing her hair back from her eyes, she watched, entranced.

To the unhappy, uncared for child, whose wistful eyes had not beheld anything really beautiful for a long time, it was like a glimpse into another world.

She suddenly jumped back, flushing, but too surprised to run, as the loveliest child she had ever seen walked up to her from the other side of the fence.

"Do you like the poppies?" she said prettily.

"I—I was only—looking," breathed Mary and then involuntarily, "They're so pretty!"

"Please come in and see them. I'm dying for some one to talk to," and the fair-haired, blue-eyed damsel began to unlock the gate.

"May I really come in? Oh, thank you!" she replied and, followed her levely guide down

the path amid the flowers. She walked along, never speaking, but stopping now and then to smell the fiery blossoms.

Suddenly the field of poppies ended and Mary was about to exclaim disappointedly, when she observed another field quite as large, of shy, pale blue cornflowers.

"Oh!" was all she said.

Her companion was saying something.

"I don't know which I like best, the poppies or these. I love the deep shade of poppies, but there is something about these so sweet"—she paused—"they seem so shy!"

Yes, that was it, they seemed so shy. Somehow the cornflowers brought back the memory of the mother she had known for such a short, short time. Mother had been like the cornflowers—sweet and shy. She, Mary, was like blazing poppies. Mother had said, "be obedient and modest, never naughty or forward." And now she had run away from Home. A sob came in her throat and almost choked her, but the pretty child was talking and Mary must pay attention.

"I'll pick you a nice bunch of both and see which you like best."

"That would be lovely," Mary began—"but I've nowhere to put them."

"Haven't you any house?"

"No-only the Home."

The little girl seemed to understand, for she smiled kindly and said, "then I'll tell you what you can do."

"Yes?" said Mary, expectantly.

"If you like you can take them to the Blessed Sacrament, the Chapel is just down the road. I'll show you if you don't know the way."

"Will it be nice?"

The little girl was rather astonished, but said simply, "I love it!"

"All right," Mary answered, and hand in hand the children started off down the road.

"What's your name?" inquired the fair-haired one.

"Mary."

"How lovely! that's the Blessed Virgin's name too."

Mary wondered what her escort could mean, but was soon to find out. They entered the pretty chapel and Mary was led up to the front where, kneeling on the altar steps, her little friend told her the story of the Child Jesus and Mary His Mother. Then they put the poppies and cornflowers on the altar and went out.

"My, but that's lovely!" ejaculated Mary. "I never saw it before."

"Could you come every day, and make visits with me?"

"I guess I'll likely be kept in for a week now—and I've promised Mother, in there, in there, not to run away again. But some day maybe, I can come after that."

"Well call for me and I'll bring some flowers for the Blessed Sacrament."

"Yes." Mary answered and started "Home" wards with a new feeling in her lonely heart, kindled first by "Poppies Red and Cornflowers Blue."

ELSIE IRVINE.

Loretto, Brunswick.

### The Prayer Perfect

"Dear Lord, kind Lord,
Gracious Lord I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love
Tenderly to-day!
Weed the hearts of weariness,
Scatter every care
Down a wake of angels' wings
Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again;
And with all the needy
O divide. I pray,
This vast treasure of content
That is mine to-day!"

#### The Book of The High Romance. Macmillan Co., Toronto. \$1.50.

A great book with a supreme message, from the pen of an artist, is the "High Romance" by Michael Williams. The strong ethical vein running through this absorbingly interesting piece of autobiography, heightens the reader's zest by many degrees, whether he has a prejudice against that form of literary egoism or not.

The author was touched in extreme youth, as so many others are, by a strong sense of the supernatural, and the great realities of human existence made an irresistible appeal to his mind; but, unlike the many, their force remained and survived every turn of fortune and tragic circumstance, until it dominated all, and resulted in a wonderful spiritual triumph. The tale is a "romance" truly and a "high" one, making one of the strongest pieces of literature that the press has turned out for many years. Very few who read it will be able to resist the impulse to recommend it to everyone he meets.

During his recent stay in London (relates a writer in the Globe) an American officer found himself in a severe storm. One afternoon a young man in civilian clothes was passing. He said to the American, "Won't you share my umbrella with me," and they walked along the street together for some distance. It suddenly occurred to the American officer that he had told the stranger a good deal about himself, including his name. The American noticed that everyone whom they passed seemed to know his young companion and bowed to him. So he turned to this civilian and said, "I have told you a good deal about myself-may I ask who you are?" The young man answered, "I am the Prince of Wales."

To be discontented with the divine discontent, and to be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ of the first upgrowth of virtue."

One who is contented with what he has done stands but small chance of becoming famous for what he will do. He has laid down to die. The grass is already growing over him.'

### TOPICS OF THE TIMES

### The True Culture of Italy

"Science, Poetry and Art Are thy Lamps; they make the lot Of the dwellers in a cot So serene, they curse it not."

In these days of general warfare when the enemy is devastating so many cities, and their contents, without any regard for their beautiful architecture or interesting history, is it not remarkable that Italy is labouring at the excavation of an ancient city that has been buried for ages under the eruption of a volcano; as if to illustrate the contrast between her culture and refinement as opposed to German Kulture.

Only three years ago, when Italy espoused the cause of the Allies, some people raised the question, if not in words, at least in thought, "What can those sleepy, languid Italians do?" What can they do? What can they not do, would be the question of one who knows anything of this people and of their history.

Italy can boast of being the birthplace of some of the greatest scientists that the world has ever known. In ancient times the greatest masterpieces of art and sculpture were the work of Italians, and at the present day some of the greatest achievements in the fields of science and letters are due to Italian genius and enterprise. They developed their naturally aesthetic taste for a long period in the early centuries, then they seem to have lived for a few hundred years in a sort of dormant state, as far as intellectual achievement goes. But now they are again showing their strategy and ability in many branches of art and science. It is a case of "the flowers falling to let the fruit ripen."

One of the things that Italy is doing now that justifies this statement is her romantic labour at the excavations of old Pompeii. What other nation would be so interested and enthusiastic in these perilous times as to devote its

energy and resources to this kind of work? Why are they doing it?

A little light on the beauty and architecture of Pomepii would answer the question. It was a city of twenty thousand inhabitants, situated in Southern Italy near the famous Mt. Vesuvius. It was much like the other ancient cities, perhaps a little more beautiful. It is not necessary to describe it minutely, for all have some idea of the splendor of the cities of the ancients. Yet it would not do to pass over it without saying a little about its public buildings. They were immense structures of valuable stone, having portices supported by columns of white stucco; the floors were paved with mosaic, paintings adorned the walls, some of which are now exhibited in our great museums, as much for their antique value as for their great artistic merit; but many are sad specimens of the depravity of heathen times and the kind of art that prevailed even in the most cultured circles.

The excavations even show verandahs by which the occupants could leave the upper rooms of the houses and sit in the pleasant shade. Everything in the art and sculpture of Pompeii seems to be in harmony with nature. Its theatres, for the most part, had no roofs and the audience were able to contemplate the beauty of the Italian skies.

A grim note lingers on one of the houses which has been excavated, announcing a combat and naming those who are detailed to provide the gladiators. How is it that these people with their fine aesthetic tastes could enjoy these gladiatorial plays? The answer to the why and the wherefor of the ancient modes of living and pleasures must be, "it was the custom of the times." However that may be, the Huns are now showing themselves far more formidable than even the active Mount Vesuvius. They are ruthlessly destroying some of the finest architecture of the world, so that no remnant shall remain by which future historians and archaeologists may read the story of the past.

During the last few years the Italians have laboured incessantly at the unearthing of the relics of Pompeii's former wealth and splendour, its streets and tombs, temples, market places and amphitheatres, thus giving us a wonderful insight into this city of the ancients. To visit it one feels as if one were visiting a city of the dead. The sight of the mummified corpses at interrupted work gives one a vivid realization of the catastrophe.

Some of the excavations reveal very pathetic instances. Quite recently the remains of two figures whom death did not divide were dug from the ashes. A mother and her child lie there, as they fell that night. They seem to have sought safety from the fiery death, for they had entered a garden by an underground passage, and there met their death. They must have perished instantly and painlessly, for their position shows that they had not time to struggle far from the exit from which they had sought escape.

Shelley says: "No other city has presented such a contrast between the tumult of life and the stillness of death." We should appreciate the untiring energy and the enterprise of the Italian people which have revealed to us such

LOUISE O'REILLY.

Loretto Abbey.

### The New Postmen and Women

H OW many scientific adventures have been pushed to their final development under the pressure of war conditions! It begins to look as if nothing will be left for future generations to try their hands upon, granted that the destructive forces also at work leave us people who may apply their energies to any work beyond the mere effort of maintaining life.

An agent for the new romantic mail service has not yet called to see if we desire a special delivery box on our roof, but he is not unlikely to arrive before long. Nowadays things are not working out "by those calm ways the unhasty heavens allot," of which the poet speaks. Only yesterday the paper announced a regular air mail service; another route between New York and Boston has been established, and we

learn that Toronto is just waiting to see how they succeed and to weigh the actual advantages and costs, in order to consider a route between Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal.

We have in hand one of the first issue of airmail stamps—a very valuable one, by the way -because, on account of an error in the die, the issue was limited to a very small number. It is a small, oblong one, printed in two colors, red and blue, with the figure of a biplane occupying the blue central space. The price per cunce of carriage is fixed at twenty-four cents, a figure which is apt to prevent the novelty from becoming very popular, though the Postal Department is considering a reduction. rate, however, is not as exorbitant as it may seem, when we remember that first-class carriage, special delivery and a much faster service are ensured. As a speed competitor of the regular train mail service, it will probably get its permanent hold upon the commercial world.

Miss Catherine Stinson, who made the first tour of the American cities last summer, in aid of the Red Cross Fund, has been sworn in as a postal clerk, and now carries a sack of mail between Chicago and New York. Her descent last summer in front of the Treasury Building where a forest of motors and people awaited her arrival, was highly dramatic, whether her objective was handsomely attained or not.

Miss Ruth Law, who holds the long distance record in the United States, flew without stopping a distance of 590 miles in a little over five hours, for which the Aero Club medal and a cheque for \$3,500 was awarded her. Who would not fly for such a price! She is applying for permission to come to Toronto by airplane. Will the Government find a law to exclude Miss Law? We hear that the flight officers are making a strong plea for her.

It is cheering to see that woman is taking such a prominent part in the mastery of the air. . It forms a strong argument in favour of her competency in other ambitious fields, from which a sadly mistaken world would fain exclude her.

ELSIE FREEMAN.

Loretto Abbey.

### The Question of Reprisals

THERE are many who think the Allies are easy-going because they do not follow Germany's example in sinking neutral vessels, killing innocent women and children, bembarding hospitals and treating prisoners with the utmost cruelty. But the Allies, in following such a course, would not be punishing the instigators of this unfairness and barbarism. What have innocent women and children done that they should be treated thus by men who are classed as the very cream of our race? In maltreating the unfortunate prisoners would they in reality be punishing the wrong-doers?

For the most part these soldiers have, all their lives, been under strict military rule; they have been scarcely able to call their souls their own, so it is little wonder they are fighting. They dare not oppose the tyrant that has ruled them always, so they fight, not for love of country, to protect their home or for any such high motives as inspired our boys to enter the ranks, but simply because they are compelled to do so.

If these boys, then, are captured, should they be brutally treated simply because the Kaiser allows his men to stoop so low as to torture helpless captives? They did not have anything to do with the Kaiser's plans. They have lived in fear of him all their lives.

In regard to bombarding hospitals containing the wounded and dying, as well as heroic young nurses, who are doing all in their power to save the lives of the suffering, the most hardened people in the world would call a halt here. If our forefathers were allowed to witness this unheard of barbarism, they would thank God they did not belong to this generation, but to a generation that could boast of its chivalry towards the weak and helpless as well as towards great warriors like themselves.

If Britain avenged all the unjust things done to her she would place herself on a level with the Huns. Many cartoons are to be seen in the papers and magazines which provoke ridicule with regard to the tactics of the Allies in their kindness towards German prisoners. This is really very complimentary, as it shows the world that the Allies went into the war with pure intentions and their uprightness proves at all times that they mean to live up to their high principle of "Right is might," rather than "Might is right."

The conversation between a farmer and an agricultural agent contains the Reprisal Question in a nutshell.

Farmer: "I'd go and kill all those Germans' children."

Agent: "I wouldn't."

Farmer: "Why not, if I killed your children you'd come and kill mine, wouldn't you?"

Agent: "No, I'd kill you."

Loretto Abbey.

GLADYS O'ROURKE.

#### Irish Discontent

WITH foes without and foes within, Great Britain has need of all the diplomacy she can muster. The situation in Ireland for a long time has been as a seething cauldron, the lid of which is, from time to time, lifted; then the world knows that the pot is still boiling.

The Irish question is a big one and too big for any but the Irish to solve. The policy of repression can never more be applied to stifle the aspirations of the people, right or wrong. And England has not, since before the time of Gladstone, attempted by any measure to coerce the people of Ireland in any matter affecting their self-government.

There need be no hesitancy in stating what has been stated by many of the leading statesmen of Britain, that if the matter of Ireland's government were waiting for England to decide, it would have had Home Rule years ago. Not England, but Ireland itself prevents the adoption of Home Rule. It is a country divided against itself. North and south are filled with warring factions, and for Parliament to give Home Rule to the whole country would be but the signal for them to fly at each other's throats. When the North and the South can reach a common understanding then peace will settle over the Isle of emerald hue, thenceforth, forever.

The outside world will think that this councry is disloyal in the time of the Empire's distress. But those who understand the situation will know that the element of discontent is only confined to a few districts and a comparatively few. The Sinn Fein element may be a growing one, yet we doubt it. Its inner circle is composed of a few intellectuals, who have failed to keep pace with modern conditions. They live in an almost forgotten past when there was some reason to complain at manifest injustices. And they forget that so far as the British Parliament can act, without the united action of Ireland itself, these injustices have long since been remedied. Ireland has given to England and her cause the best of her children for many generations. To the army, to diplomacy and to commerce, to literature and science, Ireland has contributed her share and from none of these come complaint of injustice, or wrong, therefore it is not for the people at large to shape Ireland's destiny. Her cause in the eyes of the world is set back. The cause of right is never aided by lawlessness and sabotage.

MAXIME MEAGHER.

Loretto, Guelph.

### French Letter

Replying to Miss Dorothy Dallas, Vancouver, B.C.

Mademoiselle,

L'autre jour en lisant de Rainbow, ce qui m'interesse toujours beaucoup, j'ai éprouvé un tel plaisir en y trouvant une lettre en français; que je me permets d'y répondre comme si elle m' avait été addressée.

Avant de vous donner des nouvelles, je vais d'abord m'introduire: je suis Quebecquoise (ce qui vous laisse deviner qu'elle est ma langue maternelle); et je suis à Toronto depuis bientôt deux ans afin d'apprendre l'anglais, l'italien, la musique et la peinture. J'aime beaucoup mes classes, surtout celle d'anglais, à laquelle je me rends toujours avec grand plaisir; quoique mon

attachement pour cette langue soit assez grand, vous devez supposer, étant élève comme je suis, que toute ma préférence n'est pas seulement basée sur cette raison, et que la question des maîtresses y est pour beaucoup.

Pour mon italien. j'ai le grand avantage d'être seule, ce qui me donne l'assurance d'être toujours la première de ma classe!

Avant de nous quitter, et pour se faire plus regretter, je crois, les élèves du Collège nous ont fait entendre "Midsummer Night's Dream," ce qui a été un veritable succès, et les bébés ont dansé à ravir. C'était vraiment féerique de voir toutes ces fillettes qu'on aurait facilement prises pours des petites fées (s'il en existait) hant elles étaient gracieuses et légères, spécialement quand elles étaient accompagnées de Humoresque.

Le temps passe très vîte ici, quoique mon anxieté soit très grand de revoir les miens, ce sera pas sans peine que je quitterai l'Abbaye.

En vous laissant, je ne vous cacherai pas que quoique étant inconnue pour vous, j'ai grande espérance de recevoir une toute petite reponse écrite en français.

Une amie inconnue,

MARIE-ANTOINETTE GODBOUT.

### Busy Bee Club

Late in the Fall of 1916, when patriotic clubs were forming all through the country and sympathy for our dear boys at the front was at its height, a number of us girls who were always seen together, at least when going to or coming from school, who quarelled now and again, yet in any great affair clung together like octapuses, were spending the evening at Margaret's home, having a good time. It was there the club took definite form. Some one proposed and every one seconded it, so, filled with enthusiasm they sat down, elected their president and treasurer, chose a name and each girl solemnly swore eternal membership, all within one hour.

When they were once more working at normal speed they realized they had no special

cbject in view for the club. It was to be patriotic of course. That was settled. But what patriotic work could they do? Some one suggested knitting, but only five out of the twelve could knit and the work selected would have to be general. Finally they decided that Mary, the president, should go to the headquarters of the Red Cross and ask them if they could be of any use.

At the next meeting the report was favorable. The president of the Red Cross would gladly give them work to do, and so they made out a list of work for club nights. They were to make pads, helmets, caps and sleeveless shirts. Besides this, they were to fill socks with eigarettes, gum, chocolate and chiclets, and in this way keep the soldiers supplied with goodies.

It now remains to see what the "Busy Bee Club" achieved. Every Friday night they gathered at half past seven, going from one house to another, till they visited each girl's home. After school on Friday a member went to the Red Cross centre and brought the work to be done, to the club with her, then they would sew until about half-past nine, when the club roll was called and the treasurer, Dale Ferguson, collected their weekly fee of a quarter, with which she bought the cigarettes, etc., to fill the socks. After this they had refreshments, sang, or danced and went home about ten-thirty, filled with just a wee bit of pride that they were helping the dear Canadian boys "over there."

Their club has lasted over a year and a half and their little beginning has achieved more than any of them ever dreamt it would. They have worked hard and steadily, though, to be honest, they admit that a few nights last summer, after days of scorching heat, they sometimes put patriotic work aside and went for a walk in the cool evenings. From their weekly fee they have filled one hundred and forty-four socks to send overseas, and have received five letters from Canadian soldiers who have received them. Besides numberless helmets, caps, etc., that they have made, they are buying by the monthly payment plan a victory bond and so aiding the government a little.

Thus, though the club was formed because patriotic meetings were the fad at the time, the members have the comfort of feeling that they have alleviated the sufferings of soldiers to some degree, and have made life in the trenches easier for some of them to endure.

LOUISE JOYCE.

Loretto, Hamilton.

### Our "Chip"

He was a great shaggy-haired Scotch collie dog, the mascot of the camp next our own. His coat was rough brown with big patches of white, and his eyes—brown too—were big with dumb devotion. His master, an invalid, loved to have Chip beside him; but there were dewy summer mornings, and sunny hours in the afternoon when his master slept, and Chip accompanied me on long strolls through field and forest, or by the sandy water's edge.

I would come near the tent and whistle, the short imperative whistle Chip knew so well. He would cock his head on one side. I could see him on the sands in the bright sunlight, and with paw uplifted, listen till he had placed the direction whence the summons came. Then he would come leaping across the sands to my feet and tug at my skirt in silent, joyful welcome. Without waiting to be told, he would lie down feigning death, receive his biscuit and munch it, while his tail thumped approvingly. In all our rambles he was my entertaining companion and gallant protector. He was always ready to be bright when the world seemed dull, yet he never lacked understanding of my moods.

When I was happy he led me on long chases over paths long lost to humans, but scented out by his keen nostrils. If he saw me crying, he crept close to me and caressed my fingers with his shaggy head; when I was cross and did not pet him to his liking, he lay down in my path and died a dozen times to restore me to good humour. When I punished him for some misdeed, while his back still smarted from the

blows I had reluctantly administered, he crept back to my side to be petted, and looked up with such silent pleading in his brown eyes that I had no heart to turn him away.

He was my loyal friend when humans failed me. He never criticized my actions; he carried no tales. He was dumb, but his movements spoke louder than words could speak. They said he had no soul; but I have met human beings apparently more soulless. He was noble, too. When the youngest guest at our camp was lost, it was Chip who wandered off from the search party and brought her home in the cool, grey dawn, alive and uninjured, though her rescuer's shaggy coat was matted and torn from contact with burr bushes and thorns.

Chip crept home to us one evening in August, head down, paws dragging, and eyes dark with a torturing pain. A bleeding wound at his throat showed us that he had received a fatal snake bite. The veterinary, his master and I did what we could to ease his pain, and he died with his grateful eyes upon me, and his great helpless paws in my lap.

They buried him in the heart of the forest where he had loved to wander, and on a wooden slab above his head with a lighted bulrush, I burned the inscription,

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart, More loving or more loyal, never beat Within a human breast."

ANNIE SUTHERLAND.

Loretto, Guelph.

#### God in Nature

Where the mottled thrush is nesting
In the valley clover-scented,
And the sleepy poppies resting,
Nature's babies—tired contented;
Where the placid frogs are singing,
Temples built of golden-rod,
There the holy chimes are ringing,
There I go to find my God.

'Tis not blood has dyed the roses
Crimson richness, cupped and dripping,
Where a nectared poppy dozes
There the bees unharmed are sipping.
'Tis not pain has blanched to whiteness
Willow's stender silvery rod,
There no cloud obscures the brightness,
There I go to find my God.

"Seek and ye shall find," 'twas spoken
By Our Lord in early ages,
Of His changeless love the token
Writ upon life's changing pages.
Where are traces of His fingers,
Marks on sky or sea or sod,
There the Master's spirit lingers—
There go you—and find your God.

ANNIE SUTHERLAND.

Loretto, Guelph.

#### Wanted: A Home Guard

A UNT Josephine coming next week, did you say? Then I'm going to bolt, see if I don't!'

"No you're not, George, you're going to stay just where you are. I couldn't get on without you and father. You're going to help us out with a few shots of your gun, too. What's the use of being a sportsman if you cannot come to our rescue now and then?"

"Our rescue? You mean Aunt Josephine's rescue!"

"Yes, dear, but you know she simply cannot exist on our every-day fare, and it's so hard to get her what she can eat."

"Then tell her to stay at home. I'm not going to spend all my time shooting game for her as I did last year."

"Then you'll shoot for me, dear . . . . But listen! There's some one at the big gate now. Run out quickly—the bar is up. Yes, surely there is a vehicle of some kind—wouldn't it be awful! But no, she couldn't come with that

short warning. I haven't a room nearly ready, and she's so dreadfully fussy.'

"Dear, dear, it is—it is! What shall I do?" (Interval of blank despair, a forced rally of wits, and a change of countenance as Aunt Josephine enters, George and the cabman laden down with wraps and baggage, etc., etc.)

"Good morning, dear! I've had such a tiresome drive, but I knew you'd be so glad to see me, I just couldn't disappoint you. Yes, dear, there are three trunks. Your George can get them released. And oh! you can't believe how hungry I am! Those dining cars never have a morsel fit to eat on them. Dear knows I'm not hard to please, just a broiled sweetbread, a partridge breast, any little thing satisfies me, and your George is always so glad to wait on his old aunt, isn't he? Yes, dear, I'll wait here till the room is ready. Didn't expect me so soon? How annoying! I must have forgotten to let you know when I was leaving. Yes, dear, just a mere bite to ward off one of my collapses—a glass of that old madiera and a couple of lady-fingers and macaroons, they remind me so of poor dear mama! 'Something solid?' did you say? So sweet of you dear. Perhaps George could procure a venison cutlet or a few Yes, dear, those first, the trunks blue points. can wait till after lunch.—I'm so perfectly exhausted! You must leave me? Then a couple of pillows on this lounge and my steamer rug. I left it with my traps outside. Just ring for them. Dear, dear! I forgot about your ser-Don't tell me you have let the last one go. What shall I do without them? I am so helpless too-but you are always so helpful dear, I'm not afraid. I know you'll manage somehow; you always do."

And she "manages somehow" to add to the list of slaves of which this world is full because so many people have put up the graven image of self, which they worship themselves, and before which their friends are called upon to do homage. Can the world produce no hero to devote himself to the task of abolishing this too common form of slavery?

MARY EVANS.

Loretto.

### A Rainy Day in Town

THE vacation, which had been looked forward to for so long, had already come, and a party of us had decided to spend Wednesday together in real holiday fashion. The weather was not suitable for boating, so we intended getting up very early and spending the best part of the day in the woods.

On Tuesday night we all had our lunches prepared. Bessie was to bring sandwiches as her contribution; Peggy promised to bring cakes; Mary candy, and so on. One of the regulations was that whatever a girl brought was to be the work of her own hands.

Before retiring everything was in readiness, and there was every prospect for a bright day on the morrow. Prospects are unreliable things, however, for early in the morning I was awakened by a great noise, like heavy trunks falling down the stairs, one on top of the other. What could be the matter? Then a flash of lightning solved the mystery. The noise was thunder, and the rain began to pour down heavily. How I longed for it to stop, and for the bright sun to appear and dry up everything! But alas! My hopes were not to be realised.

At ten o'clock the storm was worse than ever, so, like a true heroine, I went to my room and began to cry. It was foolish of me, for I knew that no matter how many tears I shed the rain was not likely to stop. Fortunately, at this point, mother intervened and suggested that I invite all the girls who were to go on the picnic, to spend the day at our house, a suggestion which was quickly acted upon.

Before long the whole party was assembled and the question arose, "what were we to do?" One of the girls asked if we had any old magazines. We had a few bundles which I produced. She thought it would be fine for us to cut out the pictures and paste them in little home-made books. Each girl was to arrange the biography of any one she chose by means of the pictures. There was to be a kitle on each page, and a suitable picture was to be pasted above it. Some of the titles were: "My favourite pastime," "My first public appearance," "What I prefer

to do in the summer holidays," "My greatest ambition" and "As I am vo-day."

Doing this was great fun and it kept us busy all afternoon. Some of the pictures suited the different persons so well, that the result was very amusing.

When six o'clock came mother called us to supper, for which, on account of our disappointment, she had everything particularly appetizing, and we appreciated her work thoroughly.

During the evening we amused ourselves in various ways, and when it was time for the party to break up, everyone agreed that we couldn't have enjoyed ourselves one bit better had we gone on the picnic.

SHEILA DOYLE.

Loretto, Brunswick.

### Destiny

"Where stream and ocean meet."

W HAT a number of ideas that little clause conveys to our minds. It might mean the emptying of a river into a greater beyond or it might seem to be the connecting link to those far over the sea, but let us imagine that it signifies the gradual course of life from childhood, when it is carefully nurtured, until it broadens ever and ever out, till finally it reaches the great main in which we all some day must work.

We will watch the course of a drop of water. How fresh and sweet it is when it leaves the spring; how it sparkles and flashes in the sunlight with its numerous brothers and sisters. Very soon Little Drop, for this we will call him, joins the brook where he babbles and coos for a time, then on again he goes to a stream, which connects with the river. All the little drops enjoy themselves so much, for the river winds and bends so prettily that there is always something attractive for them to gaze upon.

Suddenly there is a tremendous rumble and Little Drop quakes with fear, but what can be do but just go on, for hundreds of others push on all sides and there is no turning back to the brook, where all was so peaceful. Lightning now flashes and the heavens are one black mass. Little Drop cannot see where he should go, but he hears one of his little brothers say that they are in the lake. Little Drop thinks he cannot stand the strain much longer, for such roaring, tumbling and bounding he has never done before; but a big Mother Drop whispers, "courage, Little Drop, this is just your training for the larger realms to which you will go." Little Drop brightens at this and puts new determination into his efforts, and before long is riding the crests of the waves, laughing and talking as if it had been his habit for years. stay at this place for a long time, receiving rigorous training for the storms of life which his instructors say are without number.

One day Little Drop becomes restless and decides to start on an adventure. He slips away and very soon finds himself mingling with hordes of strangers. How very rough they are! They jostle and knock him and pay little or no attention to Little Drop at all. He cries bitterly to himself when suddenly he falls over with such a bang that he is knocked senseless. Poor Little Drop has fallen over the great When he revives he finds himself extremely sore and scarcely able to move, while a kindly Nurse Drop bends over him, trying to ease his pain. "My dear little fellow," she says, "how did you ever happen to come over like that?" Then Little Drop tells his pitiful story. "I am sorry for you, but you must go on to the next training point and take up your work again, but remember the consequences of your first misbehavior and do not try it again," said the Nurse. This command is scarcely necessary for his lesson has been well learned. In the next lake he acquires great skill in all drop manoeuvres and 'ere long joins the great majestic river of the St. Lawrence, which leads him to his life work out in the great, great ocean.

At first Little Drop feels very dizzy and shaky in the ocean, for the work there is very strenuous, but with practise he becomes a master of crest work on the sea. He has now been

working for over a couple of years, but hopes soon to have a trip to the Indian Ocean.

How like this little drop of water we all are! From babyhood until the day we leave High School or University we are trained to fill some part in the great wheel of life. Our work may not seem very important, but unless each of us does her own share many are going to suffer as a result. Let us, then, like Little Drop, though we do receive some severe jolts, do our part to make a better, brighter and happier

EUENA J. TAYLOR.

Loretto, Brunswick.

### The Whole World

OW much that means! And what different meaning it conveys to different people!

To the ancient Roman it meant power and control. Every obstacle which stood in his path was brushed aside, even if it were the lives of his compatriots until he stood supreme and the whole known world bowed down in recognition of his power. On through all the centuries that desire for power, for "the whole world" has shown itself until the present day. And now, in the same way, mercy and justice are being thrown into the background in the mad pursuit of power.

Again, to some, a world-wide renown is their idea of gaining the whole world. To have their fame spread far and wide and to be spoken of with awe and wonder and to have their names go down in history among the great masters is their sole aim. They devote their whole lives to art or music or literary work only for that end.

Then again, wealth, which goes hand in hand with power and fame, is the centre of some people's lives. They exert all their energies in gaining great riches and then are never satisfied, but still continue trying to accumulate more.

Idle pleasure is what it signifies to others. If only they could possess all the luxuries of life, travel in ease, partake of all the amusements which come their way, then they would be happy; and to these the whole world means nothing else.

Still what good are power, fame, wealth and pleasure after we have gone into eternity? For have we not God's own words: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And if we are working only for worldly gain, how can we prepare for eternity?

The good Christian, however, is attracted by none of these worldly desires, but, following the exhortation of the Divine Master, he seeks "the Kingdom of God and His justice," and according to the promise, all these things are added thereto. But "these things" do not hold for him the glamour which they do for the worldly-minded. They are only means towards an end, to enjoy God in His Kingdom eternally.

ELEANOR NEALE MACKINTOSH.

Loretto, Brunswick.

Let me repeat the words over and over,

"Hail to thee, Mary, the Lord is with thee,"
One only word for his love, has the lover,

Shall not these hallowed ones answer for me?

### Gems from Examination Papers

Shylock comes in Shylock Holmes, which is a story taken from the Dairies of a Doctor.

Lloyd George is one of the bravest men in England. He does a lot of talking at the big meetings.

Lloyd George is one of the best kings England ever had.

Sir Walter Raleigh was the man who went and played and sang to Queen Mary when she was not writing letters.

Joan of Arc was killed in the name of a wich. She crowned the Dolfin. The French thought she was an angle.

Foch was one of the six men who on 5th of November tried to set the House of Parliament on fire by gunpowder.

#### MOTHER MARY WARD

#### A Brief Reflection on Her Life and Spirit

#### CHAPTER III.—HER CHARITY

"Divine Love is like a fire which will not let itself be shut up, for it is impossible to love God, and not labour to extend His honour."—Mary Ward.

HARITY means love, and love always desires to give. When one loves God very ardently, an intense desire to give Him something in return for His infinite goodness, is awakened in the heart. There is little doubt in the minds of those who love God what that "something" should be—a return of love and service. Yet they should not stop here. His thirst for souls, revealed by so many touching incidents in His life here below, no less than by His express wish, makes His friends eager to lead all souls to His feet.

Mary Ward realized this so strongly that she devoted every energy, and sacrificed every moment of her time and most of her possessions, to the work of reclaiming souls who were in danger of being lost, or in spurring on others to greater perfection. There were many whose faith began to weaken during those dreadful days of persecution especially among the young, and among those in high stations. The latter, by their example were apt to do the greater harm. So Mary determined to brave the criticism of friends and the threats of enemies, in order to save them. To effect her purpose she found it necessary to disguise her person in worldly and fashionable attire. The spies were on her track and she knew it, yet they would not dream of finding her in the gay world. There she was, however, apparently as gay as the gayest, and more richly attired than many. Very secretly, and with consummate tact, she drew first one then another out of danger's wav.

A touching story is told of her efforts to reclaim to a life of fervour, a priest who had neglected his religious obligations and the duties of his holy office for so long a time that he had even forgotten how to say Mass. With all the ardour of her being she applied herself to the work of converting him, and for fear that once brought over, he might relapse into his former careless ways, living as he was in the midst of temptation, she induced him to leave England. She was herself shortly afterwards apprehended by the persecutors, yet her one anxiety was, not for her own release, but for the safety of this newly redeemed soul. Her charity was rewarded in a miraculous manner, when by means of a wonderful vision, it was given her to understand that a special Guardian Angel was watching over and keeping him safe.

We must attribute the very formation of the first little Community to that power of attracting which was nothing else than the overflowing of her great, loving heart. Only the force of a divine charity like hers could have drawn those who were leading comfortable, even luxurious lives, to a life of hardship and bitter exile, purchased, in many instances, at the risk of life itself.

So it is with those who love God very ardently. The fire which burns within their hearts invariably influences all who come near them. Therefore, before Mary began her definite life-work, she was a real apostle in disguise among her friends and relatives in England.

She is described for us by one of her companions, as being very beautiful, not with the beauty alone of feature and grace of figure, but with an indescribable charm of expression and manner which attracted all who came near her. Her manner was courteous as well as winning, her voice gentle and musical, and there was a

certain dignity in her bearing which put her at perfect ease in the presence of princes and noblemen, a fact which won for her person and her cause their consideration and respect. These charms of character and appearance were never displayed in order to attract attention. They were used in promoting honour and in winning souls to His love and service.

Very often Mary went to the prisons and homes of the poor and wretched, to cheer them with her sweet offices of charity; and many poor tortured souls on the point of giving way to despair under hardships sufficient, almost, to deprive them of reason, were encouraged to turn their sufferings to account, and thus to join the ranks of glorious martyrs who will sing God's praises forever, where there are neither sufferings nor tears; but love is there and love is all!

BARBARA BABTHORPE.

Loretto Abbey.

### BLUE PENCIL BUREAU

"But then to write at a loose, rambling rate, In hope that the world will wink at all our faults,

Is such a rash ill-grounded confidence As men may pardon, but will never praise."

Trans. Horace.

Dear B.P.B.,—I am sure that your strictures about prepositions are in keeping with the formal rules of good English; yet, are you quite sure that usage has not sanctioned the "ill-treatment" you allude to in such pathetic terms? I am inclined to think it has. If not, then our "cruelty" would seem to rank with that of our direst enemies in this world-war.

It seems to me that I find the preposition bringing up the rear in many modern works, whose authors are above criticism in the matter of English. Am I wrong?

Submissively yours,

Florence Wheeler.

Dear Florence,—Your objection is not without reason; yet, we think you will find the principle laid down very generally maintained; and please remember that this bureau is dealing with principles, rather than with popular practices, modern or otherwise. Be specific next time, and quote some of the authorities you mention, not in their exceptional, but in their customary practice. Should you find sufficient proof to justify your contention, at least two good things will have been achieved: your interest will have been aroused, and no doubt, you will have gained much profit from those researches.

One of our correspondents—we shall not name her—has derived no little merriment from the point in question. She writes: "The luxury of being alone all day is something to be grateful for." "Excuse the prepositional terminus; you see, I write before I think."

Well, if the B.P.B. can provide but a moment of merriment even in this sad period of the world's existence, it shall not have lived and (sic) fought for principles in vain, even grammatical ones.

Q. What are the rules which regulate the use of the dash? I find some writers using it almost exclusively—letter-writers, principally. Can they be followed in this practice without offending against literary propriety?

A. No, the tendency to substitute this mark for those of established usage is fatal to a clear translation of the writer's thought, and is generally a sign of carelessness, excusable, perhaps, with letter-writers who have grown familiar with each other's thought and manner of expression, but not to be recommended even to such.

The rules which govern the dash are these:

1. A dash is used when a thought is abruptly broken into by another thought. Ex. "Let me show you how to enter—by the way, what brought you here?" 2. When words or phrases are inserted between parts of a sentence by way of second thought, or an aside. Ex. "Someone—I shall not say who—is responsible for this accident." 3. To indicate any strong emotion, or interrupted exclamations. Ex. "No, no—not that way—please—see they are running into us!"

Apropos of abolishing punctuation marks, a good story is told of a certain city mayor, who, having strong views on education, was invited to assist at a public oral examination in one of the schools. When the subject of punctuation came up, he "pooh-poohed" it all. As for himself, he said, he employed the dash exclusively.

"Very good," said the teacher, and taking a piece of chalk, he wrote on the board in sight of all: "His Worship thinks the teacher is a fool."

"No, no," replied the mayor, "I didn't say that—L"

"Pardon me," returned the teacher, "I must punctuate that sentence," and he did so with this result: "His Worship," thinks the teacher, "is a fool." The result can be better imagined than described.

The question for us is: Would the dash fulfill the office of all those marks required in the above sentence? We think not.

Q. I am sometimes puzzled how to proceed when quotations occur within quotations. Is there a definite rule on the point?

A. One is advised to avoid too much of this kind of writing because it tends to confusion of meaning; but the rule is to use double and single marks alternately. Ex. "I heard Mary say to my uncle, 'You said to me yourself last week, "I will not refuse you again," 'and I answered, "I hope you'll remember your promise."

Q. Has the B.P.B. any receipt for making essay-writing less difficult, less of a painful ordeal to one whose pressure of work allows her

no time to consult all the early primer rules? The very term "essay" frightens me, even when I am familiar with the subject matter, and feel I could talk with ease and fluency upon it.

A. Is it not an exaggerated idea of the erudition the mere term implies that frightens us? We think so. Yet there is no essential difference between it and the more familiar term "composition," with which we have no quarrel. If we are able to talk with ease and perhaps with unconscious eloquence, upon any subject which has aroused or interested us deeply, we should be able to write out that discussion and arrange it in the order which the barest knowledge of logical sequence will suggest. selecting a number of points which are capable of development, not too many, we can bring to each point whatever details it requires by way of illustration, additional proof, or elaboration, taking care that these additional details in no way obscure the point they are intended to support and elucidate.

Before thinking of essay-writing, there is an essential element to its success which should be well secured. We should watch our speech, the words and sentences which compose it, taking care that they conform to the rules laid down by the best authorities. The very shortest way to achieve our double aim is to read, daily and attentively, the best English models among essayists, observing their methods, their style, their choice of words and turns of expression, not that we may imitate them directly, though many eminent writers have confessed to such a practice and approved it, but to arrive at the standard of good taste which these authors provide. Students have gained more by this than by any other method, we think, and Professor William Lyon Phelps supports us in the belief by an article written for the Century Magazine, some years ago. He says:

"A wide reader is usually a correct writer; and he has reached the goal in the most delightful manner, without feeling the penalty of Adam... We should not take the extreme position taken by some, that all practice in themewriting is time thrown away; but after a costly experience of the drudgery that composition

work forces on teacher and pupil, we would say emphatically that there is no educational method at present that involves so enormous an outlay of time, energy and money, with so correspondingly small a result. . . . In order to support this with evidence, let us take the experience of a specialist who investigated the question by reading many sophomore compositions in two leading colleges, where the natural capacity and previous training of the students were fairly equal. In one college every freshman wrote themes steadily through the year, with an accompaniment of sound instruction in rhetorical principles; in the other college every freshman studied Shakespeare, with absolutely no training in rhetoric and with no practice in composition. A comparison of the themes written in their sophomore year by these students; showed that technically the two were fully on a par." That is weighty and most significant testimony."

On the other hand it is interesting to know what such an authority as John Richard Green says on the subject. He, himself, as the inscription on his tombstone tells us, "Died Learning," but he also died making.

"Anyone can read," he would say, "anyone of decent wits can accumulate notes and references; the difficulty is to write—to make something!" When Mrs. Humphrey Ward was thinking vaguely of writing a history of early

Spain, we are told, he wrote to her almost impatiently: "Begin—and begin your book. Den't do 'studies' and that sort of thing, one's book teaches one everything as one writes it. Amiel's Journal has in it a passage which bears him out: 'It is by writing that one learns; it is my pumping that one draws water into one's well!'

So we have the liberty of choice between two good methods: Read and observe, or write, and learn by doing, even by blundering, provided that correction follows closely upon each blunder.

Here are some faulty sentences which we invite our correspondents, to send in to this Bureau in a corrected form.

1. When we were here six months my mother sent me to a kindergarten. 2. I speak plainly so that the smallest child might understand me. 3. In these few sentences are to be found the whole root of the matter. 4. If the public submits to such an imposition they will regret it. 5. It is not rare to hear of an Atlantic steamer's loss. 6. I will give it to whoever comes first. 7. There stood Julia, who they both hate, and whom I thought was not coming. 8. He was a quiet boy whom I thought was never in mischief. 9. He was taller than me. 10. You must understand that this is between you and I.



#### RE-VERSES

Full many a maid, this merry month of May Felt sure she'd manage in some lucky way To sweep those treacherous finals neat and clean;

Alas! Alack! for hopes so fresh and green!

Though many an eye with plugging was full sore

And waxéd red when asked to plug some more, Full many a cruel Prof. replete with lore Vowed that he'd pluck as ne'er he plucked before!

L'Envoi

He kept his vow, but e'er his term was o'er
Another Name adorned a certain DOOR!
Another "Code of Canons" more divine
Will rule these things—and, no, we'll not rePine!
F. B.

"For nothing keeps a poet (or a martyr) in his high and singing mood

Like unappeasable hunger for unattainable food."

Joyce Kilmer.

Lives there a being howsoe'er unfed,
So unetherealised—so dead,
So far from being under the control
Of all the higher movements of his soul,
Who, during these lean years of conservation
When every bill-of-fare spells out 'starvation';
Has breathed a craven word of low complaint,
Or uttered words unfitting for a saint
Against the food dictator and his clan,
So bent on doing all their mighty 'can'
To prove the future 'll starve us anyhow,
''So, pray,'' they say, ''if in the future,
Why and now?''

If such there be, so void of heroism, Waste not your breath in empty criticism, Believe me! Her case is one of chronic skepticism, She is not fit to die of patriotism, Not she!

#### A Word to the Weary

Here's a word-long due-of credit For distracted ones who edit · First essays in journalism, Giving them their inky chrism; Proving how, beyond all question Good it is for young digestion To embellish reams of paper. E'en with amateurish caper— Anything to start the fountain That on high Olympus' mountain Sends out streams of inspiration Over every generation; Sparkling jets of fancy golden Calculated to embolden Laggard pens and inclinations To achieve great reputations.

Here's to those who're always toiling
To prevent the press from spoiling
By a word too few or many
Author's meanings (if they've any),
Yet who beg with eagerness
For the crumbs of MSS.,
Afterwards so oft repenting
Their rash impulse in consenting
To include an essay, story,
Song or article so hoary,
So encumbered with old phrases
Buried long beneath the daisies
That Ham, Shem and Japhet used them
When Noah and his wife abused them!

Here's to them! Oh, may they never Falter in their sad endeavour!



### THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

### At Loretto College, Niagara Falls

An event of historic interest, in the records for the current scholastic year, at Loretto of the Blessed Sacrament, was the Reception on the 28th of May, given to His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, on the occasion of the Vice-Regal visit to the Convent.

The party, which included Her Excellency the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Blanche and Lady Dorothy Cavendish, were met at the beautiful hall of entrance by the Superiors and Ladies of the Institute, and were introduced by His Honour J. Stevens, Mayor of Niagara Falls, Ontaric. After some informal conversation the party proceeded to the concert room, where a large audience awaited them, and arose as Their Excellencies and suite entered.

Standing on elevated tiers upon a rose-embowered stage, the pupils, gowned simply in white, nobly sustained in the program which followed, the high standard of excellence for which, during fifty-seven years their Alma Mater has been famous. Their repose of manner, quiet attention, and perfection of detail was remarked and praised by all. After the singing of the National Anthems and the song of greeting, an address of rich and beautiful design, and touchingly eloquent in sentiment, was read and presented to His Excellency by Miss Lota Williams; and a sheaf of American Beauty roses was presented by Miss Agnes Ballard to the Duchess of Devonshire, who in turn conferred the gold medals of graduation upon the honoured recipients: Miss Lota Williams of Niagara Falls, Ontario; Miss Agnes Ballard, Niagara Falls; Miss Montrose Phillips, Buffalo, N.Y., and Miss Mary Carroll of Pittsburg, Pa.

As the graduates came forward to receive their medals the Duchess spoke a few words to each, words which, it is needless to say, will occupy a little corner all their own in the hearts of the "Sweet girl graduates" of Loretto, Niagara Falls, 1918.

The Duke responded to the honours shown him by giving a short but eloquent address, in which he thanked the young ladies for their kindly greeting, praised Niagara Falls, its people and its beautiful scenery, and the good work which has always been done at the Convent.

It pleased him, he said, to see the flags of both nations presented, and to hear the national anthems of both nations sung. He hoped this would be a happy omen of the broader and finer relationship which would always prevail between Canada and the United States in the future. He mentioned the great and gallant work of our brave men at the front; the loyalty and patience of Canadians, not only those men who are actually fighting in France, but the rest of their countrymen and women who fight economic troubles at home, and steadfastly back them up.

"England," said the Duke, "is proud of Canada, of the way she is upholding her Empire's heritage of freedom, and taking upon herself the greater obligations that free men feel responsible for. Canada is standing for great ideals, great duties and great responsibilities."

The Duke requested that a holiday be given the students as a remembrance of his visit and completed his address by wishing the Convent all good luck and prosperity. The National Anthems were again sung, and while the guests and students were going out, the orchestra, composed of girl musicians of the Convent, played that stirring old tune, "Dixie Land," afthe cars in waiting, and this brought to a close the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire to Loretto, Niagara Falls.

A rousing cheer greeted them from loyal Canadian hearts when they descended to enter the cars in waiting and this brought to a close the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire to Loretto, Niagara Falls.

### QUARTERLY NOTES

Literary, Social and Musical, from Loretto, Sault St. Marie

#### HISTORY.

A parliamentary debate of great interest and requiring much previous research, took place at Loretto Academy one evening in May, before a large body of students and friends. The question before the house was whether the Renaissance should be considered a greater period in the world's history than the Thirteenth Century. The leader for the government, Miss Mary Porter, advanced the claims of the Renaissance in a speech which, for diction, delivery and eloquence, it would be difficult to surpass in any students' parliament. The opposition was ably championed by Miss Angela O'Boyle, who set forth the aims and general character of the Thirteenth Century, and while admitting the remarkable achievements of the fifteenth and following century, supported the contention that, taken all in all, the thirteenth, with its forerunner, the twelfth, was the greatest epoch in the development of modern civilization. The subject was then taken up by the other members under various heads, such as art, architecture, literature, book-making, great men and women, economic and social life. Both sides showed an excellent grasp of the different phases of these two periods. The time allowed for rebuttal gave only an earnest of the brilliant things that each side longed to say extempore. The question was closely contested, but the judges, after a short consultation, returned with a decision in favour of the Thirteenth Century, which was warmly applauded by the government.

#### LITERATURE.

On Monday evening, June 10th, the Third and Fourth Year Academic were afforded an opportunity for a final discussion of what had for months been not only the subject of greatest interest in class, but the staple of conversation outside of it—the tragedy of Hamlet. Familiar-

ity with the text, the ability to quote accurately, to locate and explain passages and allusions, were clearly brought out by the preliminary questions. A careful analysis of the various characters and a prepared discussion of the more important problems of the play gave evidence of originality and careful study, and, in many cases, of a rather remarkable maturity of judgment.

Besides Rev. J. J. Stenglein, Rev. A. Waechter and Rev. F. Tastevin, a small, but discriminating, audience of persons interested in Shakespeare were present.

#### MUSIC.

The music department closed a very successful year with two interesting recitals—for the Juniors May 27th, for the Seniors May 31st. The large and attentive audience on both these eccasions showed that appreciators of good music are not wanting at the Sault.

#### COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

On Sunday, June 16th, at four o'clock, the "Address to the Graduates" was delivered by Rev. A. Waechter, followed by Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, after which an informal reception for the graduates and their parents was held in the Assembly Hall.

On Monday, June 17th, a High Mass of Thanksgiving was sung by Rev. J. J. Stenglein.

On Tuesday evening, in Baraga Hall, the students presented the classic play "Andromeda" in Latin before a very large audience. Anyone who came with misgivings lest a play presented in Latin might not prove very diverting, went away with his mind entirely changed and ready to declare that the Loretto girls could render even the unabridged dictionary a histrionic success.

However, the plot of "Andromeda" has in itself decided dramatic merits and the foreign medium when employed with intelligence, fluency and accuracy, and accompanied by spirited action, can by no means obscure those merits, even for those who know "small Latin and less Greek." The play tells the pretty story of how Perseus rescues Andromeda from

a sea monster and afterwards marries her, and of how a vengeful rival is changed to stone by his Gorgon shield. It is based on Ovid and Catullus.

Miss Julia Sullivan, in the rôle of Cassiope, looked regal and acted the part of the heart-broken mother with remarkable realism. Miss Ida Ranson, who has an imposing presence, was quite equal to the part of Cepheus, speaking her lines with clearness and dignity. Andromeda, the beautiful and noble-hearted maiden, was well represented by Miss Angela O'Boyle, whose soliloquy on the deserted sea-coast was the most touching point in the play. Miss Mary Porter looked every inch a hero—a slayer of Gorgons and a rescuer of distressed maidens—the prototype of the Christian Knight.

The action was accompanied and rendered attractive by several choruses of Greek maidens clad in various delicate colours. A very pretty picture was made by the chorus who enter to a graceful measure, waving garlands and singing Catullus' famous marriage song, "Collis O Heliconii." A Greek dance as part of the wedding festivities was much admired.

Among those deserving honourable mention was the monster, who roared lustily behind the scenes and died hard after repeated blows on his pachydermis.

The play was preceded by the Latin school song, "Gaudeamus nos Alumnae," which the students "hujub domus Lauretanae Saltus Sanctae Mariae," sang with no little zest. A very "singable" Latin version of "America" closed the programme.

The Loretto Alumnae attended in a body and occupied reserved seats.

On Thursday, June 20th, took place the great event of Commencement Week, the presentation of "Twelfth Night" by the Senior and Junior Classes. If press comment and the remarks of discriminating critics are to be believed, the play had the finish of a professional production.

The stately and romantic wooing of the Duke

and Olivia, the exquisite poetry of the scenes with Viola were a delight to the more judicious, while all classes—even the never-to-be-despised groundlings-were kept in continuous good humour by the comic under-plot. The midnight revels of Sir Toby and his convivial friends, the gulling of the self-opinionated Malvolio, the duel arranged by Sir Toby between the two cowards, Cesario and Sir Andrew, whom "oxen and wainropes could not hale together." Sir Andrew's costly blunder in regard to the identity of Cesario and Sebastian, and the antics of the clever Feste. It would certainly not be rash to assert that rarely, if ever, has a cast of girl amateurs below the college grade given this play with such entire success.

The performance was under the direction of "the beloved lady"—a clever New York actress, to whom much credit is due for the grace and finish acquired by the cast.

Commencement week culminated in the Graduation Exercises held Friday evening, June 21st. At eight o'clock the six floral-crowned and white-robed graduates advanced to the stage, where a very beautiful but simple programme was opened with Gounod's "Unfold Ye Portals."

The Valedictory for the Class of 1918 was pronounced by Miss Angela O'Boyle.

Graduation Medals and Diplomas were conferred on Miss Julia Roussain (Honours in History, English and Latin), Miss Angela O'Boyle (Honours in History, English, Latin and First Year Spanish), Miss Mary O'Gorman, Miss Mabel La Rose, Miss Catherine Phelan and Miss Ada Sullivan.

Commercial Diplomas were conferred on Miss Mabel La Rose, Miss Mary O'Gorman, Miss Helen Goetz, Miss Helen Fitzpatrick and Miss Helen Bailey.

The Alumnae reunions, formal and informal, held on Saturday and Sunday, were largely attended, many out-of-town members being present.

#### ALUMNAE NOTES

#### LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Patroness
Hon. President
Hon. Vice-PresidentMRS THOMAS LALOR.
President
First Vice-President MISS GERTRUDE KELLY.
Second Vice-President MISS HELEN SEITZ.
Recording SecretaryMISS VICTORINE ROONEY.
Corresponding Secretary MISS EILEEN CLARKE.
Convenor of House Committee. MRS, HARRY MURPHY.
Convenor of Entertainment MRS. JAMES MALLON.
Convenor of MembershipMRS. JOSEPH DOANE.
Convenor of PressMISS MABEL EALAND.

NOTICE: Members are reminded of their privilege of bringing guests (fee twenty-five cents) to the quarterly meetings. The lecture, musical and tea are always worth while and it is an easy and pleasant way of entertaining one's friends.

#### TWENTIETH ANNUAL MEETING

#### Of the Loretto Alumnae Association, 1917-1918.

NOTE: In the regretted absence of the President, Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, Miss Gertrude Kelly, 1st Vice-President, was in the chair, and conducted the meeting in her usual capable manner.

#### REPORT.

In happier times the completion of our twentieth year of friendly and helpful organization would doubtless have been made the occasion of some special festivity. Now, however, when even those women's clubs whose avowed object was simply social intercourse, are answering so valiantly to the national call for service, we can but look forward to celebrating our silver jubilee under more auspicious circumstances, in a world once more at peace.

During the past twenty years the Alumnae has been under the direction of nine different presidents.

From the original plan, inaugurated in 1898, of holding an annual reunion, we find that in 1903 it was decided to hold two general meetings a year. These semi-annual sessions were augmented in 1906 by a series of three literary afternoons, and in 1909 it was formally made a matter of constitutional law that the regular meeting should be held monthly. Subsequently, in 1915, on account of the various patriotic fes-

tivities of individual members, this article was amended to read quarterly, instead of monthly.

From the first recorded list of members in 1902, which claimed thirty-seven, our membership steadily increased until in 1914 our books showed a paid-up membership of one hundred and sixty-nine; but war-time conditions have affeeted even the Loretto Alumnae Association, which this year numbers one hundred and thirty members. Considering that in offering to old pupils of Loretto frequent opportunities for reunion, the Alumnae was fulfilling its object of benefiting its members, to conform further to the other clauses governing the objects of the Association, namely, "to advance the interests of Loretto" and "to encourage Catholic education," in 1913 the Loretto Alumnae Association Scholarship Fund was established to provide a scholarship, to be competed for by pupils of Loretto taking their university course through Loretto Abbey College.

Early in the term of office of the present Executive Committee, the Alumnae applied for membership in the Toronto Local Council of Women, that we might be one of the one hundred and fifty-seven Toronto societies recognized by the National Council of Women of Canada; that we might keep in touch with the activities of our sister societies; and that being officially notified of our country's needs, we might offer our services where most required.

Canada Food Board has most earnestly requested, in a letter dated May 9th, 1918, that cur organization impress upon its members the patriotic duty of food conservation; and under date of May 1st, 1918, the Canada Registration Board solicits the assistance, co-operation, and, if possible, the voluntary service of our members in the great task of national registration. These and other such appeals have all come through our affiliation with the Local Council.

On October 17th and 18th, 1917, the Association arranged a Bridge and Euchre at the Mission Tea Rooms, the proceeds to be devoted to patriotic and charitable purposes. Subsequently a phonograph was donated to Davisville Military Hospital; a donation given to Mrs.

Doherty for the Weston Sanitarium, and the remainder was forwarded to the Catholic Chaplains' Hut Fund.

On May 13th, 14th, 15th, 1918, the Loretto Alumnae Association in co-operation with St. Joseph's Alumnae Association, arranged a solemn Triduum, to intercede for the safety of our soldier boys, our country's needs and a speedy victory. The organization for a publicity campaign was under the direction of a committee of ten, five selected from each Alumnae, and this committee, especially the Secretaries, were untiring in their endeavours to reach every Catholic woman in Toronto. That the opportunity for united prayer for our great cause has been eagerly desired by our Catholic women, was shown by the more than capacity attendance at all the services.

GERTRUDE KELLY,

First Vice-President.

Tuesday, May 28th.

#### NOTES.

A vote of thanks to Rev. John Burke, C.S.P., for his scholarly and delightful talk on "The Poets of the War" at the April meeting, was moved by Mrs. Phelan and seconded by Mrs. Doane.

\* \* \*

Congratulations were sent to Miss Norma Ferry upon her marriage to Capt. Tait, C.A. M.C., which took place at Holy Rosary Church.

\* \* \*

All will be very glad to welcome Elizabeth Roesler upon her return home. They hope to see her at the Fall meeting. We congratulate the Loretto girls who are doing "their bit" in the munition factories, farms and banks; Miss Gertrude O'Neill, munitions; Miss Annie Coxwell, bank, and Miss Kelly, munitions.

\* \* \*

Congratulations to Mrs. Bock (Louise Foy), to Mrs. Frank McLaughlin (Irene Phelan), and to Mrs. Wilson (Bernardette McNabb), each upon the arrival of a daughter; to Mrs. Doherty (May Wheaton) upon the birth of a son.

Loretto wishes to express sincere condolence to Misses Eva and Loyola Barker upon the sudden and tragic death of their brother, Flight-Lieutenant Claude Barker.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Murphy (Rita Wheaton) is in her new home, 7 Wychwood Park.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. Gage intend settling permanently in Toronto, as Lieut. Gage, after nearly four years' service with C.E.F., has been given his discharge.

\* \* \*

The dancing in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," put on by the College girls of Loretto Abbey, was under the direction of Miss Josephine Hodgson, a Loretto old girl, whose dancing classes are becoming deservedly popular.

\* \* \*

Miss Gertrude O'Neill has joined Canada's band of munition workers at Fairbanks, Morse & Co.

\* \* \*

The annual Alumnae tea and election on May 28th were well attended and enjoyed. As proof of the acceptability and efficiency of last year's governing members, all former officers were re-elected.

#### OUR LADY'S HILL

One of the many points of interest to tourists coming to see the royal city of Guelph, and of affection to the townspeople, is Our Lady's Hill. It is magnificently situated in the centre of the city, forming, as it were, a barrier between the two main sections of the city. On either side of the Church of Our Lady, which caps the hill, and is one of the handsomest structures in Canada, are large buildings, one of which is the Rectory, the other Loretto Academy.

The grounds adjoining each building add greatly to their appearance. They are large, velvet-like lawns and terraces, shaded, for the most part, by great maple trees, and many flowers of different colours add much to the beauty and the harmony of the scene. A long road-way with a walk on either side leads up from Norfolk street to the church, in the middle of which there is a long, narrow flower garden which is well kept and always very pretty.

The Church itself is most beautiful in winter on one of those days when, after a thaw, it is made silvery white with a sheeting of ice. It looks like a fairy palace when seen from a distance and when the sun makes a golden sheen around it. The mosaic of the Lamb of God, lying on the Book of Seven Seals, with a background of brilliant sun rays is an inspiring sight. It is a massive building and by its very size strikes into the hearts of all those who are within sight of it, a great awe and reverence for the God that dwells within.

The inside of the Church sustains the reputation which the outside has acquired. Stained glass windows donated by devout families and members of the congregation represent various scenes of Our Lord's Life, Passion and Death. The Stations of the Cross are carved in an ivorylike material and are placed between the windows on either side of the Church. The altar is of marble and the only decorations are the figures of angels bearing lights on either side. On the sanctuary floor are four trees, on the branches of which are shaded lights. whole is something which increases one's reverence for God, especially when the three priests dressed in their vestments of gold and white, chant a solemn High Mass and the altar and sanctuary are lighted up with many lights.

This Church of Our Lady on the "Holy Hill," as it is sometimes called, is one of the largest churches in Ontario and there are few, if any, so beautiful both inside and outside. It is one of the first places visited by strangers on their arrival in Guelph.

MARGUERITE A. BUSH.

Loretto, Guelph.

#### A Coming Event

We know not of what we are capable till the trial comes—till it comes, perhaps, in the form which makes the strong man quail, and turns the gentler woman into a heroine.

## **CHRONICLES**

# Joretto Abbey College Notes Graduation Week—1918.

On Wednesday evening at the close of a Triduum of prayer, under the auspices of St. Joseph's and Loretto Colleges, for soldiers overseas, the audience of the combined Alumnae gathered in the auditorium of St. Joseph's College to do honour to the graduates of St. Michael's College of 1918. Rev. J. Muckle, M.A., C.S.B., was chairman for the evening, and speeches were made by Rev. L. O'Reilly, D.D., of St. Augustine's Seminary, and by Dr. McDonagh, followed, after a musical intermission, by an introductory address for the graduates, by Miss Quinlan, short valedictory addresses by Genevieve Twomey, and Madeline Murphy, and a few words by Mary Power, as representative of St. Michael's Alumnae.

The Catholic University situation in Toronto is one of immense possibilities and deserving of the attention and interest of all Canadians who have at heart the cause of higher education. A passage in Dr. O'Reilly's address was symbolic of present conditions. In alluding to earlier days before women students were so large a factor, he spoke of the students' closing days at St. Michael's, when the banner of the warrior angel was the last object lesson for their meditation as they crossed the threshold into life. That banner now, the reverend speaker said, should be enlarged. The splendid angel with the flaming sword at the top of the banner might be supported by Our Lady of Loretto on one side and St. Joseph on the other, and in the centre, to symbolize the union of the whole and the guide and seal of Catholic education, the youthful figure of our dear Lord.

On Thursday evening the college students presented Midsummer Night's Dream, which has formed the basis of the year's dramatic work under the direction of Dr. F. H. Kirkpatrick of the Toronto Conservatory. The College auditorium was crowded and the audience pro-

fuse in its appreciation. The dancing was arranged by a former Loretto pupil, Miss Josephine Hodgson, and was much admired. The dramatic cast was as follows:

with Hermia......Mertis Donnelly
Philostrate, Master of the revels to Theseus
Eulalie Moloney

Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus ...... Estelle Walsh Hermia, Daughter of Egeus, betrothed to

On Friday afternoon at the customary University Convocation the graduates of L.A.C. for 1918 were among the number who were invested with baccalaureate hoods. At this convocation distinguished diplomatic guests in Canada on war matters were decorated with honorary degrees—Lord Reading and Elihu Root. Interesting speeches by the guests on allied aims and problems were a suitable accompaniment to the student and faculty ceremonies.

On Saturday morning a solemn High Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated in honour of the successful close of the college year, Reverend Father Powell, C.S.B., as celebrant, Rev. F. D. Meader, C.S.B., as deacon, and Rev. J. O'Hara, C.SS.R., as sub-deacon, and Rev. J. F. Oliver, C.S.B., as master of ceremonies. The young men graduates of St. Michael's who were in the city served in the sanctuary while the young women graduates in caps, gowns and hoods led the procession of college students into the chapel. The baccalaureate sermon preached by Rev. J. Dutton of St. Mary's, Toronto, was a sympathetic exposition of what graduation should mean to a Catholic young woman.

After the High Mass the combined faculty and students held a reception in the Abbey parlours, to seal once more the relations of students' day before the parting. Luncheon was served at noon and the class of 1918 began its mutual farewell.

M. C.

#### Examination Results, May, 1918.

#### Fourth Year:

Genevieve Twomey, B.A.-Moderns, II. Class Honours.

A. M. Kelly, B.A.—General Course, II. Class Standing.

Frances Galligan, B.A.—General Course, II. Class Standing.

Alice McClelland, B.A., General Course, II. Class Standing.

Kathleen Macaulay—(Latin, History).

#### Third Year.

Madeleine Smyth—Moderns, Ar. Class Honours. Grace Elston—English and History (Classics). Mertis Donnelly, General Course, II. Class Standing.

Florence Daley—General Course, II. Class Standing.

#### Second Year:

M. Doyle—Moderns, I. Class Honours.
Dorothea Cronin—II. Class Honours.
M. I. Street—III. Class Honours.
Gertrude Walsh—(Latin, Science).
Frances Redmond—(Chem. Hist.)
Kathleen Costello—(Germ., Hist.)

#### First Year:

M. F. Cronin—Moderns, II. Class Honours.

Margaret McCabe—III. Class Honours.

Frances O'Brien—III. Class Honours.

Kathleen O'Connell—III. Class Honours.

Estelle Walsh—III. Pass Class Standing.

Anna Mullett—General Course, II. Class Standing.

Marjorie Cray — General Course, Pass Class Standing.

Madeleine Daley—General Course, Pass Class Standing.

Lois McBrady—General Course, Pass Class Standing.

Helen Mullett—General Course, Pass Class Standing.

Marguerite Quinlan—General Course, Pass Class Standing.

Frances Moloney—General Course, Pass Class Standing.

Ceeely Wood—(Phys.), General Course, Pass . Class Standing.

Ann Henry-(Lat., French).

#### SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES.

The Mary Ward Scholarship (value \$140) for highest First Class Honours, was obtained by Miss M. Doyle.

The Loretto Alumnae Scholarship (value \$50) for highest standing at Junior Matriculation, was held in 1917, by Miss Marguerite Quinlan.

A General Proficiency Scholarship for First Year, donated by College Graduates, was obtained by Miss A. Mullett.

A Prize of \$20 for highest Honour Standing in English, the gift of Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, was obtained by Miss McCabe.

#### GIFTS TO THE COLLEGE.

The College wishes to express grateful appreciation of several further valuable donations during the year, including the following:

Reference books presented by Rev. P. J. Kelly, formerly of Parry Sound, now Army Chaplain.

Seven valuable steel engravings and other pictures presented by F. J. Canty, Esq., LL.B., of Chicago.

Reference Books presented by Miss Alma Small of Toronto.

A College Tea in November, 1917, and presentation of a purse of two hundred and eighteen dollars by the College Students, past and present.

The Dramatic performance of "Midsummer Night's Dream" at Graduation, in May, 1918, was the forerunner of a gift from the students of this year to the College Library: Lives of the

Popes by Pastor, and History of English Poetry by Courthope.

In Easter week a college reunion took place at the Abbey. The graduates of the last four years gathered from various sections of the province to renew old ties and form new ones with the students of to-day. On the evening of Thursday, a very simple banquet was enlivened by toasts and reminiscences—"a feast of reason and a flow of soul." The student circle grows, but remains a circle in union of interest and spirit—"as round a pebble into water thrown, dilates a ring of light." The students made a gift to the college—a General Proficiency Scholarship for first year students.

# Englewood Notes Patriotism vs. Study.

A few events of late give promise of a happy, busy term next year. A new, and yet an old, spirit is dominant in our school. Perhaps it was merely dormant, and needed only the raising of the immense service flag in our church, to awaken the girls to their very new war-time duties.

All the soldiers or sailors "on leave" or in near-by camps, who could get away, were present. They sat in the front pews and saluted as the stars and stripes were unfurled on one side, and the service flag on the other, with its 300 stars, each gleaming its mute appeal of one brave soul ready to fight. Every heart in the vast audience breathed a prayer that not one of those stars be turned to gold.

Another beautifully solemn event was Forty Hours Devotion in our chapel. The white altar was elaborately decorated with lovely sunburst roses, offered by the pupils. Mass was celebrated on the first day by Father Robedeau, the second by Father Leary, S.J., and the third day, by Father Mahoney. The seniors, accompanied by a former graduate, formed the choir. The sweet tones of the violin, harp and organ intermingling, added much to the solemnity of the devotion. I venture to say the many prayers offered our enthroned Sacramental Lord, found a ready response in His Heart.

During the "Week Drive" for the American Red Cross, our girls formed part of an immense cross on the historic Midway. In fact they are to be found wherever they can aid by word or presence. Their busy fingers ply knitting needles quickly and neatly, and most of them can "turn a heel" to perfection. The little tots of the grammar grades were not to be left behind in this new game of patriotism. Their combined efforts won for them the honour flag for obtaining most subscriptions to the Red Cross, an honor not to be despised. During the four weeks' Liberty Loan campaign our Alumnae wan the honour flag for two successive weeks. This means that Loretto pupils are willing, generous and patriotic.

The saddest, gladdest day of every Loretto studentl's life passed pleasantly and patriotical-The splendor of the day was its simplicity, the pleasure, that we were all present and happy. We had prophecies, a will, a poem and a farewell speech. Our vocal teacher, Miss Mulvihill, and Father Mahoney, honoured us with two songs. Father Robedeau spoke quite appropriately on the "Flag," while Father Ryan in his speech encouraged and advised the graduates. Perhaps a word here on the decorations would not be amiss. The stars and stripes were everywhere prominent, everything was in keeping with the times, from the little paper redcross nurses, that served as place-cards, to the U. S. shields, used for programmes, and the little red, white and blue candy baskets. Patriotism was in the air. It draped the chandeliers and ornamented the walls, in fact it glowed from every nook and corner. Class-day was truly beautiful, and never to be forgotten.

NONA KELLY, '19.

Loretto, Englewood.

#### FAREWELL ADDRESS

We, the class of '19, extend to the class of '18 our sincerest wishes for a happy, successful future whether great or small, whether in the public mind, or in the mind of the individual.

Four years ago you came to Loretto. Four years have passed, all too quickly, perhaps.

There were, undoubtedly, dark days with the bright—for summer's toll is always winter. There were, perhaps, times when you wondered if ever you would graduate. But now that you are most august and dignified seniors don't you almost wish in a corner of your heart the years were just a little longer? Certainly we do. The duty of edifying under-graduates about to devolve upon us by your departure will be easier since we have learned so well our lesson from you, our seniors.

In a few years, perhaps a year, sixteen different girls will be scattered far, by sixteen different callings, but you will always be united by the bond of those lessons studied and learned, the sympathy for your class-mate who missed, and 'the good-will for the one who "answered."

Remember, departing Seniors, Loretto. Englewood, has four good-sized entrances, and who was it that used to say, "The doors are always open?" You will always be welcome back to give a word of advice to struggling students, to tell them of the joys of study as you found them, what good little girls you were and how your teachers loved you and never had to reprimand you. Above all, tell them you never forgot to study, and always handed in your betany note-book on Wednesday without fail.

Let Loretto be ever written on your mind. Let it mean all the good that is in you, your highest aims, your cherished hopes. Let not the happy fleeting years you spent here have been spent in vain. No matter where your future may carry you, if to France in the garb of mercy, you will see it written on the scarlet If chance should lead you to the Orient you will see it on the calm waters of the Pacific and the strange faces of the natives. If the Wanderlust should beckon you to the land of the midnight sun you will see it written on the white, white snows, but always you will see it on the face of the blue heavens. Let it be supreme in your life, it includes everything good —patriotism, loyalty and truth—and if it be supreme, everything else in your lives will be in accordance.

"Loretto," may the thought of it or the

sight of it stir in your hearts the sweet refrain:
"O mother mild, where'er we roam
Call all Loretto's children home."

NONA KELLY.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians are successfully trying to establish the teaching of Irish History and Ideals in American Catholic schools. To propagate this interest, several prizes were awarded for essays. Mr. McGary of our city offered a \$25 prize for the successful high school candidate, who wrote on "Irish Ideals of '48." Nona Kelly of our school was the fortunate winner. The prizes in the Grammar School contest were \$5 each. Bernys Simpkins wen the prize awarded our Grammar School. The general title suggested was "An Illustrious Irishman of Illinois." Bernys wrote of Archbishop Feehan, in a very pleasing manner.

The musical ability, for which Loretto, Englewood, is noted, increases rather than diminishes, from year to year. Helen Brennan and Thelma Sackett were awarded Senior Diplomas for their excellent work on the piano. Mildred Crooks, an Eighth Grade graduate, was awarded a Junior Diploma. The examiner was Professor Garwood, of the American Conservatory. The success of our music pupils is a silent tribute to their excellent teachers.

So these little successes, these little pleasures and displays, that break the monotony of study, from day to day, promise to increase with the coming year, because we have all learnt well the lesson "It is nobler to give than to receive."

### Doretto Heademy, Woodlawn, Chicago

The beautiful month of May has brought us an unusual number of pleasant events, the memory of which will remain with us in days to come. Amongst these was the delightful lecture on Constantinople given by the Reverend Father Hilary, O.C.C., of St. Cyril's College. The fact that the various places described and shown in the stereoptican views and moving pictures on this occasion had all been

visited by the scholarly lecturer, added greatly to the interest of all present.

The one-act drama, in five scenes, entitled "Virtue Is Its Own Reward," presented by the Second-Year students, as a matinée and again as an evening performance, was enthusiastically received by a large audience on each presentation. The proceeds were donated to the Catholic Alumnae, Red Cross Auxiliary.

Rev. Father O'Reilly, O.C.C., afforded us a pleasant surprise and entertainment by bringing some of the most talented of the St. Cyril's Dramatic Club to recite for us. The selections were new, choice and soul-stirring, while the delivery, in every case, was unusually good.

To the Third Year girls we of Class 1918 feel deeply indebted for the charming reception given in our honour. The games, so carefully planned, were thoroughly enjoyed by all and the luncheon was such as to merit cur sincerest praise, evidenced by deed, rather than word.

An informal, but delightfully persuasive talk, was given us by Mrs. Chambers, a former Loretto pupil from over-seas. This curcumstance, together with her attractive personality, added greatly to our appreciation and to the earnestness of our wish to hear her on many future occasions.

During Education Week, Rev. I. J. McDonald, O.C.C., in a very fine lecture, impressed on us the necessity of continuing our education, completing at all costs, the High School Course and, if possible, taking up the higher courses in College or University.

It was our privilege, in the recent Red Cross Parade, to form part of the shaft of the immense animated Red Cross in the flag which was formed by the girls of the High Schools and Academies in the vicinity.

At half after two, on the last day of May, all, from the Seniors down to the wee tots, formed in procession and, while singing May hymns, moved slowly about the grounds and then, through the front entrance, up the main stairway to the Chapel. The statue of Our Lady was then crowned by the leaders of the Junior and Senior May Bands, Miss Bessie Sheehan and Miss Mary Leona Davey. The leaders of

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the winning sides in the other classes, in turn, laid their floral offerings on Our Lady's altar, the Act of Consecration was made, followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament and a sermen by Rev. Father McDonald.

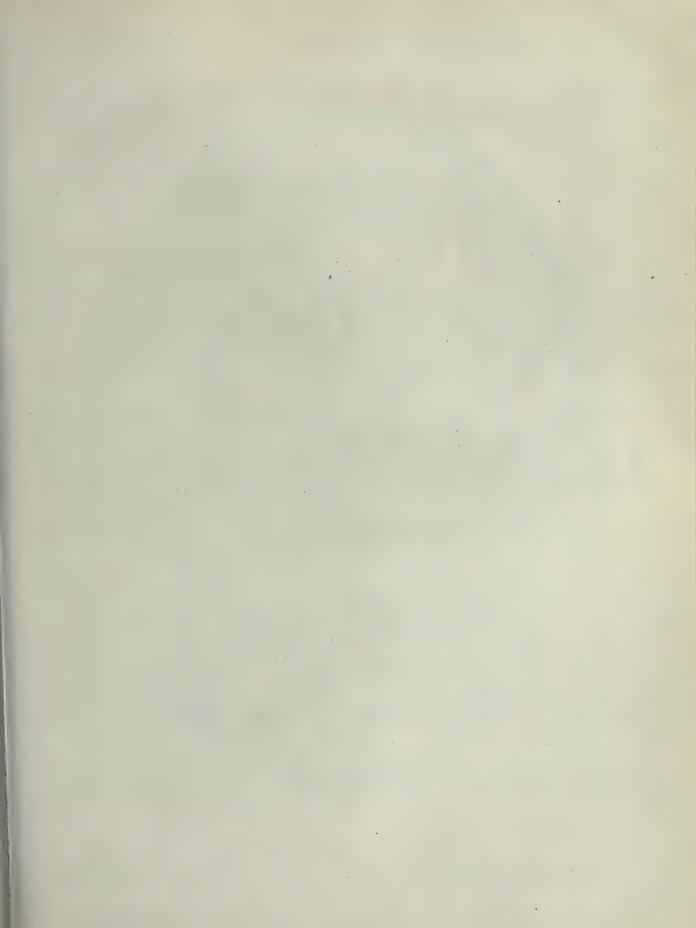
The early days of June have brought with them a longed-for treat, three days of quiet and prayer made extraordinarily pleasant by the sublime yet practical thoughts set before us by Rev. Father Gillis, C.S.P. At every turn, on the first day after the retreat, one heard, "Oh! I wish it were just beginning!" "So do I."

For the Junior Entertainment, given in the afternoon of June twelfth and in the evening of June thirteenth, no other word than "perfect" would suffice to pay just tribute to its excellence. The programme was repeated Monday evening, June 17th, for the benefit of the Chaplains' Aid Fund of St. Cyril's Parish.

#### PROGRAMME:

Cwing Cong
Swing Song Loehr
St. Agnes' Choral Class
The Humming Bird Perillo
Miss Jean Lunny
Creep Mouse Therese
Recitation Selected
INTERMEDIATES
His Buttons Are Marked "U.S." Bond
Miss Kathryne Ranahan
The Curious Story Heller
Miss Alyne Tudor
The Old Singing Woman—Act I Hammerel
La Bergère Weckerlin
Miss Eliane Dumoutier
The Old Singing Woman—Act II
Minims
Flying Clouds—Song and Dance Star
Miss Alyne Tudor
Court Scene "From Merchant of Venice"
Pupils of Eighth Grade
L'Avalanche Heller
Miss Helen Stanton
Reading Selected
Miss Virginia Hartley
Hymn Selected
Minims

YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG.





THE MADONNA.



# RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing-a woman perfected

VOL. XXV.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1918.

NO. 4.

The following prayer, composed by a member of Mary Ward's Institute, for the special devotion of her children, was enriched, through the favour of His Grace Archbishop Neil McNeil, on June 9, 1918, with an indulgence of fifty days:

#### ACT OF CONSECRATION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Most Holy Mary, Queen of Angels and of men, Mother of Jesus and our special Patroness and Mother, we, thy children, humbly prostrate at thy throne, beg to present to thee the homage of our loving, grateful hearts. To Thee we consecrate our hearts, our minds, ourselves and our works, as well as the children confided to our care. May our lives, through the grace of thy Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, be pure and simple, fervent and holy, that when our journey in this vale of tears is ended, we may receive the crown of life with those who instruct others unto justice, through the same Lord Jesus Christ, Who with the Father and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth, one God, world without end. Amen.

Fifty days indulgence.

(Imprimatur) \* MeNEIL.

Toronto, June 9, 1918.

# The Rosary

(BY JOYCE KILMER.)

Not on the lute, nor harp of many strings
Shall all men praise the Master of all song.
Our life is brief, one saith, and art is long;
And skilled must be the laureates of kings.
Silent, O lips that utter foolish things!
Rest, awkward fingers striking all notes wrong!
How from your toil shall issue white and strong
Music like that God's chosen poet sings?

There is one harp that any hand can play,
And from its strings what harmonies arise!
There is one song that any mouth can say,—
A song that lingers when all singing dies.
When on their beads our Mother's children pray,
Immortal music charms the grateful skies.

# JOYCE KILMER

I take my leave, with sorrow, of Him I love so well;

I look my last upon His small and radiant prison cell;

O happy lamp! to serve Him with never ceasing light!

O happy flame! to tremble forever in His sight! I leave the holy quiet for the loudly human train,

And my heart that He has breathed upon is filled with lonely pain.

O King, O Friend, O Lover, what sorer grief can be

In all the reddest depths of hell than banishment from Thee.

Joyce Kilmer.

A mound of earth, a wooden cross, a name, a date—another soul has passed into eternity, another life has paid the "last full measure of devotion."

On the bank of the Ourcq stream, just below the desolated village of Seringes, there are numberless wooden crosses and mounds, with grass grown high, unheeded. There are goldenrods there and bluebells that laugh at the clear water on its way to the ocean and send a message to the "Folks at home," from the heroes whose graves they guard. If you were to go there in after years, one would be pointed out to you and your guide would say, "That is the grave of the Lusitania poet; he was killed in action up yonder. He was a great man." And you would think of "White Ships and the Red" and instinctively you would pay a tribute to the American poet.

A few years ago a German cannon struck a friendly ship, the Lusitania, and sent it bleeding to the depths of the ocean. Joyce Kilmer's love of justice and humanity was outraged. He wrote his famous poem and was henceforth launched into a popularity and prominence which the most successful may envy. He had

many friends, a world of admirers; he possessed a keen mind, a ready wit, and an excellent education. He was young, full of life and ambition, at the height, perhaps, of his success, when he so nobly sacrificed his career, laid aside his life plans, to avenge the Lusitania. Kilmer was well known as a poet, lecturer and newspaper man, and equally well loved in school-room, lecture hall and office.

About five years ago he became a Catholic. His fervent devotion to the Church may well be a source of humiliation to more fortunate persons who have never been obliged to grope in the dark. His wonderful mind perceived the beauty and truth of Catholicity and he lost no time in entering the Church. His love for our Blessed Mother was pathetically beautiful. In one of his poems, "The Blue Valentine," he speaks of the "blue light of her eyes." It was truly the light of Our Blessed Lady's eyes that was mirrored in his heart and soul, lighted his way, and was reflected in all he wrote.

We all love him. He saw some good in everyone; he aimed at the high and fine things in life; he was religious, patriotic and true. His poems, which were mostly printed in current newspapers and magazines, are being collected, published in book form and widely circulated. A few years ago the poet lectured in Chicago. At one of the Academies he recited some of his poems, among them "The House with Nobody in it." In all, he was there only an hour, but his pleasing personality and beautiful thoughts left an impression on the minds of the students they have not forgotten. His visit is a memory they will cherish with the years, the more so, because he crowned his labour with the supreme sacrifice, because he was a "fighting poet"—he went out to the war and died, because he had "the courage of his song in his soul."

Every one can see "Main Street" and read between the lines the happy barefoot boy, the game of "marbles" and "jacks," and the little playmates, long since gone away. The busy mittened hands building the snowman and the lonely Judge Hale stopping for a moment to watch the youthful builder and envy the owner of the yard, is a reflection of Kilmer's love and pride in the little architect.

Joyce Kilmer lived for thirty-two years, into which the work of one hundred years was crowded. He has left behind him a reputation equal, I believe, if not superior, to Longfellow's. He died gladly for those ideals of which he was the champion. Who among us does not hope that he has found his "Mainstreet of Heaven-

town," he who harboured such thoughts in his heart as this:

"O King, O Friend, O Lover, what sorer grief can be

In all the reddest depths of hell than banishment from Thee."

This is the tender love of the lamb that was found, for the Shepherd who found it.

Yes, Joyce Kilmer, your sacrifice for your country is surpassed only by your country's sacrifice of you.

NONA KELLY, '19.

Loretto, Englewood.

### A RAILWAY EPISODE

HE noisy railway train rumbled along the icy track amid the Northern snows, with its quota of warm, drowsy passengers. It was nearly twelve o'clock on a bitterly cold January night, but the coaches of the Northern Express, bound for Dawson City, were well heated and the passengers, for the most part, contented with their lot.

In one corner of the last coach an old lady sat alone, with folded hands, her eyes on the snow-covered landscape without. She was little and had the kindest blue eyes and the softest white hair in the world. She was wrapped in a shabby black shawl, and quite as shabby a little black bonnet was tied upon her head. As her eyes, still searching the depths of the blackness without, saw the leaden sky suddenly let loose its burden of snowflakes upon the earth, she thought of another night, just such a night, twenty years before, one of

"The wild, weird nights when the Northern lights

Shoot up from the frozen zone," when the Yukon is still and white and beautiful to the eye, but cruel and torturesome to the body.

Her mind went back to her little cabin home in the mountains where she and her husband and their baby boy lived so happily together. She remembered the evening of the terrible storm of raging wind and drifting snow, and how her husband had been away in the distant city on pressing business, leaving her alone with her baby son, in the cabin. The windows, roughly glassed in, showed the night of black and shadowy grey and silver, a heavy sky unfolding its banner of snow from the heavens, the glitter of ice on the mountain-springs, and one point of silver light above the distant hill—a solitary star—shedding its peaceful benediction upon the world, the mountains, and their eternal snows. Thought had come to her of how deceptive it all was—the appearance of calm and tranquillity, because she knew that the night was not kind, but cruel; that it froze the flesh and sapped the life-blood, and carried death in its wake.

Then she remembered her fight with the wolves, the yapping, snarling wolves whose bodies tore the hard-packed earth about her cabin door, for entrance. Her little son clinging to her skirts, she emptied the rifle again and again of its heavy cartridges. The long, sinuous black shapes only crept closer to the rifle hole in the rafted wall or stopped to sniff an instant, curiously, at the carcass of a fallen mate.

At last help had come from a strange, rough miner, who came and whipped back the wolves with a continuous volley of shot. But he had exacted his own price for saving her, and deaf to her cry, heedless of her struggles, had carried off her beautiful little son, wrapped in blankets from the bed, into the black, lonely night, leaving her heart-broken beside the empty crib.

What need to tell of the years that followed, twenty weary years, when all search failed, offered rewards brought no response, and the vast Yukon seemed to have hidden her child in its cruel silence?

The little old lady's lip quivered. It was pretty hard, she reflected, that God had seen fit to take her baby from her. But she had her husband, her "Tammas," she called him, to live for. She was travelling to him this very night. If ever their child should be returned to them, they would surely know him, for beneath the baby curls there was a tiny, red birth-mark, and how they would rejoice, and how—crash! The train came to a sudden standstill with the jolting and jarring of brakes!

There was an instant's dead silence, then the travellers felt, with a sickening dread, the wheels giving slowly away beneath their burden. The last coach, detaching itself from the others, plunged on its side into a great snowbank, while the remaining cars staggered, jammed close together, and finally recovered their bearings on the track.

The old lady was conscious of an effort to drag her crushed foot from beneath a pile of wreckage, and then, as she fell back in the snow, a peaceful oblivion came to her. A moment passed and then strong arms were lifting

her, and her lips were being moistened with water. She looked up into the face of a young man, his lips grimly earnest, but in his eyes the reassurance of the experienced surgeon. He carried her into the undamaged coach and gently bound up her foot. Yielding to the soothing effect of the restorative, she dropped her head sleepily on his arm, murmuring, "Tammas, Tammas," in drowsy tones. But she was quickly shaken back to consciousness.

"What's that you say?" inquired the young surgeon, eagerly, "Whose name were you calling then?"

"Why, Tammas', to be sure," not a little startled by the abrupt question and the sudden, more than professional interest, "what name should I be calling but Tammas McGregor, my husband?"

Then at something she saw in his eyes, her own suddenly opened in wonder. She heard the wind howling and shrieking about the solitary car; she saw still forms about her being carefully and reverently covered by the kindly fellow-passengers, and above her, through the thick glass of the windows, one solitary star shone in the blackness of the night.

It seemed quite natural that in the midst of death and desolation God should be working a miracle for her. She reached out one withered hand and pushed back the dark hair from his forehead, and when she saw a faint red circle upon his skin, she rolled suddenly over into his arms and mingled her prayers of thanksgiving with his, that after all the long years of separation they had found each other again.

ANNIE SUTHERLAND.

Loretto, Guelph.



## AN APPRECIATION

"In alien earth, across a troubled sea,
His body lies that was so fair and young;
His mouth is stopped, with half his songs unsung:

His arm is still that struck to make men free. But let no cloud of lamentation be Where, on a warrior's grave, a lyre is hung. We keep the echoes of his golden tongue; We keep the vision of his chivalry.''

So sang the poet, Joyce Kilmer, of a fellowpoet, suddenly cut off in this merciless war from all life's marvellous possibilities—and now a saddened world is intoning the same tender lines for him, whose inspired pen first traced them. To those who have had the privilege of hearing Joyce Kilmer as lecturer or as reader of his own delightful verse, there comes a poignant grief at each recurring thought or mention of his death. His youthful appearance, prepossessing manner, modesty, self-possession and pleasing voice, apart from the fine treatment of his subject and felicitous choice of words, appealed even to the most critical audience. And now, the doleful message has winged its way across the blood-stained fields

of Europe, across the sub-marined waters of the Atlantic: "Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, killed in action," and all who have ever known him or who have read his inspiring poem, mourn for this dear, dead singer. But for him a new day has dawned-for him so richly endowed with all that is man's choicest possession here on earth, a love of the best. whether in the arts or in life, a poet's thoughts and raptures, an appreciation of domestic joys and, best of all, an indomitable courage united with an unwavering trust in Him Who, five short years ago, vouchsafed to him the unspeakable gift of Faith, there can be but the crowning and eternal joys of heaven. In realms beyond our vision, he now sees the on-coming realization of his prophecy that, "out of this war shall come a glorious peace, a peace radiant with faith," and he rejoices that he has been of the number to pay the Supreme Sacrifice to help in securing so great a boon to a warweary world.

Sic transit gloria mundi, sic oritur acternitatis gloria!

BERNA BELLDON.

Loretto, Woodlawn.

### RICHELIEU AND THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR

Richelieu, famous in the history of France as "the highest personification of its political genius," came of a family which had hitherto lived for the most part, in provincial obscurity, on the border of Poitou, and which had left no record of note on the pages of history until the period of religious wars in France. François du Plessis de Richelieu, father of Ormand, won distinction on the fields of Argues and Ivry, in the service of Henry of Navarre.

The subject of this sketch, born in Paris in 1585, was but five years of age when his father died, leaving the widowed mother of three sons dependent for support upon the revenues of the bishopric of Luzon.

The disposal of these revenues had been given to Francois du Plessis, by the King, as a reward for his services.

In her straightened circumstances, Madame de Richelieu determined to secure the appointment of her second son, Louis, to the bishopric, but he suddenly took the resolve to become a

monk, instead of seeking consecration. His mother now advised the youngest, Ormand, to accept the position his brother had rejected. To this he seems to have made no opposition, and although he had been intended for a Military Career, and was then at an academy in preparation for the same, he left it to take up theology at the University of Paris in 1603. Having received orders about the year 1607, he was soon after, through the influence of Henry IV., consecrated Bishop of Luzon, and it is not surprising that one who entered the ranks of churchmen under such pressure, rather than through religious motives, should afterwards, in his public career, subordinate religious to political interests.

From the first, his ambition was for political distinction, and as to the military tastes acquired at the Academy, they were so much in evidence that he was "always ready to exchange his Cassock for a Knight's armour, and equally willing to give advice as to the handling of an army or the construction of a fortress."

He was diffident at first, and until he had tested his powers by the administration of his diocese for six years, he made no attempt to put himself forward.

In 1614, full of confidence in his own ability, he set out for Paris, determined to carve out a career for himself, and with such success, that in 1616 he was appointed Almoner to the young queen, Anne of Austria, and admitted a Member of the Council of State. This position he held for five months.

During the regency of the Queen-Mother, Mary of Medici, the Monarchy was on the verge of dissolution, owing to the incessant intrigues of the great princes against the Crown and against each other, the subordination of National to personal interests, the rivalries of the Huguenot leaders and the opposition to the Court favourites, Concini and Luynes.

In the midst of these conflicting interests Richelieu made himself so indispensable to the Monarchy that the King, acting on the advice of Mary de Medici, used his influence to secure the Cardinal's hat for the Bishop of Luzon, 1622. Two years later the Cardinal was once

more admitted to the Council of State, thus commencing an administration destined to become the most glorious in the history of France, that is, if external power is the highest aim of government to which a country should aspire.

The indomitable courage, quick decision, inflexible will and freedom from any political scruple which Richelieu brought into the service of Louis XIII., made France the first power in Europe.

He promised the King that he would curb the insolence of the great, suppress the Huguenots as a political party, and make the name of Louis respected among the nations. The absorption of the provinces under a powerful monarchy and a centralized administration was the grand object of his life, and in his relation with European powers (notably Germany and Italy) he readily sacrificed Catholic interests to the carrying out of his schemes for the aggrandizement of France. The greatest menace to the supremecy of the House of Bourbon was the increasing power of the House of Hapsburg in Germany, Austria and Spain, hence Richelieu made his own the aim of Henry IV. to permanently weaken Hapsburg.

The first step towards carrying out his plans was the formation of a Navy, to extend and protect the commerce of France, and to avoid the necessity of calling on foreign Powers to resist Huguenot rebellion—and his first great achievement in consequence of this step was the capture of the Huguenot stronghold La Rochelle. The English sent a fleet to champion the Huguenots, though they were not in revolt, and the failure of the expedition, through the decisive action of Richelieu, and the unparalleled duplicity of Charles I. and Buckingham, removed the danger of "a State within the State." The fortress was destroyed and the citizens, though allowed freedom of worship, were deprived of all civil rights. This success was followed by others of importance, so that in a few years Richelieu had not only obtained the submission of the Huguenots and defeated the intrigues and assaults of his domestic enemies, but had secured French influence in Italy, by placing a Frenchman in the

Duchy of Mantua and by obtaining for France the Valtelline, the Key to the Alpine passes. He was rewarded by Louis with the title of duke and was made a peer in 1631.

The pressure of foreign politics drew his attention from domestic affairs. The House of Hapsburg had met with no opposition since the death of Henry IV., and in the Greek War which began in 1618, the Emperor of Germany, Ferdinand II., and the Catholic League had won many victories over the Protestant rebel princes in sympathy with Frederick, Count Palatine. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden had placed himself at the head of the opposition to Hapsburg—his object being the aggrandizement of Sweden and the maintenance of Protestantism.

If Richelieu could have effected his purpose by separating the Catholic League from the Emperor, he would have been satisfied to do so, but Maximilian, the head of the Liga, had too many interests in common with Ferdinand. Richelieu entered into a treaty with Gustavus of Sweden, intending to make the Swedish army a tool for the humiliation of the House of Hapsburg, and a means of diverting the attention of Austria from Italy and France.

In his diplomatic relations with Germany and Holland as may be seen from instructions given to the French Ambassador Feuquieres and Charnacé, 1633, his policy was to avoid as long as possible a declaration of war, to strengthen all elements of opposition to Hapsburg, seize every opportunity of straightening the Monarchy at home and extend the power of France along the eastern frontier. If he could succeed in establishing French influence in Germany he would be ready to engage in open war with Spain, with the object of effecting a partition of the Netherlands to his own advantage.

During the course of years the German contest had come to involve in itself all the rivalries and enmities that agitated Europe, and Richelieu, in his policy for the extension of French territory, hoped that the Catholic Princes, especially the Ecclesiastical Electorates of the Rhine, would seek protection from the

storm of Protestant conquest under the banner of France, while Louis was ready to aid the Emperor in any way that would not ruin the Catholic cause in Germany, his Minister was ruled by one thought—the greatness of France, and his plan of extending the frontier of France to the Rhine was aided materially by the Victories of Gustavus Adolphus.

M. A. Q.

Loretto Abbey.

(To be continued).



### In October

Now wistfully, o'er all the land,
Goes Summer, old and gray,
So many tender little things
She now must put away,
So much of beauty and of power
That cannot longer stay;
The mournfulness of death is here,
Of sadness and decay;
The plaintive winds, the dying leaves
To Mother Earth must pray,
For in her bosom peacefully
Sleep all the blooms of May.

Now we to Mother Mary lift
Our sorrow-clouded eyes,
For where her gracious presence is
The Summer never dies;
More beautiful than sweetest flower
Her tender face and wise,
And virtue's fragrance mystical
Along her pathway lies;
She knows the needs of human hearts,
She hears her children's cries,
As though the calm October days
Our Rosaries' pleadings rise.

-Katherine Hearne Kelly.

## HIS BIT

ET up, Morrison, get up." Lieutenant Teddy Morrison grunted and rolled over. "Get up, I say," shouted his friend, "the sergeant-major wants you right away." This speech he emphasized with a few prods.

Lieutenant Ted yawned and stood up slowly. "What do you mean by yelling at me like that?" he asked. "You are more bother than a dozen Germans. What does the sergeantmajor want me for anyhow? Can't he let a fellow sleep once in forty-eight hours?"

Nevertheless, he hurried to the officers' quarters and presented himself to the sergeant-major. He was a well-built young fellow with the bearing of a college athlete, with the additional hardiness of one who has spent three months at the front, lost three stripes in England and won two of them back. The sergeant-major scrutinized him closely. "Are you ready for some work?" he said slowly.

"Yes, sir."

"It is a dangerous job."

"Of course, sir."

"But very dangerous? It may mean a lot to the whole Western Front—and again, it may not. It takes someone with brains. That is why we picked you. You see," he went on to explain, "we think the Germans have something up their sleeve. Harmon is the best Secret-Service man we have, but they are wise to him—and Smith too. You will have to go through that new tunnel that has been dug near 957, and when you come to the end of it, dig in till you get to the Boche's passage. After that we leave you to decide what to do. There is something in the air and you must find out what it is. You had better fix up a telephone connection, too."

Lieutenant Teddy looked at him rather ruefully. Find out—what? "It's a man's job, Morrison, and you can do it," said the sergeantmajor, kindly.

Lieutenant Teddy, within the next two hours, found himself at the end of the dark

tunnel with a lantern and a field telephone, a pick and shovel, two days' food, and some tools. He tapped the wall in front of him, and assured that it was not hellow, began to dig. It was tedious work and he was obliged to stop and tap every little while. At last he was rewarded, and the real work began. When, finally, he had only a thin wall between him and the next tunnel, he stopped and telephoned headquarters of his position, then, making a little hole, he crawled through into the German lines.

An hour later he was crouching outside the German headquarters beside the sentinel, whom he had despatched with a noiseless automatic. He could not hear all that the generals inside were saying, but he heard enough. Theirs was a clever and daring plan, but a brutal one, such as German "Kultur" alone was capable of. It included the murdering of women and children and the bombing of hospitals.

Suddenly one of the German officers turned to go, and in his haste to retreat, Morrison made a slight noise. He fled, but was pursued, and as he turned a corner, a shot was fired and a stinging pain caught his ankle, and brought him to the ground.

When he became conscious he was in a small, underground room, and outside the door paced a guard. His position was about as nice a one as that of his old-time hero, Robinson Crusoe, he mused grimly. They had taken everything away from him that could be of any help in making an attempt to escape, everything but a little compass which, luckily, he found in the lining of a pocket. Idly he pulled it out and looked at it. By it he judged that he must be just about directly east of his tunnel, and suddenly a thought came to him. He tapped the wall opposite the door very carefully until he was satisfied on the point. Then he began to scrape the wall with the compass, very quietly at first, but gradually more rapidly, and at last furiously, for fear of detection. His mind

wavered between despair and a wild hope. In six hours many miles of French territory might be lost, and here was a wall almost a foot thick to be pierced. The fear of failure made him work all the harder. Even his ankle, which was causing him intense pain, was forgotten; the guard, the danger of being heard, home, friends, everything was lost in that one set purpose of reaching the telephone—unless they had destroyed it!—but he put that fear out of his mind.

At last the object was accomplished! It seemed like ten hours since he commenced it, what now if he were too late? There was the tunnel almost across the passage from him. He tried to squeeze himself through it, but failed; however, the second trial ended in success. He fell softly to the ground on the other

side, but not so softly as to escape the hearing of the guard. He heard him opening the door, but he grasped the receiver—"Morrison?" came the immediate response. "Yes," he gasped. "Send all reinforcements two miles north. Germans attack there to-night." As he spoke he heard footsteps near him, saw the barrel of a rifle—there was a loud crash, and the sergeant-major clicked his receiver in vain.

That night a very large German force was driven back with serious loss to its ranks, and no one knew the cause of the sudden movement of troops to the north. In the column headed "Missing" was the name "Lieutenant Edward Morrison."

ELEANOR MURRAY.

Loretto, Brunswick.

# A Mother's Story

In memory of Randall O'Connor, who died of wounds received in battle, on August 31, 1918.

Over there my boy was fighting,
Fighting for a noble aim,
True to king, to country loyal,
Sure of victory and fame
Somewhere—over there!

Over there my boy was wounded,
And he fell amid the strife,
While Death's Angel hov'ring o'er him,
Asked his young and precious life
Somewhere—over there!

Over there my boy was dying,
And he lay upon the sod,
Watered by his blood—while angels
Bore his spirit up to God
Somewhere—over there!

Over there my boy is buried;

Mother Earth gives cold embrace

To the lad my warm heart cherished;

'Tis her right to take my place

Somewhere—over there!

Over there the moonlight shadows

Flicker o'er a lonely grave,

And the night winds chant a requiem

For my boy so strong and brave

Somewhere—over there!

But beyond, I know his spirit
Rests from war and battle cries,
Sees the Beatific Vision,
Hears the heavenly harmonies
There—beyond the skies!

Sept. 19, 1918.

DOROTHY B.

Loretto, Stratford.

# LA FAYETTE, NOUS VIOLA!

(Translation)

"America is unwilling that France should be a splendid funeral pile, illuminating the world while consuming itself."

HIRTEEN months ago Paris accorded to General Pershing, from the fulness of her heart, a never-to-be-forgotten reception. It was one of those spontaneous manifestations of which Paris alone, perhaps, has the secret. The news of the arrival of the great American General was announced in the afternoon. A few hours after, on both sides of the way, from the Gare du Nord to the Place de la Concorde, a large crowd, composed of all ages and classes, with one impulse, gathered to applaud the new, powerful ally, — America. From all sides flowers were tossed towards the commanding figure of him whom the United States sent to France as chief of her future army. How great soever the enthusiasm of the crowd, it did not require the services of the police force to keep it in order, as all was dignity and decorum. General Pershing, smiling, yet brave, before this ever-moving multitude, said to me, that what he most admired was, not alone the ardour and spirit of these people, but their delicacy of feeling.

On this occasion General Pershing had brought with him only a few thousand soldiers. Was this battalion merely a very small advance guard? Was the cry, "La Fayette, here we are!" to be more than a mere symbol? Many, whose opinion on such matters carried weight among us, were in doubt about it. To-day more than a million have crossed the Atlantic to take their places in the great Melée. Such is the answer of American loyalty to the confidence and the élan of the people of France.

"How much surer is the intuition of the crowd than the calculations of the wise!" Between the dream and the realization of an immense American army, a thousand obstacles arose, deemed by reason to be insurmountable.

How transform into a fighting nation this great, peaceful country, devoid of all but embryonic military tradition and organisation? How get these improvised legions across the ocean when so many vessels are lost and the submarine is ever on the watch? How be assured of their provisioning, their maintenance and the repairing of their material? How adjust to the prodigious undertaking the smallest of our overcharged railways? All these problems arise at the same time, but they are disposed of also. Certainly mistakes have been made, but what are they to the prodigies achieved?

To accomplish these marvels, it required the inflexible tenacity of President Wilson. His keen mentality, his practical common sense, and at the same time the skilful co-operation of the few men to whom the American, British and French Governments confided the execution of the great task. It was necessary, above all, to raise the general spirit of the American people; it was necessary that from the east to the west of the American Continent, the same sentiment of justice should unite every soul, even those who appeared to object, as the lower current of a large river irresistably carries towards the sea everything that floats on its surface.

This is the great event, probably the greatest of the war, the one which will, no doubt, dominate history. For the first time since man existed, one of the most powerful nations of the world has deliberately entered into a terrible and distant war, where neither its interests nor its honour is involved, asking only, as a reward of its heroism, the triumph of justice. Its young men will fall by the thousands on the battlefields of the old world in order that violence between nations may be forever banished. We cannot appreciate too much the beauty of this sacrifice, the pure love of humanity to which it bears witness. It is not only a new

and fearless army that comes to us under the folds of the Starry Banner; it is, rather, in the face of the present horrors, a renewal of our confidence in the higher destinies of civilization.

In July, 1914, at the hour when the bloody tragedy was about to break forth, if any one had predicted that the idealism of America would draw her forces into the camp of the Allies, with what sarcasm would the prophecy have been received! "What," would have been the cry of more than one economist and historian, "Do you ignore the fact that one-half of the United States is on the Pacific Ocean? and that they know nothing of Europe? Do you forget that New York and the other large cities are peopled in great part by emigrants from many different countries, and can you imagine conscription at work in that confusion of races? Do you forget that fifty per cent. of the population of the United States is German? and that those fifteen million Germans, with their powerful vote, have collected at the centre of the great Republic, like a vast colony, one which has its papers, its traditions and its language? Do you forget that German professors, engineers and commercial travellers have cast their nets throughout the whole country? That a vast number of the students of the United States have been educated in Germany? Considering the weight of these material interests, what power have the sentimental memories of the past? What was it, that chivalrous expedition of gentlemen who became soldiers of independence, what but a gracious adventure, a century and a half old, already clothed with the charm of legend? The best hope which the Allies can have of America is that she will not lean to the side of their enemies."

Such is the opinion of those who see in history only a conflict of economic interests and brute force. But there are immaterial forces over which neither the lust of gain nor the fear of violence can exert any power. Higher than

considerations of interest or prudence is the ery of outraged rights, the ery of crucified humanity which has resounded in the hearts of all the American people. From the Pacific to the Atlantic, this modern crusade has thrown the youthful generation into the bloody battles of the old world. "Born of liberty, the power of the United States stands at the service of liberty," says President Wilson.

Thus the sacred fire that burned in the breasts of La Fayette and Rochambeau is not extinct. It shines in the eyes of these hardy and robust soldiers, who traverse France at the present time to take their place side by side with ours. In the crucible of the war, the most just of all wars, the entire sentiment of the American people forms but a single soul, in which humanity finds one of its highest expressions.

The enthusiasm aroused in France by the passage of the new army of justice, does not diminish, in any degree, the sentiment of brotherhood which all our people feel for the two great nations which have for long months carried on, with us, a merciless warfare against German tyranny. We forget no part of the prodigious efforts of England, the generous response of Italy; yet, if intermingled in the sentiments of America for the Allies, there is a particular tenderness with regard to France, it is not that they are unaware of the great qualities of England, and of Italy, but it is that France above all other people, has shed her blood in the defense of liberty. It is because for four years she has been invaded, trampled upon and mutilated; yet she has resisted without a word of complaint. This love for France found its most perfect expression in the reply of an American soldier, one of those who covered themselves with glory in the environs of Chateau Thiery: "We did not come here to conquer, but that France might be victorious." —Translated from a writing of Paul Painleve.

Loretto Abbey.

S. M. KENNA.



# A LITTLE CAPTIVE LAD

T was a lovely evening in early June and Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin were strolling through the garden of their Berlin home, silently enjoying the beauties around them. After some time Mrs. Goodwin spoke:

"Charles, do you know that in a few days little Carl will be five years old? He seems too young for school and I do not want a German governess for him. What could you suggest?"

"Well, I think a governess would be the best thing for him. He speaks German now with ease and a German teacher would be able to perfect his knowledge," answered her husband.

"Why! that is just the trouble; he is getting too German. He speaks nothing but German, plays with German children, is called a German name and considers himself a German boy. Not that I have any objection to Germany or the Germans. Indeed, you know, some of my dearest friends are German, and four of the happiest years of my life were passed in Germany, but I am afraid that in time Carl will become estranged from his own people and be neither one thing nor the other."

"But, I think he is getting excellent training in the language by learning it from babyhood; he will be thoroughly familiar with it in later years and it will be an invaluable asset for him, if he should go into diplomatic service, like his daddy, or in any profession. Then again, it is unlikely that we shall remain here very much longer, and in another country, or at home he will take up English or French easily, and I think he could make himself understood in those languages now. I should say by all means have a German governess."

"Very well, it would at least do no harm to try one, but I am going to teach him his prayers at least in English and French and insist that he says them in both languages."

Just then the little boy came down the

path, talking as he walked, bubbling over with his day's adventures in the country. He was a dear little fellow, his blue eyes sparkled with fun, his curly golden hair was badly tossed and he had two deep dimples that came and went as he talked.

Soon it was bed-time and his mother accompanied him to the nursery, where she began to teach him the "Hail Mary." Every night he had a lesson, and in a short time he had mastered it in both English and French.

On his fifth birthday, the new governess came and she and Carl soon became good friends. Frau Herzlau was a pleasant woman, middle aged and well educated.

Carl had his lessons in the morning and in the afternoon went to walk or drive with his mother and father or his governess, or he played with the children of the other members of the diplomatic circle of which his father was a member.

Mr. Goodwin was the youngest son of an English nobleman and was secretary of the legation representing England in Berlin. Mrs. Goodwin was an American by birth, but had been educated in France.

About the middle of July Mrs. Goodwin became ill and although the doctors pronounced her case not serious, she did not seem to recover her strength, and Mr. Goodwin decided to take her to France to visit friends who were summering near Nancy, in a little village where they thought Mrs. Goodwin could rest and recuperate.

The doctor advised them, if possible, not to take little Carl, for he was just at the age when he needed almost constant supervision, and his mother needed absolute rest, so Carl and his governess went to visit the Belgian Minister, whose family was spending the summer at their home near Liege. There were several children in the family and Carl had plenty of amusement. Each child had a garden and they all

vied with one another to produce the most artistic results. Carl, who was the youngest, did not achieve very great success, for he was constantly digging up his plants to see why they did not grow faster, but he loved to transplant wild flowers and always brought a plant in his pockets from his walks in the woods.

While Carl and Marie and Margot and Albert played beneath the smiling summer skies at peace with the world, a cloud appeared in the diplomatic sky of the nations. At first it was disregarded, but it gradually grew and even the children began to see that something was wrong. M. Ribeau, the Minister, was hastily called to his post and shortly afterwards the first mutterings of the thunder of war were heard. Austria declared war on Serbia. Russia was mobilizing to help Servia. Germany, as an ally of Austria, declared war on Russia, then on France and England. M. Ribeau was in constant communication with his wife and advised her to be ready to leave at short notice for France if danger should threaten Belgium.

Word came from the Goodwins that Mrs. Goodwin would go on to Havre and Mr. Goodwin would come to Liege to meet Madame Ribeau and the children, and conduct them to Havre and thence to England.

Finally the storm broke. Germany was going to proceed across Belgium, regardless of treaties, and invade France. Before one could realize it, Liege was attacked and soon fell, in spite of the noblest and bravest defense. Madame Ribeau prepared to depart at once. The children were ready, the servants assembled, when Carl was missed. A frantic search was made and then Frau Herzlau offered to stay behind to look for him and join the party at the station. The others departed, Madame Ribeau nearly insane with fear and grief.

And where was Carl? Just at the last moment he remembered a beautiful flower he had seen in the woods and he hurried off to get it to take to his beloved daddy. He walked on and on, until worn out with the excitement of the day, he sat down beside the little brook to rest. He felt sleepy and was just about in the land of dreams when he remembered his

prayers. He said them and soon his eyes were closed. When he awoke it was morning and just before him was the beautiful flower. He said his morning prayers and with the blossoms in his hands, started to follow the course of the brook. Soon he reached home, but such a changed home! On the lawns were tents; horses were tied to the fences and several automobiles stood in front, and there were men everywhere, and such strange looking men in gray uniforms and queer hats with points on top. Carl made his way in and found Frau Herzlau greeting some officers who had just arrived, calling one "dear brother." When she caught sight of Carl she started.

"Where did that child come from? I thought him lost," she said. "If he returns to the Ribeaus our plans are spoiled, for he will tell them that I have talked with you and I cannot join the family again to get their plans and the Minister's papers. Oh! what shall we do with him?" she wailed.

The officer glanced down at the little lad angrily. "Ach! to think such a little thing could spoil the plans of Germany! But wait, we can ship him back to Germany with some wounded soldiers who are returning. He speaks German and has a German name. I suppose his father will make inquiries, but we shall say we know nothing about him, till our plans are completed."

So Carl was sent to Germany on the troop train and although the soldiers petted him, he was dreadfully homesick and cried himself to sleep at night after saying his prayers in English and French. He soon forgot all else in these languages, for he was with German people all the time. At first he was closely watched and not allowed to go far from the barracks, but soon the caution was relaxed and he came and went as he pleased. There ware some Belgian children near by, with whom he sometimes played, and one day they told him that they were to be sent to France. Carl had a vague idea that his mother and father were in France, and he determined to go with the others, so he asked one of the elder girls to hide him under the seat in the train. Although it

was a terrible journey, care was taken of them and they were sent to a home for orphan children. Each child was closely questioned so that if his parents were living they might be reunited. When it was Carl's turn to be examined he could speak nothing but German and could tell the official very little. The man was puzzled, thinking that perhaps he was a little German lad who had been sent by a mistake, and he decided to consult the other men in charge.

Late in the afternoon a man entered the building in the uniform of a British officer. His hair was streaked with gray and his face was heavily lined. The marks of great sorrow were imprinted thereon. He introduced himself as Colonel Goodwin and told of his quest -his only son, a boy of five years, had been lost in Belgium and no trace of him could be found. Added to this, shortly after the war broke out his father, Lord Goodwin, and his two elder brothers were killed in battle. Col. Goodwin said that he had spent every minute that he could spare in searching through crowds of returned Belgians, and had hired detectives by the score. At last he had come here in despair; his wife was nearly dead with grief and he had just about given up hope. The official was deeply touched and promised to aid him as far as he could. He invited him to accompany him through the Home and search for his little son. The two men slowly made their way through the rooms, and the colonel carefully scrutinized each one hopefully until he came to the last one, then shook his head and hurried out, too disappointed to speak. M. Dubois, the official, was very sympathetic, and told the colonel to come back that night to meet the other directors, who might possibly have some information for him.

That night, the directors discussed the plans for the future. Then Mr. Dubois arose: "Gentlemen, I have something to tell you, and I want your advice. To-day a little fellow arrived with some Belgian children. He speaks nothing but German, has a German name, and looks like a German. His eyes are blue and his hair, which has been partly shaved in the German

style, is flaxen colour. I asked him if he wished to return to Germany and he begged me not to send him back. I am greatly puzzled about his case. Can anyone suggest something?"

Colonel Goodwin, who had been an interested listener, arose. "Monsieur, I should like to see the boy. My son was called Carl by his German friends, but I am sure he spoke English, and the description is hardly the same, yet I grasp at the slightest clue."

Mr. Dubois quickly assented and suggested that the party should visit the dormitory where the boys were quartered. Once there, he pointed out the little Carl. The Colonel watched him closely, but the boy before him in his queer, worn German clothes, his head shaven and his body emaciated from lack of proper food and care, did not resemble his son Charles as last he saw him. Just then the bell rang for bed time and the little fellow quickly knelt beside his cott and began to say the "Hail Mary," first in English, then in French. The colonel started. Surely he had heard those baby lips repeating those words before. He questioned the boy again and turned to the men, "I feel that he is my son, but why does he not recognize me? Surely I am not changed."

M. Dubois thought a moment and then answered. "You must remember you are in uniform now and you have grown older from the grief you have suffered. I should suggest that you don civilian clothes and we shall arrange to have Carl meet you in a partially darkened room; if you would enter easually and greet him in German as "little son," his memory might return."

The change was made and little Carl was also arrayed in a suit borrowed from a French boy who was visiting the Home. It changed his appearance greatly, and when he was sent into the room where the Colonel was sitting reading, he looked like a different child. The father sprang to his feet. "Little son, little son," he cried brokenly, tears of joy running down his cheeks.

The boy stood still just a second, then ran forward, "My daddy, Oh my daddy," and was caught in his father's arms.

The other men, their eyes moist, quietly left the room, leaving the father and son together. Some time later M. Dubois stole back, to find the little fellow asleep in the arms of his father, who watched him lovingly, as if he feared something would separate them again. He looked up as the official entered and softly said: "I know he should be in bed, but I am afraid to leave him. Could I make arrangements to stay here for the night, after I telegraph the glad news to my wife?"

"Certainly, certainly, Colonel Goodwin, we shall be glad to have you as our guest."

The next day Colonel Goodwin received leave of absence and prepared to depart at once for England with his son, but before their departure he made out a generous check to the Home and promised to send more, for, he said, it would be but a slight return to give all his fortune through gratitude, that other children might be well cared for. Through all the years of his life he thanked the Blessed Virgin, for by the recital of her special prayer the little lost son was found.

LIDA PIRRITTE.

Englewood.

# Prayer of a Soldier in France

(By Joyce Kilmer.)

My shoulders ache beneath my pack, (Lie easier Cross upon His back!)

I march with feet that burn and smart. (Tread Holy Feet upon my heart!

Men shout at me who may not speak.

(They scourged Thy Back and smoke Thy Cheek!)

I may not lift a hand to clear My eyes of salty drops that sear, (Then shall my fickle soul forget The agony of bloody sweat?)

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So let me render back again This millioneth of Thy gift. Amen.



### UNRECORDED

(Jean de Brebeuf, the Jesuit missionary of the Hurons, known as Echom, or Brave-Heart, among the Indians, was martyred by the Iroquois on March 16, 1649, at St. Ignace, whose site was identical with that of the present Canadian Town of Penetanguishene).

HE din of screeching voices and thudding feet, the monotonous exhortations and howlings of the "medicine man" had ceased. Down the long, smoky vista of the wigwam, the flames of the lodge fires darted and licked and fawned like living tongues. Their light crept up the supporting poles in little, even blots and streaks, played impartially on the grimy rafters, and came back again and again in impish caprice to illuminate the rude charcoal-drawn tortoise over the entrance. From a dark corner on the fur-laden platform, the sick, heavy eyes of the Indian No-Name watched musingly. He was alone at his own desire, for the clamour had wearied him.

He lay still, very still. Before him in the air were pictures passing, in dizzy, unfinished, unconnected procession. No-Name smiled at the first picture, sweetly, as one who dreams of a long-vanished joy. A group of little naked Algonquins, playing before their father's wigwam and with them himself, a little naked Algonquin also. He watched himself skipping, dancing, playing, and then all at once the happy dream vanished, and behold the little Algonquins running everywhere, anywhere, pursued by cries of "Iroquois! Iroquois!" screeches and dread confusion, such nightmare and horror! So awful was it that it brought No-Name to his senses, and he pressed his hand to his beating forehead, and groped his way back to reality.

"Where am I?" Ah yes, in the lodge of the Great Tortoise, the lodge of my adopted father.

"Who am I?" The Algonquin No-Name, captured years ago by the Iroquois, spared by their chiefs, and now on a long journey with them through frozen forest and dreary wild.

"Whither do we go?" Ah! I know not. I care not. I only long to lie still and painless and at rest."

Such was the substance of his summary of the real. No sooner had he grasped it than away it faded, and another picture of another long-lost joy took its place. As before, he was with his little brother Algonquins, and they were running with such a glad, strange excitement, led by the sound of a bell. What a sweetvoiced, happy spirit was that bell, that laughed and sang as it called them! He could see a big, barn-like building and a black-garbed figure in the doorway, who shook the bell-spirit to make it speak. The dark eyes of the Indian No-name gleamed and flashed in strange excitement. He could see a strange face bending over him; a strong, serious face that was indelibly imprinted on his memory. Then a voice, deep, strong like the face, and there were his little brother-savages with himself and his brother, squatting on the board floor, listening. To what? Oh, yes, he had never forgotten. A great, strange Manitou, who watched over all and loved all, had lived on this earth once long ago. He had a mother, not like the dark Indian mothers, but fair and gentle-voiced, with a crown of stars about her head. Then there were other manitous that loved and helped also, and others that punished and tortured people. The Black-Robe Echom knew them all. He was great and strong, this Black-Robe. He stopped No-Name on the threshold when they were departing, and laid his hands on his head and blessed him and smiled. The heavy eyes smiled now in answer to the dream face, but away it whirled and wheeled down the aisle of fires and vanished, and No-Name gazed with weak wistfulness after it.

He was back to reality again—an Algonquin boy lying ill in the lodge of his adopted father. But the memory of the strong, priestly face remained with him still, and with silent fervour he drew forth from his breast a bit of wood wrapped in a piece of black cloth, murmuring, "My Manitou," and clasping it feverishly in his hand.

Another dream—called up by the last ac-This time he was with his adopted brothers, the young Mohawks of the Tortoise clan. They were sent to the forest to fast for a space of several days, and to pray to their "okis" for their guardian manitous, and he, too, was sent with them. He prayed to the God that died on the cross, the God of the Great Echom. others, after their fasts and prayers, dreamed of bears and wolves and mighty eagles, which they, therefore, chose for their guardian spirits. No-Name dreamed of a strong face that bent over him, a hand that caressed his hair, and a voice that blessed him. The whole lodge laughed at his chosen manitou, the little piece of wood that represented the Black Robe, and they pointed their fingers, and jeered and grunted-and away this whirled and wheeled, too, in the dizzy dance of fantasy.

No-Name closed his eyes and tried to sleep, but in a moment, he knew not how, they were open again staring; and the endless procession went on, far, far into the night. In the midst of a peaceful picture of his dark young mother, who smiles and soothes him, and speaks in gentle accents, he is suddenly startled into clear conciseness. Ah! he has been dreaming. There is the charcoal tortoise over the door. There are the solid posts and poles and the aisle of dwindling fires. He is in the lodge of the Tortoise. And ah! there are two figures near the doorway,-two chiefs-one, his adopted father. They are talking earnestly. No-Name closes his eyes again and breathes regularly. They have not noticed him.

"To-morrow at dawn," he hears. "Our scouts have reconnoitered. The coward Hurons will make no defence. The Black-Robe whom they call Echom"—the huddled heap on the platform gives a slight, quick start—"exhorts and prays them to be brave, but they have no blood for fight."

The other speaks fiercely through his teeth. "Like snakes in the grass we have crept

upon them. No need for the great Mohawks to hurry—only the great can take their leisure. This paltry enemy would make no move to save themselves because of the terror of our prowess. Ha! we are mighty in this our land, and we will wipe all other races from our path. He, too, whom they call Echom, the brave Black-Robe, we shall teach him that there are stronger and braver. To-morrow at dawn, my brother. Is all ready?"

"Yes, to-morrow at dawn."

Silently, with never a look nor a thought to the sick boy, they lifted the tent-flap and crept away, as laden with venom as if they were indeed "snakes in the grass."

No-Name waited till all was as still as the grave before he opened his eyes. Then with the dramatic solemnity of the Indian, he made a prayer:

"O God, whom the Great Echom knows and loves, you have given it to my mind to ask to be alone to-night, and you have given it to their hearts to grant my request. Now, Great Spirit, give to my feet a little strength and help me to walk, so that I may warn him, your friend, that his enemies are upon him. Light my way through the dark forest, and guide my weak footsteps."

Grasping the wooden token about his neck, No-Name arose and tottered across the earthen floor. A moment he listened, then raised the tent-flap and passed out into the night. The pine forest is white and cold and still, and No-Name clutches his wooden manitou. Excitement nerves his lagging feet and he presses on. He reaches the edge of the wood. What strange feeling is this in his brain! How it reels and swims! Not dreams now, but dancing balls, gold and purple and black, pass before his eyes. He stops and sinks weakly on the snow, and in his confusion cries aloud into the listening stillness:

"Echom, great one, who blessed me when I was a little child, fly, fly, for your enemy comes upon you."

The "listening" stillness. Yes, there is a great tree standing near. There is a skulking figure with cruel eyes, behind it, eyes that keep sentinel watch for traitors. And the figure has a bow ever ready in his hand, and a quiver of stone-headed arrows that never miss their mark.

On that wild March morning that followed, the last day had dawned for the little worlds of St. Louis and St. Ignace. Amid shouting and hideous clamour, and murder and bloodshed, the great Brebeuf, the Norman apostle and martyr, made his sacrifice complete. And all the pandemonium failed to reach the ears of one who lay silent in the forest snow.

M. O'BRIEN.

Loretto Abbey.

### MARY ANDERSON'S PART IN WINNING THE WAR

How this world struggle has brought to the front the best that is in humanity! On all sides we see untiring efforts being put forth to help on the great cause. Some, it is true, have to be satisfied with just a "bit," but it is their love which prompts that little, and that speaks for itself. Others more gifted and with greater resources at hand, have done wonderful work in raising funds to help the sufferers in this terrible war.

This is well illustrated by the great work done by the famous Shakespearean actress, Mary Anderson, who although retired from stage life many years, responded readily to the call for help and determined to do all she could for the noble fellows who are fighting the battle of freedom for humanity.

She started in a small way, in her own home, giving two performances of the sleep-walking scene from Macbeth and Commaert's poem, "Sing Belgium, Sing," one for the Red Cross Hospital in Evesham, and one for the Passionist's Church at Broadway. Encouraged by her success at home, she went to Liverpool, where she gave an important concert for Lord Robert's Fund; then to Worcester, where she acted "Comedy and Tragedy." Although of her audience of twenty-five years before-King Edward, Alma Tadema, Sir Frederick Leighton, Ruskin, Gladstone and other celebrities, had all gone, yet she was received with the same great enthusiasm as in those days long past. Assisted by Ben Greet, "As You Like It," and "Romeo and Juliet" were presented in the beautiful gardens of Spetchley Park. Later she appeared at Covent Garden and Drury Lane in a scene from "A Winter's Tale," in the great pageant for the Shakespeare Tercentenary. Invited by Princess Marie Louise, she appeared in "Pygmalion and Galateta" and "Comedy and Tragedy" at His Majesty's, London, for the funds of the hospital at Bermondsey, realising ten thousand dollars.

For several weeks following she gave daily performances at the Coliseum and later appeared with great success as "America" in the Pageant of Fair Women at Queen's Hall, organized for the benefit of artists who had suffered in the war. Later, she went to Manchester, where she acted in Pygmalion and Galatea for St. Hugh's House, a Catholic Charity directed by Mgr. Barnes; at Birmingham for the Catholic Soldiers' Huts; Woolwich for Belgian Refugees, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Leeds, Cardiff, Portsmouth, and Stratford-on-Avon.

Thus, by her own efforts in acting and speaking, and by the help of several performances in which she appeared, was realised the enormous sum of \$118,525, which money went to the British, French, and Scottish funds, also to various hospitals.

Who shall say that actresses may not be valiant women as well as stars on the stage,

GENEVIEVE TWOMEY.

Loretto Abbey.

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# THE RAINBOW



Published Quarterly During the College Year.

LORETTO ABBEY, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ONT.

#### \_ S T A F F \_\_\_\_

FRANCES GALLIGAN, '18 GRACE ELSTON, '19 DOROTHEA CRONIN, '20 FRANCES O'BRIEN, '21 MILDRED ROSS MARY F. A. FALLON ANNIE SUTHERLAND SARAH MORTIMER ANGELA O'BOYLE MARION HOGAN MARY CURNIN GERTRUDE O'NEILL FRANCES McKENNY LIDA PIRRETTE

NONA KELLY

#### OCTOBER, 1918.

The Rainbow is privileged in being able to quote a letter of peculiar interest from the pen of Mother Mary Loyola of York, England. The writer is widely known as the author of many literary works, unique for their educative and devotional excellence. Her "Life of Christ," "First Communion," "Confirmation," "Soldier of Christ," "Home for Good," and "Welcome," have endeared her to us all, and have filled a long-felt need in our libraries and classrooms.

The "Paper" mentioned in the letter is a masterly one, and deals with a very live subject. We rejoice that we have a copy in hand from which we venture to quote a few paragraphs, sincerely wishing that our space would allow the insertion of the whole writing. The term "Secondary Schools" is one which, in many particulars, corresponds with our Public and Catholic High Schools.

Mother Loyola's kind words for the Rainbow should stimulate all the writers on its staff to new endeavour, that it may deserve such high endorsement:

St. Mary's Convent, York, July 23, 1918. Dear Rev. Mother General,—

The Great War is bringing Canada and the United States so near to us as to distance, sympathy and affection, that one feels the need of drawing closer the ties which bind us as members of one Institute to one another.

"The Rainbow," Vol. XXV., for which I have to thank you, with its splendid paper and "get up," looks more attractive than anything we have over here in these days of paperfamine and general scarcity. The article on copied styles of various well-known authors excited much interest among the novices. I sent this Number afterwards to a medical friend in Shanghai, Dr. Margaret Lamont, who has travelled pretty nearly all the world over and, before her conversion, I think, visited our convent in Calcutta. She is very much interested in what I sent. She comes of a Scotch Presbyterian family, and is now, I suppose, the first woman doctor in China, and a fervent Catholic. She is very keen on women taking up the medical profession for the welfare of the women of the East, and of the sick out there generally, and even contemplates a Religious Congregation of women doctors with a Rule suited to such a vocation. The idea is meeting with a certain amount of encouragement from priests who know the sad conditions of the East and who feel with Dr. Lamont that isolated women doctors can never hope to organize and perpetuate a work for soul and body such as is needed, without the aids to efficiency, zeal and stability which religious life would supply. At the same time the idea is so novel that she is prepared to meet with a great deal of opposition. She would have the work thoroughly up to date in every respect, and provided with all the scientific knowledge and appliances that modern hospitals supply. She has a great admiration for our holy Foundress and begs those who look askance at her own aspirations to remember what Mary Ward as a pioneer had to face in order to secure the status of the Active Orders to-day. I merely mention this in case you should happen to hear the scheme discussed.

Rev. Mother thinks it may not be without interest to you to know of the impetus to be given to fuller religious training on its intellectual side, by the Course of Christian Apologetics our Secondary Catholic Schools are going to take up. A Conference of Catholic Headmasters to safeguard the interests of Catholic Education has been established for some years. Most of our Catholic Secondary Convent Schools \* belong to this Conference, which invites a member of one or other of them to write a paper for the yearly meeting of the Headmasters in June. This year we were asked to provide this paper, which is among those in the enclosed Report. Only a limited number are printed. We are sending copies to Rathfarnham, and Australia, to show that even in wartime such as this, the religious needs of the country in educational matters, are not forgotten.

I am glad to take this opportunity, dear Rev. Mother, to tell you of the affectionate gratitude of the whole country for the generous, splendid, and self-sacrificing aid which Canada and the United States are bringing to us in our present struggle. We do indeed realize what it means to you, so far away from the scene of this awful strife; of the distance it means in other ways than miles, of the sad fact that there is no "Blighty" at hand to which we may send your wounded, and of all the love and home interests they have left so far behind. Will you speak of this when and where you can. We should like to make known how fully we realise that if we have kept up the struggle for four years, there would be no hope of coming victorious out of it but for the help now brought us by America. Under God, we look for victory to General Foch, who builds his whole trust on prayer. Asked how his successes are to be accounted for, he answered: "I wait till God tells me what to do." The Catholic children of England have sent him a present of one Communion each, made for his

intention and surely we may ascribe to these the success of his offensive, so far.

With love to Mother M. Evangelista, and to yourself,

I am, dear Rev. Mother,

Your affectionate Sister in the S. Heart.

M. LOYOLA.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It must be obvious to us all that what sufficed in the past will not meet the needs of today. We are realising, not without alarm, that whilst secondary education moves forward at a rapid rate, and is to be pushed still further by coming legislation, the religious training of our Catholic youth, on its intellectual side, lags sadly behind, and that unless prompt steps are taken to quicken its pace, the Catholic faith in this country will be seriously menaced. Reason and faith must co-operate. "Our older and better educated children must have expounded to them in simple language the intellectual principles which will enable them to give the reasons for the faith that is in them. . . . . They must have a more thorough understanding of the doctrines of their faith, a deeper knowledge of the basis of their religion, the inspiring vision of the wonderful history of their holy mother, the Church."

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"But how will a move in this direction be viewed by our young people themselves—as a boon or as a bore? For this is our chief concern. It is this that really matters. Except to interest and to arouse enthusiasm, this glorious subject will never yield its treasures. The store is inexhaustible, but the mine must be worked, and the workers must be—volunteers. Much, we had almost said, all, will here depend upon the teachers. Let us but realise the possibilities within our reach, and not only will our own hearts be set on fire, but those around us will catch the flame."

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<sup>\*</sup>The Secondary Schools of England correspond, in a general way, with our High Schools here.

<sup>&</sup>quot;If, from very limited experience, we may speak for the girls of our Convent schools, we

say without hesitation that they will hail the scheme with no less enthusiasm than their teachers. Indeed, the thoughtful questions put continually at the Christian Doctrine class, lead one to suspect that growing minds are dimly conscious of their need. Be this as it may, we can safely predict that the course will be welcomed for its own intrinsic interest and worth, but the incentive of a public external examination will add greatly to its prestige."

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"There is in our Holy Religion, an infinite good wherewith to satisfy every legitimate craving of the human heart. Can we bring this home to our older boys and girls? Can we make the faith, with all it holds for them, the living force it has been to millions, their dearest possession, a treasure to be guarded at all costs, a cause to be served with all the ardour it inspires? If we can do this, we have found the secret of the strength that is needed now.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And the question is not one of self-preservation only, all-important as this is to every one of us. As Catholics, we have a sacred trust, a family heritage committed to our keeping, to be handed down with loving reverence and pride to all whom zeal can bring into kinship with the household of the faith. We come of a noble ancestry. The Church of all ages is our Mother. We must be worthy of her. To reverence and obey, to serve and defend her, is not our duty only, but our highest privilege and joy.

"The tension of overwhelming anxiety in the present, and the dread of a future which no foresight can fathom, are having their effect on minds for which the things of time have sufficed till now. They are bringing her opportunity to the Catholic Church. If her seed is the blood of martyrs, what a harvesting there will be after this war! But the labourers are few. She must needs go out and seek them everywhere. And because God never fails her. He is preparing them against her hour of need. They are the boys and girls we have in training now. Tell them that the study to which they are going to devote themselves, is not for themselves alone. Their country wants them. God has need of their service. The Church looks to them for the souls she has to save. First in their own lives, and next as a powerful influence on the lives of others, their coming work will tell.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Cardinal Bourne has told us that 'the attitude of our countrymen is rapidly ceasing to be one of indifference, that there can be no doubt at all as to their readiness to listen to the teaching of the Catholic Church if an opportunity can be given them of knowing what that teaching is." Might not these words have been written to fire the ambition of our students now! To provide such an opportunity—within a narrow circle, it may be, but an ever-widening one—is not beyond our reach. What a stimulus to long and patient preparation is this thought! There is no appeal on earth like the cry of a soul in need. It is the echo of that cry of long ago: 'I thirst!''



## IN MEMORY OF SISTER ADELAIDE

"The living are the only dead;
The dead live nevermore to die;
And often when we mourn them fled,
They never were so nigh."

Hiddenness may be said to add a new charm, as well as a special grace, to a life spent in daily, hourly pursuit of a high and noble end. There is no danger of illusion or vain-glory on the part of one who performs her good works for the eye of God alone, nothing to subtract from the full measure of her merits, and far less to disturb or distract the constancy of her spirit. The world has far too few of such people, and of those few, it seldom becomes aware, until they have passed into that other world whose regard rests, not upon renown, but upon the record of duty well done, and whose reward comes through the mercy of One Who will not forget the smallest and humblest of these.

The quiet, unobtrusive, gentle-mannered Sister, whose singular efficiency all confessed, and whom all at the Abbey had learned to look upon as indispensable to the general wellbeing of the house, was one of these hidden ones. Her forty-seven years of activity and devoted self-sacrifice came to an end on the 21st of last July, after an illness of several months, during which time her heroism was sorely put to the test. Yet no one who knew her valour in lesser things, doubted for a moment that she would stand the test of this supreme one.

The sequel of her deathbed, so calm, so brave, so free from anxiety, or fear, more than justified their belief; and some who are realizing more and more what she was to them, and what an influence has been withdrawn, are confidently looking up to her strong spirit for a continuance of that interest and care which, during her long years here below, had never been denied. May she rest in peace!

NOTE: Sister Adelaide's death occurred on the 21st of July, on the day the last issue of Rainbow came from the press. A brief notice of the event appeared in The Register following that date. It is only fair to the memory of one so widely known and esteemed to comply with her desire, that the many loving attentions received during her illness from pupils and friends be acknowledged here with deep gratitude and appreciation.



#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES

## Church Music After the War

ECENT word from Rome, announcing Our Holy Father's intention of bringing about a thorough reform in Church music, brings to mind the Motu Proprio, that masterly document on the subject, published in 1903. The Singing School to be established at Rome will number among its pupils, students from every part of the world, who will carry to their native lands the true interpretations and the traditions of Gregorian chant.

When the Council of Trent, in 1562, denounced the frivolties which had crept into Church music, and was in the act of excluding everything from the Liturgy but this chant, Palestrina composed his famous Mass, known as Missa Papae Marcelli, which fully satisfied the requirements of the Cardinals, although it was not in reality Gregorian chant. Since that time profanities have crept in again, and the fact is much to be lamented.

Divine worship, the chief purpose of religious assemblies, is outwardly expressed by ceremonial and song. How important, then, that both these elements be in keeping with their sacred character. Can anything be more unbecoming than to hear the Divine praises sung to melodies which, though good in themselves, have first been associated with secular words? As a protest against this abuse, the best hymnals now in use, bear the names of the authors of both music and verse directly under the title-line of the composition. This is an excellent thing and prevents the abuse mentioned above. There are, unfortunately, many books between whose covers we find tunes which are not only familiar in secular song, but worse still, some of which were originally drinking songs and love ditties. They are rendered in the best of faith; about this there can be no shadow of doubt, and as God looks to the intention mainly, they have given Him glory, in spite of the fact that, in too many instances they have been badly versed, badly adapted to worse melodies, and perhaps poorly sung. One may revive many pleasant memories of childhood by humming over or even recalling to mind, the hymns of youth, but when one discovers that these were, in point of sacred art, as unworthy of admiration as they are of their holy purpose, it is high time to abandon them, at what cost soever to the feelings.

Who would not prefer a plaster statue of Our Lady to a figure of Venus, though the latter be executed in the finest of marble? Yet is it not the ambition of all good Catholics to have Our Lady's statue as fair as art can make it? Just so in the musical line. A Catholic hymnal though poetically and musically inferior, is far preferable to one, however classic, which does not express the same religious truths.

The aim of Mother Church, then, is to have the expression of Her sublime truths and the devotion of Her children in strict conformity with the highest canons of religious art.

The recently founded Society of St. Gregory, has this object in view, and its prompt endeavour to meet the required reforms proves the sincerity of its purpose, and promises an issue which will satisfy all complaints, while reviving the most glorious traditions of the past.

MARIAN McKEE.

Loretto Abbey.

## Farmeretting

EFORE me lies an envelope of a month-old letter on which is scribbled, "aphids," "cut-worm," "bran-mash" and a few equally intelligent items which remind me that I have told you little of my farmeretting. You would like to hear about it too.

We closed school, we mended our clothes, we submitted to much teasing, we packed our trunks and departed for Guelph, on Dominion Day, and the "why" we went was because the dear, good, zealous Department of Education

has decided that no child is properly brought up until it has, in addition to reading, writing, history, geography, physiology, hygiene, manual training, nature study, etc., etc., etc., a fairly good foundation in elementary agriculture; so it is necessary that we should spend five weeks of our precious summer vacation at the great O.A.C. giving ourselves, or rather being given, at lightning speed, a grounding in a variety of subjects from garden-digging to making bird houses.

By the end of the first week our thoughts and our tired backs would have led us all homeward—it was a dreadful temptation—yes, dreadful is the word. The first day was cool, pacific and theoretical, the second—July 3rd, I think—was hot and tragically practical. We were armed with forks and hoes, and led to a wild, stony, unprepossessing corner of the ground in the rear of the Consolidated School, and were told to make our experimental plots. At the time I did think those good gardeners and horticulturists were slave drivers, but they improved on acquaintance.

We all watched admiringly while one instructor dug a trench at one end of his plot. The soil made such a beautiful, tidy mound on the fork, and it all stayed on the fork while he carried it to the other end of the garden. But when I began to dig, the dirt would not let my fork through, then it fell through the prongs, and by the time I arrived at the proper spot to deposit it, I found it had deposited itself en route. Anyhow, by-and-by, the garden was dug, and a kind man, one of six kind men taking the course, raked it up, and at six-thirty we turned towards the Holy Hill, scarcely able to make out the direction, but content that our garden looked like a garden.

Of the novena of back-aches that followed, I shall say nothing. At a later date we planted, oh, in such nice, exact, measured-out, proper, little rows, carrots, beans, lettuce, potatoes, tomatoes, cabbage, and more lettuce and onions. How anxiously we watched for the first little green shoots, you can imagine. My nights were haunted by visions of everybody's garden blossoming and yielding abundant crops save only

mine. Enough of the garden. Suffice it to say that when we left Guelph on August the third, all crops looked flourishing, my own included. To-day, I am confident, some good O.A.C. professor is serving his family for dinner the vegetables raised by our farmerettes.

But it was not all gardening. That first week we went on bug hunts and weed hunts, the object of which seemed to be to walk us as far as possible in an afternoon, and in as opposite direction to home as could be. We used to get home somewhere between six and six-thirty. and as we looked at each other we could read "isn't it awful" in each other's eyes. time, up to the very end, the instructors were most distractingly and beautifully polite and obliging. All through the lecturers at the O.A.C. were as cheerful, good-natured and obliging a group of men as could well be found, and all had an enormous capacity for work, which qualities I attributed to beautiful surroundings and out-of-door life. But I meander.

What else did we take? Well, we took hosticulture and floriculture; we learned how to trim currant bushes and graft crab-apples to Northern Spy trees; we took Entomology and learned what kind of bugs eat what kind of things, and how to make them not; and that "bugs" is a miserable American misnomer for insects. We took dairying and learned how to make butter and cheese and how to feed cows; also we got suggestions as to how to be a good secretary to the cheese factory in your section. Do you think Parkdale would like me for a secretary of its cheese factory?

We took poultry. One hot, hot day we went through row after row of hen houses and they all looked alike to me; but when I listened to my youthful and learned guide, I discovered they are as varied, from a hen's point of view, as the houses in a street where the dwellers are trying, each one to outdo his neighbour. Oh, hens are particular. They like lace curtains, they like sky-lights. They have a decided preference for hard-wood floors, and showerbaths are a necessity; they prefer hot-water to hot-air heating. A pin-hole in the wall might bring on tuberculosis. They must be

approached gently and spoken to kindly. They must be fed from fine china, and only upon choice food with long names. I have it all in my note-book. We kept voluminous note-books.

There was a class of inspectors there, all those in the Province, I believe, and you should have seen them. They behaved somewhat like a class of most reprehensible small boys—about second or third class boys—but I shan't tell on them.

I must not forget "live-stock" on our timetable, from nine to ten every day for a week, the hottest week of the five. On Monday we found the building. It is a big circular one with a wide double door. We found it open, but did not go in. It was the live-stock's door. We walked around the building to find a nice, narrow door for humans; but half way round we found another big, round one, so went in, deciding that anything that entered in that edifice must be classed as live-stock. The seats are in tiers and a big arena in the centre, all covered with saw-dust. It was like a circus tent. Well, there were six cows tied there, and a pretty young man with a little dainty cane came in, and when the cows did not "Moo" he lectured, and we-we took notes. We took notes walking, sitting, leaning against trees, standing on one foot, then on the other, all summer. We learned—we were told, I mean all the beauty-spots of all the families of cows. One day we went in and found six little sheep tied up, and we learned in a similar manner from the same pretty man and the same dainty cane, all about sheep; how long they wear their hair; how often they have their hair cut; what Then we came one kind of sheep to buy, etc. day and found the nice, hospitable live-stock door fast shut. We pushed it open and got in, and hurried in most undignified haste to our seats. The little ray of light attracted the specimens ready for our lesson. Now what do you suppose they were ?-six little pigs-and I only learned then that pigs cannot and do not be tied. They seemed to find but one point of interest in the lesson, and that was the end, by making violent attacks, six strong, on the doors, turn about. Both doors were barred with

brooms, though, so the best they could do was to career about madly. None of us were especially sorry when ten o'clock came that day.

The last lecture in this subject was on horses, and then an examination! It would be too long and too wearisome to give all the details of how, having survived the first week, the rate of overwork lessened a little, and we sometimes sat on the grass and had nice, friendly little lessons; how we went around and had personal introductions to each tree on the campus, and to the disgust of the dear botanical Doctor, did not recognize it at a second meeting; how there were two afternoons of sports and one morning of bird songs, early, early, early in the morning. The students who roomed at the O.A.C. came in for many little side lines in sports and such. Those of us who lived down town had the joy of standing on street corners and wondering whether "the car" was up or down, and then deciding, after a while, it would be quicker to walk.

Try it next summer and learn all the details for yourself. The work was hard, but the spirit was friendly and cheerful, which accounts for the fact that tempers, appetites and looks all improved and instead of sympathy for our over-work which we came home prepared to accept gracefully, we were greeted with congratulations on the wonderful effects of a summer at the O.A.C.

C. O'C.

Loretto Abbey.

# The Lure of the North

ECAUSE of the mystery which is the keynote of the North, there will always be attractions drawing people to Alaska. In travelling from Vancouver to Skagway, Alaska, one passes through a thousand miles of entrancing inland channel, winding in and out between the islands and the mainland. Eden could scarcely have been more beautiful than the country on both sides of this channel. To

the right is the mainland and to the left the island which bears the name of the intrepid explorer, Captain Vancouver, who sailed into the unknown waters of the Pacific ocean and came upon the island through an uncharted maze.

There is no lack of variety of scenery from first to last on this trip:

"Mountains, meadows, groves and streams, Blue sky, clouds and sunny gleams."

At Alert Bay we had an opportunity of examining Totem Poles, in their weird designs. It was only a step past one of the totem poles into the cabin of an Indian curio-maker. He was sitting on the floor smoking fish, and was so far from curiosity that he did not lift his eyes to look at the intruders. I wonder if you would eat fish, if you saw it being cured! Just outside this tumbling shack, a squaw with two cunning little babies was sitting on the ground. Thinking this would make a pretty picture, I focussed my kodak on her, and immediately she jumped up and said: "You buy my mocassins, me let you take my picture."

So you see they are not quite as unsophisticated as you might imagine.

From Alert Bay the steamer winds its way northward into the open waters of Queen Charlotte Sound, with the broad Pacific to the left, until the land-locked harbour of Prince Rupert is reached. Almost immediately after leaving Prince Rupert the ship enters American waters.

Farther north we gazed on unrivalled beauty from our boat in Wrangel Narrows. Higher up on the Gatineau channel lies Juneau, the Capital of Alaska, where we went ashore in broad daylight, at one o'clock in the morning. A Jew furrier, hearing the racket we were making in the vestibule of his store, hurried down from his apartment above. He tried to force upon me a five-thousand dollar silver fox fur!

All the way up the sun-sets are magnificent; it rarely sets before eleven p.m., and then it is a huge ball of fire. It never was really dark,

and the sun was shining again in the very early morning hours.

One more night's trip and you reach Skagway, a city which has loomed large in the history of the North. Before the days of the gold rush, Skagway was merely a swamp. In one day it became a city of fifteen thousand. The chief character here is the proprietress of the Pullen House, and she and her Hotel are known all along the coast as far as Vancouver. She went to Skagway at the time of the gold rush. and tells many tales of the hardships she endured during that period. When I first heard of the Pullen House and saw the circular which announced its "sumptuously furnished rooms," I imagined I was going to see a building modelled after the King Edward. Think of my disappointment when we drove up to a threestory frame structure with smaller cottages encircling it! We "Easterners," as the people of the North call us, were highly amused when we entered the dining-room, to find that the land-lady promptly locked the door behind us. No doubt she had been used to dealing with scheming men, and so she made sure that no tourist should obtain his luncheon free. serving the cream for our tea, she brought in a large granite pan, and from this each was allowed to skim off his own share. We considered this quite novel and amusing.

After our "sumptuous" repast here we had our first experience in mountain climbing. When we reached the mountain fake, I rejuvenated, for the time being, and went in paddling. It was great fun, as high climbing cannot be indulged in around Toronto.

Now for the journey back through the thousand miles of beauty! Truly, with such scenery it is the shortest trip in the world.

I have not read The Magnetic North, nor The Call of the Wild, but I know that at least the titles are true. I know because I feel, since my visit, the North and the Wild drawing and calling me.

MILDRED FORD

Loretto, Brunswick.

## A Word About Thrift

A T this troubled period, when so many of our brave soldiers are nobly shedding their life blood in defence of their country, it behooves use here at home to practise thrift, and thus "Serve by Saving." This may seem inconsistent, but if we do not practise economy, where are we going to get the money to provide for our poor wounded soldiers "Somewhere in France?"

What is thrift? It is really foreseeing contingencies and providing against them, and joined to industry and sobriety, it is a better outfit to business than a dowry. We don't like economy when it comes down to starvation and rags. It is no man's duty to deny himself the enjoyment that results from generous action, merely that he may hoard up wealth for his heirs to quarrel about. Economy in the right way is every man's duty at all times, but especially necessary in this hour of conflict. This kind of saving should not cause any unhappiness, for proper economy is always consistent with happiness. There is no quality so little appreciated as economy, nor is there one more worthy of estimation.

The question of to-day is, how can we practise thrift? The ways in which it can be practised are too numerous to mention. "A penny saved is a penny earned." A penny is a very small matter, yet the comfort of thousands of families depends upon the proper saving and spending of pennies. If we take care of our pennies we will not only have the means to live comfortably curselves, but will be profitable helpers to others in this time of need.

Women might, at least, wear their last season's hats. The comic section of a well-known English paper brought out this point in a cartoon, of a young lady who thought she was really patriotic and was doing more for her country than any Tommy Atkins or Johnny Canuck. She said, "You men are only called upon to give your lives, while we women are asked to wear our last season's hats." Let us not be like this lady, but let us economise through a true feeling

of patriotism and loyalty to prepare our Canada for the dawn of peace which must surely come soon.

The brave lads who have left home and country show a great deal of patriotism, and give us an example of true courage and loyalty; but of course someone must "keep the home-fires burning." The best way to do this is to practise thrift in every possible way. Let our economy be prompted by a good motive, not that we may be rich while those around us are poor, but that we may be able to help the needy here and our wounded who will be coming home to us, when Victory justifies the immense sacrifices our country is making.

LOUISE O'REILLY.

Loretto Abbey.

## The Rating System

The word "rating" has come to have a new and very definite meaning of late, and there is much talk about the system as applied to the army and navy.

An article in World Wide gives one a very clear idea of its working. It points out its many advantages and its supreme necessity in the army.

Every officer has with him a rating card upon which his faults, habits, abilities, etc., are marked. When he moves from one regiment to another he hands this card to his new commander and is ranked according to the verdict therein. Each officer is rated by his superior officer. For instance, in the 97th battalion, Major Jones fills in the rating card of Captain Smith. This card is then looked over and checked by Colonel Baker. Captain Smith is rated according to his 'general value to the service, his physical qualities, intelligence, industry, personal qualities,' etc. He may get forty points for the first and fifteen for each of the others, totalling one hundred points.

In rating him, Major Jones compares him with the other captains and with the majors, taking into consideration that some day he may be a major. If he is worth fifteen in one of these five, and only three or four in another, he is marked accordingly.

By this system no officer can receive promotion through influence. No matter how wonderful he is said to be, his rating card tells his history, which makes the whole thing very interesting to all except the poor "rated" soldier.

WINIFRED PRENDERGAST.

Loretto Abbey.

### A Blessing of the Great War

MERICA'S expatriates have returned. The men and women who owe their fortunes to America, the crude country, are finding it a haven of refinement just now. Those whose cultured senses required the refinement and ease of Europe have returned to their homeland. Those who considered America "No place for a gentleman" are finding the crude America an oasis in a burning world and have returned gladly to accept the protection of the stars and stripes. The fortunes amassed in America are being used along with the pennies of the poor to build ships and buy cannon and guns, to punish the oppressors of their country with whom they idled away the years of the past.

Now we wonder if there will be any more expatriates. Will the patriotism so long dormant and so newly enkindled, burn more brightly with the years to come? Will the price we are paying for our precious liberty knit more close-Iy the bands that bind our countrymen together? To all this Uncle Sam says, "Yes." His prodigals have come to stay. They have found the civilization and refinement they so admired only a veneer, a thin shell of pretence under which lay the most heartless brutality and barbarity. Those who went to Germany to study music have found art to be one long discord there. Respect for native talent is on the increase. Patronage by the wealthy is an incentive to native songsters and artists.

Many toured foreign lands, lavishing American-made money in foreign places to see foreign sights. At present the popularity of Niagara and the Grand Canyon is strangely great, because Americans are "Seeing America first."

Yes, Americans in distant lands have heard the call of the injured homeland and have come flocking home. The younger men to shoulder muskets and return to avenge their country's wrongs. The others to aid with money and labour. There is no longer a desire to be called "A man without a country." Our Americans have come home to stay.

NONA KELLY.

Englewood, '18.

### The Diary of Rex Mascot

UNE 5, 1917.—I have just overheard Master promising to keep a diary. It's high time I kept one myself, for things are happening at such a rate there's no keeping up with them. Master acted queerly to-night. I couldn't make him out. Instead of tramping down to the river after dinner as he always does, to give me a swim, he stood on the terrace, doing nothing, for ages, and when I went up to see what kept him, he stared at me most peculiarly. Instead of his understanding me, I had to try to make out what he meant when he took my head between his hands and said, "Yes, old boy, you'll make a capital mascot." It's something good anyhow. I could tell that by the way he said it, and it really doesn't matter so long as I am with one I love so dearly. I didn't want to appear too gay over it, because my loud bark might disturb the household and give the cook reason to believe, as she always does, that there is a tramp in the kitchen yard. I just licked Master's hands at the good news. Once I got outside, however, I barked until there was a full chorus of barks on the street instead of a solo, and all the cats in the neighbourhood were frightened to death.

June 8.—I wonder if all masters have such sad farewells as mine had to-day. Everyone wept as if some one was dead. I was tempted to stay behind and comfort them some way, poor people, but when it came to the point I found I couldn't let Master go off without a protector.

June 10.—We are at a place which Master calls a camp. It reminds me of the place the family goes to every year, but of course there are more tents here. Master's friends are all dressed like him, and they are all very good to me. They gave me a bath yesterday and tied a stunning nickel-plated leather collar around my neck. I am very proud of it, as it has on it "Rex, Mascot of 74 Battery." If some of my dog friends could only see me now! My, wouldn't they be jealous!

June 21.—We have been on a big ship for ever so many days. I heard some one call this water an ocean. I suppose that means the biggest kind of a pond. Everyone seems to be talking about France. That must be the place where we are going.

July 10.—France is a terribly noisy place. It sounded when we got in, as if one of those terrible storms we had on board the ship, was going on. Master goes off with the men in a big truck ever so often, and sometimes doesn't come home for several days. He won't let me go, but I don't like it here a bit. It's awfully lonesome. I'm going to follow him even if he scolds me, next time. They told me at home to take care of him. How can I do it, shut up in an orderly's room listening all day at the cracks and things?

Aug. 1.—I have been a very sick dog, but it's my own fault. I hid under the seat of the truck and when Master spied me he used some big words and gave me a crack or two with a switch he had in his hand. I wouldn't tell him so, but it didn't hurt a single bit, and as I didn't answer back, he tried to make the best of things, so here I am in the trenches. It is an awfully noisy place, but I didn't mind it until a few days ago, when I saw Master and his companions leap out of the trench and dash over the ground as if they had seen a cat sitting on the opposite wall. It's lucky I went, because poor master fell while running, and I was the only one left to take care of him. I tried to make him speak to me, but it was no use, so I lay down beside him until a bullet found me out and kept me there. It struck me in the side and I dont' think I shall ever run again, but they tell me that I saved my master's life, and I don't mind now one bit. I have master making more fuss over me than I ever made over him, enough to turn some dogs' heads. Besides that, I am always getting a dainty bone from the officers' mess table, and to-day they put a badge on my collar, telling me not to be too proud—just as if I could help it!

Sept. 3.—Nobody minds my hopping around as I do. Lots of others are doing it, but to-day they thought I was crazy when Master told me the sweetest secret he ever told me. We are both going HOME! to build up, they say. If I'm not the happiest collie alive, then my name isn't Rex, and I never saw a trench.

GRACE MEEHAN.

Loretto Abbey.



## MOTHER MARY WARD

## A Brief Reflection on Her Life and Spirit

CHAPTER IV.—HER LOVE OF SUFFERING.

"Whoever will serve God according to her state in this Institute, must of necessity, love the Cross and be ready to suffer much for Christ's sake."

OST of us are apt to think that we are walking securely on the road of virtue when we endure the trials which come to us from day to day and from hour to hour, without undue murmuring or complaint. This is especially so if our endurance proceeds from a high motive—the highest possible—namely, the love of God. But we shall not have traveled very far upon this road before we perceive many great and apparently impossible heights above us. To these heights cur steps incline but their attainment calls for a heroism to which we can lay no claim and for which it might seem presumptuous to pray. Yet if our vision be clear, we shall be able to trace upon that highland the footsteps of the greater number of the saints who, like ourselves, had many a difficulty to overcome and many enemies to encounter on the way. We must not mistrust, however much we may be tempted to do so, their account of the peculiar delights they have experienced during the toilsome, painful climb. Their cheerful endurance we can better understand, but when they speak of the delights of suffering we are tempted, unless we have tried that way ourselves, to question whether the saints were, like us, creatures of flesh and blood.

We read that St. John of the Cross was obliged to write a solemn warning to his brethren, lest, in their zeal for suffering, they should depart from obedience to the rule of the monastery. He speaks of the "sweetness and joy" to be found in the practice of bodily mortification. "Sweetness and joy!" And we feel so heroic after one day's black fast! But this is one of the open secrets of the saints and we

must believe it though, on account of our personal weakness and cowardice, we may not understand it.

We have every proof that Mary Ward's heroic soul fared along this exalted highway. After having deprived herself of the means of procuring bodily comforts for herself and her little band of followers, she embraced every means that came to her of mortifying her nature, even in its most lawful desires; and besides these voluntary penances, she had to endure untold suffering from ill health and the hardships inseparable from her life of continual struggle and privation. She felt, as she says herself, that as long as any "self" remained in her, there was small hope for the success of the great work God had entrusted to her care. Mary's biographer tells us that like St. Teresa, she had longed in her youth for martyrdom. It was a serious trouble to her conscience when the desire seemed to be losing its hold upon her. We find her complaining of this in her prayers, as if in some way she had rendered herself unworthy to harbour such an ambitious desire. But it was not long before she realized that there are many kinds of martyrdom, all of them acceptable to God, if not recognised by the world, and that God was preparing her for one of the most difficult of these.

A long series of trials and contradictions in the pursuit of that which concerned the greater glory of God, as revealed to her by many tokens, was a martyrdom indeed. To be obliged to read His designs, not in the light of their full accomplishment, but piece by piece, step by step, was another, calling for a heroism

almost as great. Enough for Mary that she was obeying the Divine behest. The painful obstacles to its fulfillment could neither weaken nor discourage a faith like hers. She bore all. uncomplainingly, unflinchingly, nay, with a joyousness of heart, which hid her sufferings, while it inspired and encouraged those who shared her toil, and who now have and will have part in the great reward which shall be hers forever. The continuity of the Church is never more evident than in the canonization of its saints. After nearly five centuries we see the humble virgin of Cascia, St. Rita, honoured by a special Mass in her name. Not less wonderful, and in a certain sense historically more rare, is the rehabilitation of Blessed Joan of Arc. That which touches the children of Mary Ward's Institute, and fills them with consolation, is the remarkable vindication of their Mother and Foundress after a lapse of three centuries. A formal decree of Pius X. disapproves the false statements against her and cancels the decree denying her the right of being called the Foundress and Mother of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a circumstance which gives hope for the official confirmation of her sanctity, so warmly acknowledged, even by the very Pope who suppressed her society.

BARBARA BABTHORPE.

Loretto Abbey.

## The Holy House of Caretto

House of Loretto where the Holy Three Made here on earth another Trinity, Shelter us too—we know no fairer spot; Nor can our pleasure be where They are not.

Far from the land where danger hovered o'er, Safe through the air, God's loving angels bore Burden more precious than the Holy Ark, Steering their way o'er seas and mountains dark.

Then when the morning beams effaced the night,

There stood the Holy House in radiance bright; Nor Cloud of Light, nor Shaft of Sacred Fire Ever so sweetly filled earth's warm desire.

Hallowed the walls and blest the holy door, That never lack a welcome for the poor; Labour and prayer like incense ever rise, And bring again our long lost Paradise.

Dear Lady of Loretto, when we come To seek our place within our Father's home, Oh, be with Jesus and Saint Joseph there, To claim us, children of your special care.

ROSE UNDERWOOD.

Loretto Abbey.



## A STORY FROM THE FRENCH FRONT

By LOUIS LENOIR, S.J.

(Translated from the French by P. J. Gannon, S.J.)

HE narrator of the following facts, Père Louis Lénoir, S.J., is one of the most remarkable chaplains in the French Army. His apostolate amongst the troops has been astonishingly fruitful. His personality breaks down the most inveterate prejudices, his zeal refuses to be baulked by any difficulties. Attached to a division of "Marsonins" or "Porpoises," as the French colonial soldiers are familiarly called, he has had to deal with regiments which, with the possible exception of the Légion Etrangére, have a larger proportion of Enfants Prodigues than any other section of the French Army. His influence over these troops may be gathered from the fact that he distributed 5,000 Communions among them before the great offensive of last September. If any doubts arise in the mind of the reader, he should remember that the narrator tells of what he has personally seen and known-it is no relata refero.

Even the military authorities have recognized the services of Père Lénoir. He has been cité à l'ordre du jour (roughly equivalent to "Mentioned in Despatches'), has been and decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour (perhaps the nearest equivalent to the V. Here is how the official citation runs: "Pére Lénoir, Chaplain of Division: From the commencement of the operations he has daily excited the admiration of both privates and officers by his courage and self-sacrifice. At every fight he has always been the first to bring succour to the wounded, spending himself in the service of all without distinction, whether it was a question of fulfilling his ministry or of lending aid to the stretcher-bearers. He was wounded by a shell on February 5 (1915), at the moment when he was carrying one of the wounded to the dressing station."

Having made known these few facts about the author, we shall now allow him to tell his own story, though not in his own words. The original, which appeared in a college magazine, "En Famille," possesses a singular charm of style. The translation cannot reproduce that charm; but the bare facts have an eloquence and dramatic force which cannot fail to move.

THE TRANSLATOR.

Fred-Frédéric without doubt, though his comrades knew him only by the shortened form from across the Straits of Dover—had nothing British about him. He was a Montmartre apache, in all the purity of the race, without crossing of any kind; six feet in height, lean, sinewy; skin tanned in smoky dens, dark eyes sunken into sockets hollowed out by nights of crime, and gleaming still more dark and sinister under the jet-black hair which came down low upon the forehead, the better to conceal the expression; a face quite beardless in spite of his twenty-eight years; lips purpled by alcohol and pursed out perpetually round the stump of an extinguished cigarette; sloping shoulders, arms with the muscles of an athlete, and as a commencement of every gesture a peculiar movement of the right hand, with fingers clenched, suggestive of "weasand-slitting."

When he reached the Front in December his neighbours instinctively fought shy of him; all the more so as they learned, before he had been two hours in the squad, of his former association with Bonnot and of his three latest condemnations—one for theft and two for murder.

The morning of his arrival cartridges were distributed. Fred took his from the N.C.O., and said, in the accent of the slums: "A moment! till I put these aside for the generals." All heard him, but no one smiled. In our colonial infantry regiment with glorious traditions, in which the officers loved their men, took an interest in them, lived their lives, and in the hour of danger only ordered them to follow, anti-

military plots were unknown, and Fred's words merely shocked.

The squad at this time was under the command of the youngest member—Petit-Pierre, or the "Kid," as he was called before he got his stripes.

Of his father, mother, or infancy this Petit-Pierre knew just nothing. His recollections did not carry him back past a voyage to America, in his seventh year, with a company of musicians, of which as violinist "child-prodigy" he constituted the "star turn." From that time on he had travelled the world, the grand monde he called it, meaning the music-halls of great cities. In August, 1914, he was eighteen years old and penniless—for if he earned much he spent still more—with a charming bland countenance which had involved him in numberless romantic adventures. The latest of these had left him with a "heart-ache," which, more than any idea of patriotism, had prompted him to enlist for the term of the war.

I made his acquaintance at the beginning of winter, in the trenches of M----gards religion, his mind was an unwritten page. He did not even know the name of Our Lord, and could not recall ever having heard it. He had certainly seen a crucifix, but it was, he thought, an instrument for threatening naughty children with suspension! Yet God was divinely good to this poor soul, to whom no one had ever endeavoured to convey a ray of truth. In a few days grace enlightened it entirely. Refined by his art, perhaps also by unknown hereditary instincts, Petit-Pierre experienced a positive delight in hearing explained the marvellous harmonies of Catholicism. The Incarnation, the Redemption, the Holy Eucharist, the Blessed Virgin-all were new vistas that satisfied at length the aspirations of his beautiful nature.

Baptism was not long in coming. I administered it to him amid the ruins of M—— on the morning of a day that opened threateningly. Then, taking a small Host from the pyx, I gave him that God, who, though near to him, had remained unknown during eighteen years. I admit I awaited with a certain curiosity the first

words he would utter after his first colloquy with Jesus in the Sacrament, the first thought suggested by this First Communion. When the moment came for him to go back to his post, he reopened his eyes, and embracing me affectionately, said: "Father, I'll bring them all to you."

From that first hour when he received his Ideal Friend, Petit-Pierre felt the need and duty of revealing Him to others. Those who, like myself, have had the signal happiness of assisting, during the war, at the redemption of the souls of soldiers, and, in many cases, at a sanctification almost breathlessly rapid, will have noticed that every convert, however selfish or shy he may have been, became from the moment of his first contact with the Body of Christ, a hearth radiating out divine life, an apostle. Two days later the "Kid" brought me three comrades: "You'll help them, Father, a little won't you? They're like I was, and know mighty little about the Good God."

Quite naturally also a transformation took place in his character, but it was gradual and even slow. Before arriving at the steadiness and strength of a Christian, his sensitive nature had to undergo bitter trials. The habits of a lifetime were there, the reputation he had with his companions, the counter-attacks of the demon, furious at this beautiful conquest of grace. Against all this Petit-Pierre had quickly discovered one preservative. Every day, wherever we might be, he asked for the Holy Eucharist. Several times when in camp I found him in the morning roaming around near his billet. Flying from dangerous surroundings, where he feared to be dragged down again, he had tramped to and fro throughout the cold winter nights reciting his beads. When I appeared his face would light up. "Ah! I am going to receive Him!" And when I blamed him in spite of it all, he would reply: "Don't be uneasy, Father; as long as I have my Daily Communion the rest will take care of itself. Besides, I am so happy to offer up a little sacrifice to Jesus in expiation for the past, as the purchase-price of purity."

Grace sustained him visibly. By its aid he

resisted all raillery, silently at first and awkwardly, but soon with an almost reckless gaiety. Dreamer and artist by disposition, he was inclined to be nervous, sensitive, timid of danger or hardship, yet he shrank from no task, and was always preoccupied how he might do a service to others—especially to those who mocked him. To overcome his fear he volunteered for all sorts of patrol duty; at the parapet he looked steadily through the loop-hole, defying the muskets pointed at him, and hardly thirty yards away.

A lucky little attack on a German outpost, in which he killed three "Boches" and saved the life of his N.C.O., enabled him to win the respect of his comrades, and, one morning in December, when I brought him Communion, he said to me radiantly: "To-day I have a little present for Our Lord," and showed me his sleeves with the red stripes. "I mean to consecrate my squad to Him, and I promise to win all my men for Him." Doubtless that was why Our Lord led Fred to Petit-Pierre's squad some eight days after his appointment as corporal.

The corporal had shuddered at the shameful words of the newcomer. As leader of the squad he saw at a glance the gravity of the case and the infallible consequences of a denunciation, which others would immediately have deemed obligatory. As an apostle he perceived a much more lofty manner of fulfilling his duty—by saving a soul for God and giving a soldier to France. He acted, therefore, as if he had heard nothing. But when night was come and they were on sentry duty at the parapet, he approached Fred quietly, his heart beating quickly under his corporal's tunic, his lips breathing fervent prayers, as he knew this first attempt must win or lose all.

He began by teaching him a good trick for masking the loop-hole in the parapet while firing. Then leaning their elbows on the sacks of earth they talked in low tones on various topics—the Germans who were on the watch beyond them, and whose coughing could be heard, the recent attacks, the war in general,—to curse it indeed, but also to recognize that a man had to defend himself and his own. Fred, distrustful

at first, expanded little by little. And the conversation came round naturally and amicably to his unfortunate little jest of the morning. Fred was again on his guard. But the boy's voice was so gentle and sympathetic that it touched whatever better fibres still vibrated in the man's heart, and he was quite moved. He expressed regret for the words, "especially as they have caused you pain, my lad."

Petit-Pierre continued his work of zeal on the succeeding days with energy and tact. But he had a different subject to deal with; the apache held out. When Pierre spoke to me about him, I said, "Bring him along to me." "I'll try, Father," he replied; "but as he is at present, you will make no hand of him. No one save only the Bon Jesus can change him." I did not know at the moment that his words were so true.

Christmas was at hand. It was the opportunity of our dreams. Petit-Pierre promised to entice Fred to the Midnight Mass, for which we had made preparations in a half-ruined farm-house near the trenches. Alas! Fred, too, had organized his Christmas celebrations, in his dug-out three yards underground. He spent the whole night there dead drunk.

A month later Fred, to please his young friend, agreed at length to go with him to the church. This was at C., in the chapel with windows broken by shells and holy-water font shamefully defiled by some sacrilegious Germans, but where the Blessed Virgin took her revenge by bringing back to her Son so many souls of our colonials. On this Sunday morning nave, aisles, choir, even behind the altar, every nook and cranny was filled in advance, and waves of late arrivals pressed round the door.

Fred who had never crossed the threshold of a church for fifteen years, felt very out of place. Overlooking the crowd by reason of his tall stature, he saw hundreds of "Porpoises" doing what he thought unworthy of a man—praying. After a time, influenced by the atmosphere of piety and recollection, he strove to recall some snatches of prayer. Meanwhile the hymns, Pitié mon Dieu, Crédo, Ave, Ave

Maria, were sung, and he fancied he had heard them before, had sung them even himself. With the old airs there came back to him some of the sentiments they had formerly awakened, an indefinite something that sprang from recesses, ah, what deep recesses! of memory.

The refrains rose in strength and harmony. The deep notes of the reservists mingled with the voices, almost childlike, of the little 1915's, voices that shrilled like clarions summoning to the charge. In this united cry of many breasts there rose so strong an act of faith, so ardent a supplication, that Fred thought he felt tears gathering in his eyes. With the back of his right hand, the hand of the dagger, he wiped them away in haste and shame.

The bell at the "Domine non sum Dignus" After my own Communion I turnwas rung. ed to say a few words to this body of men condemned to death. We were to return to the trenches the following day. Of those listening to me how many, before the following Sunday, would have answered the summons of the Master and Judge on High. At least fifty if there were no attack, two hundred or five hundred of there were. And how many of them in the press of duties would have further time for religious exercises. Yet the vast majority wished to be reconciled with God, the rest were nearly disposed, and had they not the right and the duty in their imminent danger to strengthen their soul with the Divine Viaticum? Therefore, after commenting on the Gospel of the day, which told of the predilection of the Good Shepherd for the lost sheep, I called on them to make an act of contrition, an act of desire to return to the fold, and a promise of confession when it should be possible. Finally, as always, I gave them the general absolution.

Then followed what a friend called the "charge to the rails." Petit-Pierre, with hands folded on his képi, white with mud, came in his turn, not venturing to look at Fred, but doubtless praying very hard for him. Fred hesitated. He turned around. Some comrades did not stir; but they were not acquaintances of his. His heart began beating quickly. Why? He could not well tell. Something drew him to the place

where the priest had said to go, where almost all the rest were going, where Petit-Pierre was going with so much joy and beauty on his face. "After all," he reasoned—it was he himself who told me the story of this drama,—"that costs nothing and is something which will put me right with the Good God." Thereupon with his long, determined stride he came forward.

When Fred, after taking all possible care to regulate his movements by those of his neighbours, had received Communion and had returned to his place beside Pierre, some infinitely sweet sensation took possession of his heart, a feeling of love, the only true love he had ever known. It seemed to him that the whole past was vanishing, and that a new life was beginning. He kept telling himself: "Now that you have gone to Communion, you must go to confession as you promised."

After the Mass Petit-Pierre led Fred out, and in the porch, his eyes moist with tears of joy, he pressed his hand and said: "It was grand of you, Fred, to do that." The other looked around at the neighbours, and then, while replacing the képi on his head, replied with a voice half-broken and almost ashamed: "Yes, yes, I think I'm changed." But the struggle lasted yet another twenty-four hours. Then finally, some minutes before our departure, he came to me, made his cut-throat gesture, gave the military salute and said: "Monsieur l'Aumônier, I would like to go to confession."

It was a scene quite divine. Grace was there, working visibly and giving to this criminal, just led to capitulate, the repentance and generosity of a saint. When he stood up from confession, he drew out from under his tunic a thick pocket-book. Simply and naturally he tore up two photographs, and on the beardless face of the apache, where already the lines of hate were softening, I saw a smile—the first, "I'm done with them," he said energetically. In recompense I gave him the most Holy Body of Our Lord. This time he received it in full realization, with the ardent faith of the neophyte, and departed radiant. Before the farm-house

the "fall-in" was sounded. Fred, when passing by Petit-Pierre, jerked out in a whisper: "The lost sheep has been found and washed. It has done me no end of good."

The march took place in silence during the night. When day dawned it was clear to both sides that neither meditated an attack. Then pipes were lit and chatting began, that interminable chatting of the trenches which has always the two same subjects—the present war and past pleasures. At the first unseemly jest all listened for Fred to go one better. But he said nothing. They tried to draw him. "You're out this time, chums," he said; "you knew one Fred before, you know another now."

He spoke the truth. From that morning in the chapel Fred was quite changed. Conduct, discipline, language, interests, everything was unrecognizably changed by the violent determination of an extraordinary will. But as he still mistrusted this will of his, he never quitted the corporal. For whole hours they talked together: "In years I'm an old hand compared with you, but in religious matters I'm your raw recruit." And Petit-Pierre instructed him.

His first lesson was on Daily Communion, and henceforth I had every day-or at least on every occasion when circumstances allowed -to open the pyx on passing their way. I had suggested to Pierre to teach Fred some acts of thanksgiving. "I think not, Father; the good Jesus will teach him better than I." But he trained him to make a particular examination every evening on the conduct of the day, which they did in common, reciting also their Rosary together, offering it frequently for the gift of perseverance. They finished with this prayer: "If in the future we are likely to turn out bad, grant that we be slain now." At first Fred smiled at this addition, but when the other had explained and urged it, he recollected himself a little and, making the Sign of the Cross, murmured an assenting "yes."

At the same time that he moulded the Christian, Petit-Pierre tried also to form the soldier. And Fred quickly took to his trade. I knew it by his Communions. He was as insis-

tent as the other on receiving daily, "because," as he said, "it's that which gives strength to do my duty as a soldier." The transformation was beneficial for the whole squad. The two of them were enough to give a new tone to conversation and improve in more or less degree the conduct of all. Indeed Fred did not absorb Pierre so much as to make him forget his promise to Jesus in the Eucharist: "I will win all my men for Him."

Scon there only remained two to gain over. Fred said: "Those fellows belong to my class, I'll take charge of them." But he went to work with loud words. There were violent discussions and amusing arguments, the more vehement the more they were illogical. He made no headway; and then, with a Christian instinct that took me quite by surprise, he lit on the idea of "giving up things" for the sake of the souls he wished to save. For several weeks he ceased smoking, he who had always carried a "fag" between his lips, and what was perhaps a greater mortification still, he abandoned his rations of tafia to his comrades.

One morning in May (we had by this time quitted the M—— sector for the entrenched field-fortress of B——) we received orders to hold ourselves ready that evening, as information gathered from prisoners indicated a hostile attack at 6 p.m. The weather was appalling. A fine, penetrating rain had fallen continuously for three days, and the communication trenches were full of water. For quite a mile we had to flounder through sticky mud in which we sank up to the waist. Stumbling at every step, men were soon covered literally from head to foot with white marl.

When I reached the squad at last, I found the two inseparables side by side in mud up to the calf of the leg, with their heads sheltering under a piece of tent cloth. Fred was polishing his musket, and caressed it affectionately. "Can it be they are about to come on? Now I begin to live." Because he was going to risk death for his country, this recent libertine and antimilitarist commenced to live!

As for Petit-Pierre, on the back of an old and rain-soaked envelope he was writing out the words of a song. "Listen, Father, and give me frankly your advice." Then he began singing the words to the music of an infamous song. "Mon petit, you could have chosen a worthier air." "But, Father, it's really a fine air, and all know it, and they will have good words instead of vile ones for the future." His verses, which he hoped to send to the Bulletin des Armées, recounted the glories of the Colonial Regiment No. —. I only recall two lines of the chorus:

Though we must perish to the last, We'll never let the Boches past.

Communion that day was peculiarly fervent in view of the attack. "They can come now," said Fred, as he put on his képi.

At mid-day, well in advance, therefore, of the hour mentioned, a terrible explosion destroyed our first line. Three German mines went off, burying half a section, and leaving a gap of which the enemy hoped to profit. At the same moment a shower of shells rained down on our trenches. But instantaneously, even before the order to charge could be given by the other side, the "Porpoises" had sprung over the parapet and leaped into the gap. From their lips, as they rushed forward to death, had risen spontaneously the strains of the "Marseillaise," which was soon taken up by all the rest.

On front, five metres away, the German rifles crackled; their machine-guns swept the top of our trenches, and searching our lines in all directions with their hissing spray of bullets, they moved our reinforcements down. But the noise of the bullets and the cries of the dying were merged in the din of the shells. The revolver cannon moaned at point blank range, the heavy 105 snored, then burst like thunder, throwing up columns of earth and black smoke, while the 76 whistled angrily above our heads, and, with a terrible precision, exploded in front of us not more than thirty yards from the lines they curtained with their fire. By this time it was impossible to see. A dark cloud that scorched and choked and poisoned covered the redoubt. Yet from the vortex of the charnel pit, above this concert of death, rose clear, vibrant, rhythmic, the strains of the "Marseillaise."

Petit-Pierre, at the moment of the explosion, had been caught under a mass of crumbling earth. When, after the first moment of stupefaction, he could disengage himself, he picked up his rifle, and ran forward to the breach, quite distressed not to have been the first to enter it. Alas! the gun had been buried in mud and now refused to fire. The commander of the company was there, and Pierre turned to him: "Lieutenant, my rifle won't work." He wept like a child. But one was soon found that would work. He gave a cry of joy, and, to sustain the chorus, which was growing fainter as, one by one, the heroes fell, he took up again, in his ringing tones, not a note of trembling, the words "Le jour de gloire est arrivé ..." A shell burst and stretched him motionless on the ground. I thought him dead. But no, only a wound in the head, not too deep. He had lost consciousness, but his life would be saved. Only, alas! it was necessary to pass him on to the stretcher-bearer, then to ambulances, and then to the rear for some time.

In the confusion caused by the explosion Fred had escaped my notice; but others had seen him. He was superbly brave and spirited. At this game of hand-to-hand fighting he was already a master. A comrade told me of a remark of his made just as a shower of 77 shells—with the circle of aluminium round their fuses—burst over the breach where they were fighting. "What luck! There's the making of some rings in these!" Then quite calmly, using two cartridges, he picked up a still glowing fuse, and put it into his pocket.

A few days later, as the colonel reviewed the regiment, the lieutenant stopped in front of Fred and said: "Here is a fearless soldier." His name was read out in honour before the regiment. And one morning he came to me, carrying himself more erect than ever: "M. l'Aumonier," said he, "take this." Then—with the throat-cutting gesture as usual—he held out the Croix de Guerre. "You will bless it for me, and pin it on my breast. Then I'll

go to Communion and you'll pray to God that I may be always worthy to wear it." Later in the day he detached from the ribbon a few green and red threads and encircled them in a letter to Petit-Pierre with the words: "I have dedicated my cross this morning to the Bon Dieu; I now offer this to you, because, after Him, I owe it all to you."

The same letter had a postesript: "Get better soon; since you have left I feel that things go less well with me." It was true. The fervour, unsustained by the presence of his zealous friend, diminished very perceptibly. He came still sometimes to bring me letters, unopened, and bearing the Paris post-mark. "Take them," he would say; "I recognize the hand-writing, and do not wish to read them. Do what you like with them." But soon, under one pretext or another, his Communions became less frequent. The particular examination had ceased since the day of the attack. He commenced to smoke and drink again, saying, "What's the good of my giving up things, when these fellows won't change," He had a talk with me occasionally; but the enthusiasm of the preceding weeks was wanting, and the keen desire to improve. He suffered from the lack of the evening chats and prayers with his friend.

Almost every day a letter came from Petit-Piere. I deeply regret now that I did not keep a copy of these letters, which Fred always gave me to read, the revelation of a most touching and most Christian friendship. I have only some short scraps. Pierre, tenderly cared for by the Sisters in the hospital, is rendered almost unhappy by the thought of the contrast between his comforts and Fred's hardships in the trenches, where he would prefer to be eating bully-beef with his friend than in hospital feeding on fowl. He sends what little presents he can manage. When convalescent he takes his violin and, as his playing creates quite a sensation in town, he earns a fair sum of money, which all goes in tobacco and trench delicacies for the pals "fighting down there for France." At times the letters reveal an anxiety that Fred is not sticking to his resolutions too well. He

says nothing about Communion in his answers, and Petit-Pierre grows afraid.

In July we were sent to rest in an interesting little town that did not lack distractionsnone too edifying-for soldiers cut off for nearly a year from civilization. Unhappily, too, in a regiment quartered near us, Fred found two former acquaintances of Montmartre. Having for some time abstained from the Source of Strength, he had not the moral courage to tell them of his change of life. They dragged him off to celebrate their reunion and to "wet" the Croix de Guerre, though they sneered at the decoration and all it stood for. When at length he left the bar half-drunk, he was entirely theirs. They led him farther and farther, until the whole work of Pierre was undone. Warned by his friends, I tried to win back the poor sheep, lost again among the thorns. But it was in vain. Comrades whom he had helped to convert also tried their hands on himequally in vain. Human respect, the re-taste of dissipation, shame of himself, had suddenly thrown far from God this nature violent rather than energetic. From day to day I awaited the return of his friend, who alone could reconstruct, stone by stone, the edifice he had before erected so skilfully.

He did not come back till the month of August. Immediately he returned to his old squad, and at the first glance, he measured the extent of the disaster, only dimly discernable in Fred's letters and mine. From that moment Petit-Pierre's soul, which I found as good and holy as ever, was given up to anxious prayer. Yet a fortnight passed without result. "I'm afraid I'll not succeed," he said to me in deep distress. "He has resisted grace too much." "Pierre," I said to him one day, "do you remember how Fred started a course of self-denial when he wished to save souls? Practise some motrification now in his behalf." This was a real light for one so generous. Henceforth, young though he was and frail, he was on the look-out for the ugliest jobs and hardest tasks going. He was as anxious to expose himself to the autumn sun as others to escape it. He reduced his food and his sleep. He found

it possible even to dock something of the ordinary mess fare. I had to interfere to moderate his ardour; but the heart of Our Lord has been touched.

We were nearing September 25, a date we had felt for some time was destined to add glory to our arms, but also to thin our ranks. Our regiment restored to its former sector of M—, found itself divided between first-line trenches, repose trenches, and its bivouac. In certain companies men had time to prepare their souls. In that fortnight I had the consolation, one of the greatest of my life, to distribute 5,000 Communions. But the company of our two friends was less fortunate. It could not be got together by day, and so I determined to collect it and two neighbouring companies for a Mass by night.

Early the same day Petit-Pierre made a supreme effort. His conversation was as tactful and persuasive as before—and as successful. Fred, at whose door grace had never ceased knocking, was overcome at length, and bursting into tears, he opened up his heart to his friend. He told him of all his back-sliding, reminding him of a remark in one of his letters where Pierre had spoken of his "hunger for Communion," and added: "I, too, was hungry for it, and weak. It was that which was wanting to me. Never had I understood so well that I cannot do without it." In the afternoon he paid me a visit; the return of the prodigal was complete and final.

That evening, when the shelling slackened, we erected an altar in a narrow pass at the foot of the valley, where the whole regiment would march past on its way to death. The side of the valley, behind which German sentries were watching, formed the background. On the right, the newly-filled grave of one of our bravest, a volunteer of seventeen years of age, recalled the great sacrifices which France had already made. On the left, trenches and dug-outs recalled the indescribable sufferings of a year, which we would not, could not, face again.

The altar was mounted on a little chance table, which during the fight would support the maps and plans of the staff. Over it as solitary ornament, our Sacred Heart banner fluttered in the night air. A lantern lit up the missal, and on the rest of the scene the moon shed her pale rays. About the altar, in the pass, were grouped all the men of the companies present. The nearness of the enemy forbade hymns and the only sounds audible were the prayers of the priest and the booming of the guns. Shells passed whistling, not much above our heads, to burst farther on.

At the moment for Communion all together pressed about the altar, begging on bended knees the Bread of the Strong. Officers and privates, on equal footing in this act of prayer as in the duty of sacrifices, were mingled without distinction of rank, or any other order than that which to-morrow might lay them side by side in death. After Communion I read aloud the prayers appropriate to the moment, not forgetting to conclude with Petit-Pierre's sublime act of dedication: "I promise, dear God, to be always faithful; but if Thou foreseest that I may hereafter break my promise and exchange Heaven for Hell, I beg that Thou wilt take me now."

When Mass was finished—it was 9 p.m.—while the others went off to take some rest before the terrible days to come, the two friends, overcome with emotion, came up, hand-in-hand, to the altar, which I was folding up. "With the Bon Jesus," said Petit-Pierre, "I'm prepared to go, no matter whither." "As for me," said Fred, "it's to Heaven I'm going. And it's better so, M. L'Aumonier; I'm not the stuff to make a steadfast Christian. I have prayed God to take me now."

At 9.15 on September 25th, under an intense artillery fire, the first wave of attack rose over the parapet. The younger and more eager rushed forward. "Halt!" friend and officer. "In line there on the right!" Under a hail of shells the line reformed, and set forward in step as if on parade.

Petit-Pierre had put Fred on his left. They had not advanced more than fifty yards when the machine-gun fire, which enfiladed us, caught the boy in the stomach and laid him out like a dog. "Fred!" he cried, "O my Jesus!... And to think I won't even see the victory... Fred, embrace me!... Now go, do your duty, and oh, I beg you to try and rejoin us up there near the Good Jesus." After a parting embrace, Fred, with rage in his heart, ran forward to take his place in the wave of men that mounted steadily.

The first German trenches, destroyed by our artillery, were reached and passed. But the enemy had time to pull himself together. Butlets whistled all along the ridge and soon the mad struggle with grenades began. Fred found himself at the head of the squad. "Forward! Forward!" he repeated furiously. But at the very moment when he had his right hand drawn

back, in a movement that redeemed the gestures of the past, to hurl his grenade, a bullet pierced his breast. He stumbled, tried to stand up again, then slipped down on the parapet. When a neighbour ran up to bandage him, he said, "Leave me; I'm done for; but I'm going to Heaven." Then raising himself up on his wrists, he murmured, "After all, France is surely worth it!" and finally, seizing his helmet, he waved it, and cried out, "Comrades, forward! Vive la France!" Then he fell backward in a stream of blood.

I like to think that at the same moment Petit-Pierre breathed his last, and that, united in life, in death they were not divided.

## RE-VERSES

"For I was taught in Paradise to ease my breast of melodies."

### ODE TO THE STRATFORD CATS.

### Strophe.

In the wee small hours of morning, Ere the stars began to fade, Came the low, soft, tremulous music Of a feline serenade.

First in treble notes upon the stilly air Wailed Black Beauty's voice without compare,

In melody prolonged; then from Full-throated, grisly Tom, Came notes of blending harmony, His alto tuned in perfect key.

Black Beauty shrilled a soul-stirring miaow, And gallant Tom, his pleasure to express, Sang deep: "With you beside me in the wilderness

The wilderness were paradise enow!"

### Antistrophe.

Alas! a window opened wide, A pale insomniac sadly sighed, And in a trice, Not heeding the great sacrifice Of hair-brush, slipper, favourite book, Not waiting e'en to cast a look

At what she threw,
Aimed at the two.
Her treasures fell in showers
As flowers
Upon a cantatrice:
Then came of serenade surcease.

### Catastrophe.

Two voices blended into one,
Which fainter grew till there was none.
Alas! for tragic destiny
Of musical felinity!
Loretto, Stratford.

## Acrostic. Opus 23.

Long I've teased the weary Muse,
Oft the Oracle abused,
Raising question of their might
E'er to pierce my stygian night;
Tempting them in desperation
To vouchsafe an inspiration
Ode or epic, lyric, sonnet;

Ruthlessly they smiled upon it,
And upon my rash endeavour,
Ignorance and would-be-clever.
Never mind! I'll snub the Muse,
Bear no more with his abuse.
Oracles I'll laugh to scorn—
Won't they wish they'd ne'er been born!

### To the College Grads. of '18.

(Sing to the air of Ben Bolt.)

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice McC., Sweet Alice with tresses of gold,

Who, though she should linger for three score and three,

Will never, no never, grow old?

#### Refrain:

We've moved far away from the Abbey, 'tis true,

And our hearts, they were move by the move, But we'll never forget that we're L.A.C. yet,
And the rest—let, the, coming, future, prove!

And don't you remember dear Genevieve T., So glib in all science and art?

You could not decide which to praise in her most,

Her bigness of mind or of heart.

And can't you recall our sweet Frances M.G., Whose smile put a sun in our sky,

But it went round the clock 20 times in one day,

And if our sun set—that is why!

And don't be forgetting wee Kathleen McC.,
Whose words were so wise and so few,
Who bore one reverse like an L.A.C.S.

If we're proud of her grit—well, so are you!

### TO ???

(Accompanying a blue apron 2'x3'). This B.A. is permanent,
The Varsity's is not;
'Twill qualify you for a house
In Heaven—plus a lot.

The other one might break your head,
Unless you're "maist discreet,"
But should this happen, this B.A.
Will keep you on your feet.

## BLUE PENCIL BUREAU

Students are yearly taking up the study, less from choice than from necessity, of Latin, French, Spanish, German and even Greek, long before they have a more than bowing acquaintance with their own fair language. They have hardly begun to lay hold upon the vast treasures of a language which is theirs by a rich inheritance, when they are struggling with the intricacies of an alien tongue—with what result to all tongues, except to that which pervailed around the tower of Babel—it is sad to relate. Yet there is no richer and fuller language in use or in disuse, than our own. Its lack of strictly binding rules and formulas, once lamented as a defect, has come to be one of the chief causes of its growth and richness. It is by error that Latin and Greek are indiscriminately called "learned languages." They may be the exclusive property of the "learned" among us, but learning is in the mind, not in

the tongue, and a thorough understanding of the English language is being recognized more and more as an essential to the understanding of an alien one, except in the much disputed case of Latin, perhaps.

An interesting and clever eulogy written by W. W. Story may serve to enhance the value of our mother tongue and discover to the readers of this column some of its wide and beautiful resources:

### THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Give me of every language, first my vigorous English.

Stored with imported wealth, rich in its natural mines,

Grand in its rhythmical cadence, simple for household employment,

Worthy the poet's song, fit for the speech of men.

- Not from one metal alone the perfect mirror is shapen,
- Not from one colour is built the rainbow's aerial bridge;
- Instruments blended together make the divinest of music,
- Out of myriads of flowers sweetest honey is drawn.
- So unto thy close srength is welded and beaten together,
- Iron dug from the North, duetile gold from the South:
- So unto thy broad stream the ice-torrents, born in the mountains,
- Rush, and the rivers pour, brimming with sun from the plains.
- Thou hast the sharp, clean edge and the downright blow of the Saxon,
- Thou the majestical mark and the stately pomp of the Latin;
- Thou the euphonious swell, the rythmical roll of the Greek;
- Thine is the elegant sauvity caught from sonorous Italian;
- Thine is the chivalric obeisance, the courteous grace of the Normans;
- Thine the Teutonic German's inborn gutteral strength.
- Rafted by firm-laid consonants, windowed by opening vowels,
- Thou securely art built, free to the sun and the air;
- Over the feudal battlements trail the wild tendrils of fancy,
- Where in the early morn warbled our earliest birds;
- Science looks out from thy watchtowers, love whispers in at thy lattice,
- While o'er thy bastions, wit flashes its glittering sword.
- Not by corruption rotted, nor slowly by ages degraded.
- Have the sharp consonants gone crumbling away from our words;
- Virgin and clear is their edge, like granite blocks chiseled by Egypt,

- Just as when Shakespeare and Milton laid them in glorious verse.
- Fitted for every use like a great majestical river,
- Blending the various streams, stately thou flowest along,
- Bearing the white-winged ship of Poesy over thy bosom,
- Laden with spices that come out of the tropical isles,
- Fancy's pleasuring yacht with its bright and fluttering pennons,
- Logic's frigates of war and the toil-worn barges of trade.
- How art thou freely obedient unto the poet or speaker,
- When, in a happy hour, thought into speech he translates?
- Caught on the words' sharp angles, flash the bright hues of his fancy,
- Grandly the thought rides the words, as a good horseman the steed.
- Now, clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one, like the hailstones,
- Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of a shower;
- Now, in a two-fold column, Spondee, Iamband Trochee
- Unbroke, firm set, advance, retreat, trampling along:
- Now the sprightlier, springiness, bounding in triplicate syllables,
- Danced the elastic Dactyls in musical cadences on,
- Now, their voluminous coil intertangling like huge anacondas,
- Rolled overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian words.
- Flexile and free in thy gift and simple in all thy constructions,
- Yielding to every turn, thou bearest thy rider along;
- Now, like our hackney or draughthorse, serving our commonest uses,
- Now bearing grandly the poet, now Pegasuslike, to the sky.

Thou art not prisoned in fixed rules, thou art no slave to a grammar,

Thou art an eagle uncaged, scorning the perch and the chain;

Hadst thou been fettered and formalised, thou hadst been tamer and weaker,

How could the poor slave walk with thy freedom of gait?

Let, then, grammarians rail, and let foreigners sigh for thy sign-posts,

Wandering, lost in thy maze, thy wilds of magnificent growth.

Call thee incongruous, wild, of rule and of reason defiant,

I, in thy wildness, a grand freedom of character find:

So, with irregular outline tower up the skypiercing mountains,

Rearing o'er yawning chasms lofty precipitous steeps;

Spreading o'er lodge unclimbable, meadows and slopes of green smoothness,

Bearing the flowers in their clefts, losing their peaks in the cloud.

Therefore it is that I praise thee and never can cease from rejoicing,

Thinking that good stout English is mine and my ancestors' tongue;

Give me its varying music, the flow of its free modulation,

I will not covet the full roll of the glorious Greek,

Luscious and feeble Italian, Latin so formal and stately,

French with its nasal lisp, nor German inverted and harsh,

Not while our organ can speak with its many and wonderful voices,

Play on the soft flute of love, blow the loud trumpet of war,

Sing with a high sesquialtro, or, drawing its full diapason,

Shake all the air with the grand storm of its pedals and stops.

Q. I find no fault in number 6 of your list of "faulty sentences." Please explain.

A. Number 6 was intended to provide a "catch" sentence, but the term "faulty" in the note of directions has caught, not the unwary student, but the napping B.P.B. Apologies!

Corrected answers to list of faulty sentences sent in by Ruth Quinlan, as follows: 1. "had been" for "were." 2. "may" for "might." 3. "is" for "are." 4. "it" for "they." 5. "of the loss of an Atlantic steamer." 6. Correct. 7. Reverse "who" for "whom." 8. "who" for "whom." 9. "I" for "me." 10. "me" for "I."

A prize is offered for the first set of correct answers to the following sentences sent in to the B.P.B. before December 15th:

1. I intended to have insisted on it. 2. He was here since the beginning of school. 3. I should like to have been there. 4. He would have laid there if we hadn't picked him up. Have either of you a copy of this morning's paper? 6. I have no doubt but what he meant to have told you some time ago. 7. The old method is quite different in character than that now in use. 8. It is just as good, if not better, than any other brand in the market. 9. A house built in frosty weather, or which has bad bricks or mortar, is likely to be damp. 10. How sadly they must have felt!

The winner of the July contest was Miss Catherine O'Halloran of Hamilton. She was closely followed by a very distinguished competitor, whose initial is the same, and both are identical with the key to the puzzle, the letter "H." The last named contributor sent her reply in verse, as follows:

"It dies in an hour, you say, E'en so t'will be held by death, Nor found in Resurrection Day, Nor yielded up with breath."

A prize is offered for the best Latin version of any short, simple, well-known piece of English verse. Answer to be in before Dec. 15th of this year.

## ALUMNAE NOTES

### LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

NOTICE: Members are reminded of their privilege of bringing guests (fee twenty-five cents) to the quarterly meetings. The lecture, musical and tea are always worth while and it is an easy and pleasant way of entertaining one's friends.

Although inaugurated for the furtherance of social intercourse among Loretto's old pupils, the Alumnae has pledged itself for this year and until the end of the war, to the service of our country and our boys. Through the executive, our Association has been asked to undertake the complete management of the house to house canvassing in one district for the Knights of Columbus' Hut Campaign, and also to assist in the general Tag Day to be held on the Friday of campaign week.

With the notice of the October meeting there has been posted to every paid up member, a Chrismas stocking, with the request that it be filled with books, games, dainties and smokes. These will be collected at the meeting, and with seven thousand others will be forwarded by Red Cross to make Christmas cheer for our Canadian boys in the English hospitals.

A request has been made that the Loretto Alumnae Association should undertake the task of visiting our Catholic boys in the city's military hospitals. This can only be done by the interested and conscientious work of individuals. It is a wonderful opportunity for service, especially for our older members, and it has been suggested that the same two ladies should visit the same hospital once a week and become real friends to the boys. Mrs. McLaughlin, 83 Glen Road, telephone N. 4267, would be very glad to hear from any of our members who care to assist in this branch of our work.

At the closing meeting of the year 1917-18, the residue of the money collected at the Patriotic Bridges last November, was voted to the Catholic Chaplains' Hut Fund, thus forestalling the appeal now being made by the Knights of Columbus for the same cause.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the last Reception, which took place in the Loretto Abbey Chapel, in August, two of Loretto's old pupils, one from Toronto and the other from Niagara Falls, were received into the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary—Miss Eileen Defoe (Sr. M. Philip Neri) and Miss Madeleine McMahon (Sr. M. Constance). The Alumnae desires to extend to them and to the Ladies of Loretto its heartiest congratulations.

Miss Alice McLelland, a B.A. of Loretto Class '18, has enrolled in the school of Medicine at the University of Toronto.

We extend our sympathy to Miss Mary Mason, an old pupil and Alumna, on the death of her father, Brigadier-General, Senator the Hon. James Mason.

The Loretto Alumnae Association Scholarship for the year 1918-19 was won by Miss Phillis Allen of Picton, Ont., and the officers and members send their congratulations to Miss Allen, and wish her every success in her University career.

Our congratulations are also due to Mrs. M. H. Murphy (Rita Wheaton) on the birth of a baby boy, Franklin Edward.

The appointment of Judge Hearn as Judge of the County Court of Waterloo, necessitates his residence in that county, so Marie and Iinnis are now living in Kitchener.

It was the sad duty of the Executive at the first meeting held this year, to send letters of sympathy and condolence from the Loretto Alumnae Association to the Ladies of Loretto on the death of Sister Adelaide, for twenty years one of the Alumnae's staunchest friends; and to Mrs. F. P. Megan, whose brother, Lieut. Jack Leonard, 75th Battalion, C.E.F., gave his life for God and Canada.

Loretto wishes to acknowledge with sincere gratitude a very generous donation to the fund

raised for meeting the heavy payments on the Day School at Brunswick Avenue. The sum of fifty dollars, a specially handsome one in these times of daily calls upon one's purse, was given by a lady whose name is associated with some of the greatest charitable enterprises in the Province, Miss Mary Hoskin. Miss Hoskin is a privileged resident of the Precious Blood Monastery, an Institution which owes its foundation in Toronto to her charity and zeal. Her office of President of the Women's Auxiliary of Catholic Extension has made of that organization one of the highest and most efficient avenues of charity in the Church. Miss Hoskin's general influence for good, conspicuous in her devotion to the best interests of Church and Country, have made for her an enviable reputation in this world, and have also, we feel quite sure, purchased for her a high place in the next.

### ABBEY NOTES.

Among the notable results of last term, too late for insertion in the July issue, that of Evelyn Lee, the little daughter of Mr. W. T. J. Lee, of Dowling Ave., calls for comment and congratulations. Though only in her fourteenth year, she carried off the medal offered by the Toronto Conservatory of Music for highest standing in Intermediate Piano Examination, held last June. As the competition was open to all candidates in the Dominion, her success is deserving of the highest praise, and speaks equally well for her talent, her diligence, and her careful training. A Recital she gave last June more than justified the bestowal of this honour, in the minds of friends, who will follow her progress with interest and pleasure.

Miss Marjorie Murphy was the only Academic graduate at Loretto Abbey, this year. After obtaining Music Matriculation at Toronto University in 1916, she continued the studies required on her course, as well as painting and music. In piano, she passed the Intermediate Examination at Toronto Conservatory and obtained honours in Junior Theory at the same Institution. She won the Essay medal donated by Mrs. John Foy.

A wonderful cure was wrought upon Vincent Meagher of Peterborough, a year ago, by the application of a relic of St. Anne. The account has been delayed for fear that any detail which might alter the full credit of the Saint's miraculous intervention, should be wanting. Mr. Meagher had been, for years, the victim of a serious hip disease, or injury, and was unable to move around without crutches. During a visit to his sister, a religious of Loretto Abbey, he was induced, by a devout client of the Saint, to solicit a cure through her intercession. He venerated the relic with true faith and devotion, and made his request. Not long after his return home, he wrote that when his doctor came, as was his custom, at regular times, to renew his plaster bandages, he was astonished at the change which had taken place since the last treatment, and that all were convinced of the miracle, when shortly afterwards, he was able to discard his crutches and to walk as if perfectly cured. By last account he was in his normal health and at work. His cure gives a new proof of the great power of this great Saint to which he wishes to bear loving and grateful testimony.

Loretto rejoices in the news that Lieut. Hilary J. French has won the Victoria Cross. His record does honour to the memory of his distinguished grandfather, the late Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, who built St. Augustine's Seminary.

. . . . .

Deep sympathy is offered to the Community of St. Joseph at the sudden death of their valuable and esteemed member, Sr. Emerentia, the Sister to whose rare ability and energy is due the success of that fine publication, The St. Joseph Lilies. May her soul reap the reward of her eminent labours!

Loretto has lost a good and much esteemed friend in the Most Rev. Pius R. Mayer, late General of the Order of Carmelites. Regret for his death, however, is mingled with feelings of relief that his suffering life has ended, and that he has gone to reap the reward of a life of eminent service to his Order and to the Church at large. He was one of those great ones whose qualities of heart and mind balanced each other, and both were large and strong. Many life-long friends will mourn his loss. May he rest in peace!

The Rainbow extends heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. J. A. Wall at the loss of her husband, the late most able and esteemed Editor of The Catholic Register, whose death was a sudden one, and is a serious blow to the interests of the paper, which he edited with such marked success. May he rest in peace!

#### STRATFORD NOTES.

Loretto, Stratford, was honoured a short time ago by a visit from their Excellencies, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, with their daughters, Lady Blanche and Lady Dorothy Cavendish. Their reception was an informal one, as all the school children of the city had met in the City Hall to do them honour with songs and addresses.

The Convent looked its prettiest on the morning of the Vice-Regal visit. The Mayor of the city introduced first the Very Rev. Dean McGee—and then the Lady Superior and members of the Community, to the party. The pleasant chat which followed their arrival divested the happy event of that formality which is apt to be a little too evident in such meetings. An exception to the rule of informality occurred when six small children made their appearance and presented bouquets of flowers, with words of graceful compliment and welcome. The day is entered upon the guest-book of Loretto as a red letter one.

There are bazaars and Bazaars! The one held at Loretto, Stratford, by the Alumnae, warmly endorsed by Very Rev. Dean McGee, patronized by very nearly the whole city in one way or another, and sincerely appreciated by the Ladies at the Convent, was the latter one in every respect. Loretto finds no words in which to praise the zeal and enthusiasm exhibited by those who made the affair such an unlooked for success. It wishes to express gratitude for it all in the Rainbow.

A clipping from the London Advertiser says: "Loretto Convent has volunteered to take care of women's and children's influenza cases and an emergency hospital has been arranged in one of the class-rooms, where from twenty to twenty-five patients can be accommodated." Sister Rose Frances, a trained nurse, is in charge and patients of any denomination will be cared for. Eight cases of women and children have already been accommodated there, which relieves the pressure in the General Hospital.

"The one aim of St. Thomas Aquinas' life was to pursue and impart knowledge. Daniel d'Agusta put the question to him one day as to what he considered the greatest gift he had ever received, apart from sanctifying grace; with candour of soul he replied that it was the gift of understanding all he had ever read. To intimate friends he disclosed the secrets of his marvellous wisdom."

## **CHRONICLES**

### Englewood Notes

June 18th.—Commencement. After many months of eager anticipation the greatest of school days dawned. The play, the graduation and the leaving of her dear Alma Mater filled each girl with emotions of joy and sorrow. Every young lady must have had a strong desire to show her appreciation of her school, for the play was the most wonderful success. We shall never forget our dear Joan of Arc. Every feature of the evening was patriotic. The three national anthems of the Allied Nations were sung in their native tongue and received well merited applause. The whole performance came to an end by a beautiful, forceful address · to the graduates by Father O'Brien of Church Extension fame.

June 20th.—Alumnae Banquet.—The next event for the Graduates was the banquet, and what happened there I do not know, but next year I shall tell you after I have been initiated.

Sept. 3rd.—School Opening.—On the first day we renewed old acquaintances and helped to make the freshmen feel at home. We are Seniors now and we began to feel our importance on the very first day.

Sept. 5th.—Father Ryan paid us a friendly visit, his little talk was short, but from it we realized that he is still our beloved pastor, as usual deeply interested in our welfare.

Sept. 6th.—Social Hour.—We had the last period off and gave a program to the freshmen. Miss Nona Kelly wrote and read an address to the three classes, advising them what to do to become dignified seniors like us. It was very cleverly written; our author is so witty that she had her audience in peals of laughter. The afternoon passed all too quickly for a number of fun-loving high school girls.

Sept. 8th.—Normal.—Loretto girls are proud of our Normal examination returns. They were wonderful! Not many schools can boast of pupils who can reach the hundred per cent. in their examinations for entrance to Normal College. We extend our congratulations, and good wishes for further success, to Miss Lida Pirritte, who made one hundred marks in Botany; and to Kathryn Miller, who made one hundred marks in Geometry.

Sept. 2nd to 15th.—The War Exposition.— This transplanting of the war zone to Chicago's Lake Front has put all in sympathetic touch with our boys "over there," and has helped us to realize what our brothers are facing. Monster guns, tanks, and hand grenades were demonstrated in action. All the deafening noises from guns and explosions, all the smoke and dust that Chicago could spare from its traditional supply, was used to advantage at the improvised seat of war. The trenches, imitations of Y.M.C.A. and K.C. dugouts, Red Cross hospitals, airplanes hovering about, all formed a marvellously deceptive setting for a sham battle; for the result was grim enough and awful enough to send us home somewhat wiser, but infinitely sadder.

Sept. 12th.—Registration Day.—All Chicago men between eighteen and forty-five were registered, schools were closed, public school teachers acting as registrars.

Sept. 13th.—Theatre Party.—The Young Ladies' Sodality gave a Theatre Party, the proceeds of which were given to St. Bernard's Church Improvement Fund. Loretto girls came to the front, as usual, by buying and selling tickets. A half holiday was granted to the schools and all attended the Theatre.

Sept. 20th.—Card Party.—Loretto Alumnae have been doing some more good work. They gave a card party to raise funds to purchase an Army Chaplain's outfit. Such a worthy cause could not fail to succeed.

MARY FITZPATRICK, '19.

Englewood.

## Loretto Reademy, Woodlawn, Chicago

The programme of the Graduating Exercises, June 21st, too late for insertion in last Chronicle, was as follows:

Open Chorus—"Happy Days" .... Strelezski Conferring of Graduating Honours on the Misses

Bessie Helen Atkinson,
Lucile Adelaide Barsaloux,
Helen Mary Bulger,
Jean Elizabeth Fife,
Marie Harriet Memmesheimer,
Margaret Mona O'Day,
Lucile Isabelle Potter,
Willinore Constance Potter,
Bessie Geneva Sheehan.

Capriccio Brilliante, Op. 22.....Mendelssohn
Willinore Potter.

Scene II.—The Island of Sweet Singing.

Miserere from Il Trovatore.....Gottschalk
First Piano—Jean Fife, Dorothy Tudor.

Lucile Potter.

Second Piano-Lucile Potter, Vivian Bruszer.

Scene III.—The Island of Strong Men.
Sweet, Sweet Land .......................Moszkowski
Chorus.

Scene IV.—The Island of Fair Seeming.

Protect Us Through the Coming Night.....

Semi-chorus.

Scene V.—The Blessed Isle.

June 22nd.—The Alumnae entertained the Class of 1918.

September 3rd.—Opening Day. Words of welcome on every side. The length of the enrollment-list this morning is proof that the words of exhortation uttered by devoted educationists during "Education Week" did not fall on heedless ears.

September 5th.—An impressive and encouraging talk by Rev. I. J. McDonald, O.C.C., on our present duties. Particularly emphasized was the responsibility that lies on each of us to profit to the utmost by the great educational advantages now offered us. The world, he remarked, has greater need than ever before of educated, cultured women, and such are Loretto graduates, past and present, here and elsewhere.

September 9th.—Rev. Father Reilly, O.C.C., in his visit to-day, kindly promised to give us some lectures during the term. His fine enthusiasm for every noble cause fills us with pleasurable anticipation of these promised talks.

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TORONTO

JAMES RYRIE, President W. M. BIRKS, Vice-President.

September 12th.—Feast of the Most Holy Name of Mary. A holiday granted to enable us to visit the United States Government Army Exposition in Grand Park. All that we have read and heard of the Great War, we understand as never before, now that we have seen, besides the innumerable trophies secured by the Allies, a battle in the trenches, a "tank" in motion, enemy being captured, the wounded being carried off the field, the almost inconceivable manoeuvres of the airplanes and the typical K. of C. and Y.M.C.A. huts to provide for the comfort and entertainment of the soldiers on either side of the Atlantic.

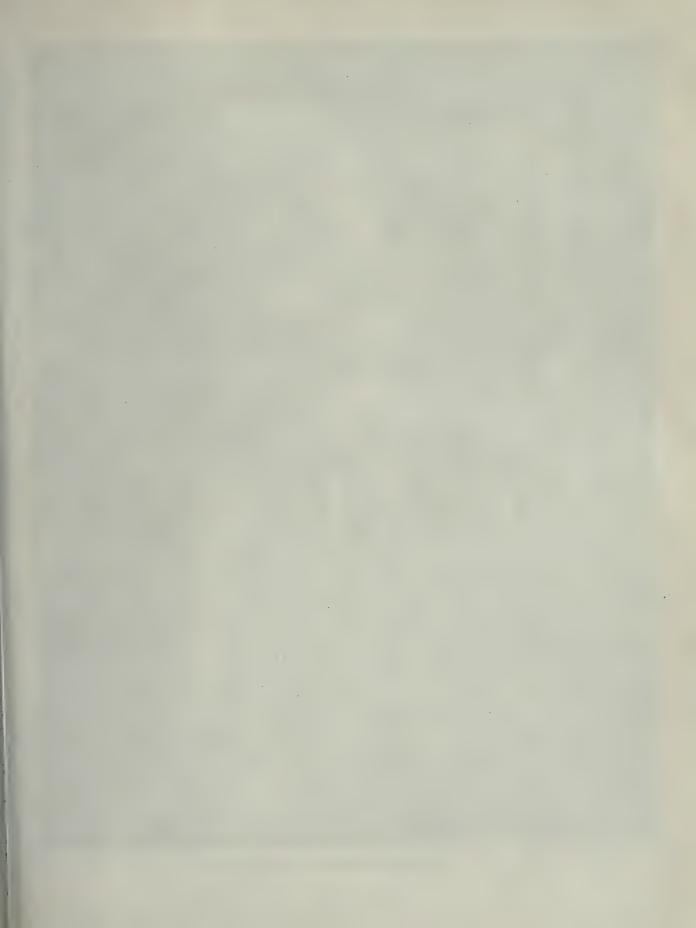
The Misses Lucile and Willinore Potter returned from their California trip and have many delightful incidents to relate. They purpose, together with Miss Margaret O'Day and Miss Helen Bulger, to enter University this month. Congratulations to the Class of 1918, whose members all seem to be possessed of a laudably ambitious spirit, some of them already filling positions of trust, the others entering upon various courses of higher studies.

Three sets of beautifully wrought antependia have recently been presented for the chapel altars, one set by Mrs. Tapsfield of Salt Lake City, the second by Miss Mary Smakal, and the third by one of the religious; a new set of golden candelabra has, likewise, been presented.

Mamma: Now, Freddy, mind what I say. I don't want you to go over in the next garden to play with that Binks boy; he is very rude.

Freddy (heard a few minutes afterwards calling over the fence): I say, Binks, Ma says I'm not to go in your garden, because you're rude; but you come over here into my garden; I ain't rude.

"Make allowances—temper justice with mercy in regard to the failings of others; but when you take yourself in hand, get up and sit on the judgment seat, and administer counsel in the spirit of definite justice."





THE BLESSED MAID OF ORLEANS.



# RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing-a woman perfected

VOL. XXVI.

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NO. 1.

## GENERAL EDUCATIONAL ITEMS

Three Paragraphs from "The Rebel."-The new Varsity journal, still in its teens, is a "rebel" only in this, that it opposes the prevailing idea that a college paper should be a record of social and sporting news, rather than a field for literary athletics. The name has aroused much lively discussion among the students and the teaching body, but so far, no name proposed has met with general approval. Speaking of College Journals, The Rebel says: "In an age pre-eminently industrial, especially in a country whose undeveloped resources are the admiration of the world, industrial workers, men of business, scientists will not be lacking, but an artist or a man of letters has often to face the censure of the public on account of his "unpractical" and "useless" life. If any activity needs to be fostered in the universities, it is this one. To those, therefore, who believe in the power of ideas to move the world, the college journel has a legitimate place among the worthiest developments of student life ''

A University Memorial.—"The question of memorials is being considered by every College and Faculty as well as by the University as a whole. The form of some of the college memorials has been decided; for instance, it is reported that Trinity and Victoria will build chapels. It is perhaps a pity that the fact of University College being undenominational should prevent that college from following suit. Members of the college might do well to consider whether undenominational is synony-

mous with pagan. But whatever the form, these college memorials should be both beautiful and of service "

A Plea for the Humanities.—In summing up this plea, the editor says: "Perhaps the time has come for memorial dust to be swept away, for the dawn of a new day of efficiency, sharp, clear-cut, scientific efficiency; but a lurking fear lingers that many ancient human things may go too, the very conception of a 'universitas,' a community of souls, of friend-ships, of those things which it would seem can come only through the much abused 'literae humaniores' fast vanishing in the garish light of efficiency."

Educational Reform.—From a letter to The Times, signed by Lord Bruce, May, 1916, we read: "Only a little over a hundred years ago, it was thought that the study of Latin literature amply fulfilled this object (namely, a complete and generous education), for Latin was almost, if not entirely, the one subject studied in our Protestant Public Schools. It was only about the year 1824, when it was made compulsory at Cambridge, that Greek seems to have become a general school subject. The introduction of mathematics into Eton is amusingly described in Lord Redesdale's Memoirs. Then French, then science was introduced, and finally, history, geography, political economy, German and Spanish, to say nothing of Esperanto, added to the complexity of the modern curriculum, which was enhanced by the variety of the examinations for which

boys had to be prepared. A good deal of destructive criticism was poured upon this system of studies; the relative value of classics and mathematics, and especially Greek and science, were forever discussed with much controversial skill and warmth.....

The outbreak of the war emphasized, in the opinion of some, the deficiencies of our educational system. Rightly or wrongly, the preparedness of our enemies and our own unpreparedness, was attributed to their superior and our inferior education, and it was argued that as long as the classics retained their privileged position in the public schools (of England), our future statesmen would be at a disadvantage compared to the men turned out of the German gymnasia. Certain mistakes on the part of some ministers were imputed to ignorance of the rudiments of scientific knowledge and training.

Towards the end of the year 1915 the Committee of the "Association of Public School Science Masters," determined to start a campaign in the Press on the subject of improving the status of science teaching in schools. With this end in view, a letter was published early in the next year, over the signature of thirty-six men well known in the world of science and in public affairs. This letter immediately excited interest and sympathy, and very soon Mr. M. D. Hill was able to found what became known as the "Neglect of Science Committee."

The claims of this committee have aroused a host of opponents whose faith in the doctrine of the humanists, far from being shaken by the trend of events, remain all the more firm and assured. Among the names upon this list we see Bryce, Cromer, F. G. Kenyon, John Buchan, Edmund Gosse and others no less eminent and reliable.

### **EDUCATIONAL**

## What "Maru" Means

The word 'Maru,' attached to the name of every Japanese merchant ship and commonly accepted as meaning 'ship,' has no especial meaning, according to Captain Takeshima, of the Japanese steamship 'Hudson Maru,' recently captured and released by a German raider in the South Atlantic. Captain Takeshima said that the word is the survival of a Japanese custom centuries old. He explained the origin as follows: "There are two opinions as to how the custom originated. of the stories is that in ancient times the Japanese attached 'maru' to the name of anything highly prized. It was first applied to a ship's name about 2,000 years ago, when the Empress Jingo sent an expedition to Corea. She added the word to the name of the ship that transported the troops to Corea. Ever since then 'Maru' has been part of the name of every steamship or sailing vessel. It is never used with the name of a war-ship."

The great bell of Cologne Cathedral will never ring again. It has been melted down for cannon. It was made from the metal of French guns captured in the Franco-German War; it will now go back to France after forty years of ringing on the Rhine, whistling the song of death. Perhaps Germany does not mind so very much. She will have ne need of joy bells for a long, long time to come.

Titles have been falling like rain since war began, and many people are getting tired of them. They are getting particularly tired in the British Empire, and both in Canada and Australia a strong public feeling is aroused against accepting them. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has declared that, if he could do it without disrespect to the King, he would burn his title in the market-place.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Not the agility of thought, but the alacrity of duty, is the fit antagonist of all depressing scepticism, of all painful solicitude.



## Review

Dimly the spent days range themselves in rows;

Backward we look upon the serried files;

And what strong heart would fain recall the blows.

Fate-struck,—the weariness, the tears, the smiles?

We did not live as we had planned to do;

We did not walk the path our eyes descried;

What deemed we sweet turned out but bitter

rue:

Our firstling joys came fair, but quickly died.

Still the mosaic, Life, so deftly wrought,
Within the halls of memory is hung
As wonderful as if the things we sought
Had all been found, and all our songs been
sung!

RICHARD WIGHTMAN.

I will not doubt, though all my ships at sea Come drifting home with broken masts and sails,

I will believe the Hand, which never fails
From seeming evil, worketh good for me,
And though I weep because those sails are tattered

Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,

"I trust in Thee."

### WAR'S CONSECRATION.

Great work hath victory to do,

And stern the silent battles peace must wage

That life may see death's visioned truths come
true,

Fulfilment of war's deathless heritage.

Cast down old landmarks reared in pride,

Dynasted citadels that time defied:

Lord, give us grace when we would build

anew!

O peace, with priceless ransom paid
In toll of vine at bud and rose half blown!
O victory that sees our first-born laid
In sacrifice, upon God's altar-stone,
Lift, hold us to the altitude
Immortal where our standard-bearers stood.
So make us, keep us, worthy of our own!

MARGUERITE MERINGTON.

#### A REVERSED IDEAL.

In years gone by it was my fondest dream
To rise each morning at the break of day,—
A radiant, smiling, heart-glad'ning sunbeam,
Spirits a-bubbling like a fountain spray,
Awake, alert, no drowsy tempter feared,
Despising such as fell into his snares
Whose golden hours are sacrificed unspared—
One's own worst enemy all unawares.
Long since I've reached my high ambition's
goal,

Each morning am awakened by the bell
That pealeth forth, and out of bed I roll;
Nor dare I venture to ignore that knell.
Strange fact, that having grasped my high
ideals

For dreams and sleep my soul makes wild appeals.

Loretto Abbey.

## SOME OF TENNYSON'S IDEALS

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
"Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith, than Norman blood."

These were the lines which first awakened my interest in Tennyson's poetry, an interest which developed later into a preference based on admiration and esteem for the poet of lofty ideals and of a life faithful to these ideals,—for the poet, whose songs are of faith and hope, and immortal love, and whose harp was never tuned to the short-lived melodies of mere earthly pleasure, or to "the wild chants of withering passion."

The lines above quoted contain the theme which appears and reappears in nearly all of Tennyson's poems. It appears with added significance in some of the larger and more important poems, in which the author emphasizes his belief in the reality and the supremacy of the moral life. He teaches that it is worth while to battle with doubt and to struggle toward the light; to he upright, generous, loyal and pure; that goodness is the only true nobility—the only fadeless and immortal crown; that even the lowliest human life has a duty, an ideal, and an immortal destiny.

Tennyson was an Englishman of his day and he expressed the ideals of that day. He took a deep interest in the larger movements of his age—in the political and the scientific progress, and in social welfare. With a profound reverence for law and institutions, he had a corresponding horror for the "evil of extremes," and his poetry is one continual protest against the scientific materialism which sought to lower man to the plane of the brute, and which would fain solve the mystery of life and the human soul by means of the scalpel and the microscope.

Though he has not been regarded as one of "the mighty cosmopolitan forces of literature,

whose thoughts are graven into the heart of civilized humanity," though there is much in his poetry that is lacking in sustained force and elevation, yet he has expressed in poetry that is peerless in the perfection of its lyric art, the changing hopes and fears, and has interpreted the aspirations of men and women born into an age of transition and doubt. If, his attempts to answer their unspoken questions, he has not solved the problems which a clear-visioned faith alone can solve, yet, with the measure of faith that was his, he strove to stem the torrent that threatened to sweep away the very foundations of all faith. He has voiced insistently his belief that "life shall live forevermore."

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love, Whom we, that have not seen Thy face, By faith, and faith alone, embrace, Believing where we cannot prove;

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die."

The poet's ideals of freedom and patriotism are expressed in various poems, among others in "Love Thou Thy Land" and "Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights," in which he protests against the ruinous influence of party rivalry, and the mockery of freedom under the tyranny of the mob. In "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "The Defence of Lucknow," he has immortalized unselfish love of country, as it is crystallized in acts of supreme devotion to duty which shine like jewels in a nation'c crown.

Tennyson's ideal of love, though almost altogether limited to human love, is one that is all too rare in the poetry of the nineteenth century. He holds up the ideal of a sincere and practical love of humanity, a pure and re-

verent love of manhood for womanhood, a sane and unselfish love of country. He praises pure love as the bright, consummate flower of life, and as the most effective agency in developing worthy and noble manhood. He writes in Guinevere:

"for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But to teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

In "Maud" we are shown the redeeming and transforming power of a pure love in rescuing a morbid nature from the madness of selfishness, and leading it into the broader, saner life of helpful sympathy with others in their conflicts and aspirations. In this poem, it is not love in itself alone, as an emotion, an inward experience, a selfish possession that the author is revealing, but love, as a vital force, as a part of life, as a saving influence. It is a long step between the sentiment expressed in

"Let come what come may

Into a life so sad, I shall have had my day," and the self-effacement of

"Comfort her! comfotr her, all things good! Let me and my harmful love go by— Comfort her, tho' I die!"

It is to Tennyson's masterpiece, "In Memoriam," that the reader must turn to find the substance of their expression. The poem itself is a revelation of the progress of a soul from an overwhelming sense of personal loss, through pain and doubt and questioning, to a conviction of the uses of sorrow, and, therefore, to faith and peace. In this poem are embodied the deepest convictions and best thoughts of the poet, as well as almost every quality of

his perfected lyric art—musicalness, painting, delicately drawn landscapes, and exquisite phrasing and expression. "The Ideal, as expressed in Poetry," was the aim of Tennyson in all his work, and in this poem he approaches his goal more nearly than in any other. Saintsbury, in his "Poetry of the Nineteenth Century," says: "There is scarcely a bad line in 'In Memoriam.' There are few lines that do not contain a noble thought, a passionate sentiment, a beautiful picture, but there is nothing greater about it than the way in which, side by side with the prevailing undertone of the stanza, the individual pieces vary the music, and accompany it, so to speak, in duet, with a particularly fine melody. It must have been already obvious to good ears that no greater master of English harmonics-perhaps none so great—had ever lived. But 'In Memoriam' sets the fact finally and irrevocably on record."

One of the disappointing features in this study of Tennyson's ideals is that his conception of love does not seem to include the Supreme Ideal—God's love for man, nor the love of man for a God who first loved him. Tennyson's faith, as I see it, is directed towards God's attributes of Wisdom, Eternity, and Power, rather than to His Love. This, of course, might be accounted for by a "creedless faith." The following lines from "Locksley Hall"—though they might apply to a soul transformed by Divine Love—were inspired, after all, by human love, which was the transforming force in Tennyson's spiritual devolopment:

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might; Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight."

M. A. Q. A.B.

Loretto Abbey College.



## PERSONALITY

E PHEMERAL writings like the little one called "Am I a Bromide," which came out some years ago, often strike a note of truth which keeps on sounding ages after the author is a forgotten item in a forgotten past.

This book, whose title is original, if nothing else about it can claim to be, divides all people into Sulphites and Bromides, otherwise, those whose principles of thought and action arise from their own reasoning or experience, and those, the vast majority, who blindly follow the lead of others.

The analogy, in spite of a few minor discrepancies, is cleverly drawn. After reading it you are pretty sure to find yourself placing your friends and acquaintances—not forgetting yourself, if you are wise—in one or other of the categories. Unfortunately the process is apt to bring you to the uncomforting conclusion, "why all of us are Bromides!" but when it does so, it is clearly time to stop. This is a sad enough place without your reading any more sadness into it.

"What an impertinent book!" you say, "the author must be demented!" and you east it from you with warmth and vigor, not because as you have said, it is "impertinent," but because it has sounded an uncomfortable truth. Everyone knows how that special kind of truth lives and thrives on its victims.

In reality, the matter is only a whimsical variation in terms of one which has often been the subject of your serious reflections. You are reminded off the small boy's ingenious device when told to write a page-long composition on Spring. "Spring is coming," he begins. "How do I know that? Because it came last year and the year before that, and the year before that" (repeated ten times). This makes paragraph one. "The grass will be green. How do I know that? Because it was last year and the year before that" (ten

times) and so on, to the end of the page. Our argument is so apt to run, "Why do I do this thing? Because such a one did it, and such a one does it, and it has always been done." Fatal reasoning! Fit only for Bromides; dead matter, containing no vital principle!

Our Sulphite is a stranger to all such motives. "Is it right? Is it good? Will it work? Can it be tried?" he says. But this kind of philosopher is rare and his species fast-fleeting, while Bromides are numerous and longabiding. They plod along in their old grooves, content to walk in the well-beaten track, to use the tools, the methods, the very verbal formulae of generations of their kind; ignorant, for the most part, of their being any other way than their own. Their world is old even while their feet are upon the very threshold of life. Things are hum-drum to them, and resignation to monotony the only virtue worth cultivating. But to the Sulphite, life is aglow with wonders, and miracles are occurring every day and hour.

Mr. John G. Vance, in the Catholic Gazette, some weeks ago, defined for us, in an interesting way, the main elements of personality as distinct from the mere term "person." arrives at his formal definition through chain of negations, proving that personality is not a great many things we may loosely have imagined it to be. It is not the necessary result of knowledge or learning, or activity, the power of organization, great vitality, vigour, energy-none of these. Even quiet, steady, unobtrusive administratorship is not necessary to its being; far less is it the undisputed note of a lively raconteur. We are quite consoled by the time the author tells us that it is, what we have been suspecting all along, but what, in the presence of this oracle, we have hesitated to declare, namely: "enthusiasm"—only, to be candid, we had

not thought of that belancing second term, "restraint," without which the first stands but half a truth.

He was right. The two factors that go to the making of a great personality are enthusiasm and restraint. How many shining testimonies of this truth does not history provide! All the great achievements of time have been the work of some enthusiast who believed that what he did was the greatest thing in the world; one who threw into his act the overwhelming power of his enthusiasm, directed and rendered capable of its greatest effectiveness, by the restraint of a well-trained reason.

The world has long recognized that almost impossible feats may be accomplished by these magic powers. It is spurred on to greater and greater undertakings in the strength of this belief, though it must bear witness to many a melancholy failure when—as sometimes happens—it substitutes a dead system

for a living organism. No system or chain of systems will prevail unless directed and animated by a leading spirit. See how persistently we attribute the fortunes of the recent war to a man, not to a number of men, how vast or well organized their forces may be. It is Kitchener, Haig, Foch, Lloyd George, Wilson and that most wonderful figure in contemporary history, Cardinal Mercier, the dauntless champion of God's Church, of his own hapless country, and of the sacred claims of humanity at large, which stand out in this, the most momentous chapter in modern history.

"When we lose enthusiasm," says Joel Chandler Harris, "appreciation goes with it, and then the joy of living is taken away."—and, we might add, the power of real achievement.

ROSE UNDERWOOD.

Loretto Abbey.

# The Wise Men

Step softly under snow or rain,

To find the place where men can pray;

The way is all so very plain,

That we may lose the way.

Oh, we have learnt to peer and pore
On tortured puzzles from our youth.
We know all labyrinthine lore,
We are the three wise men of yore,
And we know all things but the truth.

Go humbly—it has hailed and snowed—
With voices low and lanterns lit,
So very simple is the road,
That we may stray from it.

The world grows terrible and white,
And blinding white the breaking day,
We walk bewildered in the light,
For something is too large for sight
And something much too plain to say.

The child that was ere worlds begun

(—We need but walk a little way—

We need but see a latch undone—)

The child that played with moon and sun

Is playing with a little hay.

The house from which the heavens are fed,
The old strange house that is our own,
Where tricks of words are never said,
And Mercy is as plain as bread,
And Honour is as hard as stone.

Go humbly; humble are the skies,
And low and large and fierce the Star,
So very near the Manger lies,
That we may travel far.

Hark! Laughter like a lion wakes.

To roar to the resounding plain,
And the whole heaven shouts and shakes,
For God Himself is born again;
And we are little children walking
Through the snow and rain.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

## TO TRY, OR NOT TO TRY

T'S no use, Ted; I've made up my mind at last. I'm a quitter; a coward, that's all!' And Gilbert Russell, sitting by the window of his "den," as he called it, gazed out despairingly at the dreary April landscape, through an unceasing downpour of rain. "I've tried and tried, but just at the critical moment my nerve fails me—and, well, it's all up with me then. There's no use trying again!"

"Now see here, Gil," reasoned Ted, "it's not that you're a coward, or a quitter either. The fellows surely know that, since the time you risked your neck trying to save young Harkins in that runaway, and by the way you succeeded. Besides, just think of how many games you've won for us—why, you know very well that the school never would have won the Rugby pennant last year if it hadn't been for your work as captain. And now—to think that you're going to go back on us when it comes to baseball, and we need every decent player we can scrape up." Here Ted paused to punch the sofa pillow in his disgust, as if words failed to express his feelings.

"I know that," replied Gil, miserably, "and that's what makes it so hard. The fellows expect a lot of me, and you can't imagine what it feels like, Ted, to hear them say to each other when I go behind the bat and let the pitcher put me out every single time, 'Hum! Gil's funking again!' or 'Gil will never last till the opening game. I see our finish!' They don't mean to be unkind, I know; and it's true, but still, it—it hurts! It's that wretched fever that's left me like this.' Goodness knows I wish it had taken off an eye or an ear—anything rather than to have run off with my nerve and left me a quitter!"

And Gil was right. As captain and half-back of the Rugby team he had won renown as a boy of wonderful and undaunted courage; his 'nerve,' as he called it, had never once failed him, and his quick wit had won him many a

hard-fought contest for his team. However, if Gilbert Russell had won renown as an athlete, he had by no means lost his standing as a student; as his teachers at the High School would testify; but the previous year, just at the close of the football season, he had been one of the victims of an epidemic of typhoid fever which had attacked the town. He had, by April, shaken off all traces of the disease with the exception of the one he abhorred most of all, namely, his courage seemed to fail him utterly at the critical moment, and although his companions attributed it, as a matter of course, to his illness, they little dreamed how the lad suffered in secret, and what humiliation he felt at each new failure. It was the same story whether in the class room or on the campus; even on the occasion of the debating contest, when the Third Form had counted on Gilbert as their best speaker, he had blushed and stammered painfully, presenting his arguments with so little force and assurance that his schoolmates could scarcely believe it was their old "Gil," who was on the platform. And now that the baseball league was being formed, and he was needed so badly on the school team, poor Gilbert was in despair, for he realized quite well what his failing would mean in the school's chances for first place in the league.

The season advanced rapidly and the High School was working bravely and steadily for the coveted pennant. Gilbert had resigned his place on the team, not without an inward struggle, but Ted McAllister, who was captain of the team, had discovered among the "infants," as he called the First Form students, a tall, ungainly lad, possessed of little intelligence, but who had, in some mysterious manner, acquired an abnormal knowledge of baseball, and who seemed ("by instinct, not by brains," Ted declared) to know the exact way to handle the bat to the advantage of his side. True, his work could not be compared with Gilbert Rus-

sell's batting of previous years, but, as Ted said, he was "better than nothing," and filled the place quite as creditably as could be expected.

And now the school had but one more game to play in order to gain the pennant. This game, however, was with their most dangerous opponent, Clifton College, whose pitcher, Collins, was, so rumour said, a "terror." The only game that had been played against Clifton's was on the latter's grounds, where Ted's boys had been badly beaten, and it was with some apprehension that their friends looked forward to the closing game of the school year. Gilbert Russell was one of the most interested, and he trembled inwardly when he thought of the home team's men struggling against the "twirling" of the mighty Collins, whose fame had reached his ears. Another fact which made Gilbert doubly anxious for a victory for his school, was that his father's younger brother, Dan, who was not so very many years older than Gilbert himself, was to visit at their home for a few days, and would be an interested spectator at the game, and Uncle Dan was indeed a spectator worth pleasing, for who was there who had not heard of "Danny" Russell's fame as a "Big League" man? Nobody knows how Gilbert longed for the day to come when Uncle Dan would be there to cheer for the local team, and maybe—for the result was doubtful, in spite of the great Collins—to clap Ted McAllister and his men on the shoulder after the game, and say, "Well done lads."

However, "it's a long road that has no turning," and the eventful day arrived in due time. The High School students half-filled the grandstand, ready to cheer their favorites, and Gilbert with a group of friends (all clustering around the famous uncle) felt a thrill as he saw the Clifton team, in their neat green and white uniforms, come out to the field for a little preliminary practice. The game commenced presently and for the first few innings neither side scored, for the teams seemed evenly matched; and it was whispered that Collins was saving

his strength for later on, and then,—well, things might grow exciting.

Baseball games are never interesting unless one is on the grounds to see the playing; suffice it to say that all happened as had been predicted. By the seventh inning, Clifton had begun to make the home team's chances look doubtful, and half way through the eighth inning, Gilbert slipped away behind the grand stand, unable to bear the sight of poor Ted's men beaten by the green and white. Suddenly he heard a mighty shout, and rushed eagerly to see the cause of the jubilation. Surely that was not a home-run. It was indeed, and by little "Joe" Parker, who had seized an opportunity, unnoticed by nearly everybody else, to add what was needed to his team's side in order to balance the score. "Good for little Joe," was Gilbert's thought.

Suddenly Gil saw Ted McAllister rushing towards him. "It's up to you, Gil," he panted. "You simply have to stand up to Collins in the next inning. "Bud" Leonard is outfield altogether,—nearly fainted with the heat, and Gordon hurt himself when he slid to third base that time. You have to help us out, Gil, you simply must."

Gilbert looked about him in despair; he saw there was no way out of it. The honor of the school must be upheld, and perhaps,—he might be able—

"What's this I hear, boy?" It was Uncle Dan's voice he heard. "They say you have to go to bat? Brace up now, and listen to me. I've been in the same position as you are now. I know just how you feel. (Gil had confided his trouble to Uncle Dan when questioned as to why he was not on the team), but take a piece of advice from me; just try,—try your hardest and your best, and you'll surely win this game. Forget the crowd, forget Collins, forget everything except what you have to do, and say 'I'll try.' If you fail the first time, don't lose your confidence; just set your teeth and say 'I'll try again,' and if you don't win the second time, you surely will the third time. Now go on; they're waiting for you; will you do as I say?"

And as Gilbert pulled off his coat and strode towards the home-plate, he called back determinedly, "I'll try, Uncle Dan, my very best."

For a moment, as he faced Collins, who was calmly tying his shoe-lace, Gilbert felt everything go black before him, then as he saw the pitcher straighten himself and prepare to throw with that peculiar twist of his arm for which he was noted, he heard for an instant, Uncle Dan's voice above the uproar, "Your very best, Gil. Try now, try." And in the flash before the ball left Collins' fingers, he gritted his teeth and whispered to himself, "I will try." Then he felt the ball whizzing towards him-felt himself dealing it a swift, hard blow with his bat and, as if through a mist, saw it soaring higher, higher over towards the out-field. He felt himself hurrying towards first base and after an interval saw Ted McAllister racing towards him, crazy with joy and hoarse with shouting. And then, as Gil seemed to awaken, he felt himself lifted on the shoulders of his laughing, shouting comrades, heard cries of "Russell, Russell, Russell," until there seemed to be no other sound in the air. The game had been won—by him; and all through that little phrase, "I'll try."

There was no more heard of Gil Russell's "funking" after that; the boy proved himself the hero of every subsequent game in which he took part. "Isn't it queer" some people would remark "how Gil Russell's nerve came back when he had to substitute in the Clifton game," but they didn't know. There were only two included in that secret, Gilbert himself and Uncle Dan.

JOSEPHINE MORRISSY.

Loretto, Hamilton, 1914.

## The Requiem of the Sea

Fear not to sleep, Thy shroud is woven of Heaven's tears, The tall stars Are the blessed candles Burning at thy head; The drifting mist of ocean, The incense; The holy song The wind that whispers Its responses To the deep intoning of the sea. The stars And winds And waters Say Mass forever For thy soul. Fear not to sleep. The waves were once The pathway of our Lord.

PAUL KESTER.

"The symbolical ceremonies of the Church recall to me the Apocalypse of St. John," Wiseman once said. "Forms are the necessary means of bringing home spiritual truths to the natural man."

"The heart of the modern poet is, as a rule, always vibrating between the extremes of despondent grumbling at the persent condition of things, and hasty and unreasonable aspirations for the improvement of his kind. His tragedies and his hymns are alike void of the dignity and repose which arise from a sound confession of the facts of humanity, and a cheerful resignation to its imperfections (including his own), and he whose true function is to stand aside as the tranquil seer, too often becomes the excited agent in matters which concern him least of all men, because of all men, he is the least fitted to meddle in them. It is hard to say which is the more wonderful, the clearness of the true poet's vision for things, when he is content to look upon them as they are; or his blindness when he fancies he can mend them."—A. C. Benson.

## A LUCKY NUMBER

The cry echoed and re-echoed from the sandy pile far outward into darkness, and as its last dying cadences were repeated from the black void beyond; another, sharp, distinct, prolonged, answered far below.

"Number fourteen and all's well-ll-ll."

Number thirteen slowly paced the yards of sand hill assigned for his patrol. It was his first hour of night duty and the last quarter had just been called. Behind him lay the plant represented in the darkness by the black bulk of the buildings, and the string of swinging electric bulbs encircling the sentries' beats. Somewhere still farther back lay the wireless station with its chain of guards, and below him an inlet from the lagoon. In front gleamed rows of lights, and above lay the inky sky gemmed with glittering stars. In the distance, from the city, came the puffing of an engine, to his right from the lake, the sound of water gently lapping on the pebbly beach, and the water spoke of rest.

Rest! There would be none for him that night, not even in thought. Alone in the velvety blackness, almost unseen, yet with the power to see some yards below by the light of the swinging bulbs, listening to each peculiar sound intensified by night, a weird feeling stole o'er him. Alert and watchful, he was no coward, yet he longed for dawn.

"So twelve's my so-called enemy," he soliloquized, "but I suppose 'tis the fortune of war. How he enlisted and joined this bunch is beyond my reason, but here I am enjoying my first night watch labelled with a number never known to fail and without the small satisfaction of exchanging a friendly nod with my neighbor on patrol."

Actuated by memories of real or fancied injuries, his pace became slower. He had no desire to meet this man where their beats touched

and he seized every pretext for delay in reaching the boundary.

The beating of paddle wheels sounded faintly from a steamer on the bay. Nearby a dog barked, and from the distance behind him came the call that told of another quarter passed. "Number one and all's well."

Swiftly the cry was repeated along the line and advanced nearer. "Thirteen" quickened his steps and paced more rapidly. Sand and gravel loosened by his foot slipped down the sloping side, and fell with hissing splashes into the inky water.

Gradually a fog stole up from the lake, and wrapped the sand hill and the barbed wire behind in a thick vapor. The bray of the fog horn was swept across the water in many repeated echoes. At intervals the deep 'twoottwoot' of a whistle told of a vessel cautiously seeking its way to harbor, and again the call was begun, and passed rapidly up the line.

"Thirteen" paused and leaned on his rifle, peering uncertainly into the mist. Suddenly, not three feet away, and sounding even nearer, came the never-failing, "Number twelve and all's well."

He immediately answered and the cry passed on, yet leaving an unpleasant impression, for the unexpected call had been startling. He resumed his pacing more swiftly and gazing ahead into the fog, argued with himself, "Now, see here, because you have a certain lucky number, and hear the quarterly call in a voice you happen to dislike, you jump like a frightened rabbit and shy at every little thing. Pull yourself together now and be a man. There's that fog horn again! I suppose I shall have that music all night. Well, I should imagine it is about time for the third quarter, and that is so many more minutes less. Ah! there is "one" barking now. "Twelve" must have been pretty near the edge of this place, judging from his voice. It would be a nasty thing to sli—!"

The ground gave way beneath him. He was conscious of sliding quickly down a steep incline, clutching wildly for some object of support. He dimly heard the call repeated down the line and then his head struck some hard substance, and all was dark.

"Twelve," erect, watchful, chilled by the fog, and eager for action, answered in his turn. "Number twelve and all's well."

Silence! —then a heavy splash. Not a moment he hesitated, then guessing what had happened from a former escape, he quickly dashed down the slope, slipping and stumbling in his haste. "Thirteen" was somewhere in that mist, floating possibly in the inlet itself. But the fog that obscured the lights served too to hide the water, and with a shout for help he fell headlong into the treacherous lagoon.

The remaining sentries, alarmed, rushed up, and attracted by his cries, cautiously reached the edge.

Alone in the midst of the fog with his strength fast failing in his fight for life, too exhausted to call, "twelve struggled on, a numbing despair pressing heavily on his senses. In his heart he prayed to live, and suddenly, in the mist, as if an invisible hand were held out to him, he seized something soft, but firm, and with the grasp of a drowning man he clung to it and lost all consciousness.

And thus a guard found them after fifteen minutes' search, "Thirteen" lying half in, half out of the dark inlet, a deep gash in his head, and "Twelve" clinging to him. Still breathing, they were taken up and carried quickly to the camp.

In a quiet room in the barracks "Thirteen" lay and wondered vaguely at the throbbing pain

in his head. No doubt it was the fog, he told the spectral figure standing by him, it was the fog that caused it and he must give the call. His number was—what was his number? He must—. And then once more there came a great blank. When this passed away the pain returned with greater force, the figure beside him assumed the proportions of a man, and four walls loomed out of the darkness.

They told him he must ask no questions and for a day he was content to lie in peace, but when this langour passed, he demanded a full account of what had happened.

When this was given he asked for "Twelve." "Twelve," it appeared, was well again, though rather weak. "Thirteen" asked to see him and at length he came. A little worn he looked, but happy. With eyes strangely moist, "Thirteen" grasped his hand and dumbly pleaded for forgiveness. "Twelve" understood, and laughing, thanked him for his timely, though unconscious aid, and thus their future friendship was begun.

"Number thirteen and all's well."

No more is heard the cry resounding outward into space, its last dying cadences repeated in the black void beyond. No more the plant is guarded in the dark by sentries with their string of lights. The fear of enemies at home is lost in a great wave of peace. The lake still washes on the shore, fogs arise, and the fog horn echoes o'er the lake. "Thirteen" lies in another land in the deep sleep of death, but "Twelve" has joined for his country's sake the piteous army of the living dead.

MARY MALLON, '23.

Loretto Abbey College.



# St. Stanislaus

Upon his senses, once the world made clamour; "I offer you," it cried, "from my rich store,

Wealth and renown; yea more—the regal honour,

If falling down, these idols you adore."

Before him then there flashed the ancient mirage,

The same that Jesus, from the mountain height,

Beheld with unmoved heart, and will unshaken, Ere yet He banished it into the night.

Then Stanislaus, like to His Blessed Master, Shut fast his heart, and fixed his steadfast eyes,

Those eyes he blinded thus to dreams and fancies,

Upon the closéd portals of the skies.

A wondering few made pause to look upon him
And saw in him—not one of Adam's race,
But a lost flower of heav'n, an exiled angel,
Searching the skies to find his Father's Face.

And, from the utmost height, God gazed upon him,

His darling toy,—a human soul who spurned All gifts that he might find the Unseen Giver, That Giver for Whose Love his spirit burned.

Yet God beheld him not a mournful exile,
But one who laughed and sang upon his way,
Because this exile was his Father's bidding;
Its crown,—the Love Divine, that lives alway.

And for that he was stripped of all things

earthly,
And empty was his heart of human ties,

God opened to his gaze the closéd heavens,

Those sealed and secret portals of the skies.

O happy vision of the poor in spirit!

He saw the mean garb changed to robes of light,

Beggars as princes ride in God's great pageant, The lowly raised to Heaven's utmost height.

The Queen of Heaven became his tender Mother,

And he, her child,—familiar, unafraid;
The angels left their thrones to do him service;
When heartless men that heavenly service stayed.

O, sweet the rose, blown wide, its rich heart burning,

And fair the world the noonday sun shines upon;

But sweeter far the child-rose, closed and silent, And fairer far the veiléd world of dawn.

O happy saint, whose soul was like the dawnlight,

Thy heart a rose that kept its bloom for God, Look down on us whom chains of earth still fetter,

Poor exiles in this strange land thou hast trod.

Teach us the golden wisdom of true riches,

The love of Mary, and of Mary's Son;

Teke they can be not into the closest bearing.

Take thou our hearts into thy closest keeping And guide our souls until the Crown is won.

M. O'BRIEN.

Loretto Abbey.

## SWALLOWS' WINGS

HE long and wearisome day was drawing to a close, and there was, as yet, no sign of change in the emaciated figure tossing feverishly from side to side. Mrs. Alton watched with anxious eyes and sinking heart, the progress of the malady that was fast approaching the turning point. Surely her little Jim, her one consolation, would be left to her. Human skill had done all that was possible; the rest lay in the hands of One above.

Just as the setting sun sent one last ray of light through the window-pane, the heavy eyelids lifted from the fever-bright eyes and with an impatient twist Jim turned towards the window. Full in the glory of the sunset there swam a flock of swallows, their long wings moving only enough to float them down the slanting rays.

"Oh, Mother," the fretful voice began, "why am I not a swallow, that I could fly away from the horrid medicine and this little room. Oh, Mother, I want to be a swallow."

"Wait until to-morrow and perhaps Mother's darling will be better." The Mother's voice broke and her eyes filled at the prospect of what to-morrow might bring.

"Oh Mother, I wish I were a swallow." The thin tones repeated this refrain again and again until they ceased in utter weakness. "Oh Mother, I wish—" and then there was silence.

To Jim there came a glorious dream. Out of the throb of pains and aches and the noises and buzzings in his heart, grew a calm, and from afar off sounded the flutter of myriad wings. The four white walls widened out until they disappeared and around him was the universe. His bed became a feathery cloud on which he rode rejoicing on his way.

At first he was afraid, for he was only four years old and any little boy would be a bit scared for fear he should bump into a star or get caught upon the horn of the moon. But as he floated on to the music of wings and he

caught fleeting glimpses of the milky way and heard the growling of the big bear he thought, "perhaps I'll crawl to the edge and see about where I am."

He tried to go on hands and knees after the prehistoric fashion of babyhood, when lo, he found he had no hands, but graceful, downy wings. Blank amazement filled his mind, and he was almost inclined to weep over his loss, but he thought in time that he could not wipe his tears away, for "how could he get his hand-kerchief?" And next, he saw his chubby legs shrunken and hardened. He was buttoned into a fluffy overcoat of feathers, and on his nose was perched a stout pair of horn-rimmed glasses. He was a swallow.

Could he really fly now? With a hop and a flop he soon discovered the workings of his new appendages. He had always been a daring youngster, so with a little scurry and much flapping, he started on his way.

He flew and he flew and he flew, into the morning sunlight and bathed in its streams of light, into the twilight gloom, under the rafters laden with sweet scented hay, over green fields that soothed the eye, and brooks whose song filled his soul and bubbled out in notes of sheer gladness.

At last, weary of flying, he came back to his little white cloud and put his head under his wing and slept.

Midnight saw Jim's Mother stealing softly to his bedside. The baby lay with his head on one little arm and a smile of seraphic happiness hovered around the tired face.

"Thank God the crisis is over. Doctor Norton said his treatment could not fail."

How could she know that it was the swallow's wings, rather than swallows of Doctor Norton's medicine that brought the blue into her cloudy sky?

GRACE ELSTON, '19.

Loretto Abbey College.

# PEGGY'S DILEMMA

I was an awkward situation—the most awkward Peggy had ever yet encountered in her twelve months' experience of married life. John's aunt was expected to dinner that evening, a fact which she should have looked forward to with delighted excitement, but—and here was her trouble—the maid had left that morning. Peggy shuddered as she thought of what Aunt Martha might say of such a dinner as would be served, Aunt Martha, who always prided herself on her good housekeeping and tasty cooking, she who had never bought baker's bread or Moir's cake in her life and who knew not that prepared coffee existed.

She had never seen Aunt Martha, as she had been living with her brother in the Southern States for the past five years, and had but lately returned to Canada, but she imagined her tall and muscular with masculine ways, outspoken in her disapproval of poor Peggy's ménage. And Peggy was decidedly afraid of her.

A bright idea took possession of the little woman's mind. She ran to the telephone and called up the Employment Bureau. She returned radiant,—they had promised to send her a good cook, with great experience who would arrive about two p.m.

At eleven a.m. the doorbell rang. Peggy ran to answer it. On opening the door she saw a little woman with soft grey hair showing under her hat, and the sweetest smile Peggy had ever seen. "I got here earlier than I expected, so I thought I'd come right on," was her greeting. "O yes," answered the delighted Peggy, "you're the new maid. O please come in; I am so glad you came. You see we are expect-

ing Aunt Martha for dinner, and—well you see I can't cook,—yet," she ended plaintively.

"Well, let's see what kind of a dinner we can get for Aunt Martha. We'll begin right away.

When five o'clock came Peggy surveyed the dining-room table. Pride was in her glance and her flushed face testified to her share in preparing for Aunt Martha. She and the new maid were the best of friends, and in that one afternoon she had learned more about cooking than in the past twelve months of desperate perusal of cook books, and still more desperate attempts at producing anything eatable.

When 5.30 came she began to grow anxious, Aunt Martha was late. John would be here with her soon, she supposed, but her train was due at 4.30.

She had confided her apprehensions of the unknown aunt to her new maid. Somehow she was not exactly like most maids, she seemed just like one's mother, and she smiled sweetly, if a little cunningly, at the confidence. Peggy had never known her own mother.

At six o'clock John came. He went straight to the kitchen and there stopped, astonished. "Why Aunt Martha. I thought you had missed the train." "I 've been waiting around the station for ages, expecting a special or something, afraid to come home without you. Doesn't take you long to get domesticated. What's that cooking apron on for?"

Peggy blundered out her explanation on his shoulder,—while Aunt Martha laughed like a young girl.

B. McGRATH, '22.

Loretto Abbey College.



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JANUARY, 1919.

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE and a PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR to the READERS OF THE RAINBOW!

# Literary Contributions

The tribe or nation or race that is awaking to literary self-consciousness invariably uses verse as a medium of expression. Prose follows at a more mature stage of progression, and then, to keep the balance, as it were, verse comes again, grown and beautified and exalted to high ends. Many chapters of Holy Scripture offer examples of majestic verse, and later on, that precious little book, the Imitation of Christ, teems with lyrics of the highest order; so that, it would seem, that poetry is the highest medium of expression.

Contributors to these columns are true to type, however they may veer from the highroads of both of the above mentioned mediums. Witness the decline of our poetry column, a decline to be welcomed rather than lamented, if it stand for a sign of intellectual development.

The editors find themselves somewhat embarrassed, of late, with the overwhelming numbers in purely narrative form, to the exclusion of the short essay or pointed paragraph. The latter is most warmly solicited, even if it contain but one or one-half of a well digested thought or idea. As to the mere rehearsals of past events, they will have less and less use for them; unless these be of a decidedly interesting kind, apart from their local value, or can be transformed into literature.

"But," it will be objected, "we all like news Of course we do, but can about each other." there be a more thrilling piece of news than that which declares, not in words only, but with evidence stronger than words, that, let us say, 'Mary Perkins, plain, ordinary Mary Perkins, your old desk-mate, whose genius no one, least of all yourself, ever suspected, has suddenly leaped into literary fame?' Why, if the Associated Press reporters had the barest hint of such an item of news, there would be no standing room in the halls of Mary's, or yours, or our Alma Mater. Moreover, the same Mary Perkins makes you not only a witness to, but a partner in her fame. She challenges you to tilt with her in the same literary field. Could anything be more thrilling?

Again, it is quite possible to remain cold and unmoved by the statement that Miss Gwendolyn Mackenzie is making a stir in artistic circles by her wonderfully original water-color designs, or her posters; but let Miss Gwendolyn send us a little article revealing the theoretic or idealistic side of her art, her adventures connected with the pursuit of her ideal, or even the expression of an amateur's enthusiasm, and behold, we are interested at once, at least we enlightened ones are.

"Yes, but all are not gifted alike," you say, "Some are too absorbed in their studies to write about them. Literature in its restricted sense has no attraction for them."

Are they "absorbed," as you say? Then there must be many burning things to say about those things — music, science, social work and the saying of them will make the very kind of writing for which we editors are in search, this many a day. Our chronicles (some of which might better be called "icicles") record a notable achievement in music, we shall say. "Instead of the mere dead entry, why cannot the gifted performer recall or review, for our benefit, as well as her own, the history of the composer or the composition, relating in that connection some of the anecdotes so plentifully sprinkled through musical biography? would give the dead item a living interest and the result would redound to the further credit, the immortal renown of the musical artist. And so on, through the entire curriculum. The arts, as well as the sciences, are sisters, and literature forms a uniting link between them.

\* \* \* \*

The unique spectacle of a world upon its knees is one which the late troublous times have brought about. When all else had failed, or threatened to do so, one of the movers of the public destinies formed the original idea of appealing to God, and of making a joint petition for mercy. Think of big eities like London, New York, Chicago, Toronto, pausing in the hour of their most furious rush, and communing with heaven! It was dramatic, like so many other episodes of the times. And now that victory is an assured and blessed fact, now that "All's right with the world," how many are mindful that "God's in His heaven" still?

Prayer held in reserve like this for emergencies, relating solely to our temporal well-being, bears little resemblance to that which Christ taught by word and example here below; that which kept His soul ever in touch with His Father's, ever in the atmosphere of the supernatural. But even that far-off approach to the ideal is a welcome and promising one.

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Under the title of "The Angelus of Strife," a touching account is given in a southern paper of a little town in Alabama called Verbena, whose inhabitants, non-Catholics, for the most part, kept up the custom of general, public prayer at the evening Angelus hour, during the entire war-period. Here is the story:

#### THE ANGELUS OF STRIFE.

There's a little town about 60 miles south of Birmingham, on the Louisville & Nashville, called Verbena.

The town is well named.

It is redolent of the old-fashioned southern flower. It is peopled by simple farmer folk. Some substantial citizens of Montgomery keep summer homes there.

There are few sounds about the place. An occasional mule team rattles down a red-clay road, drawing an empty wagon to the general

stores, or bumps pleasantly back toward the Chilton County hills. Occasionally a gentle wind causes the leaves of the oak trees that shade the town to sigh one of those sighs of content that men breathe after a good meal or a good sermon, or a well-rendered piece of music.

It's as peaceful a place as can be found in Alabama or any other place. It might well have been modeled after Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn."

But there's a new sound there now.

It is the Angelus of Strife.

It calls the people of Verbena not only to worship but to deeds.

Every afternoon at 6 o'clock the bell of the Verbena church rings. It continues to ring for two minutes, and while its brazen song is lifted the people of Verbena stand and pray.

With heads uncovered and bowed, each man, each woman, each child, each saint, and each sinner, repeats these words:

"God bless our President, our soldiers, and the Nation, and guide them on to victory."

When the sound begins, the observance of its call is universal. Men halt in the street; wagons are pulled up on the road; women rise from their knitting or pause in their cookery—for they have early suppers in Verbena—the plowman halts his work, and each repeats the prayer.

Verbena salls it "The Prayer of the Bell," and it is said that men who have never been known to pray before, answer it dutifully.—F. Woodruff.

"There are persons in this world who gladly give much of their time and their best efforts to what appeals to them as God's work, but are unwilling to follow the one path that leads to God, the path of prayer.

"They will defend religion if it be attacked, will give liberally to works of piety and charity, but the thought of giving some part of the day to prayer, meditation or spiritual reading never comes to their minds. In their way of thinking it is lost time. They cannot see the practical good or benefit of the contemplative. That is the work for eternity, in their eyes, not for

the busy, practical life. They don't seem to realize that all our work, all our efforts, even for God, are in vain unless they be founded in that purity of intention which is the fruit of constant and persevering prayer. The men and women who have done great things for God have been men and women of prayer.

Without prayer we are helpless, doing things for natural motives, destitute of God's blessing and God's help which alone can make anything worth while. Man's goodness, his power and possibilities must rest upon the favor of the omnipotent God.'

#### **Book Review**

Two companion volumes, "The Soul's Salvation" and "Your Interests Eternal," by Father Garesche, S.J. (Benziger Bros., N.Y., 75c. per volume net), deserve special mention in this column. They contain a number of instructions on personal holiness, some of which have appeared in "Queen's Work." All are concerned with matters eminently worth while, such as "The Most Perfect Motive, The Art of Forgiving, Tired, Absurdly Busy, Effective Resolutions, Spiritual Readings, The Third Vocation, The Man of One Talent''-and many of a like popular, and not too erudite nature. The writer's style and manner of treatment are delightfully informal and direct and there is not a tedious sentence in the whole series. We heartily endorse the easy form in which the author proffers many a word of sound advice and direction, and believe it will fulfill the double end, so rarely achieved in works of this kind, viz., of interesting and instructing.

"War Mothers," by Father Garesche, S.J., a small volume bound in white and gold (Benziger Bros., N.Y., 60c., by mail 65c.), is a collection of poems bearing a special message to the mothers whose sons have served their country during the late war. The poem which gives its title to the little book is one of marked originality and excellence. No more appropriate gift-book for a bereaved mother can be imagined.

McLelland, Goodchild and Stewart, of Toronto, publishes a book which patriotic Canadians should hail with delight. It is the "Standard Canadian Reciter," compiled by Donald Graham French, and Frank Home Kirkpatrick. It contains over a hundred selections from sixty Canadian authors, including an excellent summary of rules which should govern those who aim at correct and effective public reading or reciting. We see such well known and loved names as W. H. Drummond, James B. Dollard, L. M. Montgomery, Jean Blewett, Thomas O'Hagan, Stephen Leacock and Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. One need not be a public reader or reciter to find much profitable entertainment from this book.

"His Luckiest Year," the latest book by Father Finn (Pub. Benziger Bros., N.Y., \$1.00 net post paid), belongs to the same series as that of "Tom Playfair and Percy Wynn," a point which insures its immediate popularity with the young. Its predecessor, "Lucky Bob," met with a welcome which made a sequel inevitable. Bob is a very lovable character, and we follow his history with keen delight. His healthy enthusiasms, the zest he finds in doing good and his sunny way of doing it, his gift of turning every stray acquaintance into a fast friend—all these points are sure to attract those who follow him through the written page. There is adventure enough in this story to suit the most exacting young reader, and truth enough in it to make it a real, live book.

"The Prisoner of Love" (Benziger Bros., \$1.50, imitation leather—\$3.50 in best calf binding), comes from the press under a name that is an eloquent endorsement. The Church is indebted to Fr. Lasance for a number of beautiful and unique devotional books. This one contains, besides a complete series of general devotion, about 250 pages of instructions and reflections for use during visits to the Blessed Sacrament. These are not only useful and suggestive, but are rich in devotional reference and comment. We cannot recommend it too warmly.

# UNWAVERING TRUST REWARDED

In one of the densely-peopled quarters of New York City, there lived, in the last decade of the nineteenth century, a Madonna-faced little girl named Rosalie Marianno. In spite of her somewhat unwholesome environment, this child of nine was as gay as a little songbird. When school-work was over for the day, she and her sixteen-year-old brother, Max, went about from street to street, providing entertainment for the passers-by—he, with his violin, she with her sweet carrolling; and, from time to time, the dainty little miss danced to the accompaniment of the bewitching strains.

Some years before, these two had resided in a beautiful mansion down south, but, one sad day, a violent earthquake and an appalling conflagration demolished the town; few of the inhabitants escaped, and among the missing was Signora Marianno, the widowed mother of these little ones. Max and Rosalie, at the time, were visiting an aunt in a distant city. On the very day of the disaster, knowing nothing of its occurrence, they arrived home.

We may not dwell on their anguish, which time has, in part, kindly soothed. In a short time relief committees from the neighbouring towns arrived. As there seemed no possibility that there could be any more survivors of the tragedy, Max and Rosalie were taken to New York by a kind-hearted French lady, in comfortable circumstances, who decided that she would adopt them. Two years later, when her husband died, she could not make up her mind to part with them, and the result was that all three moved to humbler lodgings. The little ones, possessing refined feelings and realizing that the dear lady was making great sacrifices for them, begged her to allow them to play and sing after school-hours, "for," they declared, "mamma would wish us to do something to help to earn the money that is to keep us." Reluctantly, Madame consented; however, the few dollars that came in each week as

a result of their united efforts, were proving very helpful to her.

Suddenly Max contracted pneumonia, and then Rosalie was forced to go out alone to earn what she could. Day after day she went forth to dance and sing and bring home a few cents, which might help to pay for medicine and a doctor's care for Max. Hers was an optimistic little soul and, notwithstanding the fact that everyone else believed that her mother had been killed the day of the earthquake, she continued to ask Our Lady to restore her dear, dear Mamma some day. So hopefully and so constantly did she talk of the happy days that were surely coming when she would be with them again, that Max and even their kind protector began to feel that this might be more than a mere fancy, and they readily joined her in her prayers for this one surpassingly great favor.

One morning, when Max was convalescent, a gentleman called, who was evidently quite well acquainted with Max, but whom Rosalie had never seen before. "Little sister, this is Mr. Topp, the choir-master at St. Anne's Church," said Max, upon which, the introduction was gracefully acknowledged on both sides.

The visitor, having regarded her kindly for a few moments, said, "I have heard you sing and am anxious to have you in our choir. Would you not like to join? Your voice will be improved by the training and, from the first you will receive a little sum which will enable you to buy some pretty things."

Every Sunday morning after that, Rosalie's sweet, clear notes fell on enraptured ears in St. Ann's and, when Max had recovered his strength, he and Madame formed part of the appreciative audience.

For some time previous to the attack of illness, Max had a good position as reporter on one of the large city papers. On his complete recovery, he resumed the work and, as Madame

had saved a little sum, and Rosalie was earning more money than formerly, they moved to a new and more attractive dwelling in a better part of the city.

One evening Max rushed in, his face aglow, and when he was well within doors, shouted: "Rosalie, Madame, I have the most wonderful story to tell-something for the front page of four paper, if I choose to put it in. This afternoon I was down near where we used to live, and I saw the dearest little lady selling apples and flowers. Something about her reminded me of mamma. Thinking that her story might furnish me with some material for to-morrow's Daily, I spoke to her, and in the course of a few minutes, learned that she had the same name as ours and that she came from down south. She told me of her two children who were probably killed in the earthquake, as they were expected home just about the time the disaster occurred. "Oh! I believe you must be my mother," I said, but she shook her head and smiled sadly as she answered, "Ah! my dear boy is dead I fear." (Now, Rosalie, dear, do not cry or I cannot go on.) "Oh! I was just beginning to think it might be Mamma, but, of course, it can't be, if she did not know you." "Wait, little girl, till you hear! She asked to see my arm and when I showed it to her, she sprang up and threw her arms around me, saying over and over, 'Oh! thank God! thank God! it is my boy!' I told her that you were safe too, and that I would hurry back with you."

We must pass over the happy meeting that soon followed and the glad entrance of the mother into her children's home. Rosalie sang more sweetly than ever now, in constant thanksgiving to God and Our Lady for answering her long-continued prayer and, as she sang, she rejoiced the heart that had known sorrow's chastening.

By a most happy coincidence, a week after the marvellous reunion, just recorded, the little French lady's wealthy brother found her, after many a long year's search and brought her away to his own magnificent home. As he bade the little family and his sister's benefactors, good-bye, he presented Rosalie with a handbag, which was to be opened the following day. It contained five thousand dollars, and, in consequence, apple-selling and street-singing were now but as the vagaries of a dream to the members of that happily-reunited family.

MARIE ZANG, '19.

Loretto, Woodlawn, Chicago.



# Agnes

(Miss Agnes Schumann, an Undergraduate at Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago, was suddenly called to her reward Oct. 3rd, 1918, at the early age of fourteen. May her soul rest in peace.)

O favoured child! completing in so short a span The life that purchases eternity,

Why should we mourn thy transit from this vale of man

Unto the Home of God's Paternity?

We saw in thy sweet life the fairest virtues bloom.

"As gentle as a lamb"—thy name defined. Thy precious life did for affection's claims make room;

The very essence of a soul refined!

Albeit the tangled paths of earth thou ne'er shalt know,

For those fast-fleeting joys, the years oft bring; Albeit the mountain-heights of wisdom, here below.

To which thy mind its way had hoped to wing, Were never reached,—a crown is set thy brow above,

And thou art His, Who is the only Love!

# PRIVATE BILLET

Doubly thankful ought I to be, for not only have I recovered my great overgrown boy, but have also gained a second son—a tow-headed, dimpled little boy with such sparkling big brown eyes! What a happy family we shall be!

My loving duty it is to try to take the place of his dear mother (one of the victims of the terrible ravages of war) by caring for her baby.

Private Billet, as he was fondly nicknamed by Bill's comrades in the regiment, has a sad little story, a tale of German atrocities, ruined homes and separated families. Bill has told me of his meeting with the child and I cannot do better than tell you the story in my lad's own words.

"As I was reconnoitering one afternoon I met a little boy sobbing up the road. I went up to him, hoping to be able to comfort him. The little lad raised his tear-stained face, and, seemingly satisfied by the look of encouragement I gave him, began to relate his tragic tale.

"Mother, Father, Marie and I all lived together in a little house in the village back there"; he pointed in the direction from which he had come. "We were so happy until this morning, when Mother waked me very early. She told me to hurry, and to be a brave boy, for the Germans were coming and we must leave our house. When we were ready and were passing through the market-place, the crowd became so thick that Mother and I were separated from Father and Marie. I became frightened and looked at Mother. She was so white, and her eyes looked frightened too. Still she hurried on.

"'When we had gone a long, long way and I was very, very tired, Mother suddenly sat down by the roadside. I was glad, for I thought she knew how tired I was and meant

to let me rest. When Mother remained so quiet I began to cry, but mother said, "Hush, dear! Mother is just feeling a little tired. She will be all right presently." 'In a few minutes she got up and tried to walk a few steps. She had to sit down again, and told me she would be unable to go any further. "But you go on dear," she said, "as fast as you can." "Whatever you do," she said, "keep going forward; never turn back, say a prayer to your Guardian Angel for protection. Now kiss me good-bye."

"I did not want to go away and leave my Mother. When I begged her to let me stay with her she became very excited and said, "Oh, my baby! You must go! You must!" 'Then I kissed her and ran quickly down the road. I couldn't leave my Mother sick and alone on that lonely country road. I turned back and saw her lying on the grass. She lay, oh! so still, but her lips were smiling. I threw my arms around her neck and sobbed, "Oh, Mother, I can't go." 'She never moved, but still lay as before. I became terrified and tried to shake her and make her listen to me. Finding I could not make her hear, I ran away and then I met you. Won't you come back with me and make my Mother well again?' ''

"Yes, my boy, I will go to her, but first, you must come to the camp with me. Tell your story to the boys while I go to bring your Mother to you," said Billy.

"The little lad did what I told him willingly enough, and I, accompanied by a Red Cross ambulance and workers, hastened to the spot where he had left his Mother. We were too late, however, and the most we could do was to see that she had a Christian burial. My heart was aching for the little boy and I dreaded the task of imparting the news to him. However, it had to be done, and I knew he

would listen to me more quietly than to any of the others. When he came running up to me on my return, I feared to see that look of confidence leave his eyes."

"Your Mother is no longer sick, my boy. But she has left you forever, and gone to her happy home where trials and troubles cannot worry her." The sudden lighting of the boy's face turned to a settled gloom as he said, in a voice that sounded years too old for his age, 'You mean that she has gone to Heaven?"

"Yes, I said, and could say no more. He did not cry, but remained quite quiet. If only those blessed tears so natural to childhood would spring to his eyes! The only answer he would ever make to my attempts at consolation was, 'Poor Mother, she would be happier if I were with her!' "

This is Private Billet's little story. One common enough in those troubled days of war, which are now, I hope, forever past!

What a blessed thing is childhood! While his childish heart will never quite forget that dear Mother whom he loved so much, Private Billet has not realized how great a loss his was! A child must love something or somebody. Naturally a deep affection sprang up between Sergeant Bill and the little boy.

Private Billet soon became the darling of Bill's regiment. However, this sturdy little man remained unspoiled by all the devotion and homage he received. "Sergeant Bill" remained his idol and his one ambition was "to be like Sergeant Bill when I grow up."

How lucky I am, then, to have two such dear sons. As I write, my big boy comes rushing in, giving me his usual welcoming kiss. I gaze through the window and there I see that other boy playing "soldiers" with his box of artillery men which "Santy" brought to a good little boy for Christmas.

EDNA DAWSON.

Loretto, Brunswick.

#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES

# Our Language

F all the myriad gifts of God to man, one of the greatest is language. Language is a vehicle through which we express our thoughts and feelings. There is no emotion or sentiment, be it ever so trivial, which cannot be conveyed through this wonderful gift. Through it the poet has sung his sweet song. Through it scientists have bestowed upon us their wonderful knowledge, and, above all, it is through this selfsame gift that we have learned the mysteries of our holy religion—that we have heard the voice of God!

It is our bounden duty, then, to keep our mother tongue—the English, intact from the contaminating influence of incorrect speech and ill pronunciation. By strangers we are judged, firstly, by our personal appearance, and secondly by our speech. The saying is, that first impressions are lasting, and this is true. How can people be expected to believe that our aim, our purposes, our inward selves are high and noble if our thoughts are clothed in errors and impure speech? A mistaken pronunciation is to the linguistic ear what a discordant sound is to the musican.. What a shock one receives on hearing a well dressed woman, and apparently a gentlewoman, leave off her final g's! No, success can never crown the efforts of the illiterate.

There is another, and nearly as important a point as this, to be considered, and it is the introduction of new words. As man advances in wisdom and knowledge, so also should his language, being benefited by his learning, advance in beauty and polish.

This is an age of progress—progress in all branches, and new ideas, new inventions, must, of necessity, find expression. But care must be taken in choosing these words. We must keep our language free from all intrusions of popu-

lar vulgarisms, and use only words that tend to elevate.

Could we be brought to the realization that we are the coming generation, and that upon us depends the future of America, we would make this, not the week of good English, nor yet the year, but the golden age of the English language. We would take to heart the well-known words of Johnson.

"Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

KATHRYN MILLER, '20.

Loretto, Englewood.

# Post Bellum

UITE prevalent seems the belief that war is a bitter curse upon the world, but, to the far-seeing, it appears to be the proverbial 'blessing in disguise." Many good results of the World-War are already apparent, and, while there are necessarily countless sorrows and tragedies connected with it, the good, nevertheless, may very easily outweigh the evil, especially as the war was entered into by our country for a great and noble cause.

One of the most important benefits to the world is the lesson of self-sacrifice. We all realize how continued indulgence in rich foods impairs the health, while temperance and plain fare promote physical well-being.

For many months past we have been forced to economize on certain food-stuffs, e.g., flour and sugar, yet how well did house-keepers, all over the country, manage their tables! The real self-sacrifice, however, brought into our homes by this war, was not in the matter of food alone, not yet of dress; it came closer to our hearts and we were asked to give up our loved ones to fight the good fight for the great cause in jeopardy. If they were struck down in the thick of the battle, then must the bitter, bitter grief be borne with placid brows and hearts submissive.

Another blessing of inestimable value has been the arousing in the hearts of the people those feelings of sincere patriotism and profound loyalty to duty which, alone, can ensure lasting victory and universal peace. And what has become of the idlers of our land? They are seen no more; they have been transformed into strong, brave soldiers, ready and willing to fight. And those others, weak and bemoaning their poor health for years,—what of them? They have, in innumerable instances, grown quite strong through the regular army life and are now among the best defenders of the Cause.

For Freedom, have we sacrificed! For Freedom's cause shall we still sacrifice our best!—and, if the lives of the most promising men of America have been offered willingly to win this boon for us and for nations over-seas, then must we gladly still retrench to make the possession permanent and to assist our country in freeing herself from the enormous debt by which she is now oppressed!

JULIA WATERS, '19.

Loretto, Woodlawn, Chicago.

# Reporting Made Easy

E have plumbed the seas and navigated the skies; our messages have circled the globe on waves of ether; the voice of those who are long voiceless may be brought back at will by means of a miraculous invention—their tones, their inflections, just as they sang or uttered them. Nothing now seems too wild or too improbable to be accomplished.

Only yesterday a discovery was made, with which the world will soon be ringing. It would be premature to reveal the processes through which it has come to us or the methods and apparatus required for testing its efficiency. But it was put into most successful operation on the early afternoon of November 7th, by an obscure, ill-paid reporter of the Evening Bulletin. The time was a most propitious one. Long before the screen spelled out the news of Sur-

render, his device had leaped into fame. In the space of a second, far less time than the telling of it takes, he had donned the magic coat which gave him, not the power of bilocation, but of multiple-location, so that he was able to send in to his paper just fifteen minutes after the first whistle of victory blew, the first bell rang, or the first human yell of triumph and joy tore its way through the air—the following report:

#### Dr. Brown.

"At that supreme moment Dr. Brown was on his rounds. His first visit was to an old lady who had an attack of nerves. The good Doctor, contrary to his usual custom and in defiance of all the rules of his profession, waited to doff neither hat nor coat, but burst into the sitting-room where his patient was resting after dinner. He seized the lady's hand, shook it vigorously. "Think of it! Imagine it!" he shouted, before the lady could recover from her surprise. "Where's your pulse? Oh here! Yes-bad-below normal-only think of what we'll give the Kaiser after this! Your temperature only 101—why 106 is normal today. Go out-mix with the crowd; scream till you're hoarse; bring a few dish covers along with you—anything to make a noise. Oh! and here's your prescription! Don't go to bed tonight. Get all the fireworks you can and set them off. We'll give Kaiser Bill all the pills!"

So saying, the one-time gentle and courteous Doctor shot out of the doorway, climbed into his car and started at full speed for Yonge St. to help to swell the uproar. His patient, catching his enthusiasm, went for a ride on a motor-truck, holding a flag in each hand.

BETTY McGRATH, '21.

#### An Alleyway on King East.

A newsboy threw up his bag, and surrounded by an excited throng of ragged urchins, explained the meaning of the shricking whistles in a loud shout of victory. Immediately bedlam reigned. Triumphant howls rent the air, uttered by boys well versed

in the art of producing noise. Tops and marbles lay scattered on the sidewalks, while the owners seized flags, horns, rags, cans, anything that gave promise of color and would lend sound to the already increasing din.

One child collected a string of flags bought with chewing gum and proudly draped the decoration about his small person. Another seized an iron bar, rusted and grimy, and beat the sidewalk vehemently. Even Mother's dishpan was utilized and their late enemy, the alarm clock, now, by force of circumstances, changed into a friend. Stone-crackers and other miscellaneous fireworks appeared as by magic, from nowhere, and were received with renewed shouts of approval.

But the alley-way was too closely confined for their jubilee, and dashing out upon the main thoroughfare, the small army effectually blocked that section of the sidewalk, compelling excited pedestrians to risk their lives upon the roadway. Here more flags were procured from joyous shopkeepers, and forming a line, the urchins marched down the street to the tune of the National Anthem, some singing at the top of their voices and others accompanying them by loud beatings of their substitute drums. More joined them as they advanced and the band increased perceptibly, until the down-town districts were reached, when it dispersed in various directions.

One boy, I noticed, struggled to the top of a street car; another seated himself, with broad, smiling face, upon a half finished railing, and others were placed in various enviable positions high above the heads of the crowd. But the time and scene demanded action, and like most small boys who cannot remain still for many consecutive minutes, they had vanished mysteriously when I looked again.

MARY MALLON, '21.

#### At the Corner of King and Yonge.

Gerald W. Jones, the broker, rushed from his office to the sidewalk, eagerly asking of the stenographer from the next office, "Is it true? Has peace really come at last?"

A wave of exultant joy and gladness lifts from the workaday, careworn faces their gloom and impresses upon even the commonest countenance a mask of ineffable joy. Here is a young girl reflecting in her happy eyes the hope that fills her soul, that her brother and sweetheart will now return to her. Beside her is a mother in heavy black, whose tear-streaked face bespeaks one treasure lost, but in her eyes shine thanksgiving for some still spared, and that great charity for other mothers who will be more fortunate than she. Row upon row of faces that have worn for so many months, and even years, the traces of bitter anguish, now relax under the bright rays of victory.

At first the mighty throng, increasing every moment in size and variety, seems hushed by the solemnity of the occasion. Realization brings such overwhelming joy that there must be some relief for the feelings or they will snap under the tension. First there is a piercing "Hip-hip-hurrah!" from the throat of a little office boy. From this begins a mighty diapason thrilling with joy and thanksgiving. Hands clasp, feet stamp, voices of old and young alike are raised again and again; the shrill siren's note and the deeper tones of the mighty whistles forming a background for the cries of men.

To stand at the doorway of the C.P.R. building and look out upon this crowd of elemental beings could not but convince even the hardest of cynics of the innate sympathies of mankind. No eye was dry, but all bedewed with the tears of sympathy for the lives this struggle has cost. No smile was enduring. Everywhere, joy, for the victory mingled with sorrow, for the cost.

It is in moments of stress and intense emotion like this that we realize our kinship one with another. There is no sense of social superiority! There is no religious bigotry or mental stand-off-ishness! The externals are cast aside, and we find that when it comes to matters of life and feeling, "Judy O'Grady and the Captain's lady are sisters under the skin."

GRACE ELSTON, '20.

#### The City Hall.

The mayor became very much excited. He beamed all over and immediately went through the different departments of the City Hall and started everyone cheering. He ordered all work to cease and proclaimed a holiday. Eaton's big whistle soon began to blow at his command and this was the signal for all others to make as much noise as was in their power. They did this so thoroughly that the officials at St. Michael's Hospital telephoned to Eaton's factory to stop the noise, but they said it could not be done as they were only fulfilling the Mayor's orders, and peace had to be celebrated in every way. The Mayor was nowhere to be found in a few minutes. He had boarded his car and was helping to make a crowd at the corner of King and Yonge. A Union Jack was draped over his shoulder and he cheered himself hoarse. He seemed very much amused at the different processions that marched along the street. Even army officers lost their dignity for a few hours, and led these queer looking parades. After looking at these things for a few moments, the Mayor jumped out of his car and helped the drummer of one of the city orchestras to carry his instrument up Yonge street in front of the remains in effigy of Kaiser Bill. The report that the news was unofficial could not cool the ardor of those who were celebrating. Judging from appearances, it seemed but to add to the enthusiasm of the crowd.

Some people have the idea that Canadians have no enthusiasm. If they had attempted to walk down Yonge Street at an early hour on that day, they would very soon change their ideas. The children particularly showed their happiness in queer ways. Two little boys, who had nothing else to make a noise with, banged old tin pans upon a post, until they were tired. SHEILA DOYLE, '22.

#### No. 999 Queen Street West.

When the first bell rang out a great tumult arose. Those in authority imagined that the Victory Bond Loan had been exceeded and rejoiced like the true Canadians they are. One

of the inmates, more fanciful than the rest, cried out, "Fire!" In a minute a panic started and spread so quickly that no one could check it. The keepers rushed to and fro, trying by every means in their power to calm the excitement. One inmate from behind his bars sobbed in anguish, "Why won't you help me out? We shall be all burned! Listen to the bells—where are the fire engines?"

Fortunately it was just after dinner and the worst cases were locked into their cells. A few who were lounging around began to run towards liberty, but were stopped by the locked outer doors. They picked up chairs and other pieces of furniture and began to knock them against the doors; others, getting more frantic, attacked one another and the noise was so great that it was more than useless to try to accomplish anything without using force.

The nearest police station was appealed to for aid, and in a short time a number of husky officers arrived. A massed charge broke through the line of lunatics and when each of the invaders had taken one captive, there remained little to be done but to take each to his cell, and then order was restored.

Fifteen minutes had elapsed since the first stroke of the bells and not one of the keepers had had a chance to inquire what it was all about. The policemen informed them that peace had been declared, whereupon most of the exhausted fellows showed signs of imminent recovery. One of them, very near a collapse, said feebly, "If this is a sample of peace, give me war."

MARJORIE CRAY, '21.

#### Toronto University.

The students jumped up in the middle of the lecture, exclaiming, "What's this all about? Is the war over?" And without waiting to hear the answer and what the Professors had to say, they rushed madly out to see what was going on and to hear what was happening. "An armistice has been signed, and the fighting has ceased," was the cry they heard amidst the wild cheering and tootings of horns and

the crowded cars, which were flying past in all directions. Then there was such pushing and such cries of "Hurry up!" at the front door of the building as has been scarcely seen or heard before. There was a mad rush for the street cars, but alas, on a day like this street cars wait for neither time nor tide.

ANNIE MULLETT, '20.

#### The Blind Man on Shuter Street.

The Blind Man on Shuter Street struck up the National Anthem. He hesitatingly arose, held his violin in his trembling hands, and as the crowd surged past, begged them for more news. The strains of "God Save the King" fell on the ears of the excited populace, at which every head was bared and all voices rose in a triumphant shout to the skies. In quick succession the old man drew forth from his cheap and battered violin the anthems of the Allies, while the maddened crowd burst into tears. Coins and coppers fell in showers around the old street player, as a rain from heaven. He hardly felt the drizzling rain itself which fell on his long gray beard and trickled down his face, as he poured forth all his intense love of country in those few moments. The excited crowd ebbed and flowed past that old street musician, as he sank trembling to his place on the curb.

All unseen were the happy faces of the mothers, daughters, sisters, of the men who have so nobly done their part, or the cheerful smiles of the war-scarred veterans as they limped along in the crowd. The old man's head sank to his breast and before his mind's eye arose the picture of a day on which he had given his best for his King and Country. Now, on this day when a great and lasting Peace was proclaimed, he felt again the need of giving his all to cheer other fighters, who had been less fortunate than he. Then through the gentle rain the quivering strains of "We're Soldiers of the King, My Boys," fell on the ears of soldiers and people, and again they cheered the old veteran of '54. KATHLEEN LEE, '22.

#### The Lady Next Door.

Into the quiet sun parlor came the noise of surrender. Running to the window, the lady next door saw people, old and young, and of all descriptions, dashing around from one side of the street to another, yelling to every one, "Isn't it grand!" or something similar. She seemed bewildered. What could it all mean! Had everyone gone insane or had—could it be possible that the war had come to an end? To be sure the latest news from the front had given everyone hope that the end was near, but so soon? Was it possible?

The noises in the street became louder and louder. Flags of all nations were being hung in the windows of the neighbouring houses. Surely she, too, must take an active part in this—whatever it was. She rushed downstairs. Her glance fell upon her maid waving a tablecloth and beating the porch railing with an electric iron. Evidently she was much alarmed.

"Have you gone crazy, too?" she gasped.

"Peace! Peace! My boy will come home again to me!" Seizing a pillow from the porch swing, the lady next door threw it into the air, with a glad shout, and then ran inside to thank God for her country's victory and the world's Peace.

M. L. CANTY, '22.

Loretto Abbey College.

# Our Family Doctor

I may be that so little is written in praise of our doctors because there is so much to be said, and so much that is beyond praise. The dearth of press comment upon medical practitioners, taken as a class, as well as individually, is notorious; yet propose "our Doctor" as a topic for discussion at any popular gathering, say, a Red Cross Sewing Club, and hear how lively and how eloquent the flow of talk will be.

We are too apt to take for granted, as we do the most essential gifts of Providence, the heroism so constantly displayed by men of this profession. Every good doctor is more

than a doctor. There is something that approaches the universal in his relations with mankind. True, his office is to minister to the ills of the body alone, but so closely are body and soul bound up with each other that to isolate the interests of either is well nigh impossible: nor can one separate the mere principle of life and being from the immortal spirit that pervades that being. One hardly attributes too much to a conscientious medical man, to say that he shares in the divine office of the priesthood. Moreover there is something in the practice of his profession which purifies and elevates him to a wonderful degree.

There are instances without number, all around us, of doctors who have denied themselves an hour's rest during the course of three or four consecutive days and nights. We know of one, quite advanced in years, who, during the late epidemic, while driving his car through the city in the early morning following days and nights of fatiguing work, fell asleep and awoke with a start to find that his car had taken him in a straight course more than a mile from his home, and when at last he arrived at his own door, it was only to find two men awaiting him, who urged their need of his immediate presence to attend other patients.

Love for one's profession alone is not likely to lead one to such deeds of heroism, far less is the doctor's fee—a very uncertain quantity in so many cases—able to provide sufficient motive.

There is one story, which has doubtless many parallels, of a doctor who numbered very nearly all the inhabitants of a certain town as patients. He spent the entire morning on his rounds, the early afternoon at his office seeing his poor patients, generally, after which he hitched up his old horse again and drove around on errands of charity, carrying wood, coal, food and clothing to the sick poor, and those who were too proud to make their wants known to any but himself.

On one memorable occasion he told his wife

that he had a distant call, and would be away for a fortnight. She packed his travelling bag and bade him good-bye, knowing him too well to question him upon professional matters, though she doubtless betrayed a little forgivable curiosity. How could she help it?

About ten days after his departure, what was her surprise to hear from a farmer who came to deliver wood at her home, that he had seen the doctor that morning sweeping out "Old Pete's" cottage, on the edge of a distant wood. That's the way the story got around, and it was well circulated before long, much to the Doctor's chagrin.

It seems the doctor had found "Old Pete" and his wife, who were well known for their oddity and dirt, utterly destitute and bed-ridden with a distressing and highly contagious disease. There were no nurses available there, and not willing to expose the townspeople to the contagion, he had gone himself. He had waited on them, cleaned their fifthy hovel and nursed them back to health again.

Needless to say, he acted as if he had been caught in a criminal act when he found he was discovered. Shall anyone deny the fact that the recorders of doctors' lives have been all too few?

ELSIE FREEMAN.

Loretto Abbey.

# Her Gift

(This incident occurred during the last fund-rals ing campaign in America).

HE new United War Campaign had been proclaimed and those who had worked most strenuously in the previous "drives" were determined that this must, at all costs, be the greatest in actual returns for the glorious cause at stake.

Constance T——n had, since the outbreak of the war, put forth her best efforts to aid in the great work of raising funds for the government; now, that there was to be a new fund secured, what should she do? What could she do? After some wakeful nights, in which various impracticable plans occurred to her, she entered her father's office early one morning, to ask his consent to what had, at last, come to her as a possible answer to her self-ques-Dr. T-n looked up, smilingly, to tionings. greet her, "How is Constance this morning? Some more castles a-building?" "Do you know, Daddy dear, I think I can really do something worth while for this War Fund!" "A real philanthropist this time, is it?" "Oh! I am very much in earnest and I trust you will not object. You remember when you gave me my pony and told me his name was 'Jack,' I said I would never part with him. Well, Daddy, you know what good friends Jack and I have been and what glorious rides I have had on him, but now I am prepared to sacrifice him to the great cause for which our men are fighting. You do not object, do you?"

"Constance, I am very proud of you; if all throughout the land were actuated by the same noble, self-sacrificing sentiments, this worldwar would soon end." It was then advertised that chances would be taken on Jack. Each day during the campaign the little patriot rode for an hour or two about the city, to display her pony's good points, and each day he seemed to her a degree more precious. At the week's end she had the goodly sum of over \$400 dollars to hand in to the government, while she bravely resigned Jack to the tenvear-old little girl who had secured the winning number. B. C. D.

Loretto, Woodlawn, Chicago.

# Our President

"Great men grow greater by the lapse of time.

We know those least whom we have seen the latest,
And they 'mongst those whose names have grown
sublime,

Who worked for human liberty are greatest."

JOHN B. O'REILLY.

O write a character sketch of President Wilson is to write the history of the United States for the past six years, so closely is his character associated with the honor and glory of his country.

In November, 1917, the United States was menaced on its southern borders by lawless raiders and anarchists from Mexico. President Wilson showed his aptitude for his position in his handling of the situation. The policy, begun at this time and continued until our entrance into the war, has been styled "watchful waiting," and has been criticized abroad and laughed at by his own people. America's foremost men did not appreciate the deep concern for their welfare and the consciousness of his own responsibility that was foremost in the mind of this man, and could see no further than their own temporary security.

Happily the United States is peopled mostly by a race of thinkers, who appreciate "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people," and Mr. Wilson was re-elected to control for another term of four years the destiny of a great nation. At this time a slow fire was consuming the strength of Europe in opposing the German war lord and was beginning to menace America's fair shores.

Upholding the nation's honor and avoiding the course of war required a tactful and sagacious policy seldom displayed by any ruler in the face of a withering fire of criticism. When at last there remained but one course of honor, President Wilson took that course unflinchingly which his duty, as he saw it, presented. Without a backward look on "what might have been," but always with the view of the truly great "what is to be," he pursued America's rights on the high seas.

Through all his speeches run a thread of deep concern for the happiness of the peoples of the earth. His is not the attitude of the conqueror nor even the protector of the oppressed, but always one of the mass of people chosen to lead the way for his countrymen. He appeals to us to help him in the task we have given him, to preserve 'old glory' untainted by the vile touch of the invader, and liberty our nation's heritage.

They say "To do what is difficult for others is talent, to do what is impossible for talent is

genius." If this be the definition, President Wilson is prince among men.

An instance if his absolute integrity and responsibility to the people is shown in the establishment of the bureau of public information. No one can use the plea of ignorance for dormant patriotism. The President has seen to it that we are well informed.

It is good to have the nation's executive the embodiment of America's boasted civilization, to have a president who in himself has the combined virtues of one hundred million people and gives to the world in beautiful words our simple thoughts and motives.

For four stormy years he has guided safely the ship of state through the shoals and by the rocks of a tempestuous sea. When the great call came he was ready; he faced the crisis with the courage of one hundred blended races. A kindly captain, this president of ours. And now that we have reached that island of safety and honor, there comes from the heart of this great nation, and is re-echoed through the land, "America thanks God for Wilson."

NONA KELLY, '19.

Loretto, Englewood, Chicago.

#### Toads

Everything possible has been done for the comfort of birds, but toads have been expected to take care of themselves. This is not right. I heard once that every toad is worth twenty dollars a year to the state, as an insect destroyer.

Birds are provided with baths from one end of our country to the other, yet birds have wings and can fly long distances in search of water to drink, and in which to bathe. Besides, birds can drink, toads cannot. The only way a toad can supply himself with water is by absorbing it through his skin. Toads suffer severely in dry weather; they shrivel up and die if left long without water.

If you supply your toad with a bathtub you will treat yourself to a funny sight at the same

time. The saucer of a flower-pot makes a fine bath-tub for a toad, unless you wish to line a hollow in the ground with smooth cement and fill it with water. You won't have to wait long either, before you find a toad in the bath, sprawling out, and soaking in the water, After a toad has absorbed all the water he requires he starts on the insect war-path in lively fash-

Our toad sits in its toad-bath and winks at us in grateful fashion. Be kind to your toad and see for yourself what will happen.

M. MELBA BEDFORD.

Loretto, Guelph.



# BLUE PENCIL BUREAU

Q. What is the meaning of this "Better Speech Movement"?

A. It means that the alarm concerning the degenerating influences at work upon the English tongue, which for too many years has fallen upon deaf ears, is at last arousing the world to action. Let us hope it is not too late. How true it is that "flagrant evils cure themselves by being flagrant," and again how singular that a word-war should so quickly succeed a world-war! There should be vast results from the vigorous propaganda now at work.

The Literary Digest has quoted from Continental papers many a good-natured but flattering comment upon the new language, which they are pleased to term "Americanese." It bears sad testimony to the hapless plight of the language on this continent, and justifies the formation of clubs all over the country, whose object will be to come to the rescue before it is too late. The B.P.B. hopes that its readers will throw the weight of their enthusiasm and zeal into the cause. A discussion on the pronunciation of words, especially of proper names, is sure to arise in connection with this subject, and then we shall see exciting times. It will be interesting to see how opinions will differ as to the most reliable authority in this matter.

The classic stage is supposed to have kept the "wells of English pure and undefiled," but we know that these authorities often differ among themselves, and that when a student would trace a word to its source, not only as to its derivation, but as to its early and approved pronunciation, he is sure to come upon some funny things. Dr. J. J. Walsh has made many curious discoveries with regard to some so-called specimens of the Brogue. A paper, "Shakespeare and the Irish Brogue," which appeared some months ago in the "Columbiad," will interest the readers of this column. We shall quote it in full in our April issue.

Q. Is not the following sentence incorrect? "To recover Silesia, to humble the dynasty of Hohenzollern to the dust, was the object of Maria Teresa's life." The plural subject surely calls for a plural verb.

A. No, it is correct. The rule governing that case is this: "A singular verb is used when the subject is composed of two or more nouns connected by 'and,' or unconnected, but of such sort as to be considered a single idea," as in the case above.

Q. Is it ever right to use a collective noun with a plural verb?

A. Yes, it is consistent with good usage to say, for example: "The committee differ as to what report they shall make," as in all cases where one wishes to emphasize the individuals composing a group. Many doubtful cases occur in this connection, and the only safe guide is to regard the meaning you intend to convey.

Miss Emma Forde sends in the first set of corrected sentences for our last contest. They are as follows: 1. "To insist" for "to have insisted." 2. "Has been" for "was." 3. "Have liked to be." 4. "Lain" for "laid." 5. "Has" for "have." 6. "To tell" for "to have told." 7. "From" for "than." 8. "As" for "than." 9. "Or one which" (supplied). 10. "Sad" for "sadly."

The B.P.B. has not been embarrassed by the number of Latin verses sent in. The prevelence of the Influenza must answer for many shortcomings in this, as in other departments. Here is a new contest, a little less strenuous, followed by some sentences for correction.

A year's subscription to The Rainbow will be given to the one who sends in to this department the best prose paragraph selected from any source, for its excellence, with five reasons for the choice. The choice and the reasons will both be taken into consideration in awarding the prize.

Please Correct Us. 1. I learned from him that not a line of the lectures were written.

2. My son as well as my sister were in the boat.

3. Neither my friend nor his sister were in the least afraid.

4. We are very careful who we let into the club.

5. I won't go without one of the servants comes.

6. I did my part to help win the war.

7. Give me three spoonfuls.

8. The writer, himself a scholar, and whose long and devoted labours have added to scientific knowledge, denies the fact.

9. The "Eagle" has a larger circulation than any paper in Brooklyn.

10. Shall you be able to come?

An Irish soldier, long without funds, in desperation finally addressed a letter to his patron, St. Joseph. "In the name of God," he wrote, "will you send me ten dollars? No one else will."

The letter in the usual way came to the captain for censorship. The officer, amused, showed it to the people in his office. Among them was a Y.M.C.A. clerk, who was impressed. "This man," he said, "has faith in his religion. It shouldn't be discouraged. It's too rare. Let's take up a subscription and send him some money in answer to his plea."

The Y.M.C.A. man started the subscription with a dollar and the few present contributed a like amount. The total was five dollars, and in the transmission a Y.M.C.A. envelope was used. The soldier, after receiving the reply to his letter, wrote again to St. Joseph. "Thanks for your remittance," he said, "but the next time you send money, send it through the Knights of Columbus. These left-handed Protestants have held out five on you."

The Master on one of His walks, said to the prairie, "why have you no flowers?" prairie answered, "Master, I have no seed." So the Master spoke to the Wind, and the Wind brought seed to the prairie and scattered it far and wide. The flowers grew and the Master saw them, but among them He missed the ones He loved best. "Why have you none of the flowers I love the best?" The prairie answered, "Master, I could not hold the seed. The hot sun scorched it and the wind carried it far from my grasp." Then the Master spoke to the lightning and it cleft the prairie to its heart till it rocked and moaned in the agony of its suffering. A great ravine was opened up and the river waters rushed in and carried deposits of rich, fertile soil. And soon appeared the flowers the Master loved best, but they blossomed in the depths of the ravine, close to the prairie's heart .- Annie Sutherland, Loretto, Guelph.

It takes so little to make us glad,
Just a cheering clasp of a friendly hand,
Just a word from one who can understand;
And we finish the task we long had planned,
And we lose the doubt, and the fear we had—
So little it takes to make us glad.

# ALUMNAE NOTES

#### LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Patroness REV. MOTHER STANISLAUS
Hon. President
Hon. Vice-PresidentMRS THOMAS LALOR.
President
First Vice-PresidentMISS GERTRUDE KELLY.
Second Vice-PresidentMISS HELEN SEITZ.
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Corresponding Secretary MISS EILEEN CLARKE.
Treasurer MISS ELIZABETH McCARRON
Convenor of House Committee. MRS. HARRY MURPHY.
Convenor of EntertainmentMRS. JAMES MALLON.
Convenor of MembershipMRS. JOSEPH DOANE.
Convenor of PressMISS MABEL EALAND.

The first meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association for the year 1918-1919 was held at Loretto Abbey on Tuesday, October the 1st, at four o'clock. Father John Burke, C.S.P., of Newman Hall, addressed the meeting in behalf of the Knights of Columbus Army Huts Campaign. Representing the Committee of Management he thanked our Association for its promise of co-operation on the tag-day which would be held on Friday, October fourth, and after explaining the work done by the chaplains and their great need of adequate facilities for the furtherance of their enormous task, urged the enthusiastic support of each and every lady as an individual. Miss Magann, accompanied by her mother, gave two vocal solos, and the meeting then had tea in the drawing rooms, Mrs. Rooney and Mrs. Frank Hughes acting as tea-hostesses, assisted by the Misses Ronan, O'Callaghan, Baker, Kelly, Rooney, McCarron, Clark and Seitz.

Of the Christmas stockings sent to every paid-up member with their notice of this meeting, ninety-seven were returned, packed with goodies to make Christmas cheer for our Canadian boys in English hospitals. The Red Cross in a letter of thanks for the generous donation, notified us of their safe arrival.

The Loretto Alumnae Association takes this opportunity of thanking all members and their friends who gave of their time and energies on the K. C. Army Hut Campaign tag-day. Under the captaincy of Mrs. T. P. Whelan, Mrs. H. T. Kelly, Mrs. F. K. Murphy, Mrs. T. Lalor, Miss L. Hynes, Mrs. J. H. Doane, Mrs. Laurin, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Matthews the districts allotted to the L.A.A. collected eight hundred and ninety-eight dollars, and held eighth place in the city's thirty-seven di-

visions. Thanks are also due to Mrs. Bruce Macdonald and Mr. A. P. Gorman, who loaned their motor cars, and to the graduates and students of Loretto Abbey College for their hearty co-operation.

During the recent epidemic of Spanish Influenza, the emergency department of the Provincial Health Department was under the management of a Loretto old-girl—Miss Mary Power. This office, commonly called S.O.S. (Sisters on Service) recorded hundreds of calls for assistance, and sent professional and non-profesional help to all sections of the province. Loretto may well be proud of Miss Power's work.

As one of the affiliated college alumnae's of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, the Loretto Alumnae Association was given charge of a booth in the recent Victory Loan Campaign. A committee of six---Miss Eileen Clark, Miss Elizabeth McCarron, Miss Victorine Rooney, Mrs. T. Lalor, Miss Gertrude Kelly, and Miss Mabel Ealand—was drafted to take complete charge of all business in connection with Loretto's booth at the Union Station. No solicitation that would interfere with the work of the men's committee was allowed, and yet in the three weeks the L. A. A. made returns amounting to nearly fifty-one thousand dollars. To the Committee and to the following ladies for their loyal support and valued services, the Alumnae tenders its grateful thanks: The Misses McClelland, Edna Murphy, Small, Fulton, Hynes, the Mesdames Kelly, Lalor, Barron, E. P. Kelly, Norman Wilson, the Misses Harkins, Duggan, M. Malone, Mona Clark, Anne Kelley, G. Rooney, F. Daley, D. Devaney, Eileen Kelly, F. Harkins, V. Thomson, K. Wickett, R. Connelly, E. McCarron, Lalor, Warde, K. O'Brien and G. Clark.

Miss Ethel O'Brien, who has been spending some months visiting her sister, Mrs. J. K. M. German, returned home to Renfrew for Xmas.

Mrs. J. B. Montgomery (Adele Dwyer) and her two little sons, have gone to Chicago, Mr. Montgomery having been moved there some months ago.

Mrs. George Fowler (Gladys McConnell) of Colorado, is visiting her mother at the Earnscliffe, for a couple of weeks. Congratulations to our Hon. Vice-President, The esteem in which Mother Delphina was Mrs. Thos. Lalor, on the honors conferred on held was fittingly exemplified by the number her son, Lieut. Charles Lalor, M.C., who won his decoration for his part in the heavy fighting in which the Canadians did such valiant work last summer.

The Annual Requiem Mass for the deceased members of the Loretto Alumnae Association was said by Rev. John Burke, C.S.P., at nine o'clock on Friday morning, November twentyninth, in the Abbey Chapel. Mrs. O'Sullivan presided at the organ, and during the Offertory Miss Gertrude Sullivan sang an "O Salutaris." As there would be no meeting until January, the Executive took this opportuinty of distributing some literature, just received from the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, to all members present. \* \* \* \* \*

A letter has just been received from the Toronto Branch of the Navy League of Canada, and the Canadian Ladies' Guild of Sailors, thanking the Loretto Alumnae Association for their help in the distribution of tickets for the benefit concert of "Orpheus," by Maestro Carboni and the Toronto Operatic Chorus Wednesday, December 4th, 1918.

The Ladies of Loretto were At Home to their friends at Brunswick Day School on Thursday, December twelfth. A special invitation was graciously extended to the Alumnae and though unfortunately, it was impossible to notify all members, we thank our Alma Mater for its kind thought of their old pupils.

As president of the Loretto Alumnae Association, Mrs. Frank McLaughlin was the hostess at the afternoon tea given by St. Michaels' College Alumnae on Saturday, December 14th. \* \* \* \* \*

The honorarium of fifty dollars given by the Victory Loan Committee to the Loretto Alumnae Association as one of the women's organizations which helped during the Campaign, was donated by the Association to St. Mary's Infants' Home, and our own Loretto Abbey.

of old pupils and life-long friends who came to the Abbey Chapel to assist at her funeral Mass. Among the spiritual offerings was a Mass card from the Loretto Alumnae Association, and another from "her class of 1909."

It has been the happy privilege of the Executive Committee to send letters of congratulation to Mrs. Robert Rankin and Mrs. James Mallon, on the birth of baby sons, and to Mrs. C. E. Gage (nee Miss Rilla DeVaney) whose little daughter was christened Mary Aurilla on December eighth.

During the last three months many of our members and old friends have suffered sad bereavements in their families. Letters of condolence have been sent to Mrs. L. G. McCabe (Tessie Roesler) whose baby girl, Ruth, died early in October, to Mrs. Flanagan (Pauline Kane) whose husband was a victim of the influenza epidemic, to Mrs. Frank Cassidy, whose son was killed in France just before the armistice was signed, to Mrs. Annie Murphy on the death of her son, Captain Sterndale Murphy, while doing his duty with the C.E.F., and to the Ladies of Loretto in their triple loss of M.M. Delphina, M.M. Annunciata, and Sr. M. Cuthbert.

"In matters of vital importance, no wise man can act on an opinion, the truth of which is doubtful."

"Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it-anything but live for it."

"Literary training has its advantages if it enables us to understand those with whom we do not agree. Charity is wisdom. History cannot be neglected unless our logic is to become intolerance, and patience is almost a cardinal virtue in time of clouds."



# In Memoriam

Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth, now saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours.

AP. 14-13.



I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the Cast Day I shall rise out of the earth.

—јов. 19, 25-27

Religiou	H
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#### Benefactors

#### Alumnae, Pupils

SR. M. ROSA

SR. M. MARTINA

SR. M. BEDE

SR. M. RITA

SR. M. ST. IGNATIUS

M. M. CECILIA

SR. M. ADELAIDE

SR. M. ST. IGNATIUS

SR. M. OF THE NATIVITY

M. M. DELPHINA

SR. M. CUTHBERT

M. M. ANNUNCIATA

MGR. MAHONEY

REV. J. P. DUNN

DR. BALFE

EDWARD LENNON

MRS. FRANK BURDETTE

ELIZABETH DALY (Sr. Marina)

EUPHEMIA ROGERS ROHR

EULALIA DALY

ELLA CARR

EDNA MALONEY BAKER

RUBY MULLIGAN FITZMAURICE

Requiescat In Pace!

# RE-VERSES

#### A MATIN SONG.

(With apologies to "Locksley Hall.")

Sister, leave me here a little, for as yet it is not dawn,

Leave me here, and when you want me you will find my curtains drawn.

'Tis my bed and all around it as of old, the callers call.

Sleepy girls through all the alcoves, march them to the study-hall.

Study-hall, where in the distance there is one enthroned in state,

Coldly frowning disapproval on each maiden who comes late.

Many a night within my alcove, 'ere I went to rest.

Did I vow that promptly rising I would surely do my best.

Many a morning in that alcove have I heard the caller's ring,

And its jingle jarred my senses like a most unpleasant thing.

Then the caller's face was sadder than should be for one so young,

And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

Up she took my eider-down and turned it back upon my bed,

And her frosty fingers rested coldly on my drowsy head.

Then she seized upon my blanket, tugged at it with all her might,

Smote myself, who squirming madly, 'tween the sheets, crawled out of sight.

O my bed so warm and cosy! O my pillow, mine no more!

O that wretched bit of carpet on the cold and cheerless floor!

Where is comfort?—In pretending I am ill and cannot rise?

Can I stay here and be happy without telling any lies?

Here methinks would be enjoyment, more than in the march downstairs,

From the alcove, through the hallway, to the study-hall for prayers.

Fool,—again the dream, the fancy! but I know my words are wild,

For I count the infirmarian wiser than the cleverest child.

So I overcome temptation and I rise to daily toil.

Better fifty cups of coffee than one dose of castor-oil.

I remember, I remember
With reminiscence tender,
When we're seated at examination desk
How about six months ago
I pronounced a solemn vow
To study, study, study
And to work my very best.

I remember, I remember
How I fought with female gender,
How I struggled mighty hard with Cicero.
Did I conquer him? you ask—
No. I murdered him, alas!
(They tell us that we reap but what we sow).
If, then, this proverb's true,
I'll now know what to do.

Of the seeds of learning I shall plant a lot, Instead of fighting battles Till my brain begins to rattle In Cicero I'll plant Forget-me-nots.

B. McGRATH.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That the Freshies are all green;
For they do not slumber alway;
And they are not as they seem.

They are stupid, but they're learning, For degrees are all their goals; Tho' their heads are rather empty, Still they're not quite empty bowls.

But, in place of brains like Seniors, They have hearts so big and kind, That the higher classmen utter, "Such a class, no one could find."

Every morning at 6.30
In the chapel they do pray,
Every evening just at seven
They're at work (or on the way).

To their comrades worn and weary, Learning all they have to know, They give rest and always ready, Spread sweet kindness where they go.

They are always up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Learning much and more pursuing
While for 2T2 they wait.

M. C., 2T2.

#### CHARTLESS.

Here is a short and sweet little jet of verse on intuitions, by Emily Dickinson, a quaint and fanciful American poetess:

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God, Nor visited in heaven; Yet certain am I of the spot As if the chart were given.

# WHAT WILL YOU DO IN YOUR GREAT HOUR.

To each man is given a day and his work for the day;

And once and no more, he is given to travel this way.

And woe if he flies from the task, whatever the odds;

For the task is appointed to him on the scroll of the gods.

There is waiting a work where only his hands can avail;

And so, if he falters, a chord in the music will fail.

He may laugh to the sky, he may lie for an hour in the sun;

But he dare not go hence till the labour appointed is done.

To each man is given a marble to carve for the wall:

A stone that is needed to heighten the beauty of all;

And only his soul has the magic to give it a grace;

And only his hands have the cunning to put it in place.

Yes, the task that is given to each man, no other can do;

So the errand is waiting; it has waited through ages for you.

And now you appear; and the hushed ones are turning their gaze

To see what you do with your chance in the chamber of days.

EDWIN MARKHAM

Where there is work, there is rest, and it's nowhere beside,

Though you travel all lands, and you sail every tide.

Where is rest? Go to work, and your spirit renew,

For no man can rest who has nothing to do.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

# College and Academy Notes

#### COLLEGE NOTES.

Thursday, Nov. 28.—No event of the fall of 1918 could better epitomize the patriotic sentiments of Canadian students than the celebration of American Thanksgiving Day, Peace Day had been one of wildest excitement, from the four o'clock reveillé at Armour Heights sounding down to the city as a signal for bells and whistles in deafening chorus, to the last paean within the college halls at night, but the depth and breadth of rejoicing grew with every quiet hour, and with it grew the realization of the ever stronger ties forged between us and our United States neighbours in the winning of the great cause. So when the day of Uncle Sam's jubilation came round, his nieces and their cousins nowhere celebrated with more unity and gaiety than at Loretto Abbey College. Students, faculty and visitors from the Abbey, all met together, and flags and songs and speeches all paid homage to the mutual red, white and blue.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thursday, Dec. 12.—The College students made their public début in their new abode when scholarships and prizes of 1916 were presented. A short program of songs by the College Glee Club and the presentation of "The Ladies of Athens" by the Dramatic Club, added entertainment to academic ceremony. A short address by Very Reverend H. Carr, C.S.B., on the development of our modern life, and a few words of commendation and encouragement from Rev. M. J. Carey, C.S.P., formed a portion of the program much appreciated by the students. The Honour List was as follows:

The Mary Ward Scholarship—No award in 1918.

Loretto Alumnae Scholarship for highest standing in matriculation in 1918—Won by Miss Phyllis Allen.

Tuition Scholarship, presented by Loretto College Graduates, for highest general proficiency—Miss Annie Mullett.

Prize (\$20 in gold), for highest standing in English, presented by Very Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., of St. Augustine's Seminary—Won by Miss Margaret McCabe.

Gold Medal for Mathematics in freshman year, presented in memory of the late Mr. Eugene O'Keefe—Miss Annie Mullett. The students took this opportunity of presenting to the College a Victory Bond, to be applied—interest and principal—to the college library. Tea was served afterwards in the parlours.

. . . . .

Saturday, Dec. 14.—A tea and musicale given by the Alumnae of St. Michael's College, was the occasion of the gathering of the three-fold faculty, and at least the two-fold student body of that august college. May it be a precedent for many such opportunities of mutual acquaintance and intercourse.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sympathy of College Faculty and students is extended to Marguerite Quinlan, who was attacked by the epidemic of the fall just after the opening of the session, and is yet seriously ill and unable to resume her place among us.

During the Xmas vacation the almost deserted college halls were gladdened by the return of several members of the "Do You Remember Circle."

Mary Power '15, Mona Clarke '15, Irene Long '16, and Alice McClelland '18, resident and busy in the city, are visitors whom we have the pleasure of welcoming more than twice a year.

Teresa Coughlin '15, Principal of the High School, Rockland, Ont., and Marion Smith '17, an assistant in the same school, were introduced to our new abode, and found traditions of our beginnings still well alive.

Helen Mullins '17 was also at home from Cannington, Ont., where she, too, is practising the teaching profession with much success.

Plans are being made for a complete reunion in Easter week, of Loretto College graduates.

#### What Loretto Abbey Day School Is Doing.

A very interesting work of zeal is being done at Loretto Day School, Brunswick Ave., in favour of the Deaf Mutes. A class of twenty-five, four of whom are non-Catholics, receive religious instruction through an interpreter, one of the nuns, who was a teacher in the Belleville Institute for Deaf Mutes, before her entrance into religious life. Members of the Clergy will be pleased with this opportunity of getting in closer touch with this portion of their flock, and will be asked to address them from time to time. It is hoped that the meet-

ings will contribute to the entertainment and general improvement, as well as the instruction of those who are deprived of the ordinary means of social communication, a work in which all concerned will feel it a real privilege to co-operate.

#### ABBEY NOTES.

Hallowe'en.—The world at large, under the scourge of influenza—was hardly in tune with the innocent follies of this day—but a school year without this first display of historic and musical art, is unthinkable, as well as unforgivable. A performance, with no reputation to make or unmake hanging upon it—is an unmixed joy—The farce, "Mrs. Oakley's Telephone," was too well done for the one-week-only of practice. A Parody on Locksley Hall given with much feeling, appears in Re-Verses of this issue.

Dec. 1.—Rev. Father Dutton, our one-time Chaplain, left his friends and the parishioners to whom he was only lent, for a few years, and returned to the West to take up his duties in Winnipeg. To say that we deeply regret his departure is saying too little. He had endeared himself to all at the Abbey—and we are tempted not only to regret, but to resent, the fate that took him away. When the Winnipeg people know him they will understand our feelings. May their remorse lead them to restore him to his friends here!

Dec. 17.—We are indebted to Mr. Elliott through the Misses Ronan, for a Moving Picture Performance which was thoroughly enjoyed by an audience of nuns and pupils.

Dec. 24.—Loretto extends sincere thanks to their Alumnae for the turkeys so generously contributed by them to the Christmas dinner at the Abbey.

Word has lately come to us that Mother Mary Loyola, of Loretto Convent, York, Eng., whose letter and articles were quoted in our last issue, is dangerously ill. Our hearts go out to those who surround the sick bed of this holy religious. We have secured the prayers of all those among us to whom the name "Mother Loyola" is a household word,—that God may restore her to health—or give her the reward which her long life of eminent labour deserves.

Rev. Mother Michael, of Rathfarnham, is also very low—and the sorrow at her condition is widespread. Her death would be little short of a calamity for the many who look to her wonderful spirit for guidance and help. The Community and pupils of Loretto in America send warmest sympathy and the assurance of their prayers, that God may spare her for many years to come.

#### STRATFORD NOTES.

Early in the school year the Convent enjoyed an interesting visit from Dr. Wm. Macklin of Nanking, China. An experience of over thirty years has made the Doctor most enthusiastic about the possibility for missionary work among the Chinese. The natural virtues of the people are a splendid basis for Christianity. The greatest obstacle to the spread of its doctrines is the commercial greed of trading com-About ten years ago, through medical and missionary influence, the growth of opium was stopped, and the land was used for The traders who were making a farming. fortune with the drug, were furious, and set about finding a way to resume the trade. At last they discovered officials so mercenary and so regardless of their countrymen's welfare as to allow it to be grown again. However, the people had been long enough without it to realize the benefit, and the temptation to use it is very slight. Most of the drug is exported.

A cigarette company, wishing to build up a trade in China, sent its agents through the country to distribute its goods free. The managers knew that once a taste for cigarettes was created, business would thrive, and so it happened. The cigarette fiend is everywhere now and the result is lamentable.

Opium poisoning is the commonest disease. Some years ago a doctor might be called out three or four times a night to its victims. The awful effects of the drug did not seem to deter people from using it. The difficulty with doctors was to get proper care for patients, for there were neither hospitals nor nurses, as in Christian countries, except the comparatively few established by Europeans. The Sisters' hospitals do an immensity of good. There is one in Shanghai with over a hundred patients nearly all the time.

To secure some measure of care for his patients, Dr. Macklin opened a hospital of his own. Men do the nursing, but they are not very reliable. Their fear of death makes them neglect the sick, just when care is most needed. One day the Doctor found a destitute man lying on his back in a slushy street. He had

opium poisoning. His two feet, quite black, had dropped off. He was taken to the hospital, and his legs were amputated. After a few months he was able to earn a living by selling nuts and candies. Another victim of opium was found lying near a heathen shrine in a comatose state. It was with great difficulty that the Doctor got any one to help him to carry the man to the hospital. His life was saved and he became a Christian. He was very efficient and took charge of the work in the hospital.

The Chinese are intelligent, and as many people in America have realized, are very capable, and possess great business ability. There have been movements among the masses "to establish all the people in power," but when we know that in a population of 400,000,000, about ninety per cent. can neither read nor write, we realize that a Republic, as we understand the term, can never exist. The Government remains in the hands of a few, and its control does not seem to reach all the provinces, for we find those in the south making war on people in the north and forcing on them some new form of rule. Then again the north will conquer and devastate the south, the merciless spirit of paganism pervading the warfare of each. The military leaders aim at being President, but not to establish a republic. are simply highway robbers who have secured an absolute dictatorship over their followers. When they raid a province, and the government sends troops in pursuit, the band disperses. When danger of capture is over, another district is looted. This has happened quite close to Nanking. Different nations of Europe have financed these revolts. About seven years ago, a band under a leader named White Wolf, was out on a career of murder and plunder. Among others the rebels seized a Protestant missionary and a Catholic priest. They told the former he and his family would be killed unless a good sum of money were given. The missionary replied, "I have no money, but here is my house. If you kill me and my family, you send us to heaven, and that will not give you money." Then they turned to the priest and demanded about two thousand dollars as the price of his life. As he had no money, he said, pointing to the other missionary, "This man is the father of a family; kill me and spare him." This speech impressed the band so much that they did not kill either, and furthermore, they sent the village a good store of provisions.

Thousands of Chinese die annually of famine and typhus fevers, owing to the intense heat

of the climate, and lack of cleanliness. Another reason for the widespread pestilence is that the sick are put out into the street to die, lest their spirit remain in the house. It is also quite usual to place a corpse in a wooden box and leave it on the roadside unburied. The Chinese believe that a spirit must travel in a straight line, hence their roads are made zigzag, that the spirit whose body has been put into a grave may not overtake them as they return from the funeral.

Every few years great floods swamp the country, and tens of thousands die of starvation, while the rich store up food. There is no Christian charity in the hearts of the wealthy. Life is not held sacred, even among members of the family. In the house-boats so usual on rivers in China, several generations live under one roof. The families are large and it causes no disturbance when any of the children fall overboard and are drowned, especially if they are girls. Women are the property of their fathers first, then of their husbands, to whom they are sold any time after they enter their teens. Many of these poor little victims try to escape a life of misery by taking opium. Sometimes they are rescued and brought to a hospital, where they often become Christians. If they cannot safely return home they are sent to an orphanage or kept to assist in caring for other unfortunates.

Among the souvenirs given Dr. Macklin on his departure for a visit to Canada were beautiful hand-embroidered silks and two Chinese Scrolls,—one from the Civil Governor and the other from the Police Commissioner. The former had black characters on a red ground and said in part, "A lucky star shone on our Nanking when Doctor Macklin came to us. He had a humane heart ready to save all." The signatures of scholars and merchants followed.

After the revolution of 1911 and 1913, a stone tablet was cut to commemorate his services to the citizens of Nanking. It was during this invasion of the Yangtse valley by the North that Dr. Macklin went alone through a breach in the wall of the city by night, carrying a lantern and a white flag, to seek the leader of the besieging forces and offer him peace terms from the commander of the troops within the city. Through his influence the terms were accepted and Nanking was saved.

A vivid picture of life as a nurse at the front was given at Loretto Convent by Miss Isabelle Patton, Matron of the 23rd General Hospital, near Etaples, France. Miss Patton was head of the Chicago Unit sent by the late Dr. J. B. Murphy of Chicago, the first year of the war. The efficiency of this band of nurses may be judged by their being on duty at six a.m. after arriving in part only the previous night.

Miss Patton's name was mentioned in despatches three times for excellent work, and a treasured souvenir of her services is the military cross presented to her by King George V.

To the hospital under her care, the wounded were brought from the battlefield. Sometimes as the nurses were retiring for the night a cinvoy of three or four hundred would arrive and keep everyone busy. The British Miltiary Hospital system was perfect in its organization and an immense help to the nurses. As the wounded were changed from a field-stretcher to one in the hospital, a complete outfit of bedding and clothing was supplied for each. Trained orderlies aided the nurses. Great economy was practised as to clothing. Even what had to be cut to remove it from the wounded, was sent to England to be remade into new outfits.

German prisoners were often among the patients. The Saxons and Bavarians seemed a more humane and finer type of men than the Prussians. It was noticed that they all stood in awe of their officers. Whenever the conversation of the men disturbed any of the latter a stern command of "Silence" ended all talk as promptly as if uttered on German soil.

From this hospital soldiers who were seriously injured were sent to a base hospital or to "Blighty."

During convalescense the men talked of home and between photos and anecdotes made the "Sisters" acquainted with each member of the family. Then there were letters to be written—two kinds, generally, one home and one to the "egg girl." It happened that in France as in Canada, eggs were scarce, not even one each could be got for the patients, and in this part of the country girls used to collect as many as possible and send them to the hospital with their name and address on the shell. The soldier who was lucky enough to get one sent a note of thanks. "Sister, I have no egg-girl," was a complaint often made to the nurses.

At Christmas each ward had its decorations and its Christmas tree. The latter was far from easy to secure, as the law of France requires a tree to be planted everytime one is cut down. During the war this could not be enforced, as many of the cities had to use some of their trees for fuel.

The hospital was within the sound of the guns, and on one occasion a bomb penetrated the kitchen roof, but did not explode. No one could touch it, but many came to look at it. At another time when Miss Patton was sitting in the courtward, something dropped suddenly and tore the ground close beside her. It was a piece of shrapnel from a German bomb.

Another hospital near by was in charge of Japanese nurses. These "Sisters" spoke English and French fluently and were the admiration of everyone for their effective care of the wounded and the spotless cleanliness of their hospital. A number of these Japanese nurses

accompanied the Allies to Siberia.

Miss Patton remarked that the reason for French peasants' love of bright colours became clear to her as she noticed the country around Etaples and Treport. In an upturned field the ground in one direction might be yellow and in another red, while near each would lie a furrow of blue or orange coloured earth. Nature is the model for the combinations of colours worn by the peasants and pictured by their artists.

#### ENGLEWOOD NOTES.

"Therefore since brevity is the soul of wit and tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes, I will be brief."

Sept. 23rd.—We had the honor of seeing a French flag which had been borne through many battles, shell-torn and tattered, grim with battle smoke and filth, a noble emblem of its glorious cause. A bit of the spirit of the noble French, it seemed to me, proud and firm in its tatters.

Oct. 6th.—Father Delaney, an army chaplain, said Mass for us to-day on his way back to camp after attending his mother's funeral. His time was limited, and he asked us "To make thanksgiving for him and to ask God to give him the grace to fulfil his mission."

Oct. 31st.—Ghosts an' gobblins an' witches, peering from dark corners with ominous eyes and gestures, ugly pumpkins and Jack-O-Lanterns descending with a victorious cry upon their terrified victims, and weird stories of old women who ride upon brooms is all in a Hallowe'en. Yet who would cancel that terrible happy day from the calendar?

Nov. 2nd.—"Have pity on me, at least ye, my friends, for the Hand of the Lord has reached me." We sang High Mass to-day for the Holy Souls at the invitation of our good Pas-

tor, Father Ryan. Not every high school has the honor of singing High Mass on Holidays, so Loretto girls appreciate this unusual favor.

Nov. 8th.—A visit to Woodlawn to hear Mr. Griffith read Hamlet. Have you wondered why all these quotations from Shakespeare lately? If you have blame Mr. Griffith. He made us believe Hamlet to be the greatest piece of literature in existence. So why, then, shouldn't we quote?

Nov. 11th.—Chicago has gone wild with joy. With one clear whistle the whole city was awakened to hear again "Peace on earth, good will to men." Out into the streets at two o'clock this cold, gray morning, went the people of Chicago to rejoice over the triumph of right and justice. But back of all the noise and laughter was, ah! ever so little of a mist in the eye and a catch in the throat. Our warrior lads are coming back with Old Glory flying proudly high, and wont we cheer when they come home? The whole wide world has one common happiness to-day, even those brave souls whose warriors will not return. were glad to-day, glad for the other people and they thanked God that they had been privileged to give their all for the cause of the glorious, priceless jewel-democracy.

Nov. 19.—A Retreat for the young ladies of the parish. Three days of pious recollection to prepare us for the advent of the Infant King. The cause of the war was impressed upon us. It was, we have discovered, our own selfishness, our own carelessness and wilful neglect that brought upon us the visitation of Divine Providence. Five hundred girls of St. Bernard's parish responded gladly to Father Gale's invitation and five hundred hearts are ready to receive their God with a sense of their own littleness this glad Christmas-tide.

Nov. 24.—Father Gale lectured at the Academy to-day on the subject nearest his heart—the deaf mutes. He is known throughout the Middle West as the apostle of the deaf mutes. When he mentioned his work among them, somehow there shone from his kind eyes the deep love and sympathy he felt for them; and when he asked us always to have a kind word for our less fortunate sisters and brothers, we felt our hearts go out to them in strange, new feeling of pity.

Nov. 27th.—A week's campaign is in progress for the betterment of the English language. We had a little programme this afternoon to impress upon our mind the great possibilities of our language, the necessity of keep-

ing it free from the common vulgar slang that is fast corrupting it. Father Rebedeau gave some very sound and practical advice for the proper use of our mother tongue and then we took a solemn pledge to uphold the dignity of our speech.

Nov. 28th.—Thanksgiving day has come again, and how thankful we are for victory and happiness! We raised our souls to God to-day as never before, with hearts overflowing with a wonderful new gratitude and appreciation. We remembered the brave boys who died to make this beautiful day possible and remembered those who are coming home from the battlefields to this glorious free land of ours. We asked Almighty God to reward them for the man's part in the conflict and we thanked God for peace and the right to live.

"The Dream Ship" ..... Recitation in Unison

Better English Speech ..... Bernys Simpkins

MARY FITZPATRICK, '19.

# LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO.

During the first, bright, busy days of the new term, which of us could dream of the sorrows awaiting us in October? Although the dread epidemic was already working havoc throughout the city, we fondly hoped that it might not find its way into our midst. The first shock came when we learned that our dear school-mate, Agnes Schumann, after only a week's absence from class, had passed away, a victim of pneumonia. Very sweet is the memory that remains to us of the gentle little maiden, whose holy death was, assuredly, the reward of her well-nigh perfect life. The students in a body attended the Funeral Mass in St. Laurence's Church, six of the young ladies acting as pall-bearers. The beautiful photograph of our dear companion, taken only a few weeks before her death, occupies a place of honor in our class-room and wins for her many a spiritual remembrance.

A still heavier cross awaited us in the death of one of our most cherished teachers, Mother M. Nativity, after a week's attack of influenza and pneumonia. While our hearts ache at the thought that we shall never again, in this life, be greeted by the gentle, gracious word and smile, so familiar to us all, nor ever again profit by her excellent instructions, we realize with the poet that:

"Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death, To break the shock blind nature cannot shun, And lands thought smoothly on the further shore."

In those bright realms, towards which every act of her beautiful life tended, we behold her moving amid angels and saints, with all the lovable serenity and benignity that characterized her during her earthly sojourn. We, who know so well the loving interest she took in each of us and the power to comfort that was hers, are confident that she will, by her intercession, aid us in all life's trials and, at the close of our pilgrimage, welcome us to the Land, in whose beauty, we may confidently hope, her glorious spirit abides forevermore.

Our purchase of a Fourth Liberty Bond makes us feel that, in the midst of our arduous school-labors, we still have time for patriotic endeavors.

A unique and edifying little ceremony was the formal reception into the Sodality of the Infant Jesus of some fifty-six of the Minims. After the reception, Rev. I. J. McDonald, O.C.C., gave an encouraging talk to the little people, urging them to imitate, day after day, their Divine Model.

Owing to recent bereavements, and to the continuance of the epidemic in the city, the members of St. Ursula's Literary have decided to postpone the banquet for the Alumnae until the new term.

Nov. 8th.—It was our privilege, this afternoon, to hear Mr. C. E. W. Griffith in his superb rendition of "Hamlet," after which we were favored with a series of selections from other plays of the master dramatist, all tending to increase our desire of becoming Shakespearian scholars.

Nov. 11th.—What can the message be, proclaimed by the wild bell-ringing and whistle-blowing that aroused us from our slumbers at 2.30 a.m.? Surely but one—and that the best—the war is over! The war is over! Can any of us ever forget the sensation of joy experi-

enced at the full import again! Oh! The happy mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts!—and despite our grim forebodings, the happy, happy Christmas now to be!

Nov. 15th.—A most interesting lecture by Dr. George Benson Hewitson, on "The Balkan States." The excellent stereoptican views proved an additional attraction. In the evening, by request, Dr. Hewetson read many of his soulstirring poems and his surpassingly lovely drama, "The Empty Sepulchre."

Nov. 22nd.—A short time ago a happy thought occurred to some of us, as a result of the various experiments lately employed for raising funds for patriotic causes, and that thought, on development, resulted in a pleasant, and we hope, a profitable afternoon. At 4.30 p.m., all the students of the High School department, personating historic or legendary characters and wearing masks, progressed slowly, two by two, up the central stairway to the Community-Room, where, to the surprise and amusement of our dear teachers, we, each, laid a small parcel on the table, and then, with the same measured tread, descended to the recreation hall. Here, games were played and prizes awarded, after which a "surprise" supper was served, the excellence of which merits a special vote of thanks to the Committee on Provisions. Expressions of appreciation and of thanks are, likewise, due to the Committee on Decorations for very effective work. But what of the parcels? In the language of Cicero, "omnia vobis exponam breviter." During the past few weeks we have devoted most of our leisure moments to needle-work, which we might present for a Christmas sale, as a school-benefit. Our efforts have been amply rewarded by the many words of thanks we have since received.

Dec. 4th.—Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Hilary, O.C.C., in St. Cyril's Church, at the request of the Alumnae, for the repose of the soul of our dear M.M. Nativity. The entire student body was in attendance.

Dec. 8th.—The Forty Hours' Devotion, which opened in the chapel on the 8th inst., closed this evening with the usual ceremonies, conducted by the chaplain, Rev. I. J. McDonald, O.C.C.

Dec. 11th.—A reception of seventeen of our school-mates into the Society of the Children of Mary was conducted by Rev. Father John, O.C.C., who gave a most impressive discourse, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

And hour's visit from Rev. Father Gillis, C.S.P., on his return trip from the far west.

Dec. 13th.—It was the good fortune of many of us to attend, after class to-day, the exceedingly fine and instructive moving-picture-play, "The Transgressor," now being shown by The Catholic Arts Association. The weighty problem of Labor vs. Capital is well presented in it, as is also the best and only solution thereto.

Dec. 15th.—This morning, in the convent chapel, the following children had the happiness of receiving our Blessed Lord in Holy Communion for the first time: Miss Eileen Amos, Mary Brennan, Frances Duggan, Helen Kelly, Margaret Meade, Kathleen McKinley and Helen Webster.



# TENNYSON AS WE SEE HIM

THE Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, speaking of his friend John, tells us there are three Johns—John as he sees himself, John as his neighbor sees him, and John as God sees him.

The second of these statements affords us the privilege of saying there are hundreds of Johns, for how often do we find that any two people see the same John?

So with Tennyson; he has many interpretors and as many aspects. Some rank him with the world's greatest poets; others find his works, for the most part, "twaddle." These interpretations are, of course, dependent on what one seeks to find in Tennyson's poetry.

"Poetry arises from our consciousness of the spiritual," and we look upon a poet as one whose senses are so keen that he is capable of perceiving and communing with the Divine; and whose ear is so delicately attuned that he catches the dulcet tones of Nature's harmony, her great hymn of praise, and by his art translates to us in imagery and song what we are too dull or too busy to see and hear.

Two things, then, consecrate the poet his message and his art; and we hold him a great poet who unites these two into a living whole.

As to Tennyson's message, what is it? He reflects in his verse the spirit of his age, its longing, its restless seeking for new things, its

reform, its exchange of old things for new, but where do we find that he catches up the notes of this confused medley and rings forth a strong, clear, harmonious purpose?"

His flights ascend no higher than the beautiful and the good. He fails to reach the Divine, and perhaps this accounts for the pessimistic note in his songs.

As to the Art of Tennyson, it is perfect. He has brought out the delicacy, the melody, the sweetness and grace of the English language as perhaps no other poet has done.

Dr. Henry VanDyke well illustrates Tennyson's art in this respect by the following:

"Take a little piece which has stood at the head of Tennyson's poems for sixty years, "Claribel." It does not mean much. Indeed its charm might be less if its meaning were greater. It is mere music, every word like a soft, clear note—each with its own precise value and yet all blending in a simple effect. The difference between the quick wave 'outwelling' from the spring and the swift runlet 'crisping' over the pebbles is distinct; the 'beetle boometh' in a different tone from that in which the 'wild bee hummeth,' but all come together in a sad, gentle cadence with the ending,

"Where Claribel low-lieth."

In his picture-poems it is worth while to notice the color words; how few they are, yet how perfectly they do their work! Here are two lines from the "Ode to Memory": "What time the amber morn, Forth gushes from beneath a low hung cloud."

That "amber" sheds all the splendor of day break over the landscape. And again in this stanza from "The Lady of Shalott":

"Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river,
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls and four gray towers
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott."

How exquisite is the word "whiten" to describe the turning of the long willow leaves in the wind, and how well it suggests the cool coloring of the whole picture, all in low tones, except the little spot of flowers below the square gray castle."

Tennyson, then, as we see him, is a word artist, a lyrist, not of the heart, as Moore or Burns, but of the "lips," who demonstrates by his melodies and songs the fact that our language is a beautiful one, possessing rare charm and sweetness.

Tennyson is popular as an exponent of these qualities of our Mother tongue; and though he fails to satisfy the spirit, we reverence his art as expressed in the following exquisite lines:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me.
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound or foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless

deep

Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place

My bark may bear me far, I hope to see my Pilot face to face When I have crossed the Bar.

JUDITH YOUNG.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.

#### HEAVEN'S BEAUTY.

My windows open to the autumn night, In vain I watched for sleep to visit me; How should sleep dull mine ears, and dim my sight,

Who saw the stars, and listened to the sea?

Ah, how the City of our God is fair!

If, without sea, and starless though it be,

For joy of the majestic beauty there

Men shall not miss the stars, nor mourn the sea.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

#### OUR FACES.

"My boy," said a wise father, who knew how to play and be a chum with his twelveyear-old boy, "you do not own your own face."

The boy looked puzzled. He had come to the breakfast table with a frowning, clouded countenance, and had started moodily to eat his food. Everybody felt the shadow of his ill-spirits evident in his looks. His father's unexpected words brought him back to life, and he looked up with a half guilty expression, but did not understand what was meant.

"You do not own your own face," his father repeated. "Do not forget that. It belongs to other people. They, not you, have to look at

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it. You have no right to compel them to look 's at a sour, gloomy and crabbed face.''

The boy had never thought of that, but he understood, and did not forget. And all of us should understand, and none of us should forget, that our faces belong to other people.—
True Voice.

#### WHAT NEXT?

That terrible Exam (amination paper)!

Q. Use correct form and give reasons: (Whom, who) shall we choose? A. Whom is the correct word, because "who" means far away, and "whom" means right there.

Q. Between you and (I, me) I think him foolish. A. "I" is the proper word, because it means myself, and "me" means just me.

Q. What do you consider the cause of the great war? A. I think Britain got angry because on every desk, table, pin, etc., "Made in Germany" was wrote, so Great Britain declared war.

Hydro-electric is the lights that go up the streets.

Union Government means that they mix up the Unionists and Liberals together.

The Great Charta was King John, the worst that ever lived.

The Saxons conquered England and their descendants are still to be seen to this day.

Sir William Hearst is the left-handed governor of Ontario.

The moon is a dead body composed of mountains and dried up sea-bottoms going around the earth every 29½ days. Bona Fide.

God thought to give the sweetest thing
In His Almighty Power
To Earth; and deeply pondering
What it should be, one hour
In fondest joy, and love of heart
Outweighing every other,
He moved the gates of Heaven apart

He moved the gates of Heaven apart,
And gave to Earth a Mother.

GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.



and\_\_\_\_

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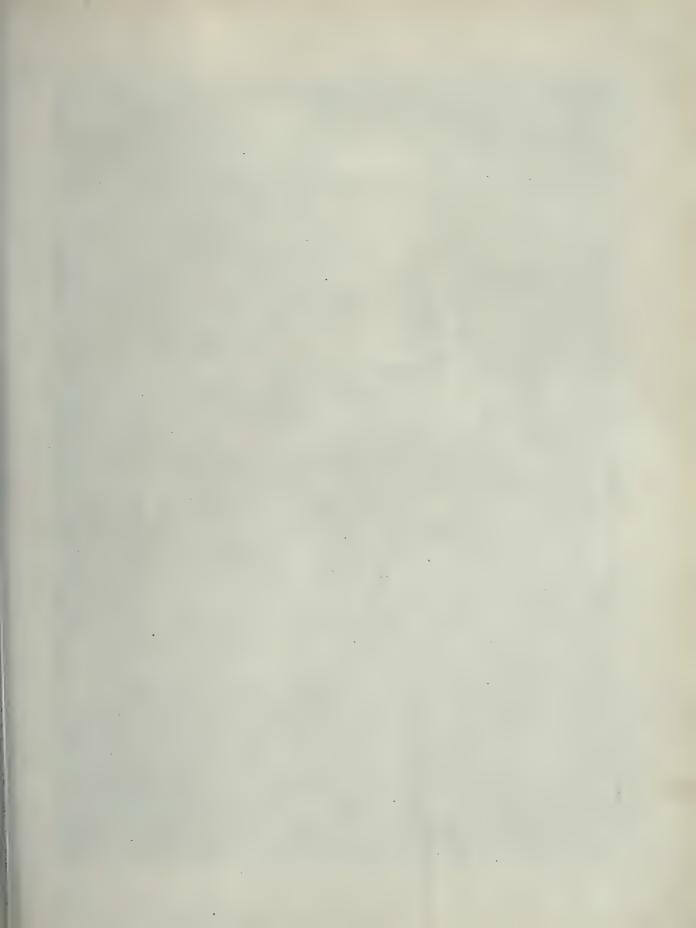
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NO. 2

# GENERAL EDUCATIONAL ITEMS

#### A Novel Test for College Entrance.

Not the measure of a candidate's acquirements, but the measure of his capacity for learning, will be the main object of Entrance Examinations at Columbia University next fall. The system is based upon purely psychological principles, and its workings will be watched with keen interest by all who are engaged in the work of education as well as a vast number who are not.

Behind Columbia's move, according to the New York Times, is the conviction that "there is a considerable waste in using the expensive plant and operating force of an institution of higher education on great numbers of students who are incapable of profiting seriously by higher education." The Times goes on to say:

"In our requirements for admission to Columbia College are included the applicant's health record, his character and promise of development, and his school record, and these will be embraced in the new requirements. The most radical departure will be the entire doing away with the old-style examinations that were given to establish the applicant's knowledge of the subjects required for admission to college. This will be covered by his school record, and the psychological tests will demonstrate whether he is qualified to continue his schooling."

The details of the system to be used at Columbia are being worked out, we are told, by Prof. E. L. Thorndike, of Teachers' College, but some light is thrown on their probable character by the following information in The Tribune:

"The text-book Professor Thorndike is using as a basis for his preliminary work is Lewis M. Terman's 'The Measure of Intelligence.' Mr. Terman is professor of education at Leland Stanford University, California, where experimental work in the mental-measuring codes first elaborated by Alfred Binet perhaps, has been carried further than at any other institution in this country.

"As set forth in this volume, under the chapter-heading, 'Instructions for Average Adults,' the test which prospective Columbia students will have to meet in lieu of the old-style examinations is divided into six sections.

"The first consists simply of a vocabulary of more or less ordinary words—not Latin words, nor Greek, nor Sanskrit, nor anything of that sort, but plain, living English words. Altogether, there are to be a hundred of them, chosen just as they happen to come at the bottom of the columns in an 18,000-word dictionary—which presumably is a dictionary containing only the more usual words of the language.

"In order to pass this test, a student has only to give correct definitions of sixty-five of the words listed. That will mean, it has been computed, that he has a vocabulary of approximately 11,700 words. It sounds absurdly simple in comparison with the old catechism in calculus and Homer, does it not? Yet 'the vocabulary test has a far higher value than

any other single test of the scale,' says Professor Terman's book. 'Our statistics show that in a large majority of cases the vocabulary test alone will give us an intelligent quotient within ten per cent. of that secured by the entire scale.'

The second task seems even further removed from the orthodox examination routine. It is made up of the reading of five fables, such as 'Hercules and the Wagoner,' 'The Fox and the Crow,' or 'The Farmer and the Stork.' pupil then is asked to write out his interpretation of the lesson of each parable. As the Terman volume explains, this 'tests the subject's ability to understand the motives underlying acts or attitudes. It gives a clue to the status of the social consciousness.' Eight points are required to attain a passing grade here, two points being allowed for each correct answer and one point for answers that show a grasp of the essential generality presented, but for one reason or another are still not wholly satisfactory.

"The third section of the test is still dealing with words. It presents sets of abstract terms, such as laziness and idleness, poverty and misery, character and reputation. The student's task is to define each pair so as to bring out the essential contrast, three correctly differentiated couples out of four being necessary for a pass.

"Not until all this has been done is the subject of numbers introduced at all; then it appears in an oral problem. The instructor displays a large box in which, he informs the class, are two smaller ones, each of which in turn contains a 'little tiny' box. He follows this with a second box, only the two smaller boxes herein each holding two 'tiny' boxes. Then comes a large box containing three smaller boxes, each of which holds three 'tiny' boxes. Finally, he

he holds up a fourth box; and in this are four smaller boxes, each with four 'tiny' boxes within. Only half a minute is allowed for the solution of each problem, no pencil or paper being allowed the pupil meanwhile, and three of the four problems must be answered correctly if the applicant expects to enter Columbia under the new régime. Both this test and the one preceding it are said to have a large psychological significance.

"Section 5 brings forward three sets of six digits each, which are read out rapidly by the instructor. The student must repeat at least one of these sets correctly in reverse order in order to pass.

"The final requirement, after the display of a simple code, requires the pupil to construct stipulated messages according to its terms. Or, as an alternative test here, two twenty-eight-syllable sentences may be read out, the applicant being required to repeat one perfectly in order to become acceptable. Another alternative final test presents problems which will bring out the student's comprehension of physical relations, the object in every case being to demonstrate the extent of the applicant's ability to direct his attention inward and evince steadiness of purpose.

"For so-called 'superior adults' more difficult tests have been drawn up, but if a boy can pass the set listed, the Columbia authorities declare that he is sufficiently alert, sufficiently well balanced, to satisfy Columbia. Previous scholastic education, or lack of it, does not so much matter any longer. The boy who can pass that complete test satisfactorily, they say, can very quickly 'coach up' on the regular subjects so as to be able to take his place in good standing in the university—or in the larger world outside, for that matter."



## SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF SIR WILFRID LAURIER

HIS year, which has brought to Canada that greatest of all blessings, peace, has also brought to this great nation an irreparable loss, in the death of her great statesman, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Leader of the Liberal party and for fifteen years Premier of the country of Canada, he guided the country to its present position among the nations of the world, and dying, left it the great power it is to-day.

As a Canadian, a true Canadian, born in the Province of Quebec, and descended from the early French settlers, he held the interests of his country next his heart, and we have before us now the result of his untiring industry. A French-Canadian, he aimed at a united Canada, and attempted to efface the racial bitterness which has been evident in the eastern provinces since early English occupation. He himself said that if, on his death-bed, he could feel that he had accomplished something, however small, towards that end, his death would be a happy one. With his past life before us, who can doubt that it was pre-eminently so?

As Premier of the Dominion, his noble bearing, splendid oratory, and above all, his high-minded ideals, so impressed the statesmen of Great Britain that the old attitude towards "colonies" and "colonials" was changed. Under the tutorship of the noblest Canadian of his age, England began to feel that Canada was indeed "daughter in her mother's house, but mistress in her own."

His long administration began in troubled times. The country was recovering from the North West Rebellion, and the provinces were agitated by religious and social, as well as racial differences. Many Canadians quite unworthy of the name, openly disloyal, favoured annexation to their southern neighbour. At this time Sir Wilfrid stood for adherence to Great Britain (as the French stood once before).

The splendid services rendered by Canada to the mother country in the recent war was the outcome of his decision to send aid to England at the time of the Boer war. Thus Mafeking and Hart River prepared the way for Ypres and St. Julien.

Once having adopted a principle, Sir Wilfrid maintained it, even though such adherence meant certain defeat. At all times he followed the dictates of his own conscience, and asserted that which he believed to be right. His farsighted statesmanship is shown by the Navy Bill which helped to end his brilliant and successful administration.

He gained the love, if not the political support of all, and his courtesy to opponents is well exemplified by the following incident which was related to me by a witness: While addressing a large assembly before an election, he mentioned a paper which had differed from him. The crowd immediately began to hiss, but Sir Wilfrid, with a surprised look, asked, "How dare any man hiss when another has the courage of his convictions? I do not find fault with a paper because it does not agree with me We Liberals have our differences, but that fact does not justify hisses."

His home life was simple, pious, and happy. The nation loves Lady Laurier, who bade Canada's greatest statesman "fight on," until death closed a life well spent in the service of God and country.

With indomitable courage he stood by Quebec, which formerly had been the means of his defeat, and saw with an outwardly, unmoved bearing the desertion of former supporters, a fact which inwardly must have caused him great pain. Nevertheless, he respected their motives, and calmly faced the nation, secure in the knowledge that he had given it his best.

Throughout the turmoil of a hard political life, and the glory of a brilliant career, he re-

mained true to the Faith for which he must have suffered. A peaceful death came as he would have wished.

As an orator he had no equal. Although a French-Canadian, his English was perfect, and to the last his memory was marvelous. Those who heard him speak at Convocation Hall under the auspices of the Newman Club, will testify to this. He searcely had need to refer to notes as he told to those assembled the story of the Hudson's Bay Company, of the first English trappers and their struggles in the Northern wilderness. Under the spell of his "silver tongue," the audience beheld the courts of justice in "muddy" York, the hardy settlers of the Red River Valley, the sumptuous quarters of the Nor' Westers at Montreal, the traders of the X.Y. and their defeat; the skirmish with the Western men near Lord Selkirk's little colony, and finally, the great companies under the old, time-honoured name.

Never was history told in such a realistic manner. His address may have lacked some of the fire of a political speech, but it made Canadians see and feel how interesting was their history, and how proudly they should regard the men who helped to make it.

Sir Wilfrid loved power, but he loved Canada and her people better. What greater evidence

of his disinterested service is there than the fact that at the end of a splendid political career, he died comparatively poor?

He adopted party politics, not for antagonistic reasons, but because through adherence to the Liberal party he believed he could best effect changes for the welfare of the nation. The Liberal party shall be renowned in history through its leader, a statesman of noble mind, and unblemished character.

It is sufficient to say that during his régime Canada experienced her greatest prosperity. Dying, he left the colony the nation he had made her, and after a life well spent, sailed westward to meet his Pilot, and render his last account. It was indeed the end of a great and noble life, a life which words are too cold and few to describe. The feelings of all true Canadians have been most suitably expressed by Cameron Kester in "Ave Atque Vale":

"It is the end, but not for thy rich soul,
For that is endless as an orbed ring
Of burnished gold; it is the end, the toll
For us of knighthood's age, as when the king,
Great Arthur, passed, and left no arm to wield
His magic sword, and bear his spotless
shield."

MARY F. A. MALLON, '23.

Loretto Abbey College.



## To Lie in Bed and Sleep Not

The room is black, with a shade of grey,

But you know each object there;

You know how the curtains hang and sway

To the stir of the wintry air.

You know each corner of four white walls,

And you know how the mirrors shine,

You could trace the lace on the counterpane

Right down to its least design.

You know that you know each small detail,

But you lie with your hands clenched tight,

Straining your eyes to their weary most

To stare through the gloomy night.

You've got to know if the curtains part

To welcome that sickish ray,

You've got to know if the wardrobe door

Is taller by night than by day.

You've got to know where the sickish ray

Curves off when it strikes the floor,

And is it the moon or the hideous thought

Of a brain that can bear no more?

Tick-a-tick, tick-a-tick, tick, tick, tick, tick,
And you're straining a weary ear
To catch each sickening sound that a brain
In torture demands to hear.

Tick-a-tick, tick-a-tick, tick, tick, tick, You're losing your fighting powers,

Tick-a-tick, tick-a-tick, tick, tick, tick,

'Tis the march of the weary hours.

Tick-a-tick, tick-a-tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, And with each new hour that comes,

The city clocks join spirits and laugh

Their scorn, on your tired ear-drums.

You're keeping your lids tight shut by force,
Your brain is a black despair,
And the only thing that is keeping you sane
Is the ancient aid of prayer.

Are you hungry? No; or thirsty? No;
Then you're quite content, I trust,
Oh God! (this isn't irreverent),
I cannot sleep and I must!

And there lived a man who every eventary down on his bed the same,

Received from God's stores the richest Of gifts that man can name.

His record in life was fairly clean,

He was careful his creed to keep,

Yet he never knelt in his life to say,

"My thanks unto God! I sleep!"

ANNIE SUTHERLAND.

## HUMANISTIC STUDIES DURING THE RENAISSANCE AND IN MODERN TIMES

HE all-absorbing educational question of the day is this—shall the sciences or the Humanistic Studies be preferred in our schools? Oxford University, by making a preliminary course in Greek necessary for a degree, gives a typical example of the tendency in England to encourage, and even insist, upon the Humanistic Studies.

Until four years ago, most of the scholars in England were of the opinion that the best citizens were made through a thorough understanding of men—and this understanding comes, of course, from the study of foreign languages, history, geography, art, etc. But when this war broke out in all its intensity, the German engines of destruction, which were already the result of a deep and long study of the Sciences, nearly put England out of existence. "This greatest mistake the British Empire has ever made," says Professor Mackay of Saskatchewan, in the Progress of Scientific Studies, "was the mistake of having allowed Germany to become the University Schoolmaster of the world." The Germans were prepared for this war. Each man in the German army was a part of a machine, and so scientifically had the parts been trained that each worked for the end of the whole—were the means fair or foul. Surely an education which did not instil into the people a horror of ruthlessness and indecency is gravely at fault. The trouble lies here. Science has no fixed ideals. Scientists only have, but Science intrinsically has not. It may be directed to good—as in the miracles it has accomplished for human well being and comfort; but "it has not yet done its part in teaching us to understand each other better." On the other hand, Literature and Art are elevating and ennobling in themselves and it is only by abuse that they become otherwise.

Germany's science, it is argued, has not deprived her of the ability to produce some of the world's famous Masters of Literature. What of Heine and Schiller and Goethe? Yet the bare fact remains. In this age of speculation Germany's specialty is science, and she has demonstrated to the world to what depths the product of her education can fall. H. G. Wells calls Germany "A Monster, all brains, all teeth."

It is interesting to trace the different results two countries will give when both have submitted to more or less similar influences. The Renaissance of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was just as widely spread throughout Germany as throughout England, yet the Germans have developed into a nation fundamentally different from the English. Much depended upon the man of the hour—in whose power it lay to direct thought into set channels—on Luther for Germany and on Erasmus and More for England.

The beginning of the period of Renaissance is generally fixed at 1453, from the fall of Constantinople to Mohammed II. The banished Greeks found refuge in Italy. The mind of the people had been to a great extent prepared to receive the new learning of these Greeks by the influence of the preceeding century. Marco Polo and the travellers of the East had broadened the Italians and had made them realize that there was another life beyond the narrow confines of Italy. The discovery of the Mariner's Compass was an encouragement to sailors to make voyages hitherto undreamt of. So the fall of Constantinople came when the time was ripe. There was an immediate response to the Greek and Latin languages.

Latin had, of course, been fostered by the Church all during the Middle Ages, and the

value of this knowledge of Latin in the growth of the revival of learning can hardly be overestimated. The spirit of free enquiry, its distinguished mark, existed largely because of Scholasticism. Objections that the Church was an opposing factor to learning are often urged. Italy, in reviving ancient learning, revived simultaneously pagan ideas and ideals, and in the Sixteenth Century we find Ascham crying out to the English people to keep their sons out of Italy lest they should be corrupted. The Church did not oppose the new learning, but it very strenuously opposed the pagan influence which came as a result of it. Pastor says: "Men looked upon Ancient Literature as sufficient to satisfy every spiritual need, and as alone capable of guiding them to a true perfection of their nature. The necessary consequence of such sentiments was a perilous deviation from Christian modes of thought and life." Boccaccio is an example of a brilliant Italian Humanist. He despised Christian decency and discipline. Petrarch lived anything but a virtuous life and he is often called "The Humanist." How could the Church give her entire sanction to a movement which detrimentally affected the moral as well as the intellectual life of its leaders? I say intellectual, because the Humanists were the first to give ear to Luther.

Humanism in its strictest sense means the literary side of the Renaissance, yet Art must be considered as a study of the times, and in Michael Angelo we find its highest expression. Angelo's paintings portray the perfection of the human form and exterior visible properties, but he has not given to us the spiritual side of painting. His work is pagan to the core.

In England the enthusiasm created by the general revival of classic culture was contagious. Men wanted to know everything. We have Francis Bacon saying, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province." Elizabeth, the sovereign, spoke Greek and Latin, yet in the lowliest of her subjects was awakening an interest in the fast-moving world. The printing press put into the hands of thousands the learning, that for centuries, had been the privilege

of a comparative few. Erasmus, great man of letters, taught Greek in the University of Cambridge. "The end of education, as Erasmus discerns it, is not propriety of speech or even elegance of diction, but the enlargement and perfection of the intellect, by freeing it from prejudice and partiality, by disciplining it in accuracy and acuteness. Of such education, he deemed the ancient classics, especially the Greek, an incomparable instrument." He found at Cambridge Grocyn and Linacre, the famous physician to whom England is much indebted, as being amongst the first to go on to Italy to bring the classic learning home with them.

Erasmus is a Renaissance type. He wanted national freedom and was opposed to Luther's furious breaking away from tradition and restraint. Sir Thomas More is another type, the Saint of the Renaissance. He wrote at a turning point of English Literature and did much to guide it. His topic is, in brief, an indictment of the State of Society in which he found himself. It was written in Latin, but was very soon translated into English and read widely throughout Europe. It was clearly a product of the age—an age of criticism—of inquiry and reform, of interest in national affairs.

It has been said that the French Revolution was a result of the studies of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries. The spirit of unbounded inquiry which existed led to paganism, skepticism and the Reformation. With the Reformation came the rise of different churches and sects. Then the kings in the various countries attempted to make themselves head of their own particular rational sect. They tried to gain dominion over the souls as well as over the bodies of their subjects—a tendency to absolutism. Louis XIV. and his court in the Sixteenth Century is a typical example of what the countries of Europe were like. Then came the natural reaction in the form of the Revolution.

In England the spirit awakened by these new studies led to adventurous voyages, and these voyages, in turn, to a new literature of which the best example is Hakluyt's work. Sidney's "Apologie for Poetrie" is a plea for English poetry. Every sentence is enriched either by mythological or classical reference. Examine his characteristic sentence, "Onlie Alexander's example may serve, who by Plutarch is accounted of such virtue that Fortune was not his guide but his footstool,—indeed the Phoenix of warlike Princes."

The Humanistic studies have changed the world and, as far as men can do, have changed it for the better. To revert to science to the exclusion of the Humanistic would be a step to be deplored by all the educational authorities of the day.

FRANCES O'BRIEN, '21.



## Raphael's Madonna

(Granduca).

I like to think when Raphael essayed
To paint the fairest form God ever made,
He humbly begged his namesake in the skies,
To bless with spirit-sight his human eyes,—
As when he plied his skill—long years before—
The sight of old Tobias to restore.
How could the good Archangel say him nay?
And how, the Blessed Lady turn away
From one whose deeds of knightliness had won
The token of high emprise from her Son?

I like to think the veil was drawn one night, When, but the stars, bore witness to the sight; And that, in rapture, Raphael kneeling there, Forgot all art—but the sweet art of prayer; And that he reached his utmost point of bliss When Mary gave him Jesus' hand to kiss; That many a thing, which afterwards inspired His brush, was at her feet acquired.

If this be but a fancy—whence his fame— Who knew her features—as we know her name?

ROSE UNDERWOOD.

Loretto Abbey.

## My Tulip Bed

The following beautiful lines were written by one—now gone—who preserved through a long life a tender love for flowers, and a deep sense of the spiritual significance of nature. The poem, intended by the author for private circulation only, is signed "R.S.C."

We laid them in Autumn, just under the ground, The poor withered things! and we knew they'd sleep sound

Till the winter went by, and that then they would wake,

And the earth with their green little bayonets break:

That after, when May came, they all would stand up,

And, with draughts of pure sunshine o'er-brimming each cup,

Drain a pledge to the bountiful Power to Whom They owed their brief season of beauty and bloom.

Well, the winter passed by, and just as I've said, When the bulbs felt the warmth of the sun overhead.

They stirred in their slumber—as little folk do When they've had enough sleep,—and restless-ly threw

Their covering aside, until, by and by

They crept from the dark to the light of the sky;

And at last, growing tall, each one bravely held up

For the dew and the sunshine, its bright little cup.

O darlings of Spring, what a lesson ye teach In your heavenly alphabet, plainer than speech! Bereft of all beauty and hidden from sight,

The Power whose mandate said, "Let there be light!"

Kept watch o'er your slumber, then bade you arise

In your manifold beauty to dazzle men's eyes. A miracle, truly, for look where we will,

We see others as great,—from the ant in her hill

To the stars in their courses,—for nothing too small

Or too vast is for Him, the Good Father of All!

## **AUNT NANCY'S INHERITANCE**

UNT Nancy, as she was affectionately called by her friends and relatives, was a little lady of about sixty summers. Although a spinster, Aunt Nancy was by no means an "old maid." The term "old maid," as used at the present day, seems to convey a meaning which borders upon contempt.

No, Aunt Nancy was not an old maid. She was—well, merely Aunt Nancy. Butchers', grocers' and bakers' boys, and all the small people of Sunshine Alley, as well as her real nieces and nephews, fairly worshipped Aunt Nancy. Her little cottage was directly in the path leading to the school-house. Hence, morning, noon and night, her small callers flocked to her door to receive Aunt Nancy's famous gingerbread cookies, and her never-failing words of good-cheer and sympathy (if needed).

One sunny morning Aunt Nancy was sitting on her porch knitting, as usual. Looking up the street, she saw the messenger boy, on his wheel, coming towards her. On reaching her gate, he stopped, and with a pleasant "Good morning," opened her gate and walked up the path. Thinking he merely came for a chat, Aunt Nancy smiled one of her sweet smiles. (I wonder if she ever left to anyone the recipe of those wonderful smiles).

On reaching the porch the boy handed her a telegram. Aunt Nancy stared at it in horror, and gripped the arms of her chair for support. She was old-fashioned enough to regard telegrams as inevitable barbingers of evil.

Feeling the awkwardness of the situation, the boy chatted uneasily for a few moments, and then, fearing to intrude upon her grief, if such the telegram was destined to bring her, hastened to escape.

After staring stupidly at the envelope, she held in her hand, Aunt Nancy regained suffi-

cient courage to break the flaps, and peer within the official-looking missive. Curiosity obtaining no satisfaction by these proceedings, she drew the telegram from the envelope.

Her astonishment and relief to find that the message contained no ill news, were unbounded. True, it did announce the death of her esteemed Great-Uncle Henry. However, since Aunt Nancy had never met him, and knew him, by hearsay, to be a very eccentric and cantankerous old gentleman, she could not feel more than that momentary seriousness which death always occasions.

The remainder of the telegram instructed Aunt Nancy to visit her lawyer, to whom a copy of Uncle Henry's will had been forwarded. By this time Aunt Nancy's immediate neighbours, who by careful manoeuvring through parlour curtains, had seen, themselves unseen, the messenger bring the telegram, judging by Aunt Nancy's subsequent behaviour that no misfortune had occurred, came hurrying over, on various pretexts, to discover the news.

On hearing the contents of the telegram the ladies insisted that Aunt Nancy should lose no time, but hasten to her lawyer's office. These well-meaning ladies bustled around and in three shakes of a lamb's tail, Aunt Nancy was bonnetted and cloaked, and on her way to the abode of the exponent of the law.

Once at the office, she handed the lawyer the telegram and looked at him in silence.

"Why, Aunt Nancy, how bewildered you look!" laughed the young lawyer, one of her former protégés. "I'll wager those village-busy-bodies—beg pardon, I mean those very kind ladies, have rattled you so already that you hardly know heads from tails."

"I must admit I am slightly confused," answered Aunt Nancy. "I have been living

here calmly for forty years, scarce knowing there ever existed an Uncle Henry. Now I am told he is dead. (God rest his soul!) On top of it all I am told to visit my lawyer. Well, I am here. Pray, how are you concerned with my uncle's death?''

"In no way, I assure you," the lawyer answered, "but you cannot have read the concluding clause of your telegram—"to whom a copy of your uncle's will has been forwarded." The copy referred to reached me this morning. I will read it to you directly." Going to a drawer, he took out a document, unrolled it and commenced to read: "I, Henry Joseph Curlaw, being in good health and right mind, and realizing the uncertainty of man's pilgrimage on earth, here state this eighteenth day of April, nineteen hundred and three, my last will and testament.

"Having viewed with sorrow the covetousness of many, both relatives and acquaintances, with whom I have been in close contact these five years past, I resolved to seek among strangers more worthy legatees. During my search, one Nancy Letitia Grenham, the only daughter of my niece, Carlotta Weller, was brought to my notice. Hearing, on inquiry, reports from all sides of her goodness and kindness of heart, I feel that at last I have found the object of my search.

"Contrary to the expectations of many, my earthly possessions are few. Feeling the loneliness of my bachelor life, my interest centred itself on an all-engrossing hobby. That hobby was, and is, the collecting of human bones. Never having heard of another such collector, I pride myself on being unique. My ever-increasing devotion to this science (for such I regard it) estranged many friends, and gained me the title of the "Skeletinarian."

"My hobby, while a source of expense to me, has never yielded me any monetary returns, consequently I shall die a comparatively poor man. My cherished collection, as well as all other goods and property of which I die possessed, I bequeathe to the aforesaid Nancy Letitia Grenham. May she some day remember in her prayers the soul of one who wishes her well to-day.

"Henry Joseph Curlaw.

- "Witnessed by us this eighteenth day of April, nineteen hundred and three.
  - "Mathew Bascom,
  - "Marilla Smith."

"Well, Aunt Nancy," finished the young man, "you will henceforth be known as the "skeletinarian," I presume."

"Poor Uncle Henry!" said Aunt Nancy, ignoring his words. "What a lonely life his must have been! And what an empty one! How could he spend the declining years of his life in a senseless pursuit of inanimate bones when the living creatures around him would have been the better for any appreciation, encouragement or love he might have bestowed them!"

"Well, 'what can't be cured must be endured." I daresay Uncle Henry now realizes the impractibility of bones as a hobby. But as regards the will, I feel you cannot do better than to leave in my hands whatever final arrangements are necessary." The young man's eyes twinkled. "And about the collection?"

"Collection!" repeated Aunt Nancy in bewilderment.

"The bones, you know," her lawyer reminded her.

"Oh! Those awful bones! Whatever shall I do with them! Shall I—no—yes, I will! Well, then, tell them to send those bones to me."

"Aunt Nancy! You surely can't mean it-.."

"Yes, I do," interrupted Aunt Nancy. "Now, don't ask me why! I don't know. Women have the reputation of doing unexplainable things. This is my contribution towards the "Unexplainable Fund."

"I know that any efforts on my part to convince you would be unavailing. Therefore, have your own way," sighed the young fellow.

"Very well, then, that's settled," said Aunt

Nancy. "And now I must be off. Why it's almost noon hour. Whatever would the kiddies think if, promptly at twelve, Aunt Nancy were not on hand to greet them."

"Feed as well as greet, I'll warrant," said the young man.

"You ought to know. You've had experience," demurely answered Aunt Nancy as she took her departure.

Exactly one month later, on just such another sunny morning, Aunt Nancy was again seated in her rocker on her little porch. As she knitted busily, she sometimes gave an involuntary shudder. Aunt Nancy had persisted in her determination, agreeing, however, that all the bones, except one whole skeleton, should be donated to a neighbouring medical institution. "This will keep those awful young doctors from dissecting live people to learn how the dear Lord made them," she said.

Aunt Nancy had established the skeleton in her little parlour, within a specially ordered case, refusing any further explanation than this, to the curious enquiries of her neighbours, "That'll be a good cure for rummaging burglars."

"I confess, as she sat on her porch Aunt Nancy shuddered. She had not as yet become accustomed to her spectral companion. Every night she locked her bedroom door, and even went so far as to barricade it with various articles of furniture. Her neighbours vaguely wondered if she were "all there." Finding that in every other respect she was still the cheery, kind-hearted little lady of former days, her friends first pitied and then ignored her idiosyncracy.

The children's gingerbread cookies are still as delicious, and her smiles as delightful as before the coming of "the skeleton in the Closet." She is still Aunt Nancy, the beloved benefactress of Sunshine Alley.

EDNA DAWSON.

Loretto Day School.



## RECONSTRUCTION

T is a well-known fact that to destroy is a much easier took at the chaos of destruction, a new and stronger, a better and more beautiful object. The difficult problem of reconstruction is now in process of solution, by the leaders of the various countries, injured by the late lamentable war. These men have a stupendous work to accomplish and it is evident that the majority of them realize the extent and importance of the undertaking. They are stern, matter-offact men, who have watched, for four long years, the steadily increasing destruction wriught by the Hun, who, mpelled by selfishness, greed and lust, has left, on more than one fair town, the stamp of complete desolation. Was has ever beei a dread calamity, but when,

heretofore, was there a war at all comparable to this one, caused by the twentieth century, ambitious, Prussian lords? War not only destroys life and property and desolates the regions over which it sweeps, but it works havoc with the government of each country involved, demoralizes men, impairs standards of business and disturbs the harmonious relations existing with foreign countries. In a word, war leaves deadly marks which can be effaced only by great stretches of time and by patient labour. Reconstruction, therefore, is not solely the work of the present generation. Sons, grandsons and great grandsons, as well as the present-day sufferers, must bear the burden created by the ambition of one man and his satellites.

The first question to be dealt with is one

regarding the defeated nation. It is three-fold: What shall be done with its ships? What kind of government should it henceforth have? What shall be the penalty for the immeasurable evil it has brought upon the world? As to this last point, the leaders of the allied lands are strongly opposed to any lenient measures. They declare that the Hun is degraded to such a low level that to speak to him of noble ideals is a waste of energy; they have, therefore, concluded that, as brute force is the only power he appreciates, stern measures can alone appeal to him and prove an effectual preventive against new depredations on his part. In accordance with this cherished standard of force, he has fought for during four years, could he now expect or appreciate a different standard, if employed by those who mean to check his future attempts at world-dominion? Another question to be considered is this: Shall the conquered foe have a part in the work of reconstruction? "They have destroyed," we hear men say, "why should they not be obliged to build up?" Turning over the pages of the world's history, we find no instance of a conquered people's immediate participation on equal terms in the rights and social duties of the conquerors; however, this war has differed, in many respects, from those of former times, and, consequently, the method of reconstruction will be carried on on newer and broader lines. This being the case, the defeated countries will, perchance, have a place in the League of Nations. This question will be settled by the representatives of those countries which have suffered most at the hands of the conscienceless foe. The first great step in the gigantic matter now in hand should be to remove all bitterness and jealousy existing between the various allied nations.

Lack of unity will weaken the power of those upon whom the safety of the world's interests now apparently depends, and who have met for the sacred and solemn purpose of securing a permanent world-peace, based upon justice and brotherly love. One great object must be kept in view, namely, to build up and

restore, instead of adding to the work of destruction. Industry must be encouraged, useless expenditures kept down and the shattered resources of the nations repaired. Industrial and commercial recovery can be obtained only under the direction of the highest genius. these policies are followed, we shall have, in place of anarchy, violence and fraud, good social order and peoples, no longer divided into hostile races, but united by the strongest bonds of brotherhood. We may profitably consider the condition of Russia at the present day. All The horrors of civil strife are upon it. The individuals who have seized the reins of government are, in most cases, fanatics who, fighting for liberty, for a republic, have lost their power of directing, since obtaining the coveted prize. The first taste of freedom intoxicated them, and they have plunged their country into greater desolation and degradation. The increase in famine, strife and bloodshed goes steadily on, and we have felt some of the effects of the unrest in our country.

Russia is giving an object lesson to the rest of the world. Will mankind profit by it?

With the formation of the League of Nations, a new era dawns. Is there not a bright day to follow for the brave little martyr countries, that have struggled on through centuries, preserving their faith and hope and love under treatment that might be looked for from savage Indians or Australian bushmen, but not from the governments of civilized nations? Let the men now gathered around the Peace Table consider well what a strong factor religion must ever be in a nation; that, in a country from which it is expelled, there can be no lasting peace or prosperity, and, that without the revival of a sincerely Christian spirit and fidelity to God's Commandments, humanity cannot be truly helped by the best possible efforts at reconstruction, nor be blessed by a permanent peace.

UNA SIMMONS, '19.

Loretto, Woodlawn, Chicago.

## ALINE KILMER

EHOLD this little lamp of mine. It is more starlike than a star."

In these words Joyce Kilmer pays a high tribute to his wife and comrade, Aline Kilmer. Between the two there existed a perfect bond of understanding and love, which is shown clearly in the loving, humourous epistles he sent her across the sea, while soldiering in France. In one letter he wrote:

"Well, we are to be together sometime, inevitably, and soon, in terms of Eternity. For we are absolutely one, incomplete apart, and in Heaven is completeness. How unhappy must lovers be who have not the gift of Faith."

They were one in faith as in everything else, for Mrs. Kilmer became a Catholic at the same time as her husband, in the autumn of 1913. He writes to her:

"You and I have seen miracles; let us never cease to celebrate them . . . Be zealous in using your exquisite talent in His service of Whom I am glad to say, Apollo was a shadow."

And in another:

"No, I don't want you to be old now. I want you to be the innocent, sophisticated young woman you are, in the little picture I carry (traditionally!) over my heart. But I want to watch you grow old—if I can, and at the same time hold you in my arms."

The greater number of his poems have been dedicated to her, among them "The Blue Valentine" and "Love's Lantern," and in them he has paid her the highest tributes that have ever been sung to the glory of womanhood. The tenderest, most reverent, most whimsical verses have been dedicated to her. She is also the "Lady Aline," about whom Richard Le Gallienne wrote, "and her name will be gently twined about his, as long as the printed word endures."

What is she like, this lady to whom so many poems have been written? We can best picture her in some verses of her poet husband:

"From what old ballad, or from what old frame,

Did you descend to glorify the earth?
Was it from Chaucer's singing book you came?
Or did Watteau's small brushes give you birth?

"I would possess a host of lovely things,
But I am poor, and such joys may not be,
So God, Who lifts the poor and humbles kings,
Sent loveliness itself to dwell with me."

She is the mother of four little children—Kenton ten, Deborah four, Michael Barry three, and Christopher seventeen months—and it is for them she keeps the star lamp burning bright, though darkness is about. Mother-like, her verses centre about her children and her home. One little stanza occurs to me now:

"Kenton is tropical, Rose is pure white, Deborah shines like a star in the night. Michael's blue eyes are as deep as the sea, And nothing on earth can be dearer to me."

The "Rose" mentioned above, died shortly before her father went overseas. We find this charming little poem addressed to her, by her mother, when she was still living:

"I know you are too dear to stay,
You are so exquisitely sweet;
My lonely house will thrill some day
To echo of your eager feet.

A faint, unearthly music rings
From you to heaven—it is not far!
A mist about your beauty clings
Like a thin cloud before a star.

My heart shall keep the child I knew, When you are really gone from me, And spend its life remembering you, As shells remember the lost sea."

A poem to Deborah shows her in every rôle she plays so sweetly to her children—mother, poet, guide:

"Deborah, dear, when you are old, Tired and gray with pallid brow, Where will you put the blue and gold And radiant rose that tints you now?

"You are so gay, so fair, so sweet! How can I bear to watch you grow, Knowing that soon these twinkling feet Must go the way all children go?

"Deborah, put the blue and gold
And rosy beauty that is you,
Into your heart, that it may hold
Beauty to last your whole life through.

"Then though the world be tossed and torn, Grayer than ashes and as sad, Though fate may make your ways forlorn, Deborah, dear, you shall be glad."

Mrs. Kilmer is becoming more popular daily and her verses are taking the place of her husband's in the magazines. As a lecturer on literary and religious subjects, she is also succeeding him.

We cannot possibly conceive the immensity of the loss to Mrs. Kilmer when her husband was killed at the front in July last. That the union had been ideally happy we can glean from his letters. So many of them are ended with the simple words, "I love you." He gave her credit for being his inspiration and his superior. He writes:

"Do you mind being considered the "one just man?" Figuratively I kiss your hand; it was absurd of me to preach to you, who are my mistress in the art of devotion, as in the art of poetry."

In another he writes to her of her little poem:

"High Heart" is very noble poetry. I envy you your power of writing. Also I envy you your power of being high-hearted and wholly, legitimately aware of your own high-heartedness."

The poem he speaks of reads as follows:

"The sea that I watch from my window Is gray and white; I see it toss in the darkness, All the night. My soul swoops down to sorrow As the sea-gulls dip, And all my love flies after Your lonely ship. "Yet I am not despairing; Tho' we must part, Nothing can be too bitter For my high heart: All in the dreary midnight, Watching the flying foam, I wait for a golden morning When you come home."

The sorrow of the gentle comrade, and loving wife is plainly expressed in the beautiful little poem, written since his death.

"I shall not be afraid any more, Either by night or day. What would it profit me to be afraid With you away?

"Now I am brave. In the dark night alone All through the house I go, Locking the doors and making windows fast, When sharp winds blow.

"For there is only sorrow in my heart,
There is no room for fear.
But how I wish I were afraid again,
My dear, my dear!"

LAEL HOUDE.

Loretto, Brunswick.

## FERDINAND FOCH, MARSHAL OF FRANCE

HAVE before me the picture of a man to whom five nations entrusted their manhood and their national honor. Marshal Foch is not a large man, nor "The incarnation of strength," not at all like what I suppose Napoleon Bonaparte to have been. In spite of his frail appearance there is something masterly about his powerful head and something commanding in the set of his square shoulders something that sixty-three years of military training have given him. Looking at the image of the Marshal of France, I forget the masterly head and the set of his shoulders when I see his kindly gray eyes that seem to dominate his whole appearance and to divine the feelings of his colleagues and read into their hearts and souls the aching thoughts of home. It was this art possessed by Foch, to read men's feelings and understand them, that helped him to save his beloved home land in its hour of greatest peril. It is an art acquired after years of ardent study of the greatest militarists of the world; one that was kindled long years ago in Tarbes when little Ferdinand Foch talked with the lame and the halt and the blind of many nations as they passed through Tarbes to the famous shrines of Lourdes. But with all his science he is still a student of great masters, and with all his glory in the art of war he is just a broken old father returning to a deserted fireside, to mourn in the silence of his home, the loss of his only son.

Marshal Foch was raised a Catholic and through all these years his mind has never been perverted by thoughts of prestige or glory, from the faith of his childhood. At sixty-seven, torn by the thoughts of failing his fatherland and disillusioning the people of five great nations, he is not ashamed to ask the little children of the world to receive our Blessed Lord in Holy Communion for the success of his arms

and the peace and safety of the world. Advancements were not rapid for this Catholic soldier in spite of his superior knowledge of the "art of war," and when the cup of happiness for which he had dreamed a life time—being Marshal of France—was offered to him, he was man enough to tell with pride that his brother was a Jesuit priest. Although of all orders the Jesuits are hated by the government of France, all petty feelings were laid aside when patriotism was in question. General Foch was the only man in the world to save the day and he received the insignia of his office with a happy heart as Marshal of France and Soldier of God.

Ferdinand Foch was born in the city of Tarbes, which is situated on the left bank of the River Adour. Tarbes is not important commercially except for the breeding of fine army horses. Everything about it is military. On every side, great men have left traces of their passage through the city. It was among these surroundings that the Foch children received their first impressions of life and history.

It was only natural that Foch should be an ardent horseman. Horsemanship is the natural art in France, but especially in Tarbes, where the principal holidays of the year were those of the races. On these days Tarbes was flooded with a curious crowd of folk, from the surrounding mountains and provinces, from Provence, Basque, Bearnais and from Navarre. Here again the little lad had ample opportunity to study the people of France who are so hopelessly different and yet so solidly one.

The school days of Foch were begun at the College of Tarbes, where he proved an apt pupil and a great lover of history. They tell us that at the age of twelve he had read Thier's History of the Consulate and the Empire and that his professor of mathematics remarked of him, "He has the stuff of a polytechnician."

When he was afout fifteen years old the family moved to Rodez, some two hundred miles to the south-east of Tarbes, and there Foch continued his studies at St. Etienne, near Lyons. In 1869 he entered the Jesuit College of St. Clément at Metz, and it was here that the aged priest remarked that some day Ferdinand Foch would free Metz from the shadow of Bismarck's statue. Perhaps it was this that enkindled the fire of his ambition, that burned so brightly even in the darkest moments, when France considered her army a public nuisance, almost a disgrace; when there was no glory in honors received for learning to defend France.

The following year the Franco-Prussian war broke out and Foch, like so many of the youth of France, enlisted. He remained with the army until his discharge after the capitulation of Paris in 1871. He returned to St. Clement and seemed to bear on his young shoulders the failure of the whole army of France. His very failure seemed to drive him on and on to fathom just why it was France had failed again.

The career of Foch was varied. When he graduated from Fontainebleau he was sent to Tarbes in charge of a small company, and two years later he entered the cavalry school at Saumur, on the Loire. In 1878 he was raised to the rank of Captain and sent to Rennes. Rennes was the old capital of Brittany, and it was amongst these historic surroundings that Captain Foch spent the next seven years of his life, always "developing" in body and soul, but "advancing" very slowly. During these years he became attached to the country around him, and years later, when fortune smiled on him, he built a summer home at Morlaix, in Brittany.

Foch was made Major in 1891, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1896 and Colonel in 1903. For a man of his superior knowledge of warfare this advancement was slow indeed, but this was in the days when France almost despised her army and looked on public officials with distrust-Some time after this Colonel Foch was sent to Vincennes as Commander "of the mounted group of the 13th artillery," and remained there

for three years until he was called back to Paris as a Professor in the Superior School of War-Foch was now forty-five years old. Twentyfive years of his life had been spent in the study of war. During these twenty-five years of specializing he had learned why France had failed in the Franco-Prussian war. He had learned that France failed because her army retreated when most of all she should have gone forward. Foch resolved that when the next blow was struck by their neighbours across the Rhine, the French army would die rather than give up another inch of ground. He realized his position and the authority he had of shaping the final defeat or triumph of France. But he also realized the odds against which he workedthe distrust of the nation.

However much the nation distrusted the Superior School of War, the students of the school who were trained under Foch trusted and loved the kindly, able teacher who put such a fine fire of enthusiasm into them, and gave them for their final goal the liberation of France. We have the words of many graduated officers for the good impression made by Foch and his pupils. Colonel Réquin says: "Through his teaching and his example he was the moral director of the French general staff, before becoming the supreme chief of the allied forces. Upon each one of us he has imprinted a strong mark. We owe to him in time of peace that unity of doctrine which was our strength. Since the war we owe to him the highest lessons of intellectual discipline and moral energy." There are many more noble compliments paid General Foch by his men, but above them all I think this is the noblest, "Such was his fine confidence in life, that he communicated to others not his grievances, but his secret satisfactions."

The next promotion received by Foch was that of Brigadier-General, and shortly after this he was made head of the Superior School of War. It was on this occasion that the Marshal of France spoke the words that have rung around the world and have re-echoed in the heart of every Catholic: "You are doubtless unaware that my brother is a Jesuit priest, and

that I am a practical Catholic," and then M. Clemenceau answered for the good of France, "I know, but you make good officers." With these words Foch won the hearts of the world, and M. Clemenceau the trust and support of the nation.

In 1912 Brigadier-General Foch received the white plume as General of the French Army and in July of the same year was sent to Metz. The Council of War realized that the inevitable attack of the Huns was close at hand. About this time Foch obtained leave of absence to return to Morlaix to join his family. It was the last time he saw his son. His leave was not yet up when he received a call to return. Already the conflict had begun.

Nancy was first attacked, then Metz. It is useless to go into details, because during the war it was these same details that were so bitter to us all. They are still all too fresh in our minds. Enough it is to say, General Foch never changed his policy nor wavered a moment at the forking of the roads—Duty and Ease.

During the following days the General was changed from one division to another, always leaving a bit of his own patriotism wherever he went. There were many times, as we all know, when retreat was the only way out, and when carefully laid plans gave way to unforseen circumstances; but it was on these occasions that Foch used the rule of the little Corsican Napoleon "to be victorious, it is only necessary to be stronger than your enemy at a given point, and at a given moment." And straightway new plans were produced by the untiring commander.

On October 4th Foch received word that he was made first in command under the Generalissimo. After all these years his dreams were beginning to be realized. He was now in a position to direct all the energies of France. And then, too, he was straight in line for "first in command," although General Foch had small room in his great heart for a thought of self-gain or glory.

The sixty-fifth birthday of General Foch was drawing nigh, and according to established

custom, he must retire from active command. It was a critical period of the war. France needed Foch and kept him. He was retained "without age limit." It must have given him no little pleasure to feel that after all his years of ardent devotion to his calling, that, even now at sixty-five, he might taste the joy of success-

There seemed to be great danger of a separation of the French and English armies. The outlook was dreary. Germany's forty years of preparing began to show the weakness of the French army. Something must be done. A conference was held and it decided to entrust the armies of the allies to the one man capable, General Foch. At sixty-seven he was Marshal of France, but the outlook was even more desolate. Something seemed to be wanting. The Catholic Foch went every day to the church to ask for guidance, but no one seemed to understand the cause of these defeats. The soldiers looked to Foch for direction; that they were willing to fight, they had proved, if he would but show them the way. At this juncture President Poincaré had a visitor from the Vendean country, a young girl, who, like Joan of Arc, promised victory to the allies if they would wear the banner of the Sacred Heart in battle. Strange stories were told of Clare Ferchaud, exaggerated statements, anything to deny that, as a Catholic, she was fated by God to bring victory to France. It seems strange that so many people were unbelieving, who knew almost nothing of warfare. But there was one man who, with all his knowledge of warfare, was not incredulous. It was Marshal Foch. Père Perroy told in the Cathedral of Chalons how the Supreme Commander on July 18th had knelt at the altar of the little church and placed his armies under the protection of the Sacred Heart. The Catholic soldiers were badges under their uniforms. The Catholic crew of one tank placed a banner of the Sacred Heart on their machine and their tank was the first to break the enemy line, the rest following. The want had been supplied. From that hour on the allies were victorious.

Many thousands of men laid down their

lives for the cause; it took but a minute for them. Foch gave his life for France, but it took him sixty-five years filled with disappointments and injuries.

I think we all remember how on November the 8th, when the armistice was signed, there there was one name on every tongue, Foch. We praised him then and we praise him now, but few of us realize the years of labor it took for the dreams of little Ferdinand Foch to materialize.

Foch remains to this day an ardent disciple of Napoleon, but in his devotion to the Emperor, as with everything else, he followed with moderation and left him, on the threshold of religion.

Of the private life of the man Foch, I have said little. The tender feelings for home, smothered so long by duty, are too sacred while Marshal Foch lives, to be given to the curious world.

We only know that when his country needs him no longer he will join Madame Foch at Morlaix in picturesque Brittany. The eyes of the world will follow him there in veneration, as the people of the United States did when President Washington retired to Mount Vernon.

I think we might all learn a deep heart lesson from the career of Marshal Foch, the hero of the war of 1914-1918; the hero of the war because he kept faith with a nation, then with the world, because first, he kept faith with his God.

NONA KELLY, '19.

Loretto, Englewood.

## April

The cloudlets burst in silver showers,

The fields take on an emerald hue,

The crocus bells ring out Spring's hours

And wake from sleep the violets blue.

G. E.

April, thou art a maiden coy,

Through tears thy shy, sweet smiles are
seen,

As childhood's sorrows yield to joy And are as if they ne'er had been.

G. E.



# THE RAINBOW THE RAINBOW

LORETTO ABBEY, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ONT.

#### ASSOCIATE EDITORS

GRACE ELSTON, '19 FRANCES O'BRIEN, '21 DOROTHEA CRONIN, '20 MARJORIE CRAY, '22

TORONTO, APRIL, 1919.

#### "Where the Brook and River Meet."

College life is a great, broad river, flowing through the lands of Ideals and Facts, to the wide, mysterious sea of Human Activities. Into this river come pouring always new little streams from the high lands and the low lands.

On the quality of these accessions depend the clarity and beauty of the stream. It matters not how small these rivulets may seem in comparison with the mighty river that absorbs them in to itself. The cool freshness and purity of a mountain brook may serve to cleanse, in its impetuous rush, the turgid pool.

There are so many kinds of streams that make up the river. There is the noisy little brooklet that babbles along, singing a merry little tune, making bright the way for those around.

There is the deep, strong current of the river that has passed through the shaded places of Loss and Grief and Disappointment without losing its power of reflecting the beauties of the stray sumbeam of Joy in its clear depths. With these mingles the impetuous rush of a mountain torrent, wild and unbridled, but carrying in the drops of its icy, sparkling waters, exhilaration, enthusiasm, inspiration.

We are now passing down the River of College Life. Let us give freely and willingly of the best that is in us. Let us, at the end of the way, bring to the mysterious journey that awaits us, an eager desire to make life easier for our fellow Wayfarers, a calm and earnest depth of thought, and a wreath of inspiration and enthusiasm.

GRACE ELSTON.

#### Professor De Wulf.

Professor Maurice de Wulf, from Cardinal Mercier's University in Louvain, has just delivered the last of his series of lectures on the civilization of Europe in the Thirteenth Century. On Monday, March 31th, he addressed the Alliance Française on the subject of Cardinal Mercier, whose name we especially venerate, for his religious principles, for his attitude in the war, and for the sympathy he lately extended to Ireland, our own mother land

In his series of discourses on Mediaeval Europe, Prof. de Wulf did not attempt to uphold mediaeval institutions by comparing them with those of modern times—he let them stand upon their own merits. He described the mediaeval universities, especially the noted University of Paris. These institutions, said he, attracted young men from all lands, teaching them by fostering their natural good qualities of taste and reason, and by instilling in their minds that Christian philosophy which moderately balances the opposing views of Plato and Aristotle.

Prof. de Wulf described the Scholastic philosophy as the product of such minds as Thomas a Quinas and Duns Scotus. He said that the natural trend of the Neo-Latin and Anglo-Celtic mind, as typified in the above-mentioned men, was towards reason rather than sentiment; that the scholastic philosopher loved order. argued on experience, and expressed his ideas in chaste, simple and unormate style. The philosophic ideal is expressed in the sculpture and architecture of the period, as for instance, in the simple, yet lofty, beauty of symmetry in the arched windows of the Gothic Cathedral. In the fourteenth century, when sentiment was introduced into art, the churches were ornamented to excess.

The Teutonic minds of the Thirteenth Century, on the other hand, did not uphold the scholastic system. Their ideas had great influence on succeeding generations of German metaphysicians, who argued in turgid generalities and grasped at wild theories. Their philosophy, which we regard with horror, mingled senti-

ment with reason. In their strange, mystic yearning towards the Divinity, men confused Almighty God's personality with the personality of the soul united to Him. Thus their ideas tended always towards Pantheism.

The Scholastic philosophy, by its insistence on the independent existence of every soul, set a great value on the dignity of the individual. The lack of appreciation of the worth of the individual has been the one great flaw in the Modern as well as the Roman conception of the Great State or Empire.

In spite of the fact that English is not Prof. de Wulf's mother tongue, the particular "cachet" of his style puts you delightfully in mind of Newman. He makes no attempt at colour nor imagery. His phraseology is simple and eloquent, yet the truth and sincerity of his meaning make his words radiant with a glow that charms the intellect. Like Newman's, too, is his broad Catholic spirit, which disregards petty prejudices, avoids dissensions of race and creed, and makes him appreciate in his enemies those ideas which he shares in common with them.

There is but one thing to be regretted in Prof. de Wulf's lectures. Although he has had packed audiences, yet they comprised only the comparatively privileged few. But he has promised us a book on the same subject, which is to appear shortly. Then everyone may enjoy the fruits of his intelligent research into a subject of such universal interest.

DOROTHEA CRONIN...

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#### Newspaper Paper Thrift.

The daily papers are filled with notices containing sentiments of thrift and economy, such as: "Though the war is over, remember that the time for saving is not," or "Save still and so serve." In this instance, may it not be said that the papers are in the proverbial 'glass house?" A campaign for the elimination of everything from a newspaper that is not news, would be a patriotic work in itself.

The price of paper has risen with every

other product upon the market and publishers are making loud complaints; yet they could easily reduce their papers to half their present size. Should they do so the public would draw a sigh of relief; the editor would cease to be the overworked, anxious individual that he is today, and an inestimable amount of paper, money and time would be saved.

To begin with, they could cut out the "Hints"—"Health Hints, Beauty Hints, Etiquette Hints." These columns are dreadfully stupid and no intelligent person pauses over them. Next, they could do away with sections run by "Your affectionate Uncle Austin," and "Your loving Aunt Agnes." Then they could spare the public those melodramatic serials such as "The Adventures of One-eyed Isaac." The magazine is flooded with such trash. Let those to whose existence or happiness it is necessary, seek it elsewhere and cease from insulting mankind by devoting to it a sheet of the morning or evening paper.

When an excellent sermon has been given to a restricted audience, or a clever and learned speech has been made by some orator, the appearance of the entire matter, instead of a condensed account, would be welcomed by the reading public. Education would be advanced by these means, and the reader would be far more profitably entertained. Very often the entire quotation would take up less space than the hackneyed, critical reports which are given us instead.

A great saving might also be made in the headlines. Of course they are necessary, but they could be reduced. In many instances the headlines tell all the news. The printed matter beneath repeats the same in longer words. Both are not necessary. One could be done away with. Few complaints would be heard, I am sure, if the pictures of actresses, movie-stars, athletes, murderers, etc., were confined within reasonable limits.

You will say, "What would then be left?" There would be an intelligent, six-sheeted paper; two sheets devoted to news, one to a well-written editorial and three to "Want Ads."

and other local and business records. Such a paper would be eagerly greeted by the public at large, and its editor would be hailed as a philanthropist as well as a patriot.

FRANCES O'BRIEN, '21.

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#### Student Government.

We have begun to feel that our college has become a college in the true sense of the word. We have come into our own—Student Government has been granted us!

The idea of Student Government is to develop an individual sense of responsibility and executive ability among the members of the student body. It also relieves the faculty of a great deal of labour and worry. If they have approved of the rules passed by the student body, and know that they are being respected, the whole task of student control is lifted from their shoulders.

At first there was a great hub-bub about it; meetings were called every other day, and long discussions ensued regarding the drawing up of a set of rules. Now we are fairly well established and are trying to prove ourselves worthy of the trust. So far our path has been fairly smooth; many of the responsibilities we have assumed surprise us. We never dreamed they existed. We have great consultations to decide our affairs of state; but the meetings have not yet acquired a socialistic aspect, so we have hopes that the experiment will prove an all round success.

MARJORIE CRAY.

## Time Enough for Big Doings.

The next time you think a week is a short time in which to do something, remember that we saw the downfall of the Turkish and Austro-Hungarian empires in a week—remember that we have seen the passing of the 500-year-old House of Hohenzollern and the breakdown of the German empire as a military autocracy in the ever-memorable seventy-two hours.

#### **BOOK REVIEW**

Spiritism may be termed the topic of the hour, and "Occultism," the latest book by Rev. W. K. Harris, D.D., LL.D., the book of the hour. Dean Harris handles the subject with keen intellectual insight, and throws much light upon a subject which is sadly in need of light. By his masterly exposition of such points as the Sixth Sense, Orientation, Bi-location and Dual Personality, the author proves that he has made serious investigations into the claims of current spiritistic doctrines—a fact which would add the stamp of authority to his conclusions, if the reputation of his own rare scholarship were not already too firmly established to require it. The many favourable reviews by writers who are interested in one or other phase of this allabsorbing subject, promise a wide sale for "Occultism." (McLelland & Stewart Co., Toronto; cloth, \$2.00).

"Your Neighbour and You," by Father Garesché, S.P. (Price 75c.; by mail, 85c.), comes from Benziger Brothers, New York. It forms one of a series of practical and easy instructions, addressed to the public in general. We cannot imagine any more useful and delightful treatise for Sunday School or Sodality Reading. The subjects are all live ones, and their tone is so wholesome and free from tediousness that the book is sure to become very popular. We warmly endorse this and the other books of the series.

"Manna of the Soul" (vest pocket edition) is differentiated from Father Lasance's many admirable prayer books, by the sub-title, "A Little Book of Prayer for Men ond Women." That it contains, within its small compass, a wealth of useful devotions in addition to the usual formularies of Catholic prayer, proves that its title is no misnomer. It provides delightful nourishment for the soul in her pilgrimage from earth to heaven. (Benziger Bros., New York, N.Y. Prices according to binding from 40c. to \$3.00).

## WHISTLING TO THE MORNING STAR

IIERE is nothing particularly unusual about a back-fence. Neither is it unusual that two small boys should be seated, or, more correctly, perched, on that back-fence. But what is quite extraordinary regarding two boys and a fence is, that the former were maintaining a silence equal to that of the village churchyard at night. It was not often that the Boulders' back-yard harbored two such quiet figures. They were apparently lost in thought, and their thoughts were vastly different.

School had just reopened—a matter of a day or two-after a glorious summer vacation. That was bad enough. So thought Billy Boulder and Bob McVale, as they held their usual parliament on the back fence, which joined, rather than separated, their modest but comfortable abodes. But it was the last year in the village school, for both of the boys, and they had spent the greater part of that day listening, with varying degrees of interest and disinterest, of respect and scorn, to the teacher's appeal that they should work well all the ensuing year, do themselves and their school credit in June, and above all, keep for their school, the competition cup, which their predecessors had won for highest records in High School Entrance Examination.

Bob hated school, hated the new teacher, and above all did he hate the class that had won the cup.

As the sun finally dropped from view behind the steeple of the Baptist church, Billy slipped from the fence.

"Think I better go in now, Bob. Tea'll be ready in a few minutes," he said.

"Be out to-night?" asked Bob, still on the fence.

"I guess so. This is Thursday—I think I'll have a good time this week, 'cause we've gotta start 'n' study soon."

"Aw, keep quiet," Bob groaned. "Let up

on studying. That's all I'll get from now on till Christmas—study! study! study! I wish school 'n' books 'n' ole Gardner, 'n' you 'n' everybody else were at the bottom of the lake."

And with this parting blessing he jumped from the fence to the ground, heavily, and walked off, his hands deep in his pockets, his head bent forward.

Somehow the ice-cream and red jelly, which the adoring Mrs. McVale had prepared for her only boy's desert, wasn't quite as good as usual; and as soon as he could politely do so, Bob slipped from his chair, and catching up his cap from the hall-rack, rushed outside and down to the end of the street, to the tiny wood, wherein lay a moss-covered stump of an old oak,—his inner retreat.

As he sat alone, musing rebelliously on his numerous grievances, something seemed to stab Bob right in his heart, like a knife. And suddenly a passionate longing for the little sister who had left him such a short time ago, filled his whole boyish make-up, until he dropped his head on the stump and cried as if his heart would break.

If only Betty were here. She wouldn't expect him to study and study every minute to win the old medal, and never have any fun. She wasn't like that—Betty. How he had loved her! No fellow ever had a sister just like his. It was his one real pride. But Betty had never been strong like him, and so she had never been sent to school. Mother had taught her at home, and Bob used to tell her all he could remember of his day's lessons. She would hear him his "spellings" and his memorizing and laugh, not seold, at his mistakes. But she always got so tired long before Bob was half through his homework, and Daddy would carry her up to bed. And Bob would love her for being so helpless and vow always to take care of her and kill anyone who abused her. But all his love and protection could not keep little Betty alive and well, and now it was almost a year since she had smiled bravely through her tears and said "Good-bye," and Bob's world had fallen down about his head.

As he looked up, his face wet with tears, it seemed to Bob that Betty stood before him once again. His face blanched—but Betty's hair had been fair like wheat-fields, and this hair was brown like new, ripe chestnuts; and Betty's cheeks were pale, not rosy like these. Yet those were Betty's eyes—grey and blue, mixed up so that Bob had never been sure just what they were, except that he liked them best when she said he was the dearest brother!

He jumped up. The little girl before him was not embarressed—she seemed only to be thinking of Bob's tears and the possible cause.

"I'm awfully sorry for you," she said, pitifully. "Don't mind me. I haven't got a brother, but sometimes Daddy cries, too, like that, since Mother went."

Bob merely stood staring. At first he was going to be angry at this intrusion upon his secret sorrow. But when she said that . . .

"Did your mother go too?" he said, wondering if she, too, knew what it was to miss some one so much.

"Yes," she replied, "just a little while ago—oh, you don't know what it's like," and her little red lips began to tremble.

"Oh yes I do!" Bob answered. "You just want her and want her and want her, don't you?"

"Why, is your mother dead too? Oh, then you do know," she cried, stepping forward in friendly compassion.

"No, not mother," he explained. "Betty was my sister,—there never was one like her, but she just had to go, I guess. I don't think she wanted to leave me all alone. Betty wouldn't do anything mean if she could help it, but Mother says, God knows—and I suppose she didn't have much fun here; she was mostly always sick, you know."

"Yes, that's what Daddy said-God

knows.' I haven't a sister, either—nor a brother. There's no one now but Daddy and me; and after Mamma died, he didn't want to stay in Ashville, so we came here, and I don't like it, and I'm so lonesome! I'm going to school next week. Do you go?''

"Yes, and I hate it!"

"Oh, dear, then I suppose I will. I didn't mind it much once, but a new school is horrid,

Bob didn't quite see why that should be, but her next question was more unexpected than ever.

"Are you clever?"

Bob started. "I dunno," he murmured. "Betty thought I was, but I haven't tried much since she went."

"Oh I just know everyone will be so smart, and I'm not a bit. Daddy doesn't mind, but he can't be in school all day, and teachers aren't like Daddies, are they?"

"Nope!" answered Bob. "But I don't think Mr. Gardiner's bad. They say he's great to the girls—and fierce to the fellows." He laughed a little shakily, but she smiled back at him.

"I hope he won't be too hard on you," she said, and their friendship was cemented.

As they walked out to the street, Bob never took his eyes off this "new girl" who was so like Betty. She talked like her too.

"We live in Collin's house," she said, "on West street; you know it, don't you?"

"Sure! We used to steal apples out of the orchards. I guess there'll be a few fellows sorry you've come." They laughed.

"You're welcome to them any time you want to come and get them."

"My but you remind me of Betty— your eyes and the way you talk."

"Do I?" She seemed glad. "I wish I were half as nice as she must have been."

Bob flushed. "Perhaps you will be—I go down here. Guess I'll see you Monday. Goodbye." And Bob fled to find Billy and the boys for a game of "Robbers and P'licemen."

Bob's redeeming feature was his love and respect for Father Murphy, coupled with his reliance on that worthy's counsel. And it was on his return from his retreat in the wood that he met the priest, who had come to see him about serving Mass next morning, as George Fallis was unable to come. Bob promised and walked back with him to the presbytery.

"I suppose you've started back to school again, Bob."

Ugh! Oh well, he had known it. Everybody reminded him of the would-be-forgotten fact. But, "Yes, Father," he replied, trying to be cheerful.

"And I'm sure you're going to work hard and make us proud of you in June." Father Murphy smiled at the cloud on the boy's face.

"Don't take it so badly, Bob. There are worse things than school, and anyhow, this is your last year in Low School. After that it's fine!"

There were more appropriate times than the beginning of a happy evening to speak seriously to Bob—of the real duty of using the gifts God had given him—and Father Murphy said "good-night" without further reference to the subject.

Monday morning Mr. Gardner presented Dorothy Grey to the Fourth Class, and naturally she was the object of much criticism—favourable and otherwise. She had smiled at Bob when she saw him—all the others were strangers, and Bob had smiled back. Billy noticed this and remarked it.

"You seem to have made a hit with our new friend," he said, when they came out at noon.

"Ya-a," answered Bob. "I was talking to her the other day—so I kinda knew her."

Mary Locke thought Dorothy was "awf'ly pretty"; Evelyn Markham, that she looked "snippy and stuck-up"; but Janie Wilson thought that was just shyness. Of the boys, Billy pronounced her "jolly cute," but Bob held his peace. Soon he developed a habit of walking as far as her corner with her after school, so that their friendship grew, and Bob marvelled that she was "just like Betty."

When Billy made some unwary remark regarding this daily practice, he came out second

best from a conflict such as he had never before "enjoyed." After which he was more careful.

And so the fall gave place to winter, Rugby to hockey, and riding wheels to skating. And the Christmas holidays grew happily close. Happily for Bob, for the exams held no terror for him. He always managed to "cram" enough to pass, and that well, albeit he forgot not a little of this sudden knowledge soon after. But Dorothy regarded the coming tests with anxiety and fear, and was quite worried.

However, she worked well and passed, if not brilliantly, at least creditably. And both gloried in the passing. They enjoyed the holidays as only village children can. The skating, the snow-fights, the tobogganing, the hockey,—everything was perfect, and as the boys and girls grew friendly to Dorothy, she was as happy as it was possible for her to be.

Billy and Bob were on the same hockey team, Bob in goal, getting a great deal of credit, and Billy, working well on the defence.

Bob was Dorothy's self-appointed protector and she was his new sister.

One snowy evening after an exciting hockey match, Bob was walking home with her from the pond, when she said, "I don't like Billy Boulder, Bob!"

"Billy Boulder! Why?" Bob's tone was one of surprise, but he was not surprised.

"Oh, I don't know. He's so conceited and he does mean things. He isn't a bit like you."

"He never had a sister." Bob seemed to think that explained all defects. The boys had been the best of friends, but Bob's liking was beginning to wane.

He helped Dorothy with her studies, and his patience was rewarded by her "Arithmetic" becoming almost first-rate and her "Grammar" improved immensely. These were her Jonah subjects. Bob hated beating Dorothy, but Billy loved to come out on top each month.

When the March reports came out Dorothy fell to sixth, while Billy and Bob held first and third places. Bob knew what a disappointment Dorothy felt at this when she had worked so hard; and he registered a men-

tal vow never, as long as he lived, to study again.

He kept his resolution bravely, and at Easter was rewarded by coming seventh, while Dorothy, following Billy, came fifth. Bob resented her pitying glance as he came to his place. He had felt rather as a hero than one to be pitied.

"I wonder if she thinks I couldn't have beaten her if I'd wanted to!" he thought, in amazement. He had rather imagined that all the time she knew he was letting her win,—but,—why she seemed to think she had beaten him by her own ability, in a fair race, when each had done his utmost. The after-effect wasn't quite as Bob had pictured it.

Then the energetic principal, Mr. Gardner, desirous of great things from his class, offered as an incentive, a gold medal, to which there were ever so much honor and glory attached, for the highest at the final exams. Bob's parents and Father Murphy never ceased urging him to do his very best for the prize. He listened, moodily indifferent at first, and then alone with his thoughts, an idea shaped itself.

Certainly he didn't want to beat her and make her feel badly—far was it from Bob,—but there surely was no fun in letting her win when she took it so queerly. He couldn't quite explain his feelings, but Bob did not want her to look at him like that again.

And so he resolved, contrary to his previous theory, to do his very, very worst (not maliciously, mind you) to win the medal in June. Each knew that the other two were working to defeat him or her, but the friendly feeling of a fair race made the recreations in which all took part, ideal.

Bob found out many things about schoollife. First, homework wasn't half so bad if he did it at the right time; and school itself wasn't so bad if he kept up with the class, and could answer when called upon, and old Gardner was kind of a decent sort of chap, if he didn't have to be scolding you all the time. It was unconsciously that Bob admitted the obligation on Gardner's part, and it was a signal of progress, in his new, better-part.

The race went on apace. All three now were neck and neck, for Dorothy's perseverance and praying had brought her wonderfully to the top.

Then one day, just a week before the exams started, Bob escaped from the hot sun, history in hand, to his nook in the trees. As he drew near he heard strange sounds—'gulp, gulp,'—someone was crying. It was Dorothy, —her head on the stump. She looked up when she heard him, and he flushed shyly.

"What's the matter," he asked, his face searlet. Bob always got embarrassed when anyone was crying.

"Nothing." Bob had anticipated this answer. He stood awkwardly for a minute, then she said.

"Don't mind me, I'm just worried about next week. Daddy wants me to get the medal and I hate to disappoint him—but I know I won't."

"Who says you won't?"

"Oh, I know Billy'll beat me and you'll beat me, Bob."

"Me! I will not!" vowed Bob, and didn't realize how truthful he was.

"Yes you will—both of you. But it isn't my fault. I've tried and tried, and I can't help it if I do lose."

Just then Bob thought he was pretty mean. Here, Dorothy had worked and worked and worked and worked since early fall and now he would take away her reward. Well, he certainly would not, and neither would Billy Boulder either. He'd kill him if he did.

"Don't cry, Dorothy, you'll win all right," he consoled her, and got away as gracefully as he could. In front of his own house he met Billy.

"Hello Bob! Studying hard?"

"No," he replied, "are you?"

"Why, sure! You're crazy. You'll get beaten if you're not careful."

"I expect to, don't you?"

"No, I don't expect to," answered Billy,

rather surprised. "You're the only one who's got a chance, and, well"—he laughed—"you may win."

"What about Dorothy?" Bob asked pointedly.

"Dorothy! Oh say, I'm not even thinking about her. I've got her beaten a mile."

"Do you mean to say you'd beat a girl on purpose?" Bob's tone was menacing.

"What's your idea? Sure I would, and so will you if you can."

"Oh no I won't." Bob leaned toward him threateningly, "and neither will you!"

"What do you mean?" Billy was amazed.

"You heard what I said. You beat her and I'll beat you—only not in exams!"

And with this Bob walked off, leaving his heretofore friend staring open-mouthed.

The exams began. Dorothy and Billy did their best. When it was all over, Billy lived in a world apart, sure of himself and his medal. Dorothy, only less positive, knew she had done remarkably well, though just whether that meant the medal, she could not be sure. Bob was in a state of nervous excitement. He and Billy still were friendly, though not the old "pals" of old.

Then out came the results.

To hear them, children and parents assembled in the village hall, and Mr. Gardner officiated. The candidates occupied the front

row, their nearest relatives directly behind. There were what seemed hours of suspense before anything happened. Then Mr. Gardner rose.

Good-night! Was he going to make a speech? The thought was appalling. But he wisely omitted this, and after just a word, announced:

"Very happy I am, to present the medal for first class honours to Miss Dorothy."

"Hooray!" shouted Bob, on his feet at once. Then he sank to his chair in a rush of embarrassment.

Mr. Gardner laughed. "All right, Bob. I see you're glad Dorothy won. Come, Dorothy, and get your medal."

As Dorothy walked up to the platform, shyly, Bob turned to Billy.

"I guess she's got us beat, eh Billy?" he laughed.

"I guess so," Billy conceded.

When Mr. Gardner read out, second, Billy Boulder, and only third, Bob McVale, Bob was so sorry for his mother he almost wished he had won. But again, when he looked at Dorothy, he was glad he got up every morning to go to seven o'clock Mass and Communion, for his prayers had not been in vain.

Loretto, Brunswick.

ELSIE IRVINE.



## WHAT IS PROGRAMME MUSIC?

Horatio Parker tells us that a famous orchestral conductor once told him, that he was glad that he would be dead in fifty years, so that he would not have to hear the music of the near future. No doubt, he dreaded the results which would follow from the freedom in that kind of composition, in which form is laid aside and any number of brass instruments may be used to interpret the particular mood of the artist, even the disagreeable part of a story. But many a conductor has survived the trying ordeal, whether he gave his sanction to that kind of music or not.

The title of Programme Music was first given to the works of Berlioz, early in the nineteenth At the commencement of his musical career, a group of young poets arose in Paris— Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny and others—who gloried in pessimistic and morbid views of life. Berlioz, a man given to moods and passions himself, readily associated with these and reproduced similar sentiments in his music. The object of his "Symphonie Fantastique," or the "Life of an Artist," which is in five movements, is to tell the adventure of a young musician of a very sensitive nature, who has poisoned himself with opium in love-sick despair. This seemed to Berlioz a fit subject for the exercise of his genius.

In the first movement of this composition we see the hero in love, maddened by jealousy, but for a time comforted by religion; in the second he is in a ball-room, indifferent to the whirl of the dancers, dreaming of his lady love; in the third, he goes to the country and hears the piping of shepherds and the rumble of a summer storm; in the fourth he dreams he has killed his beloved, and is being led to the block; and in the last he fancies himself dead and in the spirit world surrounded by shrieking witches, among whom he sees his lady once more, but horribly changed.

The most interesting point about this curi-

ous jumble of the frightful and the ridiculous, is the use made of a "leading theme," which stands for the lady, and is heard whenever the thought of her occurs to her lover, which is very often indeed.

The means most frequently used for pieces in this style are "Overture" and "Symphonic Poem." The latter is rather inaccurate. The word "Poem" suggests that the work is poetic, otherwise, describing or painting as words do, and "Symphonic" means strictly "On the plan of a Symphony." That is just what the symphonic poem is not, being perfectly free in form, and consisting of a single movement instead of three or four. What the term is meant to suggest is merely that the work is written for orchestra and is based on definite themes, first, simply presented, and later developed. The order in which they appear, however, is decided not by any fixed scheme, but by the "programme."

The orchestral compositions of Franz Liszt contain thirteen of these poems. Liszt not only carries further Berlioz' idea of connecting a leading theme with each character of his drama, but by making the musical treatment of these themes follow the course of the story, he secures a thematic development which adds much to the music as music. This is clearly seen in his symphonic poem "Les Preludes." The programme is from a poem by Lamartine, beginning, "What is our life but a series of preludes to that unknown song of which death strikes the first solemn note?"

Richard Strauss has written such a series of symphonic poems that he has overshadowed all other composers of programme music, so far as making things realistic is concerned. His works are extraordinary in many ways. He uses brief themes, sometimes mere fragments of a few notes to depict an idea, mood or character. Such things are as different as possible from the graceful, balanced melodies of classical mu-

sic. They abound in odd, and even ugly turns, in wide jumps, impossible to sing and hard to play, and in highly striking, unforgettable rhythms. He is fond of the most frightful discords, and in his latest works seems to revel in absolute noise. He closes "Zarathustra" in two keys at once!

Strauss has pictured the outside world in his music. In "Don Quixote" he uses a wind machine in the orchestra to imitate the bleating of the sheep. In "A Hero's Life" we hear shrill, ugly phrases on the wood wind instrument to represent the chattering of the hero's enemies; and in the "Domestic Symphony" he uses his immense orchestra to produce the squalling of a baby! Mrs. Strauss is introduced by a long solo for a single violin, in which her coquettishness is suggested by many little twists and turns; and Strauss is so certain that he has painted his wife's picture clearly in this passage, that he said to a friend, "You have never met my wife, but now (that is, after hearing the solo) you know her quite well, and you will be able to identify her if you meet her in Berlin." This may be an example of his art, but hardly one of his chivalry, one is forced to conclude.

To trace descriptive music to its true primative source would carry us back to a very distant age. The Cuckoo's note was a very frequent subject for imitation. The cackling of a hen after laying an egg was comically imitated thus: "Ka, ka, ka, ka-ne-ey! Ka, ka, ka, ka-ne-ey!"

A number of Haydn's Symphonies are distinguished by names. What could tell a story better than the "Farewell Symphony" he wrote when he wanted to let Prince Esterhasy know that the orchestral players were tired and wanted to go to their homes for the summer? He wrote the symphony in such a way that each player in turn comes to the end of his part and walks off the stage. Finally, when only one player is left the Prince exclaims, "Well if they all go we may as well go also," and he dismisses the players for the summer.

The stormy eighteenth century was commemorated by numerous battle symphonies and sonatas. It was in this century that Beethoven, the most universal musical genius the world has ever possessed, was born. His nine symphonies rank as the greatest contribution ever made to music by a single man. They are in music what Shakespeare's plays or Thackeray's novels are in English literature. One that knows them thoroughly knows the best that is in music. We have Beethoven's own authority for the statement that when composing he had always a picture in his mind before which he worked. While writing his famous "Fifth Symphony in C Minor," he was engaged to one of his pupils, Countess Theresa of Brunswick. The "Programme" interpretation of this noble work is his own love story. The symphony commences with a theme of four notes which represents Fate knocking at the door. The engagement was broken off before the completion of this work, but Beethoven rose above his great disappointment, a fact which is shown in the magnificence and triumph with which the last movement closes.

Beethoven adopted an arrangement of the orchestra which has been since extended, but never really changed. After he had written his "Third Symphony" and dedicated it to Napoleon as the leader of the people, he heard that Napoleon was seeking the name of Emperor. This threw Beethoven into a rage, and he tore the title page containing "Symphonia Grande Napoleon Bonaparte" from it, and would not allow it to be printed for some time.

When his rage subsided he published the work under the new name of "Eroica," and after Napoleon was banished to the Isle of St. Helena, Beethoven remarked that many years before he had written music befitting the catastrophe, alluding to the "Dead March" in the symphony. A modern composer would probably have re-written it and made it realistic with some ferocious discords, but Beethoven's art was too sublime to lend itself to any such unworthy device.

MARY ST. ALBAN.

## LAND SAKES!

OTHER! Just see who is coming up the walk! Who is she?"

Mother looked up quickly from her book, glanced down the walk, and said:

"That must be our next door neighbor, Mrs. Lavender. I have heard a great deal about her."

We had just arrived into a new city, neighborhood, and house, and therefore we had not met many people nor made many friends. Our neighbors, as yet, had not tried to become acquainted, so we were surprised and pleased to see the odd figure of Mrs. Lavender coming up the walk. In the short time we had been here we had heard a great deal about her because of her peculiarities. She was said to be very odd and old-fashioned and seemed unconscious of the styles of to-day. So it was with much curiosity I awaited her approach.

Mother advanced to meet her at the porch steps; but without any words of introduction, Mrs. Lavendar passed her by and sank her bulky body into the nearest chair, fanning herself vigorously, and saying breathlessly, "Land sakes! I aint never seen hotter weather! Takes your breath away, don't it now? Not that I'm fatter than anybody else though, am I? What be your name, anyhow?"

Mother and I were quite overcome with this flow of talk, but Mother managed to stammer that our name was Houde.

"Hood?" Funny name! Never heerd it before! But then I've heard a good many funny names in my day. Take, for instance, down the street there a piece, lives old Mrs. Crumbs. I allus thought that a queer un. Funny, too, how some people don't seem to fit their names. Your next door neighbor, there," indicating the next house with a fat forefinger, "she has her mother living with her, whose name is Mrs. Pretty. That woman

is as far from being pretty as I am from being fat, so you can jedge how pretty she is. Why, her face is covered with pimples and her cheeks are so holla that I often say to meself, it's a wonder her cheeks don't touch. Oh, yes, the neighbours is all right, only a little curious, and that's one thing I never could abide, could you? How many be there of you? Five? 'Pears to me you've got plenty to do! It used to be the same with me, but now some way or 'nother I'm not as spry as I used to be. My husband used to say . . . . . '' and she went on.

I have never met a woman who could talk so fast or find so much to say, since then. If you wished to retain her friendship you could never hint that she was fat, for she cherished the fond belief that she was thin. She went out very seldom, yet she managed to know all that happened. She knew the history and doings of every family on the street and related them to us, expecting to get as much information out of us. Mother was kept busy answering questions on every subject.

One day Mrs. Lavendar said with her usual familiarity and talkativeness:

"Be you from up North? Many Indians up there? No? That's queer! I allus had the idea that Indians lived up there. Sure, an' I don't mean to say you look like Indians, but—have you an auta? No? When John was livin' he bought a large auta, almost too big and an awful expense, I allus said. What make was it? Well now, come to think of it, 'twas a Ford. I don't suppose you would buy as dear a car as that, but then, almost any kind would do," in a very patronizing tone of voice. "Land sakes! The trouble we had with that auta. It was stubborner than Why one't-," and she related a a mule. trying experience with the expensive "auta."

She always dressed very peculiarly in an

old-fashioned gown with a tight bodice and very full skirt. She wore black silk mitts, and a wee bonnet perched on the top of her head, which bobbed from side to side, with every emphatic movement as she spoke. One of her peculiarities, which attracted much attention, was an odd but safe habit she had of pinning all her necessary articles to her dress. On this first day she had a handkerchief, bag, and spectacles all attached to her girdle, while around her neck on an ugly gold chain hung a feathery fan which she proudly informed us came from "Chiny."

We soon became very intimate with Mrs. Lavendar, and once accustomed to her oddities of speech and manner, we counted her as one of our truest friends; for although she was fond of gossiping, she was yet kind and generous, as on many occasions we proved.

I told her the other day how odd and gossipy I had thought her at first, and her only answer was a beaming smile, and her favourite ejaculation, "Land sakes!"

LAEL HOUDE.

Loretto Day School, Brunswick Ave.

## A CASE OF TONSILS

T must be done!" That was the Doctor's decree. "It will do you so much good, dear!" This was from mother. "It will drive away all those little aches and pains and weariness." This, I suppose, was my common-sense Alter Ego.

So Friday evening I went to the hospital, smiling outside, glooming within. It didn't help a bit to reflect that I had become a victim to a very fashionable ailment. In the vulgar language of Society. tonsils were quite "the thing." The operation is in most cases exceedingly simple and almost never serious. I wasn't in the least afraid. But I was comfortably healthy most of the time, healthier than I had been, and it did seem like crossing a bridge to meet trouble halfway. Then I was a little indignant because people would insist on making an invalid of me, before I had any intention of getting sick. "Are your feet cold, dear?" quoth the nurse as she turned down my bed. I replied meekly in the negative, inwardly berating myself for being an imposter and a humbug.

She let me wear my pretty finery for one brief night, alas! Next morning it was cast aside for heavy clothes, almost as sensible as they were ugly. I slept soundly till five o'clock, when I was awakened by the nurse,

who desired to take my temperature. of all things!" thought I. "Why not accost an innocent man in the street and accuse him of having a kidnapped child in his overcoat pocket?" After this little operation was over (I wonder if Miss M—— was greatly surprised to find that my temperature had not risen to alarming heights, in dread anticipation even as the White Queen in "Alice" shed her tears before she cut her finger?) I was bidden to sleep again. Instead, I stayed awake to watch a beautiful, cold February sun rise over the distant hills-and also, to make sure that if I sneezed, my castored bed would not kaleidoscope down the middle of my bed-room and out of the window.

At seven o'clock I was allowed to breakfast on a sumptuous repast of thermometer and cold water. At half-past eight I was garbed in truly the most weirdly shaped and oddly-coloured operation-robe I have ever had the agony to behold. It was buttoned so high about my neck that I inwardly debated the possibility of there being no tonsils left on which to operate. My hair was also braided in two tight little pigtails, which stuck out at my ears and gave me somewhat the appearance of Judy Abbott (Act I., Scene 1, Daddy Long-Legs). At nine o'clock I was escorted

upstairs to the scene of doom by a very solicitous nurse, who kept looking at me in the oddest way, as if she expected me at any minute to utter a scream and collapse in her arms. I was hard-hearted enough to disappoint her, however.

I had never felt less frightened in my life, though I had been warned by the Doctor that my throat was in a bad condition and it was my first experience of hospitals. My recollections of that operating-room are of two Doctors, three or four nurses, cheerful voices, three very bright electric lights, an article that much resembled my little brother's baseball head-guard, and a smell of chloroform and ether, so pleasant that it was horrible. I remember, too, my loss of dignity at having to climb up on the table, like a two-year-old, being small of stature; and my last conscious euriosity, "I wonder if I can still feel?" satisfied by a tentative squeeze of the nurse's hand. Mother had been told to expect me back in about fifteen minutes, but it was over two hours when they brought me down, as cold as "Greenland's Icy Mountains"—on dit!

In semi-consciousness I had a feeling that some weight came down on me suddenly. I have a notion that the nurse fell on me when she was trying to hear my heart go. I imagine it went, all right, when she fell on meshe was rather a corpulent nurse! However, mother says I always was possessed of a lively imagination and that the nurse was very steady on her feet. I drifted from a drugged stupor to a natural drowsiness, decided I had dreamed the operation, blinked open one eye at the hospital window, comprehended the truth, woke up and asked the time. At least I hope it sounded like that. My intentions were good. Then I cast a reproachful glance at my nurse for holding my hand, when mother was all ready waiting in the back-ground. I beamed on mother—at least I meant it for a beam; tried to help them to help me into my own gown, got one arm satisfactorily bestowed in one sleeve, toppled over and went to sleep again.

When I woke to real life I was presented with another sumptuous repast of hot water, flavoured with another thermometer. was high living indeed! But I did not mourn very deeply, since, in some mysterious fashion, a piano, fireless cooker, rocking-chair and kitchen cabinet had found their way into my throat. The remainder of that day is dizzy. I know I supped regally on more hot water, and late—very late—was presented with a bowl of thin soup. I took two spoonfuls, and when the nurse returned, was sitting propped up against the pillows, clutching the tray in one hand, waving the spoon in the other, sublimely, blissfully asleep. I was awake most of the night, however, since the collection of furniture in my throat was restless, and the fireless-cooker would take the rocking-chair for long strolls up and down my tortured neck, while the kind-hearted kitchen-cabinet was playing "Ben Hur's Chariot Race"-oh very, very hard-on the piano.

With morning came an odd metallic sound from the hospital kitchens, resulting, I believe, from the heating system. This, however, was not my idea of its origin, and I informed mother that a man was digging a grave below my window, to hold the body of an unfortunate patient. The torturing thought was in my head, too, that the poor creature was not yet quite dead.

The following day brought kindly visitors and hours of endurable discomfort. But the nights brought torture, with rheumatic pains, sore throat and dragging weariness. Time passed, however, and has brought me to the convalescent stage where I am beginning to turn up my nose at liquid edibles. The right side of my throat is quite cured, but the left is still sensitive. Will not some kindly reader strive to invent a clever arrangement, whereby I can safely masticate roast pork and applesauce in the right side of my throat, while sending gruel down the left?

ANNIE SUTHERLAND.

Guelph, Ont.

## AT TWILIGHT

HE peace that comes to most human beings when day's stern tasks are ended, seemed to abide, uninterruptedly, in Granny Gray's heart and in her quaint little home. From my earliest years it had been a delight to take her some of Mother's baking or newlymade preserves, and, in return, receive a bunch of the pretty flowers that bloomed along the pathway from her garden-gate almost up to and on either side of the doorway. Another reward that was often mine on the occasion of one of these errands, was to hear one of the rare, sweet stories, of which Granny seemed to possess a greater supply than anyone else of my acquaintance. The years have passed and now, after a long absence from the scenes of my childhood, I have returned. My first visit was paid, this evening, to the dear old lady who had so enriched my mind with the tales treasured up in her wonderful memory. She has given me proof that her powers as a story-teller remain unimpaired, and, now before I retire for the night, I shall record what she told me but an hour ago-a truly true story, she says:

"Yes, dearie," she began, in answer to a question I had proposed, "I do believe that the spirits of the departed may return to earth; in fact, I recall now a weird happening that may prove that I have some grounds for my credulity. As you know, I came from France, with my family, when I was eighteen. I mention the fact because the event occurred but a short time before we sailed for this country, and I was old enough at the time to receive a lasting impression from it. Within sight of our home lived a family by the name of Pervigny. The two sons—the only two—had married, and the aged mother lived with the elder, Pierre, in the old homestead. The younger, Jean, who had made many enemies in the neighbourhood and who was known to be neglectful of his mother and frequently disrespectful towards her, lived at a short distance from his brother. Suddenly, one morning, the mother died, and, in the evening, when Pierre went out to get the hay for his horses, he saw the well-defined shadow of his mother just before the haystack. Terrified, he rushed into the house, but did not mention the occurrence to anyone. The following evening, he had a similar experience and, this time, he betook himself to the good Curé, who gave him some holy water, bade him sprinkle it on the shadow and ask, in the name of God, if it really were his mother's spirit. Pierre took heart and anxiously awaited, on the third night, the hour for this uncanny interview. While he pondered over the exact words that he should use, lo! the shadow was, once more, there distinctly before his eyes. As the last word of his question died away, he heard the well-known voice. Yes, she had come to tell him that she still owed three hundred francs which she had borrowed from M. Legrun, and this debt must be paid before she could taste the joys of Paradise. Pierre begged that he might have some proof that this was not merely some evil spirit mocking him. In quick response, came the words: 'For proof, I tell you this: You will receive a letter, telling of the death of your daughter, Marie, in America, and, as for your brother Jean, who has been so forgetful of his duty to God and to me, he will receive, in a very short stime, a heavy chastisement, after which he will amend his life.' On Pierre's promise to pay the debt without delay, the shadow faded away and never again appeared to him. The day after this last apparition, a letter arrived, in which was enclosed a lock of Marie's hair and the announcement of her sudden but well-prepared departure from this life. One week after his mother's demise, Jean's house was struck by lightning, and at the sudden loss of his wife and two little ones who had also been struck, the heart-broken man realized that a merited retribution had been meted out to him, and he began a new and better way of life. Pierre's hair, which had been black as a raven's wing, turned white on that same evening on which he had heard his dead mother's voice and the dread prophecies, so soon to be actually fulfilled.'

In face of this actual experience of one whose assertions I may not doubt, I do not find it difficult to resolve, for the future, to be less skeptical and to refrain from smiling at those who believe in ghosts.

KATHERINE KAMP.

Loretto, Woodlawn, Chicago.



## THE ASTER CITY

HE Horticultural Societies of Canada have undertaken to name the cities of the Dominion after flowers. This, of course, is on condition that the people of each produce a sufficient amount of the flowers in question to give meaning to the name.

Doctors and professors of other cities and colleges have been sent to different towns to lecture and to help the citizens choose their flower.

Last year, meetings were held weekly to decide on Guelph's emblem, but as many different ones were selected, they were forced to leave it until this winter.

About two weeks ago Dr. Bennett of St. Thomas gave a lecture at Carnegie Hall, on "The Rose City," and its wonderful sights. He asked the men of the society to name the flower chosen for Guelph, but as yet no agreement has been reached. Dr. Bennett suggested the crocus, as it was the first bloom to appear. Then the suitability of the tulip was discussed, as it was also an early specimen. Many men preferred the poppy, but Dr. Bennett said that it was a flower which grew very quickly and lasted but a few days. "By the time the people have beautified their homes," he said, "poppy time is over." The pansy was thought too in-

conspicuous. Last, but not least, father mentioned the aster. He was asked to give his reasons for his choice. "This plant," he said, "comes out in August, and last year we plucked some of the flowers on November the 4th. These we took in on account of the threatening frost." "In September," he continued, "I had over one thousand blooms out at once, of many different shades. The people passing came in to see them and many thought they were chrysanthemums."

Dr. Bennett was delighted, as well as surprised, to hear this, and said it was the bessuggestion, so far, and he was quite willing to name the "Royal City" after the aster if the representatives agreed. The majority answered in the affirmative. So this summer we are going to try to out do St. Thomas in beauty. In front of churches, public buildings, schools, and in parks, asters are to be planted.

The correspondence of the residents to this suggestion is all that is now required to make Guelph a veritable "Aster City."

Loretto, Guelph.

LAURETTA PAUL.

## Disillusion

Humbly I asked of God to give me joy;

To crown my life with blossoms of delight; I pled for happiness without alloy,

Desiring that my pathway should be bright. Prayerful I sought these blessings to attain,—And now I thank Him that He gave me pain.

I asked of God that He would give success
To the high task for Him, I sought to do.
I asked that hindrances should all grow less,

And that my hours of weakness might be few; I asked that lofty heights might e'en be scaled; And now—I meekly thank Him that I failed.

For with the pain and sorrow came to me,

A dower of tenderness in act and thought, And with the failure came a sympathy,

An insight that success had never brought. Father I had been foolish and unblest, If Thou hadst granted me my blind requets.

JUDITH YOUNG.

## CAMOUFLAGED SHIPS

NE quiet summer day in June, nineteenfifteen, just after submarine warfare had been declared by Germany, a merchant vessel was plying its way through the Danger Zone, apparently from an American port, and on its way to Great Britain. Suddenly on the starboard-bow a submarine appeared, and without warning discharged a torpedo, which landed on the upper deck and shot it to pieces. Amidst great confusion the crew commenced lowering boats; passengers rushed wildly around the lower deck; orders were shouted in vain; but in spite of all, the boats were filled and pulled away from the ship.

Then, and only then, did the submarine draw nearer to its victim. As it did so a woman was discovered running distractedly along the lower deck with a baby in her arms. When she saw the submarine she cried out, "Catch it! Catch it!" and threw the baby; but not so as to land on the submarine, but on a small, dark object in the water beside it, which resembled a piece of floating timber. Suddenly there was a roar and a blinding flash. When the mist cleared away, the crew of the apparently wrecked vessel were seen calmly pulling back towards it, and of the submarine there remained only a few fragments to show that it had ever existed.

The vessel? Was a camouflaged battle-ship rigged up with a false deck. The floating timber? A torpedo. The passengers? Were what is called a "Panic Crew," whose duty it is to deceive the onlookers into the belief that they are passengers. This little incident will serve to illustrate how skilful camouflagers have grown in their art.

How did the camouflaged vessels first come into use? As we remember with grateful hearts, Great Britain cleared the seas of all enemy ships, within two hundred days of the outbreak of war, and kept them clear until nineteen-sixteen, when submarine warfare was declared. This declaration made even the British Admiralty pause for a moment, as they realized that this meant the closing of the sealanes to England and France. But "necessity being the mother of invention," camouflage was accordingly utilised. It had been used on land to disguise fortifications, but had never been applied to the sea. At first it was used only on transports, that is the ships were painted so as to represent icebergs, sea-lions, etc., and were painted in bright blues and white, so as to fit in with the sky and sea, thus rendering them invisible to the naked eye or periscope for miles around. By means of this disguise many a transport passed safely through the danger zone, and delivered her precious cargo of men and ammunition in France, without mishap. Then as camouflagers grew more bold with success, destroyers were brought into use.

Seen in dry-dock, a camouflaged ship is most peculiar in appearance. It is painted in a very eccentric manner, with daubs of blue, white and black here and there. But with all their strangeness, they have saved many a home from grief, and if the armistice had not precipitated such an abrupt end of hostilities of all kinds, it was hoped that the camouflaged vessel would render the submarine menace almost harmless.

MARGARET HAYES.

Loretto, Guelph.

## Friday



## Flambeau

"The soul of all culture is the culture of the soul."

LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE

FRIDAY FLAMBEAU, MARCH 14, 1919.

5c per copy.

#### "THE CUP THAT CHEERS, BUT NOT INEBRIATES."

Each age must have its place of meeting where men may congregate and discuss their household joys and trials; their political leanings and aversions; the latest market quotations; the newest books; the most recent social or literary lion, and all the thousand and one events that go to make up the trend of life.

In the time of Elizabeth we find this centre in the theatres and the taverns. In the days of Pope, Dryden and Addison we find men thronging the various Coffee Houses, each with their literary or political hero and their coterie of followers.

In the nineteenth century there was a dividing of forces; for the wealthier men there were the Clubs; for the poor, the "Pubs" and saloons. Along with change of public opinion, the pompous and often unlettered plutocrat became the object of envy and admiration, rather than the scholar, poorly endowed with the world's goods, but rich in intellectual attainments.

What shall we have in the twentieth century, with our nation-wide, yes, continent-wide, "prohibition?" It is very near at hand, and we must find some substitute for the saloon. Already we notice that the presence of men at afternoon-teas is not an anomaly. But a few years ago the five o'clock teadrinking man was the object of as much ridicule as the daring blade who was rash enough to consult his own convenience so far as to wear a wrist-watch.

To-day we have become reconciled to both specimens, and the pioneers can say, "I told you so."

The coffee or tea-house of the

future will contain a new feature. In the old gatherings at the Mermaid and the Boar's Head there is no mention of the fair sex. Will not the growth of tea-drinking give women that long-sought-for opportunity of coming into contact with the every-day happenings of men's lives? Woman is taking her place in every field of activity, and in these social gatherings she may broaden her point of view on matters political and literary; she can realize the problems of the industrial world and prepare to meet men on their own ground.

Besides this, woman's presence will improve the tone of these meetings; she will smooth the roughness and coarseness into which groups of men are apt to fall and bring back something of the courtesy from man to woman which characterized the "ancient régime."

We may hope for a cleaner, finer public opinion and higher literary and artistic standards when the Coffee House is substituted for the "Bar Sinister."

GRACE ELSTON.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

March 10, 1919.

To the Editor:

Dear Sir,—If you will grant me space in your valuable paper, I would like to lay a few complaints before the citizens.

The lack of consideration shown by some of our young people astonishes and pains me. I am a middle-aged man and appreciate my rest, but since the holidays began over a week ago, my wife and I have been greatly disturbed by some of our young neighbours. They seem to start early every evening to

sing and dance and make as much noise as possible. This racket goes on far into the night, lasting sometimes until nearly midnight. Last night, to my sorrow, I noticed that they did not dispense until two a.m.

Now, these young people belong to very nice families, but their parents do not seem to control them properly. Since they don't, I think the city should take some steps to guard the citizens from such nuisances.

Very truly.

Peace-Lover.

MAJORIE CRAY.

March 3, 1919.

Editor of the Flambeau:

Dear Sir,—No one seems to have noticed any irregularities in our recent city elections, so I take this opportunity to unfold some matters to the public.

Some of the candidates conducted themselves in a most unseemly manner. For a week before the elections, some of them seem to have done nothing but parade the streets, displaying themselves to the public gaze and extending good wishes to all the VOTERS (!) they met.

This proceeding strikes me as being very unfair to other hardworking candidates, whose positions would not allow them to waste so much time.

Then, again, on election day, a few candidates had cars at their command and took to the polls old people who would vote for them. It seems to me that this is bribery of a most decided form; I see no difference between taking a man for a motor ride or treating him to a drink in the good old ante-bellum times.

It seems to me that many of these practices should be stopped. They tend to make politics crooked and do not help municipal advancement.

Thanking you sincerely, Mr. Editor.

A Tax-Payer. M. CRAY.

WRITE FOR THE RAINBOW. IT WILL MAKE YOUR BRAIN GROW.

IF SICK, OR' SORRY,

OR SAD. IT WILL MAKE THE PAIN GO.

P.S .- Buy one, too, or subscribe.

One petty little dollar Should never make you holler!

#### TALKS TO OUR GIRLS AND BOYS.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Happy New Year! Isn't this lovely weather for skating and coasting? Jack Frost is a busy fellow these days. You can see his finger marks on your bedroom window in the morning, and he seems to be lurking somewhere near at hand when you find yourselves getting down under those good warm blankets instead of jumping up to be on time for school. I wonder how many little girls and boys let Jack Frost get the better of them that way!

Think what a joke you would have on him if you jumped right out of your bed and into your clothes! He wouldn't ever have a chance to blow an icy breath on you. What if he should try to get even on the way to school by pinching your faces, fingers and toes? You will feel better when you reach the big schoolhouse bright and early.

Just try it, my dears, as a good New Year's resolution,

> Yours lovingly, Aunt Polly.

Yes, Jacky, that must have been a fine snowball fight. I was very much interested, and your nice letter made me wish I had been there too. Such a big snow fort, and such fun to be firing snow balls at those German snow men! I'm sure you made a fine general and won a lot of decorations. Write me again and tell about the good times you are having.

Aunt Polly.

My, Lillian, what a pretty lit-tle squirrel it was you told me about! To think that you found out where he kept his nut-supply! Usually, little squirrels see to it that no one will be able to find them. You have noticed, I am sure, the way they hop around in the fall, picking all the nuts they can find, to eat through the winter. They are busy little chaps and they always seem to glance around so sharply to see if they are being noticed. Then they frisk their pretty tails and hop off to hide those precious nuts.

Santa Claus was very generous to you, wasn't he? Well, I am sure you are a very good little girl, and he'll be just as nice to you next year.

Aunt Polly.

#### ELEANOR McINTOSH.

He must rise early who would get ahead of the Friday Flambeau!

#### CONCERNING THE OWNER-SHIP OF GREENLAND.

Who wants Greenland?

Apparently Denmark does not, and in this country the opinion seems to be emphatically the same. We have heard it remarked that the suggestion that Canada should own Greenland, was certainly a cool proposition. Passing over the fun which is atrocious, we do not see why. It is argued that the country is barren and covered with a giacier, in fact the very opposite of green, a true illustration of a misnomer; but in this age of science, why should not some useful work be undertaken, just as a waterfall is used to generate electricity?

Lief Erisson did not seem to find the land unlovely when the landed there in the year one thousand. That was in the dark ages, but now, in this age of light it is held to be practically of no value. Men have sailed under the water and in the air. Why cannot someone find something useful for Greenland?

The United States did not hesitate to buy Alaska from the Russians, and we would not care to part with one of our Arctic is-

lands; yet the latter are of as much use to us as Greenland is to Denmark. A litle more territory would do no harm, and if

this age is not enlightened

enough to provide for that unfortunate country, some other age may be. In any case, the experiment would involve no loss.

On the other hand, Greenland could serve as a fishing station. In a few more years the seal protection will be lifted, and then harbours in that region would, we think, be a great convenience.

Of course we always make it a point to argue against the opposition, and as we generally attempt to take a cheerful view of circumstances and to find the best in everything, why not, since no one likes or desires to possess Greenland, why not make it a prison for the Kaiser, and all those in any way concerned with him? There would be a grim truth in calling it No Man's-Land in that case.

MARY MALLON.

#### THE BEAU MONDE.

The well-known society leaders of L.A.C. are now seen displaying on their learned promenades, the latest fashions of the

approacihng spring.

Miss Grace Elston, the last to arrive in our beloved city, brought with her the very latest from the outside world. She appeared in a silver-gray organdy gown, the skirt of which was made of four narrow panels hanging loosely over an underskirt of blue georgette. The waist was plain gray and she wore a blue tulle scarf. The sleeves were of blue georgette and were held in at the wrist by wide silver bracelets. She wore jewels and hat to match.

Another exquisite gown of green velvet was worn by the celebrated poet of the present day, Miss Frances Moloney. One of its most striking features was the high neck. The sleeves were short and puffed, ending about three inches from the shoulder. The waist and skirt were both trimmed with ruffles of yellow chiffon.

Miss Mertis Donnelly brought to our attention the latest style in stockings, from her native city, Pinkerton. The stockings are taken from the famous "coat of many colors" and are striped red, white and blue, with dots of many other shades distributed among them.

The new shoes which Miss Madeline Smythe wore are very

simple. The leather is without stiffening and is a dull red. The boots are green cloth and they are laced with yellow gilt ribbon.

The newest hats are seen on Miss Gertrude Walsh. Her favourite, she told our reporter, is the one of Hawaiin straw, trimmed with blue roses and silver ribbon.

Miss Frances O'Brien was seen wearing a large platinum dinner-ring on her first finger. It was crescent shaped. There were two pearls at each end and rubies from them to the centre, where a big diamond flashed forth its fire

The spring coats seem to please both Miss Frances Redmond and Miss Marjorie Cray, who are often seen, the former in a crimson cape fastened at the neck, with a silver sword, and the latter in a black Japanese coat embroidered in silver and old rose.

MARY CANTY.

#### BLOOD-HOUND'S REVENGE.

Featuring the daring deeds of the world-famed detective, Blood-Hound Bill, and his dog, Watchful Willie.

CHAPTER CXVII.

(Any Newspaper Serial.)

With his head in the wastepaper basket and his feet gracefully poised on his desk, the great detective reclined. His abstracted gaze rested vacantly on a crack in the ceiling, whence a cooling rain finding its way in, improved the appearance of the said ceiling, by wholly original designs in decorative art.

Willie, the comrade—nay, let us say the hero—took up his position on the chest of Blood-Hound, thereby showing his entire sympathy with and appreciation of the deep and crafty schemes that were working in the mind of the great detective.

Suddenly, without warning, Blood-hound started up. One would have thought that the result would have been disastrous to Willie, but Willie was a dog who had earned his name. At the first (shall I say upheaval?) of the detective, he executed two neat summer-saults and landed safely on the great man's Sunday hat.

Blood-hound twirled his moustache (Willie did likewise), seized his best purple whisker, fitted

himself with a Roman nose, and thus completely disguised, prepared to leave.

He and Willie had no sooner reached the second landing when three evil-looking figures advanced, and before there was time for action, Blood-hound was rendered senseless by a sledge-hammer blow, cowardly given from the rear.

Several hours later our hero opened his eyes. His first impression was that the world had become frivolous and had indulged too freely—but his lightning-like mind suddenly recalled that Prohibition was in force; so after several seconds spent in profound thought and aided by the peculiar rolling movements of the room he was occupying, he deduced that he was on board ship.

"Ha! I have it!" he said, leaping to his feet. "Come on Willie." In the hundreth part of a second he was on deck, his faithful ally at his heels.

"William!" he cried to the person who was swaggering up and down the deck. "I know you! You think you have me in your clutches, ha!

So saying, he hurled himself at the man and in the desperate struggle that ensued both fell overboard into the briny depths. With one desperate glance at the struggling forms, Willie followed his master.

We now leave our hero in this perilous position for a week; but knowing Blood-hound as you do, you will realize, dear readers, that his powers of endurance are equal to any task that may be put upon him. And what of Willie? Read the next chapter.

BETTY McGRATH.

"Before you exercise your wisdom or your wit, Pray, exercise the tender thing

a bit."

#### NEWS ITEMS.

Canada's greatest statesman has passed away, and his death is a great blow to the country. He is mourned not only by his friends, but by his foes, by all classes from the highest to the lowest.

By his death Canada is left without a Liberal leader, and the question, who shall take his place, is an important one. Another question, equally important is now to be decided. It is, "What place should Liberalism have in Canada?"

Sir Wilfrid Laurier during his long political life has tried to answer this, but now the time has come when it must be solved.

\* \* \*

The students of St. Michael's College held a masquerade at Newman Hall on St. Valentine's night. Yes, it was very successful, and everyone enjoyed his or herself to the utmost. The dancing hall was artistically decorated in red and white. A splendid orchestra was supplied and all was well done to render it a suc-Until the Grand March, which took place after the third dance, every one wore a mask. During the time it was quite interesting trying to distinguish the different people. When faces were not to be seen some other method of recognition had to be resorted to. Sometimes it was the tilt of the head that betrayed the owner; at other times it was either the walk or the gestures, which cannot easily be disguish-

Loretto Abbey College was well represented. Can you believe it-Helen Guinane was an Indian, and Eleanor McIntoshwhy, she posed as a lady of the court of Marie Antoinette, while Miss Mallon, in her pretty pink frock, trimmed with rosebuds and the like, almost made us think we were in the month of June, when, you see, it was cold and frosty February. Then came our Highlander, Mary Canty. Who would think that she was a Chicagoan and not a Scotch lassie! Shiela Irvine was there too. What a charming gypsy she was! She and her brother Sam, the clown, made a prepossessing pair. As for Shiela Doyle, she looked like some sort of an old

About the middle of the evening supper was served. The sound of breaking dishes lent a little excitement to this stage of the entertainment.

When supper was over, dancing was resumed. It really did look funny to see Mary Queen of Scots and Uncle Sam flitting around together. Cleopatra was there, but she seemed very lonesome because no Anthony appeared. Finally we heard the strains of God Save the King, and we knew what that meant—which we did.

SHIELA DOYLE.

## WITH THE MUSE. A STUDENT IN ARMS.

Dear Mother, Sister,

Brother, — What a brute you'll think I've been,

'Tis a week ago to-morrow since a line from me you've seen.

Perhaps you will excuse me when I tell the reason why;

Not a single dry curmudgeon of a Prof. would pass me by.

When Monday morning, half asleep, I went to Latin Class, Our honored lecturer said to me, "Write me a treatise vast,

Why Sallust wrote his Castiline, and Caesar, his wars too.

Don't get this out of books, but give me your own point of view.

If I had told him what I thought, I'd 've handed him a blank,

But straight I searched out others' thoughts ,on that you all may bank.

On Monday night, with aching brows, I burned the midnight oil,

On Tuesday went triumphant, with the gleanings of my toil.

But oh, the pitfalls that are set to snare unweary feet!

"Miss Smithers," said our history Prof., "it is your turn this week

"To write an essay on—let's see
—a subject I will find—

On Germany and England, how their interests intertwined.

"In the early nineteenth century, then how the drew apart;

Trace it to the present day, from 1860 start."

Of course I know you realize the wide scope of my brain,

But subjects such as this might even its resources strain.

And Sunday Eve and Wednesday, from morn till blackest night,

I searched through tomes of weighty lore—and yet could see no light.

On Friday, in the midst of deep and doleful, dire despair,

I received this gentle greeting, "Miss Smithers, please prepare

A theme" (with rare restraint, I checked my bursting sobs),

"On Aristides' view of human nature versus Hobbes'!"

Now do you blame me, it to-night I . . . drop the weary stuff, And contrary to Macbeth, cry out, for mercy—"Hold, enough!"

GRACE ELSTON.

#### GLEE CLUB VS. FELIS.

(The following specimen of Macaronic verse dedicated to the Glee Club of L.A.C., was unearthed from their archives by the ubiquitous reporter of the "Flambeau"):

A cat sedebat on our fence Neath a conclave of the Glee, Her vox surgebat ad the skies Canebat merrily.

Their clamours were of no avail, Tho' acriter did they cry, Conspexit them with mild reproof And winked her alter eye.

Nequiquam Gertrude threw her boots,

And John R. of books a flood.

Dum Grace jacit her classic themes

Qui fell with gravis thud.

Tum Gen. prendit her mirror dear,

Cum Fran. M's dancing socco, Et hurled cum multis doctis tomes

Fresh bound in red morocco.

In vain orabant to the gods
Ut they that cat might slay,
Quamquam they took six of her
lives

Reliqui sang away.

The cat wailed on with major vim.

Sola erat quite calm, Et quisque dixit unto herself Alas! "Quid faciam?"

Sed quisquam had a happy thought

Scivit 'twould end hanc rem
They sing!—at once the hostis
fled

Nec visus e'er again.

Adapted from T.U.M

#### PARADOXES.

There is a joy that is not joy, So poignant—'tis akin to pain; A pain so sweet, that to destroy Were not full-measured gain. The human heart holds sadness, Buried 'neath happy smiles; The human heart holds sorrow, Joy fills the eyes the while. And thus we see in nature

Life's paradox scorns naught— The noble soul's endeavour Holds triumph in the thought;

Holds it in high ambition,
In the search for Duty's goal,
And oft sees in lost battles
The full growth of the soul.

B. McGRATH.

#### WHY AM I-I?

Why do I do the things I do? Why do I think the things I think?

Why do I rue the things I rue?
Why do I drink the things I drink?

-In other words-"Why am I-I?

Why don't I do the things I should?

Why don't I answer the notes I should?

Why can't I have the things I would?

Why do I hate to study so?

—Give me a reason—"Why am
I—I?

Lest you should think this wisdom wasted,

Look at the questions—a reason seek.

If you can find an answer, paste it

In the Friday Flambeau on next week.

And answer pray—"Why am I—I?"

GRACE ELSTON.

#### GLEANINGS FROM THE CLASSICS, OR IMPRESSIONS OF A STUDENT.

Shelly—The Eugenean Hill.

The morn wears on to burning noon,

And the noon to evening glow; All I can say, "May it come soon, This agony bores me so!"

Shelly sought the eternal mystery,

Tried to drag it into view. How I wish he'd found that mys-

tery
And not tortured me and you.

#### Keats' Fancy.

Keats, he had a naughty Fancy, And he sent it forth to roam; If I could have my way, that Fancy

Would be spanked, and sent back home.

Cicero's Letters.

Cicero loved writing letters,
And he sent them everywhere;
I should think that we'd know
better

Than to poke and pry and stare

At his private correspondence,— Read those letters, everyone; Oh, it sinks me in despondence To see how rude we have become!

GRACE ELSTON.

"I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream." M.S.N's D.

#### THE BALLAD.

'Twas on a bright midsummer's night,

Oh, how the moon did gleam!
I felt my head grow monstrous light.

And lo! I dreamed a dream.

Methought that I transported was,

Part man and part an ass, While dainty fairies danced around,

And made the slow time pass.

Titania, the fairy queen,
Encumbered of my charms,
Did give me fairies for my needs
And twined me in her arms.

Pease-blossom, Mustard-seed and

And good Monsieur Cobweb,
Did all upon me seem to dote,
I felt my worst fears ebb.

But, oh, alas, all things must end And so indeed my dream, As I my homeward way did wend I thought it was a "scream."

MARGARET KELLY.

#### THE SENIOR'S NIGHTMARE.

Her last lecture was over, and with a sigh of relief, the troubled senior closed her well-filled notebook, and gathering her gown closely about her, prepared to leave the room. As she rose a fresh young voice greeted her,

"Oh, Grace, I've found something for that speech."

The senior gasped. For weeks she had implored her fellow-students for some scraps of information, but in vain; and here, confronting her, stood a Freshette, a Freshette! of all people, heavily laden with piles of manuscript.

Of course "piles" is mere poetic license, but so it seemed to the eyes of the harassed senior.

She eagerly took the bundle, thanked the bearer, and hastened through the draughty corridors. towards her own private apartment. Once there, she hastily re-arranged many carefully written notes, then opened the wellfilled package in search of further material for the speech she must give on the following day at the debate between the St. M's and the U. College. She pulled hastily at the knots of green ribbon with which the manuscript was bound, but the harder she pulled, the more knots appeared, and as a last resource she repaired with undignified haste, to the study of a neighbour, and there borrowed a knife.

No, dear readers, no horrible tragedy took place to grace the columns of a paper, the despairing senior did not cut her throat, but the string which bound the information, despaired of, for so long, but now so near. Alas! before her astonished eyes, there unrolled, lines of foolscap—entirely blank!

Oh, those Freshies! Would they never learn to respect those placed above them—far above them—by years of hard-won toil and experience? Would they ever learn manners enough to be respectable inmates of those classic halls "renowned in story," or must they stay a lasting disgrace to the dear old Alma Mater?

So thought the senior, as she sank with becoming dignity of despair, into a chair placed conveniently near the waste basket, and into the mouth of the latter receptacle threw yards and yards of useful paper, in defiance of all patriotism and law.

How long she sat there she did not know, but it must have been all night, for when roused from her lethargy by a buzzing sound, she found it was her turn to speak on the great question:

"Should Britain Surrender Her Fleet to the League of Nations?"

Unsteadily she arose to her feet and mounted the platform, and there facing her were rows upon rows of laughing Freshies, dressed in brilliant green, each one holding in her hand a yard of manuscript covered with Chinese writing.

Not one word of her carefully prepared oration could she deliver. She was lost! disgraced! and there she stood, in the midst of that awful silence, with those impish faces before her, until the timekeeper, advancing toward her, shook her roughly, and exclaimed, "Grace, it is six o'clock and time for supper." How absurd, to sleep in a place like this!"

And there she sat in the lecture room, with her note-book still before her, and a merry Freshie from across the border, shaking her from her sleep. With great dignity she arose, ordered the youthful one to follow her (which the afore mentioned, needless to say, did not do!) and left the room with a thankful heart, and a determination never to worry again, nor to fall asleep after lectures.

# LARGEST SALE OF THE YEAR!

Come and see our SHOES, Guaranteed to wear you out wearing them. They have done for others,

LET THEM DO FOR YOU!

#### BED-TIME STORIES.

#### Peter Rabbit and His Family Visit Paddy the Beaver.

Spring had come! Little Peter Rabbit poked his soft little mose out into the air. Scratching his left ear with his hind foot, he called his family around him. "Now, children, come out into the sunshine, and see the first blade of grass, the melting snow, and smell the fine warm air." Five little pink noses inhaled the odour of the warm, moist earth, as they hopped after Peter.

Across the muddy roads and soggy fields they sped to the home of Paddy, the beaver. On the way they saw, under the large umbrella of mushroom, Mr. Spot, the frog of Weed Pond, who was fanning himself with a grass-blade. Peter introduced Peter Junior, Bob-tail, Pink-eye, Black-eye, and Smart John to Mr. Spot, who looked them over with a decidedly bored expression.

Saying "good-bye" to Mr. Spot, they passed Weed Pond, which was barricaded with a growth of last year's bull-rushes. Here and there pussy-willows "micowed" plaintively, and little Blacky clung closer to Peter.

As they were passing the great forest, Peter looked into its cool depths. "Beware, children!" he said, "there is a sly Reddy Fox! He is thinking what nice, tasty morsels you children would make."

The bunnies hid behind an old decaying stump until Reddy passed them. Turning down a small, winding path, they came to Paddy's home. It was built in a secluded bend of the river. From the bank, Paddy had constructed a shaky bridge to the upper storey of his home, which was above the water. Peter picked up a stick, and slapped the water twice. In a moment it parted and Paddy's intelligent eyes appeared, then his whole body. Paddy summoned his neighbours by hitting the water a resounding smack with his tail. Up popped more little heads, as the beavers came to welcome Peter and his family.

"Tell us news of the great forest and its inhabitants, Peter," they cried in a chorus.

All knew that if there was anything to be known, Peter would know it.

"Well," said Peter, and his chest expanded with importance, "Reddy Fox is prowling around to-day, so all beware. Jimmy, the squirrel, is out and chattering to everyone. Jacky Blue-jay is up to his old tricks again, of suddenly darting down on you as you pass the outskirts of the great forest, and Hoot-Owl is blinking in the sunlight. Little Mouse is darting in and out of the grasses to keep away from Hoot-Owl's sharp eyes and talons. Bobby Bruin is still asleep in the big oak hollow. I expect all the little people will be out in a day or two."

The five little bunnies' eyes grew rounder and rounder as Peter concluded his recital, to think that their father should know all that.

Saying good-bye to Paddy and his friends, Peter and his family hurried home to dinner, which Mrs. Peter was preparing with the greatest care.

My! how hungry the little ones were after their trip in the soft spring air; and with what delight did they think of the dinner of cabbage and carrots which was awaiting them.

Next week Peter makes a call on Bobbie Bruin.

KATHLEEN LEE.

#### THE BLOODHOUND'S RE-VENGE.

(Conclusion).
CHAPTER LXVIII.

A week has elapsed.

For seven long days Bloodhound has been struggling in the briny depths with the conspirator, who, on his introduction into the story, forgot to give his name. Since, he telegraphed it to the Flambeau since. It is Fimento Cheseo.

As you already know, dear reader, Watchful Willie, in a moment of impulsive bravery, hurled himself over the side of the ship, so as to die with his beloved master. Before the had struck the water, however, he realized his mistake, and steering at an angle parallel to the horizon, arrived safely on deck again.

Watchful, having been trained by Bloodhound, sat on the edge of the rail to think out his course of action. Suddenly an idea, in the shape of an enormous wave, struck him. He acted on it immediately, and shot down the companion-way with truly admirable velocity. Hereupon he found himself in the presence of the two other ruthless ruffians who had designed this diabolical deed.

Willie did not forget his politeness. He bowed low and wagged his tail. "Sirs," he said with dignity, "your master is even now taking a bath which I fear will be detrimental to his future existence in this life." So saying, he bounded up the ladder and opened the hatch of the hold, which for specific purposes, is always situated on deck, in direct line with the stairs leading from the cabin.

The two villains precipitated themselves up the ladder, and as the cunning Watchful had so cleverly designed, walked into the trap.

Willie immediately barred the door on them, flew to the engineroom and changed the course of the ship.

Need we tell the subsequent events?

We realize, dear reader, that you, with your lightning penetration. have divined that Willie saved the great Detective. But so interchangeably were Bloodhound Bill and Signor Cheso mixed up that the villain also was saved.

However, all turns out for the best. Moved by the shining example of Bill and Willie, Pimento fell on the collar of the great Detective and wept great tears of repentance on it,—a liberty which the great Detective allowed, because his collar couldn't possibly get any saltier or any wetter than it was.

Willie was deeply affected by this scene.

Ten minutes later, Pimento touched (Willy) Bill for a dime, which the great Detective, sadly and with tears, refused.

Thus was Bloodhound's Revenge worthy of his name and pedigree, to say nothing of his salary as a great Detective:

(The End).)
BETTY McGRATH.

# THE FRAILTIES OF A FRESHMAN.

There's a Freshman at our table And her name is little Mary; We have done our best to train her.

But by nature she's contrary.

For the honor we have done her, She is not the least bit thankful,

Of used silver at the meal-end, She will let us wash a tankful.

She refuses at the changing
Of the plates between the
courses,

To remove them for her seniors, Though they've done their best to force her.

But some day she will be sorry, And with tears she will entreat

Our pardon with a promise
Of reform the most complete.

We will grant it—if she promise
True that never after this
Shall a senior wash her silver,
Or remove a single dish.
GRACE ELSTON.

BELONG to the B.B.B.

Be a buyer of the BEST BOOKS.

Begin and buy the best—RAIN-BOW.

WHETHER 'TIS GOOD OR BAD, OR SO SC,

'TWILL FIND A PLACE IN THE FLAMBEAU.

## THE BLUE PENCIL BUREAU

Questions sent in to this Department will have to be held over till the July issue. This is not because they require a special research committee to solve them—fortunately, no—but because a paper on "Shakespeare and the Irish Broque" by that brilliant and genial man of letters and of science, knight of endless high enterprises and what not?—must be quoted here. We are urged to do it, and have given our promise. The paper is sure to interest all and instruct many of our readers. It came out in the Columbiad a few months ago and aroused much lively comment. Not the slightest doubt, however, as to the author's absolute reliability in the matter, has ever been raised.

#### Shakespeare and the Irish Brogue.

(By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.)

I have sometimes wondered whether Shakespeare's pronunciation would not prove for a great many of our Irish folk at least a confirmation by analogy of the claim that Shakespeare was a faithful adherent of the old Church, for there is no doubt at all that when Shakespeare spoke English he pronounced it exactly as do a great many Irish Catholics in our time. As a matter of fact while the Irish "brogue" is often thought to be a degeneration of speech which occurred in Ireland because rude peasants could not get their tongues around the niceties of English pronunciation and therefore gradually formed a mode of speech of their own, rough and uncouth as the shoes they wear and therefore called the Irish brogue, the truth is that the Irish brogue of Elizabeth and James at the very height of the classical period of English literature when Shakespeare was doing his work in London. As for Shakespeare himself, he undoubtedly talked English exactly after the fashion in which people now call the Irish brogue when they mean to speak derisively of the way the Irish folk from across the Irish Sea talk English.

I may say at once that Shakespeare said showldher and murdther and sowl (for soul). This word is constantly spelled in this fashion in the early editions of his plays, and he said resave for receive and tache for teach, and all the other modes of speech that are often supposed to be so characteristically Irish. It is perfectly possible to find just how Shakespeare pronounced English words from the rhymes that he uses and the puns that he makes, and fortunately for this purpose of ours Shakespeare made a great many puns though his commentators have deprecated them; and then much more can be told from the early pronouncing dictionaries which show us what the old time pronunciation was and how ours has been modified from it.

As Mr. Douglas called to attention in his Literary History of Ireland, about the end of the first quarter of the seventeenth century, that is toward the end of King James I. reign, so many of the Irish had learned to talk English and had lost the knowledge of their native tongue that books even with regard to Irish matters had to be written in English for them. So true was this that even one of the Irish chroniclers, Connla Mac Echagan of Westmeath, translated the annals of Clonmacnois into English "so that the Irish who had put their children to learn English might not fall into ignorance of their own history." The process of anglicizing the Irish had begun in Elizabeth's time just after Shakespeare went up to London, about 1585. It took just the generation to complete the process, that is until 1625.

It was the pronunciation of English as practised in London at this time that the Irish learned when they were forced to adopt the English language and it is this which they have preserved. It is perfectly possible to trace every sound that an intelligent Irishman uses in the current pronunciation of the Elizabethan

and Jacobean times, and indeed to exemplify every phase of the Irish brogue in Shakespeare himself. Any number of examples might be given. A few only can be mentioned here, but they will amply suffice for the argument.

It is with regard to the diphthongs that the Irishman is supposed to have found most difficulties and therefore to have invented modes of pronunciation of his own. He says resave and desave and other words of similar kind in the same way. Very few people realize, though it would seem to be so obvious, that in this pronunciation the Irishman is only following the rule of English pronunciation, so far as there ever is one, in regard to the sound of the diphthong ei. We all pronounce deign, vein, reign, rein, eight, freight, heinous and obeisance with a long "a" sound just in the same way as the Irishman says resave. There are only half a dozen words altogether in the English language in which ei is not pronounced long "a." These are receive, deceive, conceive and perceive, and either and neither. When they asked the Irishman whether he said neether, or neyether, he said nayther would do for him. The old Anglo-Saxon form of the word is nather. Toward the end of the eighteenth century some simpering idiot in London instead of pronouncing receive, etc., with a fine long "a" sound, began to simper it out in receeve, deceeve, conceeve, etc. The simper caught on and now we all simper them out-except the Irishman who respects the language more than that.

It seems very queer and densely ignorant to many people for an Irishman to say sowl instead of sole, for soul. How many people realize that most of the ou's in the English language are pronounced as the Irishman pronounces ou in soul? Do we not all say hour and flour and sound and round and pound and found and mound, and ever so many other words simple and compound exemplify this practice. Some of us remember when people went on wedding tours (towers). Whenever anybody differs from us he must be wrong and is usually set down as ignorant when it is just possible that

we may be the ones to blame. I remember once talking this subject of the Irish brogue as Shakespeare's English to a group of school principals at a dinner. A very dear little woman who had spent many years doubtless at the thankless task of teaching the young American idea to shoot in New York, and who seemed a typical New England school marm, said to me, "Doctor, what you say is very interesting and I never thought of it before in that way, but why do the Irish say dure and flure for door and floor?" I said to her as gently as possible: "You know, madam, an Irishman is supposed to have the privilege of answering a question by asking another. May I then ask you how do you pronounce poor and moor and also how do you say moon and boon and coon and soon and loon and boot and moot and boor and noon and practically every other double o in the English language? Our present pronunciation of door and floor are exceptions which have only come into vogue comparatively recently and the Irishman refuses to change his observation of the rule in English as to the pronunciation of double o for the modern exception."

Another principal, rather small also, but with a foreign accent that could not be concealed, said, "But surely there are certain Irishisms or modes of pronunciation that are characteristic of the Irish." I asked for an example and he suggested the pronunciation yis for yes. I referred him, however, to Professor Lounsbury of Yale who called attention to the fact that "nearly all the pronouncing dictionaries of even the eighteenth century pronounced yes as if it were spelled yis." Walker in his dictionary, 1785, said that yet was no longer pronounced yit, but that yes was still pronounced yis though he thought that a change was coming, and this has actually arrived, but only in the nineteenth century, for Walker wrote at the end of the eighteenth.

Such an expression as goold for gold seems surely a mark of ignorance, but Walker in his pronouncing dictionary declares that this pronunciation was very common in England at the end of the eighteenth century. Indeed, according to Lounsbury, Walker deemed it too firmly entrenched ever to disappear. Not only was gold pronounced goold, but Rome was pronounced room, a pronunciation still heard in some of the back districts in Ireland and supposed to be a vulgar degeneration. We know from certain of Shakespeare's puns that Rome was pronounced room in his time, for he says, "Now is it Rome indeed and room enough." Such a sound seems very queer and unusual in English until we recall that move, lose, and other common words are thus pronounced and such familiar words as whose and to have exactly the same sound of o.

President Finley of the New York Board of Education said to me after hearing the talk once on this subject, "But then we Irish have certain expressions that are our own. They are Gaelicisms that we have introduced into English." I said that I used to think that there were a great many, but that the number was constantly dwindling as I knew more about old English. I asked for an example of what he thought such a mode of expression. He said "There is the word forninst so common in the mouth of Irishmen and practically never heard from anyone else." On looking the matter up I was able to tell him that the first form of the word occurs in the laws of King Henry VIII. as foreanent. By the time King James' laws were written, however, whenever a property was described as lying opposite another the preposition commonly used was foreneast. The pronunciation of that word in Elizabeth's time would be exactly furninst, which is the form the Irish use now. Many short e's besides those in yet and yes were pronounced as short i's at that time. Shakespeare actually said min for men, pin for pen, and sind for send. We still have some remnants of this short i pronunciation of short e. We say pritty and not pretty and wimmin and not women.

All that is necessary is to recall familiar pronunciations to realize that an Irishman's speech is not nearly so strange as it seems. It appears queer to hear tache for teach and tay for tea, but we all say great and break and apparently do not realize that we are using the same mode of pronunciation. The Irishman follows the rule of the older time and the modern usage which is gradually assimilating many different sounds into a weaker pronunciation. Ei and ea are gradually being transformed into simple long e sounds.

The other peculiarity of the Irish speech is that the Irishman does not like to put his accents too far away from the end of a word. He likes to say confessor with the accent on the penult and con'template in the same way. English has been throwing its accents back in recent years, but that is because oratory has been going out of fashion. No one who talks to a large crowd ever wants to have the accents far from the end of a word because it is hard to make the word heard. Think of trying to make 3,500 people in Carnegie hall hear inh'ospitable. Therefore an Irishman says contr'ary and my old father used to say interpr'eter but with the accent on the penult just as he said mag'istrate and certifi'cate. are Elizabethan pronunciations.

### "Dictum Sapienti sat est."

Let us look to our sentences, Rainbow writers! There is room for improvement. Many, very many, are too long. Some are clumsy in construction. The sense of others is involved and obscure. The rules governing punctuation are too loosely observed. As for the poetry, look to it that poetic measure and accent are not seriously violated, and above all, see that your matter is strictly original. One must gather information, sometimes ideas, from other works occasionally, but beware of adopting another's exact phraseology. Good, bad or indifferent, we want our own composition. She who is discouraged because her first attempts are rejected for these pages, proves that she lacks the first quality required for success, namely: painstaking perseverence. Want of space prevents us from giving specific instances of the errors alluded to above.

# ALUMNAE NOTES

#### LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Patroness
Hon. President
Hon. Vice-PresidentMRS THOMAS LALOR.
President
First Vice-PresidentMISS GERTRUDE KELLY.
Second Vice-PresidentMISS HELEN SEITZ.
Recording SecretaryMISS VICTORINE ROONEY.
Corresponding Secretary MISS EILEEN CLARKE.
Treasurer MISS ELIZABETH McCARRON
Convenor of House Committee. MRS. HARRY MURPHY.
Convenor of Entertainment MRS. JAMES MALLON.
Convenor of MembershipMRS. JOSEPH DOANE.
Convenor of PressMISS MABEL EALAND.

Members are notified that the Nomination Committee will be convened at an early date. The bi-ennial elections will be held in the latter part of May, and all nominations should be sent immediately to any member of the nomination committee or to any officer of the present executive committee. The constitutional rules governing nominations and elections are briefly:

1. All nominations must be made and signed

by a member in good standing.

2. Only members in good standing are eligible for office.

3. No member of the present executive may be elected to hold office for a second term in

her present position.

4. The offices of president and first vice-presidents may only be filled by members who at some time have held office on a past executive committee.

5. We would ask our members please to see that their nominations are in order.

\* \* \* \*

During the two years (nearly) of the present executive committee, congratulations have been sent to several of our officers, but the letter of good wishes sent to Miss Mabel Ealand was unique in the history of our twenty-one old organization. Neverbefore has a member of the active executive committee of the Loretto Alumnae Association been married during the term of office. Shortly after the signing of the armistice, Miss Ealand was married in Holy Family Church by Rev. Dr. Morrissey of St. Augustine's Seminary, to Capt. Joseph Casserly, lately returned from overseas, after three years' service with the Canadian Army Medical Corps.

Miss Daisy Dorrien, one time treasurer of L. A. A., has been appointed Kindergarten Directress of York St. Public School. Miss Gertrude Taylor, perhaps our most faithful out-of-town member, has been seriously ill in a Hamilton Hospital. We are glad to be able to announce that her improvement, in the last few days, promises an ultimate recovery.

Congratulations are due to Mrs. Harry Senior (Cecile McLaughlan) and Mrs. Armand Heintzman (Miss Foley) whose baby boys are now nearly two months old.

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Notices from Atlantic City show the names of many Torontonians on the hotel registers there—many of them old Loretto girls. Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Phelan, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gough, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, Mrs. De Vaney and Miss Dorothy have all spent a mid-winter holiday there since Christmas.

The L.A.A. sends the sincerest good wishes to Miss Sadie Morrow, whose marriage to Mr. Harry T. Roesler will take place immediately after Easter.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. W. Vale (Genevieve Power) and her little family have moved to Toronto and are making their home in Kenilworth avenue.

\* \* \* \*\*

In connection with the Loretto Bazaar to be held at Loretto Abbey on April 29th and 30th, and May 1st, the L.A.A. has volunteered to take over the complete management of the "Home-Made" booth, and to arrange a Bridge and Euchre in the drawing rooms, on the opening day. We urge our members to help to make the Bazaar a success by their co-operation and support, by their attendance at the Alumnae Bridge, and by donations to the L.A.A. table, of any and everything home-made.

The second regular meeting for the year 1918-19 was held in Loretto Abbey concert hall on Tuesday, Jan. 7th, at which Mrs. Scott Nasmith gave a most delightful and whimsical reading. She chose a quaint little English play, and to those interested in the world's present social unrest, it made a strong appeal for the rights of the "masses." The entertainment committee under Mrs. James Mallon provided an enjoyable musical programme and the meeting closed with tea in the drawing rooms, at which Mrs. Cluff and Mrs. George Gillespie presided. The assistants were Mrs. Stafford Higgins, Mrs. Fred Tremble and the Misses Florence Boland, Edna Murphy and Norine Dorrien.

The fourth convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae which was to have been held last November, and which by petition of its State Governors was indefinitely postponed, has now been called, and will be held from May 30th to June 4th with a three days extra session, held previously for the executive committee. It will take place in St. Louis, as planned for last autumn, and all arrangements made by that city and its convents will be carried out now as planned. The delegation from Toronto is large. Besides a representative from each Convent Alumnae, the positions of first vice-president of I.F.C.A. and the Governor for Ontario are at present held by Torontonians.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is gratifying in the extreme to note the number of Loretto's graduates and under-graduates who are doing such noble work in connection with the various war-activities and charitable organizations in the city. The canteen department of the Knights of Columbus Hostel is under the exclusive management of the ladies of Toronto. Fifty per cent. of the personnel of these canteen shifts are Loretto "old girls." The President of Rosary Hall Association, whose chief work is the housing of the Catholic business girl, is Miss Marie Mc-Donnell; Rosary Hall Guild, perhaps the largest Catholic girls' organization in Toronto is under the direction of Miss Florence Boland. Six of the eight members of the board of directors of St. Elizabeth's Association are members of the Alumnae: Mrs. McLean French, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. T. P. Phelan, Miss L. Hynes, Mrs. O'Sullivan and Mrs. Dwyer. On the executive committee of the most recently organized society, the Catholic Big Sisters are four Loretto girls: Misses Mary Power, Gerrude Kelly, Alma Small and Florence Boland.

\* \* \* \*

Mother M. Immaculatea (Mary Leacock, '05) has been seriously ill in Guelph with influenza and pneumonia. We are glad to be able to announce to her friends that within the last week her condition had decidedly improved.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Edith Smith of Montreal, who did such excellent war-work in England, is visiting in Toronto for a month.

\* \* \* \* \*

Word has just been received of the marriage of Miss Clare McCool to Mr. Charles Roy Towner of Talbot, Alta.

The lenten meeting of the L.A.A. was held at Loretto Abbey on Tuesday, April 1st. The meeting conducted a jam and pickle shower for the Alumnae's home-made booth at the coming bazaar. The program was delightfully informal and was given in the drawing-rooms. Miss Chadney, one of Mr. Ernest Seitz' pupils, gave a group of four McDowell Numbers. Bessie Haffey, a former Loretto pupil, was most happy in her selection of readings from our own Canadian poets. The typical habitant dialect was well enunciated in the late Dr. Drummond's "The Stove-pipe Hole"; and the spirit of a real Canadian was behind the convincing recitation of Pauline Johnson's "Canadian Born." Miss Beatrice Bush closed the program with two vocal selections. A vote of thanks to the talent was moved by Mrs. J. P. Hynes and seconded by Miss Elizabeth Mc-Carron.

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We extend our sincerest sympathy to Mother M. Borgia, now in Chicago, on the death of her brother, Mr. F. Fife.

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This Alumnae Column is edited by Loretto old-girls, for Loretto old-girls, and concerning Loretto old-girls. The Press Committee are always glad to receive contributions to these "notes" relating to our girls or their activities; or they may be sent to the Rainbow Office direct.

We gather an important and significant item in connection with the K. C. Army Huts Campaign, reported in last issue. It would seem that Loretto old pupils and Alumnae figured very conspicuously in the entire drive, in numbers too large to be listed here. The Official Organizer of the campaign was Miss Marie Mc-Dennell, and her assistant was Miss Florence Boland, both renowned workers and former Loretto pupils. The following captains were also Loretto pupils: Mrs. Herbert, Mrs. Lamburn, Mrs. Bender, Miss Elizabeth Ryan, Miss Hanrahan, Mrs. Duncan McDougal, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Dwyer, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, Mrs. Frank Cassidy, Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, Mrs. J. J. O'Neill, Mrs. D. J. Coffee, Miss Mary McMahon. A great many of the workers (2,000 in all), under these captains, were former or present-day Loretto pupils. The sum realized amounted to over \$22,000, a figure which is an eloquent testimony to the efficiency and zeal of the organizers. Congratulations to all!

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# In Memoriam

Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth, now saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours.

AP. 14-13.



I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the Cast Day I shall rise out of the earth.

**—**JOB. 19, 25-27

Religious

#### Benefactors

#### Alumnae, Pupils

SR. M. ROSA

SR. M. MARTINA

SR. M. BEDE

SR. M. RITA

SR. M. ST. IGNATIUS

M. M. CECILIA

SR. M. ADELAIDE

SR. M. OF THE NATIVITY

M. M. DELPHINA

SR. M. CUTHBERT

M. M. ANNUNCIATA

SR. M. SOPHIA

M. M. STANISLAUS

M. M. DEMETRIA

M. M. ST. GABRIEL.

MGR. MAHONEY

REV. J. P. DUNN

DR. BALFE

EDWARD LENNON

MRS. FRANK BURDETTE

MRS. JOHN FOY.

ELIZABETH DALY
(Sr. Marina)

EUPHEMIA ROGERS ROHR

EULALIA DALY

ELLA CARR

EDNA MALONEY BAKER

RUBY MULLIGAN
FITZMAURICE

ELIZABETH ROBINSON

Requiescant In Pace!

## College and Academy Notes

#### COLLEGE NOTES.

Jan. 7. College re-opened and students prepared for examination which are usually held before Christmas.

Jan. 29. Misses Grace Elston, Florence Daly, Madeline Smyth and Mertis Donnelly, class of 1T9, were the hostesses at a charming dinner given to the graduates and students of L.A.C. A dance took place immediately after dinner, the music being supplied by prominent members of the De La Salle Orchestra. Among the guests present were Miss Irene Long, Misses Genevieve Twomey, Alice McClelland, Kathleen McCauley and Edith O'Connor.

Feb. 12. The Seniors were entertained at dinner by the faculty of St. Joseph's Convent. After dinner a novel guessing contest furnished amusement, and like good hostesses our fellow collegians allowed one of their guests to bear off the trophy.

Jan. 31. Woman's Intercollegiate Debate. Resolved that England should surrender her naval supremacy to the proposed League of Nations," was the subject of the debate between St. Michael's College (aff.) and University College (neg.). We take pleasure in being able to say that our debaters, Misses Helen Duggan and Grace Elston, won.

Feb. 14. St. Michael's College debated versus Victoria College on the subject "Resolved that a protective tariff is beneficial to the Canadian people." St. Michael's, represented by Miss Grace Elston and Miss Cleo Coghlan, upheld the affirmative and Misses Fife and Evans the negative. We were not so successful this time, and Victoria carried off the laurels.

Feb. 22. A triple feast for the college—and it was thrice celebrated. Washington's Birthday was the occasion for a red-white-and-blue party. It was the feast of our Vice-Principal, so there was an impromptu entertainment in the concert hall. Finally, it was the Inauguration Day of Student Government, which has been proclaimed an annual holiday.

March 9. Frances Moloney has premonitions of the arrival of a wisdom tooth. College is cestatic!

March 20: A dreadful day of doleful gloom. English examinations occupied the attention of all four years. However, misery loves company, and no serious casuality has been reported.

F. O'B.

#### ABBEY NOTES.

The Superior and Members of the Community of Loretto wish to express their heartfelt gratitude for the many generous contributions made to their Easter Bazaar, as well as for the efforts and the many kind offers of assistance on the part of personal friends, alumnae, pupils, and especially on the part of many with whom they are in business relations only.

They are touched by the warm response and the enthusiastic co-operation with which this project was greeted when first broached, and they hope that the future will provide an opportunity for testifying their appreciation of it all. At the present writing the event is several weeks distant, but there is every reason to look for gratifying returns.

Most consoling news has come to us from Reverend Mother Loyola of York. With her own pen she announces her recovery from the serious illness recorded in our last issue. We quote her writing in part: "The Rainbow has just arrived and I see under "Abbey Notes" the kind words of my friends in Canada, and I feel the effect of their prayers. Yes, owing to such prayers, I have a short time longer of service granted me. Will all those, who have had the charity to pray for me, accept my most grateful thanks, and ask for me the grace to profit by the time that still remains."

"Dear Reverend Mother General of Rathfarnham will indeed leave a blank that can never be filled in the hearts and lives of those who love her and are deeply indebted to her. But she seems to have done her work and the reward must be great."

On March 3rd the concert which was to have been held before Christmas was produced in Matinée and evening performance. The programme was varied and attractive, all departments of the Academy taking part. The very Junior group tried hard to contest honours with the Seniors, and very nearly succeeded.

March 7th.—An eloquent and instructive lecture by Mrs. O'Neill on the Development of the English Novel, made the day a memorable one. The lecturer, a speaker of peculiar charm

and personality, was introduced by Reverend M. J. Ryan of St. Augustine's Seminary, whose short address to the audience after the lecture gave new point and emphasis to what went before.

March 24th.—Rev. T. McCarthy of Mt. Carmel, returned from his four years' chaplaincy at the war front, and drove directly to the Abbey where he said Mass and spent the remainder of the day with his Sister, Sr. M. St. Thomas Aquinas. The full record of his experiences. how he won the croix de guerre, and many of the instances of his career as a major in the Princess Pats Regiment, will remain to be told by some of his friends, as he was most careful to suppress the personal note in his own account. But the entertainment he afforded by his presence and genial discourse was heartily enjoyed.

March 29th.—Rev. Capt. Melville Staley returned to-day after a three years' absence. He met with a warm welcome here on the part of his many friends and his sister, now Sr. M. Cecilia. His coming recalls the loss of one who was closely associated with him in his work at St. Mary's—Rev. J. B. Dutton—whose sudden, almost tragic death, was announced when our last issue was in press.

Father Dutton was an ideal priest in every way. The excellence of his mind and character had endeared him to many friends, and the news of his death by the dread epidemic, influenza, came as a painful shock to them all. How glad he would have been to join in our welcome to-day, to his friend and comrade, Rev. Father Staley!

March 29th.—WANTED! A recording secretary for our new Chicken Farm. The daily incidents are absorbing. They keep us too busy to take notes for the Rainbow. The courses of incubator instruction follow each other very rapidly. Mary Ann, the most amiable and accommodating mother of a broad, should be celebrated in song and story. She freely adopts the weaklings from the brooder, and lets her own more sturdy sons and daughters go out and battle for a livelihood with the less cultured orphan brood. One fondling, however, who has more brains than physique, rebels. This feathered shelter bears too small a likeness to her own canvas-draped brooder. Having solved for herself the question, "What is home without a mother," when you never had one! she will

have none of it. So the presiding human is forced to yield her point to that solution—the solution of an incubator chick! "Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!"

#### STRATFORD NOTES.

#### Shrove Tuesday Tea.

Of the many important happenings during the school year, perhaps we could rank our Shrove Tuesday Tea of March 4th the most noteworthy.

It was held in the large Assembly Hall which was decorated very prettily with bunting, different flags, and the booths, each one bearing the colours of its class. In "Laurier Booth," Third Form enjoyed the privilege of representing the true Loretto colours—blue and white. First and Second Forms floated white and green, the colour of the dear Emerald Isle. The Commercial Class, with its yellow and white, made a striking contrast with those of the other Forms, and added to the beauty and picturesqueness of the hall.

The principal occupation was the selling of candy, cake and peanuts, while a dainty lunch of sandwiches, cake and coffee was served at tables to those desiring it. Last, but certainly not least, in the refreshment line, was the ice-cream booth, which was indeed a very popular place during the greater part of the afternoon. Another favourite spot, which was conducted by the Commercial Class, was the Post Office. Many people visited this and tried to dip into the future and see what Dame Fortune assigned them.

The tea commenced at three in the afternoon. The weather man was not very generous with us, as torrents of rain fell all afternoon and evening. However, we tried to look on the sunny side and forget this. School children crowded in about three-thirty, and a general rush ensued. Some time later other people came. Every booth was well patronized, which shows how very tmepting the cake and candy, etc., must have looked. In a very short time everything was disposed of. About five-thirty

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the school-children and people dispersed to their homes.

We then began the delightful task of counting our gains and found to our joy that the proceeds realized were over thirty dollars. This we planned to send to the Church Extension Society, and have a chalice bought for some poor church. On this chalice these words will be engraved: "Donated by the pupils of Loretto Convent, Stratford, 1919."

The girls who all worked so well left for their homes shortly after six, and though all were tired, they also felt very happy for having been able to help on a work for such a good purpose. They decided that truly this was "The end of a perfect day."

HANNA DWYER.

The pupils gave a splendid program on the 14th of March, in honour of St. Patrick. It required much practice and preparation, but, thanks to our teachers, it was a grand success. This is not only my idea of it, for I heard several of the audience remark that nothing was lacking.

Besides the program of an ordinary concert—singing, reading and instrumental music—the minuet formed, perhaps, one of the most interesting numbers. Eight of the girls took part in it and wore very suitable costumes for the performance. In the afternoon at 4.15 we gave a matinée to the nuns and pupils of the Separate Schools, but the real entertainment was held after supper, and although the night was cold and windy with some rain at intervals, there was a large audience presence.

About eight o'clock we took our places on the stage, and I noticed when we faced the crowd that they all looked several times at the eight conspicuous ones as if they were strangers. To complete the program, it was necessary to have the little girls take part, and that part was acted bravely and well. One song which they called "The Little Peach," seemed to appeal to all as interesting, though the ending was sad. The sweet notes of the Tots in an Irish Lullaby might have passed for fairy music.

ELIZABETH WHALING.

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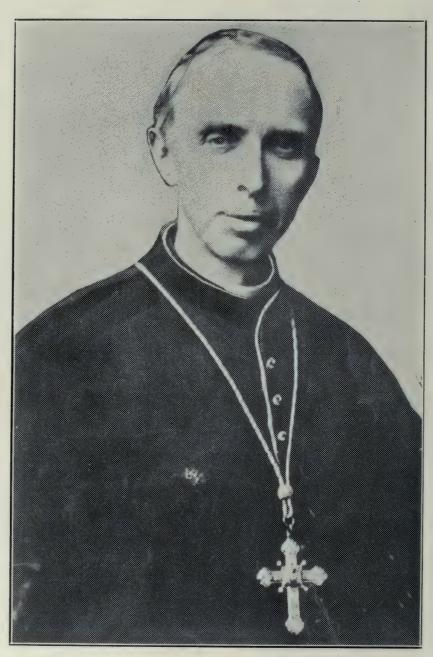
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VOL. XXVI.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1919

NO. 3

## PRINCE OF THE CHURCH AND HERO

THE entire civilized world, some five years ago, admitted His Eminence, Cardinal Mercier among its most cherished heroes; and to-day America opens her door and her heart to welcome the great Prelate. She does so with a warmth unaltered and unalterable. The high tide of the world's enthusiasm may be nearing that natural fall predicted by the wise, but the principles which inspire its unprecedented rise are not subject to time or tide. They are expressions of the eternal verities.

This universal and magnificent tribute offered to our country's distinguished guest is ample proof, in spite of every misgiving, that the ideal of true greatness, not only survives, but dominates, all civilized nations to-day. That which constitutes Cardinal Mercier's claim to popular applause is his fearless stand in defense of the social and sacred rights of his country. The fabric of both civil and religious rights is daily menaced by a spirit of lawlessness and evil, never so powerful before. But can we fear the outcome of the threatened struggle when confronted with the consoling spectacle of that triumphant ideal?

Let us see some of the characteristics which have helped to make this great Churchman stand out among his fellow-men and tower so above them. Perhaps no words uttered by Cardinal Mercier during the crucial period of his country's history, strike the keynote of his character so truly as those addressed to the small secret gathering of his flock, who had

risked everything to hear the voice and learn the will of their Shepherd. They prove how big his spirit was. As to the final issue of events he allowed no misgiving to weaken the courage of his children. But that is not all. His own indomitable courage and endurance was an inspiration to all his hearers, and to those who received from them his message.

"A day does not go by," he said, "without my receiving from friends of all nationalities, letters of condolence which invariably terminate with the words, "Poor Belgium!" And I answer, "No, no, not poor Belgium, but great Belgium! Incomparable Belgium! On the map it is only a tiny spot which many foreigners would not notice without the aid of a magnifying glass; but to-day there is not a nation in the world which does not render homage to this little Belgium."

Dr. de Stryker, Vice Rector of the American College at Louvain University, who came to arrange the Cardinal's itinerary in this country, said in reply to an interviewer's remark that nothing takes stronger hold upon the hearts of our people than such actions as those which have made the Prelate so famous a figure in the world's history,—"But he did not do what he did for that. There was no thought of popular approval in the Cardinal's mind when he issued those Pastoral Letters. Nor, primarily, was he intent on defying the Germans. It was with him a simple matter of duty. It is a part of his daily task to aid his people, in an hour of need,

with any words which might be helpful to them. Suffering and affliction lay on all Belgium and his was the duty to lighten it if he could. He did his best to do it, and I need hardly tell you of the comfort and fresh courage the Belgians took in what he wrote."

Thus it is: when such a man as Cardinal Mercier has attained his full stature of intellectual and moral growth. His most natural actions seem to bear the stamp of a greatness called into being by the exigency of the hour. He becomes, even to the popular and unreflecting mind, not only a genius to excite wonder and admiration, but a hero, who merits honour and applause. Yet he merely reveals what years of self-discipline—mental and moral—have fashioned within him.

One of the most thrilling stories of the war will, one day, be based upon the past five years of Cardinal Mercier's career. How the immortal dramatists, Homer, Virgil, our own Shakespeare, would have dealt with such episodes as that of this venerable man made captive in his own palace, by an insolent and unscrupulous tyrant, and while there, cheering and directing his stricken people through his fearless and beautiful letters; then the eloquent defiance with which he meets the threats of his jailors; his magnificent and god-like daring when he invited them to do their worst; his calm, steadfast refusal to concede to the enemy the moral right to do a wrong; his scornful treatment of their bribes, which they deemed more sure and subtle than threats, as they probably are, in their own psychology.

In contrast to this soldierly bearing, there is the fatherly attitude of tenderness towards his children, who take heart at the promised protection of their imprisoned parent. Here is subject for a drama, such as the world has never seen, founded upon truth so vivid, and arousing emotions so fundamental to the human heart, that it requires no heightening of colour from the pen of the dramatist or the brush of the painter. It glows with life and pulses with energy all its own.

"Opportunity makes the man" only in the

sense of calling forth and developing that which is latent within. No one can say that but for this war, the great figure which will dominate this period of history, quite as truly as Cardinal Richelieu did his-if not more sublimelywould have regained a merely local reputation; that he would have been known to his own people, through the channels of their priests, and to a limited group of students and faculty in a Belgian University. That University is one of the most famous in the world to-day, and he is a star of the first magnitude upon its roll of Professors. It is to his initiative the Church owes the Seminaire Leon XIII., founded for the revival of Thomistic philosophy. His masterly mind has long since made for him many noted disciples in the ranks of theologians, philosophers and men of science. The fame of his mental greatness is, therefore, secure. It is attested by those who know him intimately that there is hardly a subject under the sun with which he is not familiar. Mathematics, astronomy, medicine, mechanics, all these are included in his range of philosophy. His profound knowledge of international law has involved him in many a consultation with the rulers and statesmen of Europe. How well he knew his rights and those of his flock, may be judged by the stand he took during the German invasion. Because of this manly adherence to his rights, it has been said that he was more dangerous to the Germans than an armed division or a fleet of battleships.

It will be remembered that without warning he issued his first Pastoral on patriotism and endurance. Half of Belgium had read it before the German authorities were aware of its existence. He was, therefore, promptly rebuked by some officers and warned of their Government's displeasure. Of course he did it in ignorance of their orders, they said, on which plea alone he could be forgiven, provided the offense would not be repeated. The soldierly reply he made was a full justification of his action, and his accusers were non-plussed.

"I agree to nothing of the kind," said the Prelate. "I am fully familiar with international law and my rights under it, and just how far you can go in governing territory which you claim to have conquered, and where you must stop You have no authority under which you may interfere with me in this. Your jurisdiction does not cover the Pastoral advices of the Church. Do not understand that I have sent out this letter because of any misapprehension on my part. 'I have a most perfect right to do what I have done. More, it is my duty

and I shall do it again if I find occasion."

So much for this champion of lawful rights. But what a striking contrast between this Scholar, Statesman, Hero, and Prince of the Church, and those who are striving to set aside all law and order in the mad-man's dream of liberating the world from tyranny!

ALUMNA.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.

# GENERAL EDUCATIONAL ITEMS

#### In Australia.

Last week three Sisters of Loretto from Australia were in Toronto on their way to a meeting of the Provincials of their Order in Ireland. Devoted as their lives are to the work of Catholic education, these Ladies con versed interestingly of difficulties overcome in Australia. There, as in the United States, the public schools are completely secular, and Catholics support parish schools for the training of their own children while paying taxes for the secular training of Protestant children.

The university problem had to wait while the lower grades were being placed on a solid foundation. The University of Melbourne alloted sites on its grounds for denominational hostels, and the Protestant denominations were in a position to build upon their sites at once. These hostels are called colleges, though the teaching is done in the University buildings, because a good deal of tutorial work is also done in them in the way of "coaching." The Anglicans have Trinity College; the Presbyterians, Ormond College; and the Methodists, Queen's College. In 1916 Archbishop Mannix organized a campaign throughout the State of Victoria, in co-operation with the suffragan Bishop of Bendigo, Ballarat, and Sole, for the purpose of erecting a college on the site allotted to the Catholics on the University grounds. Between June and December, 1916, they collected

half a million dollars. The Catholic population of the four dioceses is about three hundred thousand. The new building was then erected on the University grounds and called Newman College. It is a very fine building, and the Catholic students are better housed than their neighbours. Three priests were appointed to continue the collection in the four dioceses, and they will continue their work until Newman College is endowed.

Forty years ago Sir Henry Parkes, when introducing the Public Instruction Act, in New South Wales, exclaimed:

"I hold in my hand what will be the death to the calling of the priesthood of the Church of Rome."

The Attorney-General of Victoria had gone further on a similar occasion by declaring that the Education Act would lead the rising generation, by sure and gradual steps, "to worship in common at the shrine of one neutral-tinted deity, sanctioned by the State Department.

These were not empty prophesies. They expressed accurately the inherent tendency of the education then in course of establishment. They failed of fulfilment because of the resistance encountered. The contest is still on in Australia as elsewhere. All children grow up with some idea and conviction as to their place in the universe. They may grow up with a conviction that they are only incidents of the

passing scene, and that for them death ends all; or they may grow up with a conviction that they are destined to live for all eternity in a state depending on their life on earth. The atmosphere of the school is a large element in determining the future mental attitude of the pupil, not in the first generation, after a change of atmosphere, but in the long run. The effect in the United States, where millions grow up in indifference to all thought of eternity, is evident.—Catholic Register.

#### Careless Genius.

It is said that Kipling's "Recessional" was rescued from his waste-paper basket, and had it not been for the intervention and pleading of a friend that magnificent fragment, "Hyperion," would have been put behind the fire by Keats, whilst even the still more famous "Ode to a Nightingale," was discovered by the same friend behind a pile of books.

Newman thought nothing of his "Dream of Gerontius." He wrote it to please himself, and would forthwith have burnt it. But again a friend stepped in and saved a poem which Elgar has set to splendid music, and which provides one of the finest hymns in the language, "Praise to the Holiest in the Height."

One day Tennyson wrote to "Omar" Fitzgerald, casually mentioning that he had left a few verses behind him in his cupboard at his late lodgings, and would be rather glad to recover them. Fitz found them among the butter and sugar, written in an old butcher's book. They were "In Memoriam."

Fitzgerald thought a great deal about "Alfred's" verses, but very little about his own. He wrote "Omar Khayyam" in all its haunting beauty long before his death, and had a few copies printed, but he seems to have told nobody about it. Another poet found a copy in the two-penny box of a second-hand book-shop, and boomed it into deserved fame.

Browning actually did destroy everything he wrote before "Pauline," and tried to withdraw that from publication in order to burn the last left copy. He did not succeed, but he made it so scarce that a first edition was sold recently for £480.

Sir Walter Scott threw the first copy of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" into the fire, and was only persuaded to rewrite it from memory by two friends to whom he had formerly read it. Even the first of his novels, "Waverley," was accidentally fished out of some lumber where it had lain for years little regarded."

#### Father Secchi's Centenary.

The centenary of the birth of the great astronomer, meteorologist and physicist, Father Angelo Secchi, S.J., which, occurring in the midst of the horrors of a great war, passed without adequate notice, was, however, celebrated in his native city of Reggio, in Emilia. As Father Secchi was one of the greatest of modern astronomers and as he spent nearly a year in Washington when the revolution of 1848 drove him from Rome, the following notice of the celebration given by the Rome correspondent of The Catholic Times, will be of interest: "To those who love to accuse the Church of hostility to science and of a desire to 'put back the hands of the clock' the Cardinal-Archbishop of Pisa, himself one of the foremost scientists in Europe, presented a striking picture at Reggio Emilia when this, Padre Secchi's native place, celebrated the centenary of the great astronomer's birth. Cardinals, Bishops, prelates and theologians of fame to the number of three hundred were there; laymen of every calling, proud of the lustre shed on their city, attended in multitudes.

### Church Music List Compiled.

With a view to compiling a list of music, acceptable for use in every Catholic diocese in the United States and Canada, work has been begun by the Rev. Leo P. Manzetti, of Baltimore, and other priests and laymen forming the music committee of the Society of St. Gregory of America.

## THE HOUSE ON THE CLIFF

In a certain little fishing village, far from the tumult of business life, into which neither steam-car nor tram-car ever comes, stands a tiny house of my acquaintance. The village is the dearest, happiest, laziest little spot in the world; it has hills to the right of it, hills to the left of it, hills stretching far behind it, and in front of it the sea—not the vast, illimitable sea, "the ball-room of the winds," as Canon Sheehan poetically calls it—but the sea dotted with dories, darkened by shallows, whitened by the crested waves that rush frantically in to the shore, and recoil as if affrighted by the barrenness of that desolate land.

Fernby is not often troubled with visitors. Even the most venturesome tourists that take pride in visiting out-of-the-way places, prefer to halt at some spot that is within at least twenty miles of the railway. Fernby's one method of communication with the outer world is by the monthly visits of a coastal steamer—and even that ceases from December until March. The people thus isolated, enjoy an intimacy that would be impossible under other circumstances. Everybody knows everybody else, and whatever everybody else thinks or says.

The little house I speak of was not situated in the very centre of Fernby, but nestled on a ledge about half way up Neal's Bluff, which is one of the cliffs that shelters the village from the much dreaded Nor'easter. Perched like an eagle's nest on the side of a cliff, it had the air of watching over the village—and indeed its windows presented a very wide view. From the window of "the room," as the diminutive parlor was called, one could see not only the fish spread out to dry on the "stages" and the fishing nets on the benches, but also every sheep and goat that fed upon the scanty grass on the roadside, and every dog that drowsed away the sultry days in the shelter of a door-

way. The view from the kitchen window presented a wide contrast to this peaceful scene of village life. On fine days, far away at the edge of the horizon, a thin blue haze seemed to join the sky and sea; the rays of the sun shining on the crest of the waves were broken up into myriads of shimmering stars, forming and breaking with the motion of the water. At the shore-line, the waves caressingly curled themselves round the jagged rocks at the base of the cliffs, and their gentle lapping lulled to sleep many an adventurous youngster who, tired out from climbing the rocks, lay down in a niche to rest, or to watch that mysterious ocean whose fascination ever grows stronger for those who live by it.

For several summers in succession I spent one, sometimes two months in Fernby, drowsing away the time like the dogs in the doorway, neither knowing nor caring whether it were Monday or Tuesday, absorbing its peacefulness and enjoying the freshness of the sea breezes. I loved its people and felt with them a vague alarm and uneasiness when sudden squalls swept across the ocean while the fishing fleet was away.

The family that the tiny home sheltered consisted of five children, ranging from three-year-old Tommy to fourteen-year-old Patsy, and their parents, Tom and Annie Neal.

The chief feature of the home was the kitchen—the living room of the fishing folk, and, as may be imagined, the chief feature of the kitchen was its littleness. The walls half way up were of pine casing, painted terra cotta. The upper part of the wall was painted in a pink and white design. In one corner of the room was a dresser, decorated with a green glass set, consisting of the pitcher and six tumblers. This was a wedding present and had held the place of honor on the dresser for eigh-

teen years. Near the green tumblers were placed several fancy cups and saucers with "From a Friend" and "Remember Me" printed in gold letters on them, and a couple of old lustre jugs. The top shelf of the dresser was occupied by two china teapots of nondescript pattern and an old-fashioned blue delft custard bowl which served as a receptacle for pins, needles, scraps of ribbon and various odds and ends. Several calendars and a black framed "In Memoriam' card, worked in wool on perforated card board, beautified the walls, while a glass vase containing a wreath of artificial flowers with silver leaves, graced the space over the door. In a corner nearest the stove a wooden bench was built into the wall, and on the other side of the stove, logs of birch and spruce were neatly piled. The other available spaces in the room were occupied by a spinning wheel, a sewing machine, several chairs and a table.

Always towards evening Fernby assumed its busiest aspect. The smell of burning spruce or pine-wood perfumed the air as fires were kindled and food prepared for the men. If they were later than usual some of the women would climb to the top of Neal's Bluff, spy-glass in hand, to eatch a first glimpse of the returning boats.

Now and again great storms arose and the fishing boats were scattered miles apart. For two and some times three days Fernby would be in distress; all day long the women would line the shore and gaze from the cliff heads, seeking for the familiar line of sails; finally two or three would be seen; then in a couple of hours a few more, and usually by two days a whole fleet would have found its way back to Fernby.

But sometimes they did not always return. The Storm King too often took heavy toll and only a remnant of the fleet would find its way back to tell the sad news to the newly made widows and fatherless children.

On my first visit to Fernby, my curiosity was excited by an old woman whom I often saw walking the cliff-heads by herself. When I asked who she was, Johnny Neal, aged eight, told me that she was Lonely Mary "what chased bad little boys." On subsequent inquiry I learned that fifteen years before her husband and only son had been lost in a great storm, in which five of the twenty-five fishing smacks in the fleet had gone down. Since that time Lonely Mary had lost all interest in those around her. She very seldom answered when spoken to, and gradually the people learned to leave her alone. She lived all alone in a little cottage, maintaining herself by working part of the day in curing fish for other people, for which she received in payment a certain percentage of the fish she cured, and by selling this, she managed to get enough to exist on.

Every day, and sometimes even after sundown, Lonely Mary spent from one to three hours on the top of the cliffs, either in walking quickly back and forth as though looking for something, or seated motionless on a rock, gazing out over the ocean. Once I tried to draw her into conversation, but to no purpose. She would not answer me, but as if talking to herself, I heard her mumbling a couple of times, "Ay, John wur a fine lad; he wur just like his feyther"—and the people of Fernby said that these seemed to be the only words she remembered. She would repeat them over and over again to herself.

One stormy day, when the weather was too rough for the boats to venture out, Tom Neal, the head of the little house on the cliff, sent young Johnny to fetch Lonely Mary, to help him mend his nets. Johnny was now eleven years old and no longer "afeared" of the strange old woman. He enveloped his small form in the cape of Patsy's oilskins, and started on his errand.

In less than half an hour the child returned, saying that Lonely Mary wasn't at home, and nobody had seen her since the previous day. No one thought much of this news at the time, and Tom Neal prepared to mend his nets alone.

As the day advanced the storm increased in fury. From the kitchen window we could see the waves dashing themselves on the side of the cliffs in a loaming sheet. The children took delight in watching the great masses of water fill and recede from a niche in the side of one of the cliffs. The niche was at least thirty feet above the base of the cliff, and the little ones held their breaths as each monstrous wave hurled itself up the perpendicular wall.

At five o'clock in the afternoon it became quite dark. Mrs. Neal, who had been thinking of the lonely woman, whose name so well fitted her condition, asked her husband to go to the cottage and see if she had arrived home. Tom, although he had said nothing, had been anxious also; and it was with a sense of relief that he took down his sou'wester and oilskins and prepared to face the storm.

He hardly stepped outside the door when he met three men of the village, provided with lanterns. They were a search party. Lonely Mary had not returned, and these kind-hearted fellows had set out to look for her. It was an act typical of the feeling which the people of Fernby had towards one another. Tom Neal joined the party and went back with them up the cliff.

For four hours the men battled with the storm, raising their voices in vain against the wind that shrieked and howled in the crevices of the rock, buffeting them until they were as tired as little children after a rough game. Towards nine o'clock one of the men stumbled over something. They did not need the light of the lanterns to tell them what it was.

Between them they carried the wet, sodden thing down the cliff path to Tom Neal's little home. The frightened younger children were sent to bed and Lonely Mary was laid "to be waked" on the sofa in "the room."

The following day was a typical one after a storm. Only the troubled heaving of the sea indicated the tumult of yesterday. The fleet did not go out. Just outside the village is a little cemetery. Towards it a straggling line of men, women and children followed four men who bore a long wooden box on their shoulders.

Tragedy does not hold aloof even from these simple, peace-loving fisher folk. They are like one large family; they work, play, rejoice and suffer together, and who shall say that they are less fitted than others for that larger life which forms the object of their hopes, no less than of our own?

BETTY McGRATH, '22.

Loretto Abbey College.



# Joy and Sorrow

There came a youth unto my door—
A gentle, winsome boy,
And on my eager questioning
He said his name was Joy.

He entered in and lived with me;
The world seemed like a dream;
And we, as in enchanted boats,
Swept down a fairy stream.

But in the night a spirit came

And whispered: "On the morrow

The Lord of Life will send to thee

His fairest daughter, Sorrow."

So Sorrow came unto my door

And begged that she might stay;
But, though her feet were bruised and torn,
I sent her on her way.

And when Joy saw the passing feet
And noted how they bled,
He turned a-sudden straight from me,
And after Sorrow fled.

And now, with wakened heart, each night
I pray God send me Sorrow;
For if she come, I know that Joy
Will follow on the morrow.

THOMAS E. BURKE.

# MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN TEACHING

Y first experience in teaching was in Kansas City. I had been educated in a Canadian convent and, like my class-mates, had passed the Ontario Departmental Examination before graduating, but had not attended any training school. I had been home about a year when one of the parochial schools was burned and the sisters in charge were recalled to their Mother House. It was not possible to secure the services of another community immediately, and as something had to be done to keep the children together while the school was being rebuilt, I was asked to take charge of the boys. I accepted the position and entered upon my new duties with absolutely no experience.

A temporary school-room had been fitted up in the corner of an old two-story frame building. I never learned the geography of that house, but remarked in the morning that there were several doors to my apartment besides the entrance, and I devoutly hoped they were all locked.

By five minutes to nine my courage was at a low ebb, but I bravely picked up the bell, went to the door and rang it. As I glanced timidly around, I suddenly realized that all the neighbours were watching me, so I beat a hasty retreat and left the boys to enter in whatever order they pleased. Presently they entered in order, each one armed with a sunflower stalk, and noisily keeping step while they shouted:

"Hurry up, don't wait!

Kansas boys are never late!

Rickety-klickety, Ki-yi-yate!

Kansas is the sunflower state!"

Was this a bit of mischief planned to give me trouble? or could it possibly be an opening drill to which they were trained? They were dreadfully noisy, but very orderly, and there was not the ghost of a smile on any face, as the tramping went on and on, round the room.

"Hurry up, don't wait," etc.

I stared for fully three minutes, wondering what I should do. If I sent them to throw the sunflowers out, maybe they would plan something else. Presently a bright idea occurred to me. I rang one stroke of the bell and they were all attention. "Boys," I said, "just march quietly to your places now, and as you pass my desk, place those sunflowers on it." They obeyed more promptly than I expected; while I stood at one side of my desk trying to control my nervousness, and planning the speech which I felt the occasion called for.

The last boy was in his place and I had opened my mouth to speak when a door behind me shot open with a bang and a hoarse voice bellowed in my ear, "Any sweet potatoes, Ma'am?" I shrieked with terror and whirled around to find myself face to face with a big black huckster, whereupon I shrieked again. The boys shouted, and in the first pause of their laughter the man spoke, "Beg pahdon, Miss, but I thought dey was some 'un house-keeping heah.'' With that he disappeared and I sat down and laughed till I cried. I had forgotten my speech, so I told the boys a story, not for any pedagogical reason, but simply because I thought of one just then and wanted to tell it. As I looked into their eager faces I knew I was making friends, and when the story was ended they were ready to do whatever I wished. For the rest of the day everything went smoothly.

I know now that I made some blunders during those first few weeks, but they were not very serious, for although this was five years ago, Kansas boys are still my friends. From the first day my experiences were so pleasant that a real love for teaching was awakened in my heart and I determined to qualify and make it my life-work.

A. McE.

Loretto Abbey Day School.

# The Song of a Derelict Soul

Little white sail on a sapphire sea,
Drifting, drifting away from me,
Thou on the breast of the ocean's foam
I in the storm of the world alone,
Far from the firm protecting land;
Thou must trust to a Heavenly Hand.
Little white sail on a sapphire sea,
Whisper thy secret of faith to me.

I shrink to give to the waves my sail,
The great ships buffet a craft so frail,
Havens are rare and the seas are vast,
Tempests rage and the foam swirls past.
Thou art tossed by the cruel tide,
Thou hast thy Pilot, naught betide;
Little white sail on a sapphire sea,
Is there a Pilot to steer for me?

Derelict, drifting with sails unfurled, Caught and tossed by a sportive world, Why should He care if a craft like mine Slip from the clasp of a Hand Divine? Why should He care if the hungry sea, Swallow a faithless child like me?

—Hark! the little white sail makes cry,—

"Theu hast a Pilot too—on High."

"With His gentle voice He rebukes the squall,

And causeth the angry waves to fall;
He careth much for the ninety and nine,
That safely sail, but He mourneth thine
That drags and drifts on a careless sea,
The Master longeth to pilot thee
O'er tranquil waves, through a sunset west
To a Haven where weary erafts may rest.''

ANNIE SUTHERLAND.

Guelph, Ont.

### Lines to Alma Mater

Alma Mater! Alma Mater!

We have found in you

A wisdom that is deeper far

Than Heaven's skies are blue;

A purpose purer and more fair,

Than all the stars above;

A heart that, as the years roll on,

All others will out-love.

#### Refrain:

Ave Maria Loretto!

Lean from your heavenly sphere;

Blessings pour down on your children,

Gathered to honour Her here.

Alma Mater! Alma Mater!

We have learned to see

That labour may be leavened here,

With prayer and charity.

Our memory will cherish them—

Those comrades tried and true,

Who've lived and loved and toiled with us,

The long, long seasons through.

Alma Mater! Alma Mater!

Near or far from You,

Your honour fair shall be our care,
Our gratitude, Your due.

The claims of Science and of Arts

We ever shall revere;
But those of Holy Faith, we'll hold
A thousand times more dear.

ALUMNA.

Loretto Abbey,

# A TRUE CANADIAN TALE

P OR lays the air had been crisp and frosty; for days no breeze had stirred the pine trees; for days they had been alone, and now as Big Bear bent over his traps, he felt for the first time a peculiar numbness, and a film across his eyes. He straightened himself and it vanished.

There lay the forest, white and still and peaceful, oh, so peaceful! Turning, he called in his soft Indian tongue, and Beaver came towards him. He gazed at the younger man for a moment in silence, pointed to some trifling defect in the snare, grunted, then motioned him away. He had nearly played the squaw, and that would never do.

The hours wore on and night stole upon the forest. Big Bear lit the fire while Beaver gathered fuel for the night and then their trappers' meal took place. Once, as he glanced towards the forest, a strange sinking sensation came over Big Bear's faculties, but rallying his powers of endurance, he dismissed it as a fancy and again said nothing.

That night he rested badly. At times his fevered brain heard in the night—cries of the forest, the sound of human voices on market days in town, and the gleaming whiteness of the landscape in the moonlight became a frothing river, dragging him relentlessly along to a place of sure destruction.

In the morning Beaver noticed his languid appearance and said, "You sick?" Big Bear nodded, but at the determined, though somewhat disappointed "We turn back," he gave a stern refusal, for he loved Beaver, no one knew how much, and to leave the trapping—well that was not to be thought of. Was it not the very life of both of them? He bravely set to work, but unable to bear up for long, yielded at last to Beaver's entreaties and lay down to rest. This sickness was all very

strange to Big Bear, who had never in his life experienced a day of real suffering; and to be attacked with it here in the wilderness where lay no dust nor smoke of towns or cities, here in the pure, keen air, alone with God! He fell into a sleep, such a sleep as he had never known, full of wild and fearful visions. When he awoke it was dark and Beaver was standing near with a stolid, expressionless face. He looked at Big Bear in silence, then said, "You say queer things in your sleep. We turn back," and this time Big Bear assented weakly. He was ill. He knew now, and no time must be lost in setting out for the town, so far away.

He was not conscious of the preparations for departure made on that star-lit night under the streamers of the north. He was tired, too tired, and they would not let him sleep. But he felt Beaver as he lifted him to the sleigh in the early morning, and with a crack of the whip they were off, traversing the weary miles that lay between them and civilization.

Though the dogs did their best, almost as if they knew the reason why, yet when night fell, Beaver knew, with a sinking heart, that only half of their journey had been accomplished, and Big Bear grew rapidly worse. He, too, felt heavy and a strange feeling somtimes overpowered him, but he shook it off and fought for their lives, for his own, but for Big Bear's most of all.

But the unforeseen happened. A storm gathered. Great flakes of snow began to fall steadily and an icy wind bore down upon them from the north. Beaver still strove madly on, but at length with Big Bear raving, and sick himself, with cold and fever, he was forced to seize the shelter of an old half-ruined trapper's hut, lying ghost-like in their path.

The wind rushed madly through the shaking trees without, and Big Bear raved within,

of home, of friends, of work—and there in the lone woods' shelter, Death came and silenced his pitiful moans.

Before the last dread summons had arrived, consciousness returned, and true to that lifelong instinct of protection for his own, his last words concerned themselves with the safety of his companion. Turning to Beaver, he conjured him, if he loved him, to bind himself to the sled, start at once, giving his dogs free rein, and when he arrived at his native village to bear witness to his death in the lonely forest.

He was not sorry to leave, as the sickness had been gaining upon him every moment. He knew there was One waiting to receive him, One who loved a poor Canadian Indian trapper, and would admit him to His Presence. Shivering, he drew the blankets around him, and with a peaceful sigh his spirit passed away.

With a dull and aching heart Beaver hurned out. He was so ill that he could scarcely see. After harnessing the dogs, he knew not how, he lashed himself to the sled and under the furs, and the barking dogs set off into the night.

Coldly the stars gleamed on the winter snow, coldly the moon shone on the white, wild scene, harshly the dogs barked as they raced swiftly southward, and wildly his cries rang out—the cries of Beaver raving to the night wind.

\* \* \* \* \* \*

In the doctor's house a bright fire burned; in the doctor's house was cheery comfort; and the doctor himself, his last rounds made, sat warmly clothed, enjoying the glow and the well-carned rest. The storm had raged for a day,

and to face it on the prairie required strength and great endurance, but the end was worth it all. He could now think it all over with contentment. Yet there was more work coming, hard work, requiring much skill and patience. The dogs were bearing it to him across the frozen snow.

Hush! Hark! In the silent streets wild barkings, still wilder cries and half the village stirring. The doctor hurries forth and there in the village street, strapped to a sled, drawn by jaded dogs, lies a form, snow-covered and raving.

Willing hands take him up, skilful hands lend their aid, and for weeks, in the doctor's house a grim fight goes on, a fight with the Phantom Death. But the spirit of the Wilderness triumphs with the strength it imparts, and in the month of February Beaver's fight is won.

For many days the loved ones of Big Bear heard his pitiful story and mourned over the fate of the Indian Trapper, who, seized by the dread influenza far away in the Northland, had died in the lonely forest in the cold, dark night.

The dogs were just of the Eskimo breed, wild, half savage, untamable, yet theirs was an instinct sure and heaven-sent which directed them to their goal.

For days the story was the talk of the village,, and one day large cities heard it; another day and it was forgotten, crowded out by other hurried interests; yet it is a Canadian story marked with unusual romance; it took place in a Canadian forest, and it is a story that is quite true.

MARY MALLON, '23

Loretto Abbey College.



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# THE RAINBOW



LORETTO ABBEY, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ONT.

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#### TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1919

#### True Culture.

"In the first flush of post-graduate pride, many of us are too apt to overrate mental culture and to regard with some contempt that better culture, so often foung among those who have few advantages—the culture of the good heart. To be proud of a good brain and ashamed of a good heart—how common a contradiction that is! And—low be it spoken—this common manifestation is almost invariably a symptom of commonness—of vulgar origin, unfamiliar with the simultaneous and harmonious cultivation of heart and mind.

Let one in authority speak—one whose great brain was in no way superior to his great heart —Sir Walter Scott. Writing to Maria Edgeworth, then an ambitious aspirant, the famous author said:

"It seems to me that you attach altogether too much importance to literature and literary people. Let me tell you that I have had the privilege of knowing some of the most celebrated men and women of my time, and I have derived more satisfaction from the conversation and example of poor, unlettered, hard-working people than from all the wisdom of the learned folks. I have heard finer sentiments and seen finer lives among the poor people than I have seen or heard of anywhere outside the pages of the Bible. Believe me, my dear, all human learning is moonshine, compared with the culture of he heart."

### Fairy Tales.

"We heartily disagree with a preminent educator who says, "Let us have less of fancifulness in our educational methods and more of facts. It is about time we stopped teaching children fairy tales."

Who shall say that fairy tales are not as true, and as profitable to learn as facts? It is easy to dissect them and to expose their intrinsic absurdity, but what shall we substitute for the faith and fancy, the love and poetry, that inspired them in the beginning and will make them forever, in spite of the scalpel of the scoffer, the symbols of life's best realities?

It would be easy to teach children only facts if it were possible to strip life of what the great educator scorns as fancy. Thank heaven, so iong as the mortal bodies of men are the tenements of immortal souls, so long as the human heart cherishes dumbly, or in singing speech dim prophecies of the beauty, it shall one day see, the real interests of life can never be contained in the formula of the mathematician or the analysis of the scientist. When the scientific hypothesis is shown to be truer than the religion of the soul, when the theorems of geometry are proved to influence the generations of men more than the aspiring dream of the idealist, call him even a romancer or spinner of fairy tales, it will be time enough to starve the hearts of men on the prison fare of demonstrable facts.

Meantime all the riches of life, all that is real and abiding in the world, are hid in those faiths and visions that foreshadow its final destiny."

#### True Success.

"The universal tragedy of mankind lies in the discrepancy between one's ideals and deeds. What we wish to do and what we mean to do, and then—what we actually do! Or, more often, alas, what is left undone. Here is the tragedy of aspiration which withers and dwindles into inactivity or mere expediency. It was Hamlet's tragedy; it has been the tragedy of every person who has ever walked this earth from the half-naked savage up. If this were all, it would mean that there is nothing to be gained by high ambitions and noble purposes. But it is not all. There is a vast difference be-

tween one who aims at a lofty mark and one who does not aim at all. Here are two alternatives; to take life in glum passivity just because it is difficult and bitter, or to hurl one's self into the struggle with such ardour and courage that eventual defeat is never considered. It is the attitude of the good soldier ordered out on a "forlorn hope" to do his best while there is a breath left in him. The wise philosopher —and every one of us must have his philosophy of life, whether he consciously formulates it or not—aims higher than he can ever hope to attain. "The desire of the moth for the star" may never help the little creature to reach it, but at least it will lift him into pure air above the paltry and sinister flickerings about him. For here is hope that can mitigate the tragedy of living for all; true success lies not in attainment, but in the sincere and unremitting struggle to attain."

NOVEL READING.

It has become the fashion to sneer at the novel as a light and frivolous form of literature. Perhaps the criticism is a just one if the critic refers to the sentimental slush masquerading under that name, so prevalent in presentday fiction. But the statement is too sweeping, too broad in its application. The novel plays a very important part in our mental constitution. Our minds would be barren indeed if they were peopled alone with philosophical abstractions, intellectual images of right and wrong. Story telling and delight in stories are fundamentals of human nature. What child is not more impressed by the story of the little boy who disobeyed his mother and ran away into the woods and was eaten by bears, than by a dry dissertation upon the comparative moral values of obedience and disobedience? There would be fewer hero-worshippers, fewer idealists, if characters such as Sydney Carton, David Copperfield, or Ivanhoe, were obliterated from our memory. Through novels we gain views of life and of social conditions in our own and in earlier times that we could never get by other

means. History appeals to us in a way that spurs us on to greater effort to conquer the duller facts of life, through some sympathetically drawn character in an historical novel.

So much for the good novel. Unfortunately there exists a very different type that has a pernicious effect on the mind. But, because many medicines contain poison is it any reason why we should discard medicine as harmful? We must learn to read with discrimination. There are so many more thousands of books than we can ever hope to read, that we need never waste our time over inferior compositions. Read the best books and there will be reason to praise rather than to villify the much-abused movel.

GRACE ELSTON, B.A.

Loretto Abbey College.

## **EXCHANGES**

The Rainbow editors feel that a double acknowledgment is due to each magazine which finds its way to their table, as the policy adopted within the past three years, excludes the "Review of Exchanges" from the Rainbow's pages. They have derived much pleasure, and they hope some profit, from the admirable attainments of the editors and contributors to which the following magazines bear undisputed testimony: Trinity College Record, St. Joseph Lilies, Loyola College Campion, Boston College Stylus, Lorettine, Ariston, Georgetown College Journal, D'Youville, Abbey Student, Fordham Monthly, Ursulina, Memorare, Niagara Index, St. Angelo's Echo, and last, but far from least, our own "Saulteur," reviewed in "Abbey Notes."

The "Dominican College Year Book," from San Rafael, Cal., is a wonderful triumph in the line of school journalism—an ideal book in every particular. The Catholic World gives it a fine review which we warmly endorse.

## BOOK REVIEW

"Whose Name Is Legion," by Isabel C. Clarke, Benziger Bros., N.Y. (\$1.35 net, by mail \$1.50). We have a Catholic novelist of the first order in Isabel C. Clarke, as all who have read "Fine Clay," "Only Anne," "The Elstones," "Children of Eve," can testify; but we are inclined to think that none of these works will establish the author's reputation upon so broad a foundation as the absorbing story under the title "Whose Name Is Legion."

The plot is a strong one and secures unwavering interest throughout the entire book. The subject matter, most opportunely chosen, now that curiosity upon spiritism and the occult is so rife, is treated in a masterly way—the false well sifted from the true—and many of the situations, not wholly original in themselves, are made so by the unhackneyed style of the writer. The account of a seance, held at an old manor house in England, where the plot is laid, is vivid and highly dramatic. The story is calculated rather to satisfy the curious than to excite personal investigation—a healthy and altogether desirable thing.

"The Deep Heart," by Isabel C. Clarke (Benziger Bros., N.Y. \$1.50 net; postage 15c.). This is a novel, pure and simple, "a reposeful and delightful story," as one reviewer sums it up. Its chief merit lies in the character development of the heroine Averil, a woman of much natural charm as well as spiritual beauty. The tone is Catholic and calculated to raise Catholicity in the general reader's estimation, but in no way do religious views intrude themselves in the story. The author's former works (and who reads one will surely read all of these), have won for her a secure place in the literary world. This novel confirms and amply sustains her claim to that place. The Rainbow recommends this book most heartily to its readers.

The Catholic Truth Society sends us a most interesting pamphlet containing the story of its origin, thirty-five years ago, and its wonderful development to the present day. The effectiveness of the Society in its special field of truth, is traced through an entertaining and instructive chain of historical events well worth reading. There were other societies in existence having a similar aim before the present C.T.S. took its firm hold of the matter. As early as 1813 we learn there was a Catholic Bible Society, formed to defend the Holy Scripture against unauthorized and corrupt translations. A number of others follow this example. The Canadian Catholic Truth dates from 1889, and is doing a magnificent work in printing and distributing Catholic literature. Mr. James P. Murray is the sixth President in succession. A valuable catalogue of books recommended for Reading Circles and Study Clubs has often been desired by the reading public. Nothing better could be presented than this little book. Our B.P.B. Department will contain, from time to time, a short list taken from this work. Both History and Catalogue may be had by applying to the Society at 67 Bond St., Toronto, and enclosing the postage, 2c. each.

"The Most Beloved Woman," Benziger Bros., N.Y. (16mo. cloth with frontispiece, net 90c., postpaid \$1.00), by Rev. F. Garesché, S.J. Under the above title, the author has made a notable contribution to Marian literature. The book is perfect in form and workmanship. highly attractive in its blue and gold dress, and there is a wealth of beautiful and instructive matter on its pages, upon a subject peculiarly dear to all Catholic hearts, and indeed to many a non-Catholic one. The title alone is apt to stir one's devotion and the intimate talks and reflections with which the work abounds will win for it a wide popularity. It will be a valuable addition to the library of the sodalist director.

# A WORD ABOUT CHURCH MUSIC

How unerringly does history repeat itself! We read that it was owing to the zeal of Charlemagne that Gregorian music was universally adopted in Western Europe. Previous to this, that beautiful art, although introduced into these countries, did not produce a lasting effect on account of the untutored condition of the people. And here we are, ten centuries later, recording facts which are almost the exact repetition of the dilemma.

Before the year 1903, during which our late Holy Father, Pius X., issued his famous "Motu Proprio," there was great division of opinion regarding Church Music. As so often repeated and explained, a style entirely secular, if not theatric, had been the preferred form for Masses, Benedictions, etc., and these drawn from hymnals, alas! still in daily use.

There was, to be sure, an occasional oasis in this musical desert. Profound thinkers and lovers of true ecclesiastical music, kept alive, in some little quarter of the globe, at least, the heritage which Holy Mother Church bestowed upon her children when the centuries were young. I have in mind a little hymnal which is justly catalogued among the best in its line. It was published in 1899, just four years before the Motu Proprio. The preface in one of them is quite tragic in tone. Let me quote verbatim a passage therefrom: "With regard to melodies, they have been chosen from amongst the most beautiful that the last centuries have bequeathed to us. But perhaps this selection will be considered too grave and serious by some persons and scarcely suitable for schools, etc. We admit that our selection has nothing in common with that style of melody which, in the opinion of all lovers of true religious music, ought to be, at once and forever, banished from the Catholic Church. In the house of God everything sung should be a prayer, and never of that light, sentimental, theatrical or trivial character which is better calculated to distract the soul than to elevate it to God . . . These should speedily supplant those flimsy airs and

tunes which have nothing to recommend them either as regards words or melody, whether judged from a religious or artistic point of view.''

The insinuation that this book would not be acceptable for school purposes, because it had nothing in common with the light theatric style, is far from flattering to the prevailing customs of those times. But that the same can be said in so many instances at this stage of the world's enlightenment, is humiliating indeed.

What is the meaning of it all and what the remedy? Why is it that the musical part of sacred service has been so abused? Has it been the case in any other portion of the Liturgy? Take the vestments for a case in point. Imagine a priest wearing a shot silk chausible, or a pale blue one instead of one of the prescribed colour. You may be sure that in less time than it takes to mention it, it would be corrected. Yet, when it comes to music—! enough to repeat: "The preferred style belongs to the theatre or the concert hall."

Let us not despair, however. After thirteen years of propaganda Motu Proprio is surely and steadily gaining ground. In parishes where the one in charge can be depended upon for his selection and rendering, there is no need for a guide. But to earnest workers who have not had opportunity sufficient to make them safe leaders, the "White List," soon to be published, will be a great boon. Then there will be no loophole for excuse. For others who are negligent about adopting the approved hymnals, there is the clarion voice of Motu Proprio to arouse them to a sense of their duty.

The list now being prepared by the Society of St. Gregory is likely to contain some mortifying surprises. Some will search in vain among its numbers for a favorite hymn or Mass arrangement, but the knowledge that by discarding it from their repertoire they are conforming to the wishes of the Holy See, should provide ample consolation.

Loretto Abbey.

MARIAN McKEE.

# ESTHER WHEELWRIGHT

E ARLY in the spring of 1703, just as the last traces of winter's snow had sunk into the earth, to be replaced by the no less white and feathery cherry-blossoms, there was consternation in the mansion of a wealthy English family residing in the environs of Boston. Little Esther was lost! The distracted father and servants searched the neighbouring forest, calling the beloved name, but alas, without success! After many days of fruitless effort to find some trace of his child, Mr. Wheelwright was obliged to yield to the general belief that his dear little Esther had been stolen by the indians.

In company with other little European children, Esther had strayed a short distance into the woods, which were not far from the primitive school-house, and, tempted by the pretty spring blossoms, had wandered away from her companions. A savage Abenakis greedily watched the beautiful little pale-face from his hiding-place behind a clump of bushes. She was but six years of age, of exquisite beauty, with long golden curls streaming about her shoulders and floating over her The Indian longed to have that fair face. lovely little girl to place in his wigwam beside his own dusky children. As little Esther stooped to gather some wild violets close to his hiding-place, the Abenakis, with one savage ,'huh!" clapped his hand over her mouth, and, seizing her with the other, bore her off to the thickest of the forest, where he set down his trembling prize in the midst of his tribe. He adopted her as his own and handed her over to the care of his squaw.

Then commenced the wandering of our little English girl. With a child's faith in the power of her parents to do everything, she looked day by day for her father, who, she felt sure, would soon rescue her. Often she said to herself when suffering the hardships of her lot, "I will tell my papa, indeed I will." But, alas! She was never more to see that loved father, nor feel the caresses of her fond mother; her brothers and sisters were replaced by the tawny children of her savage captor, the refinements of civilized society by the wild ways of an Indian camp.

The family into which she was adopted loved their beautiful little captive; the squaw was always gentle with her, and she was treated by the whole tribe with marked respect. Her beauty and grace disarmed these savage people and filled their breasts with so great a reverence for her that her soul remained as pure and white as her countenance; her guardian angel never left her side, but watched carefully over this innocent flower.

Days lengthened into weeks, and months, Little Esther's tattered school and years. dress still clung to her, though she had outgrown it; her lovely tresses, darkened plastered down with grease by her squaw mother, no longer clustered in ringlets around her head; her face burnt by sun and exposure, her hands and arms torn by brambles, her little bare feet sore with many marches; though still beautiful, she presented a sorry spectacle, and could her loving mother have seen her cherished little girl in this sad plight, how would her tender heart have been torn! Moreover, the gruff accents of the Abenakis dialect soon replaced the pretty prattle of her native tongue, and that language was forgotten in which her dear mother used to soothe her childish sorrows.

Compelled to follow the wanderings of the roaming tribe in their pursuit of game and constant change of camp, alas! how grievously was missed the tender care of her dear mother, the comforts of civilized life, the delicate food,

the gentle surroundings to which she had been accustomed. To these succeeded the rough habits of her savage captors, and the coarse, repulsive food of the camp, while the scanty blanket and the bare ground replaced her snowy cot.

About three years had passed since our English lily had been transplanted to the American forest, when a Jesuit missionary, Rev. P. Bigot, visiting the tribes, stopped one day at a certain village in the neighbourhood Quebec. Among the children who flocked around him he noticed the fair captive. His first thought was to rescue the poor child, and, if possible, restore her to her perents. But the tribe would not consent; the Indian who had placed the sweet flower in his cabin would not part with her. Neither threats nor gifts would move him. The missionary caused the news of his discovery to be carried to Boston. Mr. Wheelwright immediately applied to the Governor of New France, but several years elapsed before the release of the little captive could be effected, owing to the disturbed state of the colonies and the hostile attitude of the Indians. In the meantime, the missionary did all he could for the flower he had discovered. The Indian dialect had replaced her mother tongue, and eagerly did little Esther drink in the good Father's instructions in this language. She learned to love God, and henceforth the forest was no longer dreary to her; all her young heart she poured out to her Father in Heaven, and with absolute trust left in His hands, and to His own good time, all care for her release.

What must have been the feelings of her parents when they learned that their beloved child was living thus among a savage tribe of Indians! They had recourse to the French Governor, and through the intermediary of Rev. Father Bigot, the little captive became the subject of serious negotiations between the Marquis of Vaudreuil and the chief of the Abenakis. Even under such powerful influence it was with difficulty the release was effected, so great was the superstitious affection of the

savages for their beautiful captive. At length their reluctance was overcome by valuable presents, and the little English girl was given up to the great French captain.

In 1708 Rev. R. P. Bigot arrived in Quebec with his little protegée and presented her to the Marquis of Vaudreuil, who, happy in having rescued from the barbarians so lovely a child, regarded her as his adopted daughter and took her to the Castle St. Louis, where the Marchioness welcomed her with maternal tenderness. The bark roof of the wigwam was changed for the Vice-Regal residence, and Esther, now eleven years of age, speedily won all hearts by the gentleness of her character and her amiable manner.

She was still seven hundred miles from her home; the intervening country was filled with hostile savages, making it impossible to convey the young English girl to her own people; therefore the Marquis treated her as his own child and provided for her education by placing her with his eldest daughter under the care and training of the Ursuline Mothers. On the 18th of January, 1709, she was placed as a boarder in the Ursuline Convent.

Shortly after her admission to this Convent Esther made her First Communion in sentiments of most fervent piety and gratitude to God, Who in His great goodness had chosen her and had taken such extraordinary measures to bring her into the household of the Faith. He had caused her to be removed from parents who, while they were tender and loving to their children, of irreproachable conduct, of refined manners, of high social standing and wealth, were yet outside the pale of the One, True Fold. He had brought her out of the land where the Faith was almost unknown, or practised with difficulty. He had protected her during her captivity, for while externally she was surrounded with all the coarseness of savage life, her soul was preserved in spotless purity. Finally, He had caused her to be rescued by Catholic missionaries and brought to a Catholic country at a period when it was impossible for her to be restored to her own

people. He had given her for adopted father the Governor of this country, and had permitted her to be placed for instructions among His own spouses.

For all this she had thanked God when He descended for the first time into her pure, young heart.

Towards the end of her last year at the Convent Miss Wheelwright disclosed to her guardian, the Marquis of Vaudreuil, her desire to remain with the Ursulines and share their life. Naturally the Governor, who felt himself obliged to restore her to her parents, refused his consent, and she returned with his daughter to the Castle St. Louis.

Of beautiful exterior and winning manner, she was loved by all who came in contact with her, and one of weaker character might easily have been spoiled by the attention which was lavished upon her. But she had tasted of the peaceful jey of the cloister and the social gaiety of the world in which she now moved, as a resident of the Governor's Castle, had no charm for her; she longed to return to the Convent, to be a spouse of Christ.

Meanwhile the Governor sought an opportunity to restore the young girl to her family, and with this intention, tlook her to Three Rivers, where he allowed her to remain with the Ursulines of that city during his stay. He then took her, with the same object in view, to Montreal, placing her for a time with the Sisters of the Hotel Dieu; but her heart always turned to the spot where for the first time her soul had been nourished with the Eucharistic Bread and she ever prayed to return to her Ursuline Mothers of Quebec. At length, unsuccessful in all his attempts, the Governor returned to Quebec and consented to the young maiden's entrance at the Convent.

The Ursulines, considering the peculiar circumstances of the case, the protracted warfare between the two countries, and consequent impossibility of the young girl returning to her family, also the possible changes which in so many years might have taken place in that family, consented to receive the ardent aspirant

into the Novitiate. The 2nd of October, 1712, witnessed her joyful admission.

Who can describe the ardor of this great and generous soul who at the age of fifteen turned her back upon the world and all it holds precious; who renounced the hope of ever returning to her country and her family; who was filled with but one thought—to preserve the priceless treasure of her faith and save her soul?

Three months later she received the habit and white veil, under the name of Mother Mary Joseph of the Infant Jesus. On this occasion the preacher of the day was the Rev. R. P. Bigot, to whose zeal the young novice was indebted for her first instruction in the Faith, her deliverance from captivity, and in great measure, her religious vocation. The day on which his dear protegée was enrolled under the standard of St. Ursula was for the noble missionary a day of unspeakable happiness.

During the following year a treaty of peace between England and France was effected, restoring the colonies to comparative security, and the Ursulines were in daily expectation of receiving news from Miss Wheelwright's family. She had received the white veil, and was in the second year of her novitiate when pressing letters came from them urging their beloved Esther to return. Her tender heart rejoiced to receive news of her parents, and she was greatly moved at seeing the signatures of her father and mother, though she was unable to read their letters, having completely lost all knowledge of the English language; her heart, however, remained faithful to her engagement with God; her resolution to consecrate herself to Him in religion was not for a moment shaken; on the contrary, fearing her family would make still stronger efforts to withdraw her from the Convent, she besought the Bishop, Mgr. de St. Vallier, to hasten the moment of her profession, to shorten the term of her noviceship, that she might be secure of her happiness. She addressed the same petition to the Marquis of Vaudreuil, whom she venerated and loved as a father. These emin-

ent persons, holding the opinion that under the circumstances the nuns should make an exception to the Constitution of the Order, the question was taken into consideration in the Monastery, and after due deliberation the Council decided that as the novice was, according to the French law, of age, and had, moreover, lost the use of the language of her native land, also that as in New England she would not have an opportunity of practising her religion, exception ought to be made in her favor; accordingly the Ursuline Mothers consented to admit her to pronounce her vows. Thus the usual probation was shortened by nine months, and is the only exception of the kind recorded in the annals of the Ursulines of Quebec.

The happy novice, therefore, attained her most ardent desire, and in presence of all the distinguished persons the city contained, and under the episcopal blessing, she placed the final seal upon her holy engagements.

Immediately after the profession of Miss Wheelwright word was sent to her family, who instead of being displeased at the step the young lady had taken, despatched a courier from Boston with letters and presents. Among other things was sent a beautiful portrait of her mother. We can imagine the tender tears the young nun shed over the likeness of a mother whom she could scarcely remember, and whose features were entirely unfamiliar to her; how she would gaze upon it and strive to discern some traits she could recognize of the mother of her dreams. This portrait is still preserved in the Monastery.

Mrs. Wheelwright never could undertake the journey to Quebec, but she appeared to be quite consoled by the abundant proof she received of her daughter's happiness in the monastery.

At the beginning of the year 1754, fifty-one years after little Esther Wheelwright had been stolen by the savage Abenakis, she saw for the first time a member of her own family. Her nephew, a young Mr. Wheelwright, journeyed from Boston on purpose to visit his

aunt. The Bishop granted permission to the young gentleman to enter the cloister on this this occasion. With what varied feelings must the good Mother have regarded her relative, the first she had seen since she was six years of age! Whether or not the young English gentleman could converse in French is not known; certainly he found his aunt French in every respect, save her birth. In taking leave of his aunt, Mr. Wheelwright presented her with a silver cover and a silver goblet bearing the family arms.

This family appears to have had noble and generous minds. Notwithstanding the difference of religion, they never failed to profit by every opportunity to send loving messages and handsome presents to their Ursuline relative. At the time the book was published from which the writer makes these extracts (1864), it was reported that a grand-niece of Mother of the Infant Jesus was still living in Boston; and at this day many American visitors to Quebec claim relationship with the interesting captive.

It was a remarkable coincidence that the first time a Superioress of English birth was elected at the Ursuline Convent should have been just as English rule was being inaugurated in Canada. In 1760 Mother Wheelwright, of the Infant Jesus, was elected to that office. Although as noticed before, she had entirely lost the use of her native tongue, still the fact that this daughter of England owed so much to French hospitality would seem to show that the two races could harmonize and blend in charity, at least in the religious world.

On the 12th of April, 1764, this venerable Mother renewed her vows of fifty years of religious profession. The ceremony was carried out with great solemnity and rejoicing in the old Monastery, notwithstanding the still unsettled condition of the country.

And so passed away the sixty-six years of the religious life of this holy nun, years spent peacefully in the service of God. Many had been the changes during these turbulent times in the outside world. The Convent, too, had

suffered many hardships during the sad wars, but peace had always reigned in the hearts of Christ's spouses. Mother Wheelwright, of the Infant Jesus, had borne her share of the burdens and duties of the monastery, teaching the young girls who all loved her gentle rule, working embroidery for the support of the cloistered family, and when her eyes became too dim for the delicate, exacting work, we find her employed in caring for the linen, mending, etc. She filled all the important offices in the Convent in turn—Superior, Assistant, Zelatrice, and Mistress of Novices.

The young girl who in 1712 won the love of all in the Castle of St. Louis by her grace and amiability, we find in 1780 the joy and edification of the Monastery by the exalted virtue she has added to her natural graces.

With sorrow the Ursuline nuns saw the end approach for their dearly-loved Mother, who at the age of eighty-four years, was called upon to lay down her cross and enter into the reward of all her sacrifices. We shall quote from the "Glimpses of the Monastery."

"It was on the 20th of October, 1780, amid her usual aspirations towards Heaven, that our beloved Mother Wheelwright, of the Infant Jesus, ceased to live in this world, to live forever with the Blessed in Heaven, leaving us the legacy of her virtues to imitate, and a memory that will be ever fresh in our grateful hearts. Her ancestors were of distinguished birth, as the arms of her family bear witness, but she needed not the illustration of birth, of title, to win from all who knew her a willing tribute of love and admiration.

"Mother Esther Wheelwright, of the Infant Jesus, is one of those ancient nuns whose names are never pronounced but with love and veneration in the community which she edified and served during sixty-six years."

The writer of this paper, herself a pupil of the Ursulines of Quebec, is indebted to "L'Hishoire du Monastere" and the "Glimpses of the Monastery" for the facts of this remarkable history.

MARY HOSKIN.

# The Cam of Prohibition

(BY ALICE MEYNELL).

Yet are there nooks of vine
In little furtive vineyards that escape
The righteous Law, and foster for its wine
The altar-destined grape?

In hiding, day by day,

In Western suns the sweetening cluster fills, As in the league-long vintage far away On European hills.

Yet does the Law abide.

Christ comes but to fulfill it, as before.

The wine within the chalice need not hide,

For it is wine no more.



# Comradeship

It is only for part of the road, my dear,

That together we go our way,

Then why not make that bit, my dear,

Merry and bright and gay?

The skies o'er head may be grey, my dear,
And the road be steep and long,
Let's look at each other and laugh, my dear,
And climb to the lilt of a song.

Then when the top is reached, my dear,

Though our bodies be weary and sore,

We may part for a little while, my dear,

But we'll meet to part no more.

GRACE ELSTON. '19.

Loretto Abbey College.

## PADDY

P ADDY was very, very much excited. And when Paddy became excited those sparkling brown eyes sparkled more brilliantly than ever, and each jolly little freekle seemed to stand out more prominently. To-day his eyes were like twin stars, and his freekles—well, each one was trying to smile just as hard as it could smile.

But then what small boy of seven years ever had greater cause for excitement than Paddy? True, the wonderful event was not to take place until the following day, but, as everyone knows, the joys of anticipation are often greater than those of realization. Paddy, with all a small boy's capacity for enjoyment, was not liable to miss many of the joys of either.

But then, Father Dolan's annual pienic was looked forward to by all the girls and boys, both large and small, of St. Mary's parish. This, however, was to be Paddy's début, if such it could be called, at a pienic. Small wonder, then, that he should be unable to think of anything but that all-engrossing subject from morning till night.

The morning of the picnic dawned bright and clear. Paddy dressed with all possible speed, and long before the appointed hour, was fidgeting about from window to window in order to make sure that the sun was still shining as brightly as when he had awakened.

At last mother took pity on his restlessness, and told him that it was now time to leave for the school-house, for there it was that the children had been instructed to assemble. Thanks to Mother's careful planning, Paddy did not have to undergo another period of suspense;—also, Mother realized that opportunities for mischief are never lacking, no matter how hard a small boy may try to be good; and she accordingly resolved to give mischief no chance to spoil her boy's enjoyment at the very outset of the day. Indeed, so exactly had she timed his arrival that Paddy unfortunately missed the

private car engaged to carry the boys to and from the picnic grounds, and he was obliged to travel with the girls, or not at all. Whether Mother's careful foresight had planned this also, it is impossible to say. Certain it is, however, that Paddy's active mind was kept busily engaged, planning a means of escape before the "boys" should observe his plight.

He need not have worried. The boys were in too great a hurry to reach the picnic grounds to wait for the arrival of the girls' car. When all had arrived at the grounds, Paddy very unobtrusively separated himself from the bevy of girls, and, very obtrusively this time, joined the crowd of "big" boys.

The big boys' fun, when seen from a near view, did not seem nearly as enticing somehow, as it had always appeared to him from afar. Therefore as soon as he could he escaped from that group which he had before been so anxious to join. Spying his own special "clique" of small boys hurrying towards the swings, that chief delight of picnics in the estimation of small boys and girls, Paddy exerted his sturdy little legs to the utmost in an effort to catch up with them before all chance of obtaining a swing was gone.

At last, breathless, hatless, and hair flying in the wind, Paddy cried between puffs: "I thi—ink (puff, puff!) you might w—wait (puff) for a fellow!"

"Aw, can't you hurry up?" called the leader of the small boys.

"I—I am hur—urrying," indignantly puffed Paddy.

When they finally reached the swings, Paddy was still panting, and as ill-luck would have it, the boys decided that, by all that was just and right, it was now Paddy's turn to push. And no mean task it is to push! Every boy (and even girl), must remember his or her experience as "pusher." The rider, seemingly never satisfied, must be swung higher and high-

er, and when at last the pusher relinquishes his task, his ride has been indeed well earned.

But Paddy was no shirker, and mustering all his strength, he pushed until his small arms ached. However, "All things come to those who wait," and at last it was Paddy's turn as rider. Although his hands were made sore by his frantic clinging to the ropes, Paddy was oblivious to all such minor happenings. Once assured that as long as he "sat tight" and held onto the rope there was no danger of falling off, he gave himself whole-heartedly to the joys of swinging.

Swinging is but one of the many joys of picnics, but it would be impossible in these few pages to describe in detail those other amusements so necessary to picnics. Though our hero played a conspicuous part in nearly every race (in fact he was only deterred from entering the fat boys' race because the powers that be decreed that he was not quite stout enough), he failed, to his own great astonishment, to win any prizes. However, the "just missed coming third" in the three-legged race, was almost as good, or so thought Paddy.

And then the feast! Promptly at twelve o'clock streams of little people were seen coming quickly to the spot where large tables stood, set with every known goodie. To the spectator, unfamiliar with the ways of childhood, the ensuing scene was appalling. How could they possibly eat so much? Why, they will all be sick. What can Father Dolan be thinking of?

Now just see that small boy sitting at the end of the table. With his mouth full, both hands full and his plate heaped high, his big eyes are still travelling the length of the table for fear he has missed something.

Of course you have already guessed that this extremely hungry little boy is none other than our friend. When at last all, even he, could eat no more, they rose from the table and dispersed, once more ready and eager for the pleasures of the day.

Five o'clock had been decided upon as a suitable supper hour. After supper the weary-but happy, picnickers were to be conveyed to their several homes. 'Impossible at it may seem, those boys and girls, even after the enormous lunch they had previously consumed, were ready and waiting as the supper hour approached.

The appetite of every boy and girl at last being satisfied, Father Dolan made an attempt to organize his little band for departure. At a suggestion from one of the elder boys, the picnickers suddenly let out a "whoop." Paddy's voice was no small factor in the tumult, for he worshipped Father Dolan with all a child's hero-worship. "Three cheers and a tiger for Father Dolan," and "Hip, hip, hurray!" were to be heard on all sides.

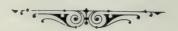
Father Dolan, deeply touched, in a few appropriate words, endeavoured to express his heartfelt appreciation of their gratitude. The boys and girls, in their turn, tried as best they could to thank him for their enjoyable day. Suddenly recollecting the speedy passing of the time, Father Dolan, with words of good cheer, bustled his merry brood into the waiting cars.

At last Mother, waiting for her boy, heard Paddy's well-known footsteps coming up the front walk. She ran to the door, anxious to hear as soon as possible the tale of their wonderful day. Wonderful it was! She knew by one look at his tired but happy face.

The tale once told, Mother hastened him to bed. There Paddy might have been seen a short time later, sleeping peacefully, a wonderful smile on his freckled face, dreaming sweet dreams of picnics and the fun enjoyed thereat. Truly, a "perfect end of a perfect day!"

EDNA DAWSON.

Loretto Day School.



#### OUR DOG LUCK

WHEN my wife and I first started house-keeping it became a matter of desire as well as necessity to possess a dog. Mary said she was very lonely in our big house when I was away at work. So I went over to Kennedy's kennels—they say he has the best dogs in town—and told him that I wanted a nice, companionable dog for my wife. Well, he talked for ages about the characteristics of the different breeds and so on, and finally convinced me that a certain Aidedale was just the very dog I wanted.

Mary was delighted with him and the dog certainly was very intelligent and friendly. We called him Buster, and before long he really was quite attached to us, especially to Mary. The only thing we didn't quite like about him was that he was just as affectionate with all friends as with us, and after all he belonged to us and it wasn't quite fair.

Well, Mary got the idea that the dog didn't have enough freedom; she said we were far enough out of the city to let him run around as he liked. So one afternoon she let Buster cut. That evening when I came home, no dog -and Mary almost in hysterics over it. "What could have happened to Buster? It was so bitterly cold out, and couldn't I do something?" Altogether we passed a wretched evening telephoning everywhere we could think of, but no word of Buster. The next day the milk-man said that he had seen a dog very much like him tearing along Bathurst St., away over on the other side of the city. I spent the better part of the day looking for the dog, but after a week had passed we gave him up as lost.

Poor Mary was inconsolable. Even the maid missed Buster and the whole house seemed so dreary and quiet that I decided the only thing to do was to invest in another dog; so I went over to the kennels again and this time the one dog I didn't want was an Airedale, so I chose a little Boston bull.

Tommy was very quiet the first day at our The calm before the tempest, as it The next morning my boots had disappeared; the maid finally rescued them from the back-kitchen with one of them practically chewed to pieces. You see he was really only a puppy and that was just the beginning. He tore and ate up the rugs and sofa pillows, took the fringe from the bed spreads, broke a vase that Mary particularly prized, pulled the washing off the line, and worst of all, pulled off the table-cloth when the table was all set for dinner. Really it was awful. Besides a set of dishes, I had to get a new carpet for the dining-room. We were ashamed to ask our friends in, as the house was always topsyturvy. At last the maid gave notice and Mary appeased her only by a generous raise in her salary.

Matters had reached a climax when, one Saturday afternoon, a particularly disreputable street-piano camped in front of our house. When the noise became unbearable I went out to give the poor gypsy some money and if possible to induce her to move on. Of course Temmy came out to see the fun and he never came back into the house again; but this we did not notice for a long time. Then we advertised and did our duty, but really, though Mary would never say it, I think she was rather glad when Tommy was not found. We finally concluded that the gypsy had stolen him and you can imagine we wern't in a hurry to get another dog.

For a few weeks the house was quiet, and believe me, we didn't find it gloomy or dreary or anything, but delightfully comfortable and peaceful beyond words.

One evening a boy friend came over—he was leaving for the Front next day. As a special favour he asked us if we would mind taking care of his dog while he was away. Of course we simply couldn't refuse, so we said we would

be delighted. By this time we owned to a fear but refrained from expressing the same.

The next morning the dog arrived. He was a beautiful Collie, a regular blue-ribbon dog. His name was "Kitch" from Kitchener, of course, and it was really pitiable to see how he missed his master. He used to rush out to meet everyone who came to the house, hoping it might be he, only to return with the most piteous disappointment in his soft, brown eyes.

After a week he began to get a little accustomed to us and gradually he and Mary became inseparable companions. In the house his place was at her feet and she never went

out without him, but still he never stopped looking for his master.

One afternoon Mary telephoned for me at the office. The veterinary and I reached the steps together, but the poor dog was already dead. It seems that for about ten minutes he had gone from one convulsion into another.

Mary hasn't recovered yet; every time she sees a dog she starts to cry, and I just wrote to the poor boy by the last overseas mail. It really wasn't our fault that someone poisoned poor Kitch, but I know he'll never forgive us. Now you understand why we will never have another dog.

PHYLLIS ALLAN, 2T2.



#### LE PETIT PETROUILLEUR

WHY did the Taube appear at the exact moment when I was passing this particular trench? The warning-bell sounded the order to seek shelter. Pressed as I was I had to stop, however reluctantly, and take cover in the first dug-out. A volunteer of some twenty years of age, with the large and beautiful eyes of Israel, was cleaning his rifle. We commenced chatting.

Son of a free-thinking workman and a Jewish mother, Raymond had experienced in his parents only brute force and greed of gain—never a word of tenderness, never any instruction, religious or moral. He had grown up alone, without affection.

One day it was high festival for his schoolmates. In their new clothes, with an armlet of white and gold, they went to church. From without, such fine music could be heard that Raymond also wished to share in the ceremony. He crossed the mysterious threshold—for the first time in his life. Fascinated by the splendour of Catholic ritual, he remained a long time there, hidden in a corner, wondering why he had no such days of gala. But on his return home blows rained upon him. His parents had drunk on this evening, as on all others, and they threatened the boy with still worse punishment if he ever went near the curé's again. He was strictly forbidden to choose any religion—if he wished one—till he was of age.

To satisfy the needs of a drunken father and frivolous mother, Raymond practised almost all trades—mechanician, designer, waiter, aviator. None brought in enough to please the tipplers, and each return home was marked by fresh "scenes." Finally, his patience being exhausted, Raymond determined to leave them; he joined the Colonial Infantry.

The war brought him his first real joy. At length he was "going to do something." Endowed with a courage which was backed up by physical vigour and skill, he offered himself from the start for the most dangerous tasks. When wounded in the early encounters he refused to have himself sent back from the front. "To lay out Boches—that's the best cure for one's wounds." And his wound healed quickly.

Then followed the withdrawal, next the victory of the Marne; a halt was made on the heights of the Aisne. During the days of oscillation before the fixing of the lines, Raymond was posted at the point of danger, well in advance, behind a rick of straw. Three days and nights he remained there; he had been forgotten. He found this quite natural, happy to suffer for his country, busy, moreover, in an excellent way. In the ruins of a village he had picked up a book of Catholic prayers; behind his rick he read it and re-read it, learning by heart all he could understand. already the idea was awakening in him of a better life, of a Sovereign God to serve and to implore: "Not in bread alone doth man live." At length his absence was noticed; he was recalled, restored to his ranks, and sent elsewhere on patrol duty.

Some days later the shells set fire to a neighbouring farmstead. Fifty soldiers found themselves buried under the burning débris. A staff captain ran up and asked for volunteers to aid in rescuing the unhappy men. Raymond proved himself a hero. As long as a victim remained in the furnace he plunged in without shrinking, and succeeded in bringing out all who were alive. The captain pressed has hand and said: "It's superb, Raymond, what you've done. If men don't reward you, God will."

"God will!" A staff-captain believes in God! And in a God who can reward! The brain of Raymond was active now under the aid of grace; the lessons of the little prayer-book grew clearer, and the first prayer rose from the boy's heart: "My God, if Thou existest, let me know Thee."

Henceforth his ardour to court danger redoubled. Each evening he came to suggest to his "chiefs" some new ruse for the following night. Whether his company was on duty or not, he insisted on going. Something told him that by self-sacrifice he was meriting the grace of light. His greatest happiness was to patrol. Crawling on his stomach in the mud, he would steal up to the German lines to re-

connoitre their mining operations, or throw grenades at them, or shoot their sentries at point-blank range.

A hundred times each night he cught to have been killed; but God was waiting till he was ready before he should be touched by the bullets. It was at this time that I was passing and was compelled by the German aviator's approach to enter his dug-out.

Very few explanations sufficed to determine him. "As soon as possible," he said, "give me Baptism and the Little Host. I don't want to die before receiving them. And then teach me to pray." We decided that he should be baptized three days later, November 21, feast of the Presentation of Our Lady, in order that the ceremony might take place in the neighbouring church with more solemnity.

During these three days Raymond had a great scruple which he confided to me: "I am afraid I have done wrong these three days, though I have accepted all the tasks and missions entrusted to me, I have not volunteered for any, so much was I afraid of being slain before becoming a Christian. But I assure you, Father, I'll make up for it when you have baptized me."

The ceremony was very moving. The youth, in a tunic whitened with mud and riddled with bullets, replied in French to the beautiful prayers of the liturgy. At his side as god-father was the captain whose simple word had caused the first spark of faith to kindle in his soul. After his baptism, at which he chose the name of Mary, I gave him the Body of Christ, and he stood up erect and proud. "Now I'm strong. I promise to conduct myself like a Christian till I die."

As he was going out the captain of his company congratulated him, adding, "But I hope you're not going to profit by it to seek favours." "Why, yes, captain; and I do so at once. I ask you to send me every night on patrol."

After that I brought him Communion to the trenches almost every day. He was eager for it. We made a short preparation together, and

a short thanksgiving, and he always added, in thanking me: "I feel stronger than before." The following week his commander told me: "For these eight days he has been absolutely wonderful. I mean to get him the military medal; he has earned it more than twenty times."

The medal! It was the brightest of his earthly dreams! Yet one night from his post he perceived a sentry who, surprised by a German patrol, was running back towards the trench. As the communication trench was too narrow, Raymond sprang over the parapet and charged the aggressors. He shot pointblank the first, who had already occupied the sentry's post, bayoneted two others, and faced unsupported the fusilade from the enemy's trench. Next day his captain summoned him: "Raymond, you have now the medal; but I can't make the necessary report without compromising the sentry who fled; he will be shot." "Then, captain, I don't wish you to make the report; I'll get the medal another time."

Almost every night he went out on patrol, so that he came to be called Le Petit Patrouil-leur. His favourite post was that of advanced sentry at thirty paces from the German lines. There, beside his parapet, several times destroyed and repaired, he had dug himself under ground a burrow from which he could shoot in safety. What joy his white teeth revealed when he came back smiling! "That's all right. The bullets find their mark. But I've emptied my cartridge slips; hand on some more."

His duties as a soldier did not make him forget his duties as a Christian. "Remember that every day you've got to enlighten the soul of a comrade." Taking the counsel literally, he had laid upon himself the obligation of leading a "pal" back to God. And he had commenced by those who were farthest from Him—a free-thinker, for example, whom he knew to be an artist, and whom he converted by explaining to him, in his own fashion, Christian art.

Considerable raillery greeted the zeal of the neophyte. But he said: "Don't fear it any more than the bells. I'm a Christian, and will do my duty as a Christian."

The first souls to whom he would have wished to communicate his faith were those of his parents. He wrote to tell them of his conversion, his happiness, his desire to see them, too, enter the Church. They did not answer this letter any more than the preceding ones.

One day he came to me meditatively, almost timidly, "Father, you have told me to be humble, and I think I have a great deal of pride. See what I would like now—to become a priest in order to make Our Lord known to so many men who know Him not. Would it be possible? Can I think of it?"

And more and more he felt a hunger for the Eucharist: "It is Our Lord Who gives me strength." "You're going to give me Our Lord?" he would say each time to me. One evening I met him in the trenches when he was going to make a grenade attack: "Father, quickly, Our Lord." On the spot, standing in the water, I gave him the Divine Master, and he went off radiant: "I carry Him with me; I'm calm."

But that night all his comrades were not so calm. The machine guns spread consternation among the group, which was falling back. Raymond stood up behind them and lifting a grenade, he cried out: "The first who draws back I'll fling it in his face!" Thanks to him, order was re-established and good work done. Le Petit Patrouilleur seems invulnerable; only his cap and tunic were hit; but he kept laughing all the time.

On account of his patrol duty he knew perfectly the little fortress which the enemy had evacuated in the Hill of Rees. But one day the command came that we must take it to-morrow by storm. "We'll all be left behind, and we shall not take it," said Raymond to me; "it's impregnable. But count on me to do all my duty; only give me Our Lord."

The action was terrible and unavailing. Twelve hundred men remained behind. In the evening, on the edge of a trench I saw my little Raymond lying in a shroud of mud; a bursting shell had fractured his skull. From the position of his arm he seemed as if in the act of flinging a grenade; his open lips still smiled, and all his boyish face proclaimed the joy he felt to die for France with Jesus in his breast. It was December 28, the day when the Church allows to mingle with the joyous hymns of Christmas a plaintive note of memory of the massacre of the Innocents.

Helped by a friend of the Petit Patrouilleur, I brought back his body. The Germans did not fire on us, as if they wished to respect the dead youth who for three months had been their most dangerous adversary.

Behind the trenches, in the cemetery already peopled with innumerable little wooden crosses, we had his grave dug. On his stretcher, where he still smiled, we covered him with chrysanthemums and yew branches. His god-

father fastened round his neck a little silver chain with the medal of the Virgin, engraved in honour of his baptism, which had arrived the very day of his death. Then I took up again the ritual of November 21 at the chapter—not the least beautiful—of Christian funerals . . . "that as the true faith joined him to the ranks of the faithful, so there Thy mercy may unite him to the choirs of angels."

No chant answered the prayers; only the thunder of the guns. But in this steady ruin, in the apse of a church ploughed up by shells, under rain that pierced through the very tunics, at the foot of the impregnable Hill of Bees, the smile of the Petit Patrouilleur proclaimed in spite of all the certitude of victory . . . "Blessed are they who dye their robes in the Blood of the Lamb" . . . . "Who eats My flesh has eternal life and I will raise him up on the last day."

-Translated from the French of Père Louis Lenoir by P. J. Gannon, S.J.

#### II.—THE DEATH OF YOUP

In this story I was neither actor nor witness. But Jean, who related it to me, is worthy of credence. Jean is a corporal and one of the best of my friends. His girlish moustache suggests some fifteen years; and hence he assumes in all seriousness a paternal air towards the long-beards of his squad.

Among his "youngsters," as he calls them, was the famous Youp, whose real name I have never known—a poor Jew, recognizable as far as you could distinguish his profile, a pitiable spectacle under his muddy tunic (the horizon blue of it turning to a German green), always seeming to beg pardon of the passer-by, so much had he become accustomed to blows.

In virtue of his duties as "father," Corporal Jean had made himself the defender of the oppressed. Every day he used his authority to put a stop to rough jesting and horse-play.

Youp was not of a rich tribe; no comforts for him. And the comrades, without meaning to be cruel, in their unreflecting way, scarcely thought that the zone of friendship in the army, wide though it be, should be stretched to embrace a son of Israel. Jean made up for this by giving him, if not the better, at least the larger, half of the bulky hampers which the "mama" made up for her son every fortnight.

Like a great dog, Youp hardly moved a yard away from him, a fact that irritated somewhat at times the proud little corporal, but in reality flattered him still more. And quite naturally, as a consequence of the protection and the shared hampers, Jean ended by getting quite fond of Youp.

"You ought to try and convert him," I said to Jean one day. He exploded with laughter. "Convert him! Why, he does not believe in

God or devil. He's no more a Jew than a Christian or a Turk. When at times the question of religion crops up, he commences to giggle. Do you wish him to have a faith? Why, he has not even a soul." It was vain for me to chide or reason on the point. "I tell you again he has no soul.

Well, the other day Jean came to me greatly moved, and here is the story he told:

"I was out on patrol last night with Youp and three others. We met a German patrol; we fired, and I'm sure we stretched out two or three of them. But they did for Youp. The poor beggar got a bullet in his stomach, He groaned so that I could not get him silenced. I told the two others to clear away, and Marcel and I picked him up. Only, to and behold! a German machine gun noticed me. With his groans it was to be expected. Luckily there was a shell hole near at hand, and we sank into it, all three.

"Then poor Youp took hold of me and drew me towards him. 'Jean,' said he, 'tell me the truth. Is it serious this thing I've got?' 'Oh, yes and no,' I answered. 'How long have I still to live?' Seeing he was getting anxious, I replied: 'Thirty years, unless you catch cold in your head'—though of course I did not know whether he was going to live or die.

"Then he drew me closer to him. 'Jean, no humbug! I feel my number's up. Listen! I can't die like this. You must hear my confession.' Then I said: 'It's you who are humbugging now. This is not the time for it—and least of all on that point; you know right well I don't like it.'

"But not at all, he was not humbugging. Jean," said he, 'I have thought it over well; it's only the true religion could make you so good to me. I want to die in that religion; you must hear my confession."

"What a fix I was in! What was I to do? Refuse? It would have made him worse. Hear his confession? But I'm not a priest. In truth, I'd have preferred if the captain had sent me to capture the machine gun which was raking us. Suddenly an idea came to me. I said: 'You can't confess. You're not baptized; it would not count.' 'Well, then,' he answered on the spot, 'baptize me.'

"This was better. I think I had the power to do that, had I not? Then I took some of the water which was there in our shell hole. I'm not sure if it was clean, seeing it was night-time; but as it was for Youp the cleanness makes little matter. He was not over particular on that point, and I baptized him. O, yes! don't be uneasy. I knew the words. I learned my catechism well formerly.

"But this was not enough for him, my poor Youp. He wanted right or wrong that I should hear his confession. I was in a queer fix. At last I thought it better not to cross him, but pretend to hear him and talk to you about it, afterwards.

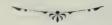
"I told Marcel to stop his ears, as he could not move away on account of the machine gun, and then I said to Ycup: 'Go ahead! Now that you're a Christian, it can be done.'

"Then he came out with all his load. I can well understand it weighed heavily upon him, the poor beggar! As for me, I did not know what to say to him afterwards. I recited an Our Father, and told him to have trust in the Bon Dieu, Who is all that there is of goodness.

"How happy he was, poor Youp! He kissed me on the two cheeks, and indeed I believe he cried. And I had to do all I knew to keep from imitating him.

"We waited for a time to deceive the machine gun, and we could then, Marcel and I, have crept back to the trench, dragging Youp. But, alas, when we looked at him again, he was dead. That was a shock for me. Even still I feel as if it was my own brother who had gone. But pray, Father, what am I to do with his sins?"

LOUIS LENOIR.



#### VISITORS

In the wilds of Oklahoma, where I spent my vacation, visitors are very unusual, and serve to break up the monotony of country life. In fact, the visitors we had broke up everything their eyes lighted upon. They were five in number-four cherubs and their devoted mother. She was a meek individual, who believed that "nothing evil is, but thinking makes it so," and considering her children too good for this world, proceeded imperturbably to watch them display their several accomplishments, for instance, banging the piano, tearing the doors from the victrola, and rending the air and our unpractised ears with sounds quite uncherubic. Outdoors and indoors proclaimed their presence. In a fit of boyish glee, they dashed the cat against the side of the house, to see if it had nine lives. With a scratch and a leap, the cat disappeared from the scene of action, and has not been seen since. Their conclusion was in favour of the nine lives. The chickens, rather than suffer persecution at the hands of the four irrepressibles, retired supperless at four o'clock, and the cows were seen dancing a frenzied jig in the pasture. Lizards and bugs of all descriptions found an untimely end in the well, which supplies our drinking water. We ourselves would, in all probability, have been drowned in our own tears had not the meek individual returned at the critical moment with her crew, to the parental abode.

KATHRYN MILLER.

Loretto, Englewood.

#### WORK VERSUS REST

"No, Rest is not quitting
This busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere."

Variety is not only the spice of life, as the poet says, but variety and congenial relaxation are essential to healthy development of mind and body. What this congenial relaxation may be depends on the disposition of the individual. In olden times men found in battle this needed distraction. In fact, all strong nations kept themselves vigorous and in good order by means of war, one war to a decade being considered necessary; indeed, war, feasting, and the shock of combat form the principal themes of the ancient epic. So far in the world's history, no nation has enjoyed a long period of peace and prosperity without degenerating and losing the patriotic spirit. In many nations the result has been a gradual loss of independence. In modern nations the war of political parties has to a certain extent, taken the place of swords.

To the many, reading is a never-failing source of enjoyment and interest. Work and worry are soon forgotten in the fascinating pages of an interesting story or a pleasing book of poems. The newspaper or magazine is not only a pastime, but to many it is a real necessity. What a disappointment it is when the newspaper does not arrive at the usual hour. Among the leisure classes, the fads and fashions of the day engross the attention of many and afford relief from daily routine.

The soothing power of music over mind and body has been attested to in all ages. The Greeks, a music-loving people, were cheerful and intellectual. Browning implies that he believed we shall pursue in heaven our favourite pastime while on earth. The ancients also shared this belief. The sacred games of the

Greeks had their origin in the fact that the shades of the departed delighted in spectacles in which they took part during their mortal life.

To the young especially, much recreation is necessary and frequently bears fruit in after years. "The child is father of the man." How often as a boy, has the future machinist delighted in taking apart and putting together machinery or old clocks. The pastime of youth, when prudently directed, often results in successful important inventions in mature years.

Every rank of society experiences the mental strain of the present day, and the necessity for contrast and holiday, but it is in the lowest ranks that the blight of humdrum existence is most felt. The great mass of humanity still groans under this burden of a dreary existence, though civic and private enterprise has done much to lessen it. Parks and play-grounds have been opened up; beaches have been reserved for the enjoyment of the masses; cheap amusements and cheap editions of interesting books have been provided. Much is still hopel for to safeguard the moral and physical health of the masses. Innocent pleasures are none too many in this age of haste and grinding care. We are beginning to lose our old-time zest for them, and fortunate are they who can find delight in them, when weary and overworked, for they leave no evil effects.

JEANNE CONNAUGHTON.

Niagara Falls.

#### LOURDES

There are certain spots on this earth where the barrier between the natural and the supernatural seems to have given way; Lourdes is one of them. Deny the fact as unbelievers will, the miraculous character of the waters can never be disproved. On the contrary, new evidence keeps piling up so fast that there is hardly time to investigate the old. The origin of Lourdes surpasses in its marvelous detail the stories of the "Arabian Nights," and the wonders wrought there year after year, month after month, baffle the incredulous, even though they fail to pierce through the armor of their unbelief. As a rule, however, "they who come to scoff, remain to pray."

The stream of pilgrims to this shrine necessarily thinned out and finally almost died out, during the war; but the urgency of the times was alone responsible. Back to the heart of this country's most beautiful and touching devotion people are flocking to-day. What a blessed sight for eyes filled with the horrors of the battle-field! What solace for hearts torn with

grief, and bodies shattered by gas and scrapnel—this peaceful valley, where heaven stoops to earth, and the Queen of Heaven bends down in loving solicitude over her children!

Three thousand American soldiers found their way to the shrine lately, through the enterprise of the Knights of Columbus, and the zeal of their chaplain, Father Egas of Gordrecourt. "The great days are coming back again!" exclaimed an old Frenchman, at the sight, and one says it was at Lourdes that the Catholic soul of America entered into the closest union with the Catholic soul of France, and I believe the effects of that coming together will be felt in both countries by generations yet unborn. "Why did the people in a little northern town of France," he adds, kneel down and bless themselves when a company of wounded doughboys hobbled in to Mass? They did so because they felt that the presence of these lads had something hallowing about it. Again, why did the people press around the American officer who overruled the mayor of a town on the fighting front, when

that functionary refused to allow Mass to be said in the market-place? "Call out the flag-guard," said the officer, when he had listened to the mayoral protest. Out came the guard, with Old Glory flying, and soon it fluttered over the market-place. "Where that flag flies is freedom," said he; "proceed with the Mass!" And the mayor shrunk away.

To continue in the narrator's words, who was a resident of France for fourteen years, and an eye-witness of this pilgrimage: Think of it; three thousand American soldiers went on pilgrimage thither and prayed and received Holy Communion at the grotto where she who is "blessed among women" appeared to the little shepherdess, Bernadette Soubirous. Centuries before Our Lady appeared to Bernadette, the spot on which she stood had been the scene of human sacrifices. Calcined bones have been discovered there. Mary Immaculate was combating the fiend on his own ground. She told the thirteen-year-old child to reach out her hand and touch the rock. This the girl did and there immediately gushed forth a stream of water. And the Mother of God told how a shrine would be erected there and thousands would come from all parts of the world and be cured of their ailments.

The civil authorities boarded up the grotto; but they could not board up the spring. That was a phenomenon they could neither explain nor do away with. Neither could they silence Bernadette; her earnestness, her faith, made converts of her relatives, of the clergy, of the people. Men came to bathe in the waters of the spring and were made whole. The evidence was not to be resisted. Broken limbs that had been refractory to medical treatment for years joined together "as in the twinkling of an eye." So manifest were the facts that scientists were forced to admit these, in spite of their unwillingness. They had to fall back on the auto-suggestion theory and the hypothesis of curative virtues of nature heretofore unknown. But unbelievers were cured as well as Catholics, moreover, the cures were effected instantly or in the course of a few hours, and nature does not do things in that way.

To take care of the Americans, Providence had sent the Knights of Columbus, with Guy Thomas at their head, to establish a club. Thomas has the genius of a young apostle; he is a lover of souls. The first thing he did, when he heard the soldiers were coming, was to go round to the hotels and make a rate for the Americans. Fourteen francs a day; that was the price charged the soldiers for bed and board. Many of them had had to pay more than that for room alone in Paris.

Through the quaint old streets they tramped, wondering at the picturesque gait of the peasants, the teams of neck-yoked oxen and the old women bowed beneath huge bundles of fagots.

All round the little city the mountains glistened with snow; the mountain torrent filled the air with its secular music.

But it was the grotto that the boys wanted to see. Across the great esplanade they trudged, past the great Byzantine Basilica of the Rosary, under the shadow of a hill, till suddenly there was a gasp of recognition, a rush of tears to the eyes, a pressure on the heart, and the soldiers knew they were looking at the spot that had been hallowed by the presence of the Mother of God.

They were saying the rosary, and the boys knelt, rank upon rank of lads in khaki, and the prayer rolled out in a masculine music that did the heart good.

"Now go to confession," said the priest, when the service was over. "You'll find the confessionals in the church at the top of the hill. Let me see you all at Holy Communion to-morrow morning."

And the soldiers did as he bade them. But first they lingered to drink in the picture of the grotto with its altar and gleaming lights, its tower of crutches worn by lame folk who now walk, and above all, the statue of her who said to little Bernadette: "I am the Immaculate Conception." They had seen that statue in a hundred pictures; but the reality seen in that atmosphere and devotion, was so overwhelming that many wept for the sheer joy of it.

And they listened with rapt attention while the K. of C. secretary told them how the statue was chiselled by a sculptor to whom Bernadette described her vision.

The artist did the best that in him lay; but Bernadette shook her head. "It is very beautiful," she said; "but it is not she. She is so beautiful that it seems long waiting for death so that I may see her again."

A by-stander overheard these words.

"Do you mean to say you believe that stuff?" he broke in.

"Every word of it," said the secretary.

Of course he believed it, and so did those thousands of American soldiers. They had felt the presence of the God of Battles on the fighting line. What marvel that they should hear of his Virgin Mother in this valley hallowed by her coming?

The soldiers had the Catholic sense, and were not to be deceived by rationalistic propaganda—which does not succeed at Lourdes.

Thanks to the Knights and the American

clergy the American pilgrimage was one of the most edifying sights that Lourdes has ever witnessed.

It ended with a nocturnal procession in the great parvis of the Church of the Rosary. Picture, if you can, ten thousand people, each man, woman and child carrying a lighted candle, the whole assemblage chanting a hymn to Our Lady. It was an act of worship never to be forgotten.

"I have lived here in Lourdes for twenty years," said an old lady, "but I have never seen anything so beautiful as what we have seen to-night."

If Catholics will strengthen the hands of the Catholic War Council, Lourdes may gleam yet more brightly in the crown of America's glory. For America, like France, has Mary Immaculate for patroness.

N. M. B.

NOTE: The incidents contained in the above article are quoted from the National War Council Bulletin (Catholic). The author, Mr. Redfern Mason, will be recognized as one of the characters in "The High Romance" by Michael Williams.



#### BROWNING'S SAUL

TWO emotions strongly depicted by Browning are the Religious and the Artistic, and these, as closely allied as they are in any nature in which they happen to co-exist. In "Saul" this is specially true, for these emotions not only embody the thought of the poem but are evident to a marked degree in the manner in which the story is told.

Against the splendid background of patriarchial Israel we have the boy David singing in the tent of the great king whom he is striving to deliver from the agony of spiritual conflict. In the darkness of the tent we see the monarch with arms outstretched against its poles, dumb, sightless and powerless like the serpent in the solitude of the forest, awaiting its transformation.

Now, it is the sweeet and simple pastoral

theme, so dear to the heart of the boy-shepherd, that David chooses in his attempt to soothe the stricken soul; again, the joyous song of the reapers, the warrior's march, the funeral and marriage chants and at length, when his harp intones the solemn chorus of the Levites advancing towards the altar, Saul groans, and in the darkness the lights which leap from the jewels of his turban betray his emotion.

David changes his theme. He sings of the goodness of human life, of labour and success, of hopes and fulfillment of high ambitions, of the great king in whom are centred all the gifts and powers of human nature, of Saul himself, until the tense body relaxes and "the slow heavings of the chest subside."

But the singer has not yet attained the goal of his achievement; in a fresh burst of inspira-

tion he challenges his hearer to follow him beyond the grave, and as the vision of this earthly immortality unfolds itself before the sufferer's sight he becomes a king again, "released and aware." Gently he lays his hand on the young singer's forehead, fixing his eyes upon him in grave scrutiny and the heart of David goes out to his king in filial, pitying tenderness. The boy is overcome with the yearning to inspire hope in the depressed spirit of Saul and the yearning developes into prophecy. What he as man can desire for his fellow-man, God will surely give. What he would suffer for those he loves, surely God would suffer, since human nature is not more capable of love than the Divine. His prayer is answered, and, exulting in the consciousness of his victory, he hails the advent of Christ.

In the darkness of the night, as David seeks his home, unseen coherts press everywhere upon him, but the "Hand" guides him through the tumult and he sees it "die out in the day's tender birth."

It is in presenting single dramatic situations such as this that Browning's power is absolute. The graphic vividness of his descriptions strengthened by the use of forceful similies gives us distinct pictures of the characters and the scene of action, for example:—"as, caught in his pangs. And waiting his change, the kingserpent all heavily hangs. Far away from his kind, in the pine, till deliverance comes with the spring-time—so agonized Saul, drear and stark, blind and dumb."

In this diction there is a wealth of imagery brought out by a certain air of grandeur and strength, and the smoothness and musical quality of the whole is secured by pleasing rhythm, and unlaboured rhyme, as is evident in this extract:

"Have ye seen when Spring's arrowy summons goes right to the aim,

And some mountain, the last to withstand her that held (he alone,

While the vale laughed in freedom and flowers) in a broad bust of stone,

A year's snow, bound about for a breast-plate, leaves grasp of the sheet?

Fold in fold all at once it crowds thunderously down to his feet.

And there fronts you, stark, black, but alive yet, your mountain of old,

With his rents the successive bequeathings of ages untold—

Yea, each harm got in fighting your battles, each furrow and sear

Of his head thrust twixt you and the tempest all hail, there they are!"

As is usual with Browning, he never quite succeeds in keeping his own personality out of the characters he creates, and in the song of David we seem to hear the ring of the poet's voice vibrating with the joy of life and maintaining a strong, fearless trust in God and immortality.

"The man taught enough by life's dream, of the rest to make sure;

By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,

And the next world's reward and repose by the struggles in this."

JUDITH YOUNG.

Loretto, Niagara Falls,





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Requiescant In Pace!

## In Memoriam

"The souls of the Just are in the Hands of God, and the torment of death shall not touch them." Wisdom 3, 1.

Rev. Mother Mary Stanislaus Liddy, Superior General of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in America, died at Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin, on the morning of September 5, 1919. She was a woman possessed of admirable and rare qualities of heart and mind, and inspired all who knew her with sentiments of respect and esteem, if not of sincere affection. She had crossed the ocean some six or seven weeks before, in the interests of her community, and it was hoped that her health, which had been failing, would be restored by change of air and scene. Once or twice after her departure gratifying reports came to her Community of the pleasant sea voyage, of her returning health in the beautiful surroundings of Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, and of her keen interest in everything around her. Then came a note of alarm, another of partial assurance, and finally tidings of the end, which grieved the hearts of her Community deeply, and called forth universal sympathy on the part of the Institute's friends and Alumnae. At the Solemn Requiem, celebrated in the beautiful Chapel at Rathfarnham Abbey, there were fifty priests in the sanctuary and the Mass was sung by the members of several Orders: Benedictines, Dominicans and Jesuits. Her body was laid in the cemetery adjoining the Abbey, where the daily visits of her sisters in religion will secure her many prayers. May she rest in peace!

Little that the ingenuity of reverence

or devotion could devise would pain the subject of this slight memorial more than any attempt to heighten the esteem in which her memory is held. One almost fears the censure of her spirit at the mere thought of such a thing. But a more serious censure is due to one who, for that reason would withhold a short summing up of the qualities which made her eminent and endeared her to so many, both within and without her Community. All who have enjoyed an intimacy with her rare personality will look for some words about her which will echo their own sentiments.

Reverend Mother Stanislaus was born in County Clare, Ireland. When an infant her family came to America and setin Lockport, N.Y. tled Her uncle, Father Kirwin, was Vicar-Genof Toronto when eral the Loretto Community made foundation in a the city in 1847. Her school days were spent in Loretto Convent, Guelph. She embraced the religious life at the early age of sixteen and in time became an able and enthusiastic teacher. greater part of her life was passed at the branch houses outside of Toronto. In all of them, with one exception, she held the post of superior, enduring with cheerful fortitude the hardships incident to several new foundations, notably that of Sault Ste Marie, where her memory is loved and revered. It has been said of her, that whenever there was a difficult or laborious office to be performed, it had a way of finding her out; and she, in turn, had a way of meeting its demands with a generosity and alacrity which never

flagged. Had she lived a few more months she would have celebrated (or refused to have celebrated, according to her habitual spirit) the anniversary of her sixtieth year of religious life; yet no one who observed her firm, rapid steps within the last two or three years, would have credited the statement. She was full of youthful enthusiasm, had a remarkable memory and was keenly interested in all around her: She was a warm partisan of Ireland, whose rights she defended on every occasion, but without bitterness or disloyalty to the flag under which she lived. The young found in her, not only one in whom they could safely confide, but one who entered with such intelligent sympathy and interest into their smallest concerns, and could understand their point of view so clearly that she seemed to them more of a comrade than a superior.

How Reverend Mother Stanislaus discharged the duties of government, in respect to her Community, is best judged by the number of houses over which she presided, and the office of chief superiorship which was entrusted to her nearly nine years ago. A certain largeness of mind in ignoring petty obstacles in pursuit of a known good, was characteristic of her method of dealing with every-day concerns of the Community. She believed in avoiding, rather than encountering small difficulties, and not unfrequently when confronted with a slight annoyance or humiliation, she would laugh it out of existence.

She was always keenly interested in the progress of the schools, seizing upon every suggestion, every device that might in any way lighten the labour of the classroom or improve the methods of the teacher. In the face of many obstacles, she

succeeding in securing the interests of higher education, by establishing a college which, through affiliation with St. Michael's College for men, enjoys the privileges offered by Toronto University. The interest which she always took in this work has been justified by a yearly return of excellent results on the part of the students.

One who knew Rev. Mother Stanislaus from early youth and enjoyed her friendship during many years, finds it hard to say that this or that quality predominated in her character, this or that virtue was the peculiar mark of her spirit. It is possible to discover five predominating virtues, and these, so highly cultivated that they bore the test of time and trial of every kind. Any one of them appears supreme when under special consideration. Perhaps humility, that one which succeeded in hiding all the others on so many occasions, may be said to have excelled. But this is a virtue which has so many aspects and leads to such unattainable heights, that it almost defies definition. In her case it took the form not only of a low opinion of self, but of sincere satisfaction in being unknown, unconsidered, undistinguished. It was the very form which lent the most endearing trait to her character; but it did not stop at a low opinion of self. It went in search of humiliations. Drawing from the fund of good and wise sayings stored in her retentive memory till the last, she used to remind others, as well as herself, that— "Humility, whence all the virtues flow,

Without humiliations ne'er can grow."

During the last few years, when by reason of her position as Chief Superior, a special respect and consideration were accorded her, it required a very delicate tact on her part to capture occasions for the practice of her favourite virtue; yet it was constantly remarked that no such occasions were allowed to slip by. Her actions were entirely free from the slightest trace of pious affectation or the desire to appear virtuous. If she had a fault it was on the side of bluntness, but a bluntness that was the natural outcome of extreme simplicity and candour.

Among the virtues most difficult to human nature, one that leads to high planes of sanctity when carried out in its perfection, is mortification. As practised by the subject of this sketch, it entered into every detail of her life. She embraced with generosity all that came to her of hardship and suffering-bearing cold, sickness, fatigue, without murmur or complaint. Add to this severe measure of self discipline that of religious poverty, whose restrictions are none the less painful, because voluntary, nor the less burdensome because they concern, very often, only small things, and the holocaust would seem to be complete. Yet of these, only her Community were aware.

With all the asceticism required in the pursuit of such high sanctity, Rev. Mother was the most refreshingly simple, approachable person in the world. Her sympathy for and championship of the weak, the obscure or the troublesome characters in the class-room, was proverbial. Many have confessed that they owe to her their first suspicion that they possessed a redeeming trait or talent. Her persistent efforts in affirming or developing the same often worked a kind of miracle, which dispelled even their own misgivings. The secret of success in these instances lay in her wonderful ability to adapt herself to the young, thus securing a confidence more sacred in her keeping, than in their own.

The end of such a life as hers could not fail to be beautiful. Death, which came to place the seal of permanency upon all that was beautiful and heroic in this soul, could hardly be termed the "Grim Visitant." Diligently she prepared for the great event; patiently she bore her sufferings. It would take an entire chapter to record the consoling details of her deathbed; how considerately and gratefully she spoke to the dear ones who attended her; how she poured forth her ardent soul in aspirations and prayers, acts of contrition, praise, thanksgiving. would seem to have indulged her every whim in these last hours, in recompense for her whole hearted service through life. Though absent from her immediate community, she was at home in the Irish Mother House of the same Order, surrounded by devoted sisters who tended her with jealous care. Her sickness was severe, but it did not last many days. and death was preceded by no agony. A few hours after the reception of Holy Viaticum, during which she seemed to be sleeping, a moment of laboured breathing —and all was over! Rather in the language of the saints, as in her own, "all had begun"-all for which she had lived and laboured and suffered, and towards which she yearned as a weary exile for the Father's House.

Testimonials of affection and sympathy have come and are still coming in great numbers, from friends and Alumnae. A Requiem High Mass was celebrated at Loretto Abbey on the ninth of September and another for the Month's Mind will take place in the Abbey Chapel as a mark of sympathy on the part of the Loretto Alumnae.

#### At Rest

I.

There in the Isle of Saints—land of her birth,
Calmly her body reposes;

They have pillow'd her head in the yielding earth,

With Masses and Prayers for roses:

Some from the lonely one, nearest of kin,

Others from kind ones about her,

More with her children's names folded within,

Some from friends—friendless without her.



### Veni Sponsa

II.

Clear through the heavens, a Voice that she knew,

One she had ever attended,

Called her in accents, familiar and true,

As with breezes of nightwinds It blended:

"'Come, my beloved—the winter is o'er,'
Lay down your garment of sorrow,
Leave in my keeping the burden you bore,
"Twill be Springtime forever---to-morrow!"

#### ALUMNAE NOTES

#### LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Patroness	REV. MOTHER STANISLAUS
Hon. President	M. M. BENEDICT.
Hon. Vice-President	MRS. FRANK McLAUGHLIN.
President	
First Vice-President	MISS DAISY DORRIEN.
Second Vice-President	MISS ELIZABETH McCARRON
Recording Secretary	MRS. FRANK CASSIDY.
Corresponding Secretary	MRS. STAFFORD HIGGINS.
Treasurer	MISS SUSIE RYAN.
Convenor of House Committee.	MRS. A. DOHERTY.
Convenor of Entertainment	MRS. HARRY ROESLER.
Convenor of Membership	MISS D. McCARRON.
Convenor of Press	MISS FLORENCE HARKINS.

On Tuesday, April 29th, the opening day of the Loretto Bazaar, the members of the Loretto Alumnae Association were hostesses at a Bridge and Euchre held in connection with the Bazaar. The Abbey's fine large drawing-rooms were taxed to capacity and the buffet tea-table was laid in the entry hall. The prizes, donated by the Ladies of Loretto (the work of M. M. Sebastian) and the members of the Executive, were much appreciated by the lucky winners. After tea, at which twenty of the younger members assisted, the ladies visited the Concert Hall, transformed into a regular old-fashioned Bazaar, with its ten booths, decorated in most original style. At the home-made booth, under the auspices of the L.A.A., Mrs. Lalor, Mrs. Doane, and Miss Eileen Clark were in charge on Tuesday; Mrs. F. McLaughlin and Miss Victorine Rooney on Wednesday; Miss Helen Seitz, Miss Elizabeth McCarron and Miss Gertrude Kelly on Tuesday, and Mrs. Casserly on Saturday. \* \* \* \*

The Executive of the L. A. A. desires to take this opportunity of thanking the members and their friends whose attendance at the Bridge, generous donations and patronage of the Homemade booth made the Alumnae's section of the three-days' drive so successful, our returns to the Bazaar fund totalling very nearly five hundred dollars.

The Twenty-first Annual meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association was held at Loretto Abbey on Tuesday afternoon, May 27th, at four o'clock. In submitting her report, the retiring President, Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, thanked her Executive for their unfailing support and hearty co-operation in the many activities and war-time campaigns which have been the chief work of the Association for the last two years.

She then called for the reports of the different departments, which were read and met with the approval of the meeting. This being the year for the bi-annual elections, the meeting was one of unusual interest. The Nominating Committee under the convenorship of Miss Teresa Lalor, assisted by Miss Alma Small, had prepared a slate for the different offices, and while the scrutineers were busy counting the hallots, tea was served in the drawing-rooms, Mrs. Phelan and Mrs. Roesler presiding over the tea-urns. The returns are listed at the head of this report.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Tuesday, June 3rd, the Ladies of Loretto were "at home" to all their friends who had assisted at the Bazaar. To the members of the L.A.A. whose efforts of a few weeks previous were rewarded by an invitation, it was an opportunity of spending an evening in the old haunts with the old-time teacher friends. A delightful little concert by the senior pupils and a cup of tea served by the sisters themselves, called for a note of thanks from everybody, which was tendered to Mother Benedict by Mrs. O'Sullivan and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin.

. . . . .

Just previous to the date set for the annual meeting, the retiring Executive met at the home of the Hon. Vice-President, Mrs. Lalor, and made an informal little presentation to the president, Mrs. Frank McLaughlin. The last two years have been stirring ones and the Alumnae has been forced into fields of more strenuous activities than ever before, and it is a matter of congratulation to the Association that the reins of government have been in such capable hands. Miss Gertrude Kelly, in the name of the Executive Committee of 1917-19 made the presentation of a sterling silver vase, duly inscribed.

At the last Executive meeting for the year 1918-19, so many appeals were read for funds to procure the barest necessities for the devastated churches of France, that ten dollars was voted to a fund being raised by a philanthropic Toronto citizen now working in Frence.

. . . . .

It is with heartfelt sorrow that we record the death, since our last issue, of one of our dearest friends and staunchest members. Miss Nano Wheaton. Our sincerest sympathy goes to her mother and sisters, all life-long members of the L. A. A. May she rest in peace!

. . . . .

Mrs. Rudolf Larsen (Julia O'Sullivan) was in town for a few days in June, just for a hurried visit to her mother and to take her baby daughter back to New York.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Wednesday morning, June 25th, at the Church of the Holy Name, the marriage was solemnized of Hilda Margaret Catherine, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clarke, to Mr. Lawrence P. Leonard of Detroit. Rev. Fathers Coyle and McGrand celebrated the Nuptial Mass and Miss O'Donoghue rendered the solo selections. The bride's attendants were Mrs. Frank Clarke and Miss Kathleen Maguire; the best man was Mr. Michael Leonard, and Messrs. Frank and Wilfred Clarke were ushers. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard, after their honeymoon in Atlantic City, and later at the Ha-Ha Lake of Bays, will take up house in Detroit.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Saturday, June 7th, Mrs. Frank Mc-Laughlin gave a bridge and tea to the members of the retiring Executive Committee, that they might have the opportunity of meeting Mrs. Joyce Kilmer informally. The privilege was indeed appreciated, as Mrs. Kilmer was most gracious and gave several readings from her own writings—those charmingly natural, domesticated little verses written around the every-day happenings in the lives of Michael and Deborah.

The wedding of another staunch Alumnaeite took place in Kitchener, June 10th, when Miss Marie Hearn was married to Mr. M. P. Mallon. Miss Innis Hearn was bridesmaid and Mr. T. Mullin was groomsman. Judge and Mrs. Hearn held a reception afterwards at their new home, where the guests were chiefly old Toronto friends. Besides the groom's six sisters and three brothers, the bride's Toronto friends went up to give her a real send-off—Misses Alice McClelland, Irene Finn, Annie Kelly, Edna Murphy, Helen O'Brien, Violet Evans, Kathleen Harkins and Gertrude. After a two month's holiday on the Pacific coast, Mr. and Mrs. Mallon will live in Toronto.

The Fourth Convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae was held in St. Louis, at the Hotel Statler, from May 30th to June 4th. Mrs. H. T. Kelly, who was the delegate from the Loretto Alumnae Association at the first convention held in New York in 1914, where she was elected First Vice-President of the Federation (which position she has held ever since), again represented Loretto at St. Louis. About four hundred delegates and

\* \* \* \*

friends registered on the opening day. There are 250 Alumnae Associations in the Federation and 39 made application for admittance during this session. The delegates at St. Louis represented nearly 50,000 graduates in the United States and Canada, a force that should certainly be felt in shaping the educational system for the Catholic womanhood of to-morrow.

As Vice-President, Mrs. Kelly has been convener of the committee on education, and upon rising to give her report, the Federation made her a presentation of a large Union Jack, in deference to her nationality. During all the sessions of the convention it held the place of honour on the platform, and at the close was given to Mrs. Kelly as a personal keepsake.

A resolution was passed, disqualifying any officer who had held her position since the inaugural convention, for re-election. This left the presidency and first vice-presidency vacant. St. Joseph's Convent, Emmetsburg, Md., which held the presidency, in the person of Miss Clare Cogan, was represented by Mrs. James Sheeran, at this convention, and Mrs. Sheeran was elected President. In the absence of a delegate eligible for office from our Loretto, the First Vice-Presidency fell to the Convent of Loretto Sisters, St. Louis, in the person of Miss Pauline Boislinière. All the other offices were filled by United States delegates with the exception of a trusteeship to which Mrs. Ambrose Small of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, was elected.

The last official act of the Executive Committee of 1917-19 was to arrange a luncheon to celebrate the coming of age of the L.A.A. On Saturday, May 31, at 1.30 in the afternoon, covers were laid for one hundred and fifty Loretto old girls in the banquet room of the King Edward Hotel. Mrs. McLaughlin presided and at the head of the table were Mrs. Day, President of St. Joseph's Alumnae; Mrs. E. P. Kelly, our new President; Mrs. Lalor, Mrs. Phelan, Mrs. O'Sullivan, Miss Hynes,—all ex-presidents,—Mrs. Mallon and Mrs. Doane of the present executive; Miss Mary Power, the first Gollege graduate from Loretto, and Miss Made-

leine Smythe, the holder of the first L.A.A. Scholarship.

Miss Mona Coxwell made a very entertaining toast-mistress, particularly in her remarks when proposing a toast to the King and the "Canada" was responded to by Miss Gertrude Kelly; "Alma Mater" by Mrs. Thos. Lalor, and "Sister Societies" by Mrs. Day. Miss Power made a dutiful subject a live issue of compelling interest in her address on "Child Welfare." Mrs. E. P. Kelly, as our new president, and Mrs. O'Sullivan as the eldest president to grace the event with her presence, were entertainingly reminiscent. After our four years of war work, this gaily festive party with its lavish decorations of flags and Spring trilliums and lilacs, seemed like the re-ushering in of our old social good times.

Good luck to the officers of 1919-21 Executive Committee!

#### Special Notice.

The omission of the mid-summer number of the Rainbow deprived the Ladies of Loretto of an opportunity of expressing their great appreciation of and thanks for all that was done by former pupils and kind friends in behalf of the Easter Bazaar. They are sincerely grateful to all who so generously gave their services on the occasion. They cannot forget the wonderful spirit of sacrifice and the untiring zeal of those who took charge of the booths and refreshment tables. Besides the ladies mentioned in the above Alumnae report, there were many who gave special help: Mrs. Van Dyne, Mrs. Bender, the Misses Kathleen and Susie Rvan. Mrs. Stafford Higgins, Mrs. Millan, Mrs. Hugh Ryan, Miss Hobberlin, Miss F. McKenna, Miss Boland, Mrs. Benney, Mrs. Weiss, Miss M. O'Sullivan, Miss M. Flanigan, Miss Hennessey, President of St. Helen's Sodality, with many members thereof. The assistance of Mr. Bender and Mr. Getty were invaluable.

#### BLUE PENCIL BUREAU

Toronto, Sept. 25, 1919.

Dear B.P.B.,—I have a serious matter to propose to you which I hope is somehow within the province of this Department. A group of interested, wide-awake teachers whose schools are so near each other that they meet often, have asked me to suggest some plan by which they can put themselves in touch with the best literature of the day. Their pedigogical training has required such close applications to direct lines of study, with examinations and test lessons constantly hanging over them, that they are conscious of having missed much of leading Catholic thought and literary achievement. What course would you propose that would be not too confusing or laborious for them to follow? I feel that they should be encouraged in their laudable desire for self-improvement.

Pardon me for taking up so much of your valuable time, and

Believe me, gratefully yours,

LOYOLA BATES, ALUMNA.

Ans. Your friends could not do better than form a club or reading circle on the lines suggested by the Catholic Truth Society in an admirable little pamphlet just issued by that body, and obtainable for the small sum of two cents. It is called "Reading Circles and Study Clubs' and may be had by addressing the C.T.S. at 67 Bond St., City. The directions given for forming and governing such a club are simple and easy and a fine catalogue of approved books is given by way of guidance. Many of the books are by non-Catholic writers, but they make safe and profitable reading; and those which cannot be obtained at the Public Libraries of the city, could be purchased by a slight tax upon the members. In that way the nucleous of a club library would be formed. The list of books includes, besides much fiction, works written on lines of philosophy, sociology, religion, natural science, biography, essays and poetry—something to suit all tastes. We take very much pleasure in assisting so praiseworthy an undertaking, and should like to hear how the plan progresses.

Ques. Is the use of the word "However" at the beginning of a sentence, absolutely incorrect, or is it an awkward expression only, and therefore to be avoided?

Ans. "However" may be used at the beginning of a sentence, and it has the sanction of good literary authority. It occurs frequently in the works of Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Addison and Johnson.

Ques. Why am I corrected for saying "It smells sweetly" and yet I can say "It looks badly?" Are not the verbs in both these sentences of incomplete predication?

Ans. The first follows the rule of requiring an adjective, not an adverb, to complete it. The second varies from the rule because the word "bad" in this case, admits of two meanings, viz., "to look ill" or "to look wicked." The adjective is used for the former meaning. It is a rare exception.

Ques. Can "without" and "unless" be used synonymously?

Ans. Not in the same construction, e.g.: "I cannot go without you, and "I cannot go unless you do" express much the same idea; but change them as they stand and the error is plain. We confess having heard this form: "I cannot go without you do," but no educated person would be guilty of using it.

Contest.—A copy of one of Isabel Clarke's late novels will be given for the best original prose paragraph sent in before Dec. 1st. It must contain not fewer than two hundred words, and the subject is left to the writer's choice. Address "Blue Pencil Bureau, Rainbow Office, Loretto Abbey, Wellington Place, Toronto."

#### College and Academy Class Notes

#### ABBEY NOTES.

#### Teachers' Convention-June 29th and 30th.

A meeting, full of interest and profit to all the members of the Toronto staff of Catholic teachers, was held at Loretto Abbey, on the two dates quoted above. A car-strike occurring at this period, restricted the intended three days' session to two. His Grace Archbishop McNeil, to whose active zeal in the cause of education the Convention was due, presided, and with the assistance of Mr. Michael O'Brien, now in charge of Catholic school interests with the Government, and Rev. Brother Rogatian, local Inspector of Separate Schools, conducted the meetings for Senior. Intermediate and Junior Forms. Papers were read and discussed by members of the teaching staff, on Christian Doctrine and on School Civics, as applicable to the several grades. A very interesting summing up of the debated questions, followed by an earnest exordium from His Grace, brought each session to a close. The subjects provided abundant matter for consideration and many interesting points were discussed.

In his address to the assembled body of teachers-surprisingly numerous, considering the difficulties of transportation-His Grace pointed out the difference between moral and doctrinal teaching. He said that while moral teaching is given in the half-hour devoted to Catechism, doctrinal teaching should be carried out and become the work of the whole day, incidentally during the regular class-work, as well as during recreation periods. Quoting Rev. Father McEachen, who was engaged in Rome upon the new Universal Catechism, he asked the teachers to make their instructions upon morals more positive in form than the Ten Commandments, pointing out that they are negative in character, "Thou shalt not," etc., whereas the New Testament, which he recommends for use in the preparation of this work, presents the law in a positive form: "Thou shalt love the Lord," etc. "The two commandments involved in this text," he said, "contain all of the Ten Commandments and more. They overlap; they are larger, more comprehensive—as the Sermon on the Mount indicates. Positive moral teaching is more in accordance with the spirit of the New Law, as exemplified in the Eight Beatitudes: "Blessed are the meek, the poor in spirit,-those who suffer for justice's sake."

In referring to the subject of civics, His Grace touched on the methods discussed in the morning sessions. He drew an interesting contrast between the methods to be employed in teaching the two subjects-morals and civics. In the latter, practice should precede the announcement of formula or doctrine, especially in dealing with the higher grades. The main thing, he said, was to awaken in the minds and hearts of the pupils a sense of group interest, of public responsibility, of civic duty. duty in civil and social life, he explained, is but a part of the duty of loving our neighbour, contained in Christian law. One quality, warmly recommended in the training of youth, was that of self-reliance. Its necessity was forcibly urged and developed by means of interesting example and anecdote. Others in the same line were self-government, personal responsibility, and co-operation. He believed that the getting up of plays or simple concerts, did much towards cultivating these qualities. "If we could get our children to regard the importance of service above the question of gain," he said, "we should be doing much to advance the cause of education."

His Grace warned the assembly of the powerful movement on foot, whose object is to separate morals altogether from religion—that is, to secularize the moral side of life, a point which is already introduced into many of the large universities of the United States, adopted as a settled policy and practised in classes. "It behoves us," said His Grace, "to forestall anything of the kind by the efficiency we can show in practical life. Words do not count very much; mere desires do not count; the plea of conscience, to-day, does not go very far, but we can always count upon one thing-that is results. Show up results. You have the secret of moral teaching, and whatever may be the result of secularized moral teaching, certainly here is a moral teaching connected with religion that is thoroughly effective. It is a great responsibility to place on our Catholic teachers, I know, but we have the truth to throw into the work. I beg of you to increase your enthusiasm, to make your work more effective, and above all to get your pupils to share your enthusiasm. It is one of the real means of getting the pupils to have towards their church the feeling that is akin to patriotism towards the nation, and if we do that, I feel that we shall not only have benefitted our present generation, but provided a safe-guard for the position of the Catholic Church in time to come, because the trials that are coming are

very much greater than those we have had in the past."

The meeting broke up with many expressions of thanks to His Grace, of satisfaction at the benefits gained through the Convention, and earnest desire on the part of all to have it repeated, at least annually.

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Three Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Australia, on their way to attend an Election at their Mother House in Rathfarnham, Dublin, were welcomed enthusiastically by the Community at Loretto Abbey on July 15, and made a short stay here. They were Rev. M.M. Stanislaus, Provincial of Australia, Rev. M.M. Rosario and Rev. M.M. Joseph Stanislaus. They had been months on the way and were glad of the few days' halt on their long journey. Their short stay was closely taken up with making the acquaintance of their Sisters here, sight seeing, visiting the other houses in Toronto, and comparing notes with all. They left for Niagara Falls and finished their visit in that ideal spot where they had to tell everything all over again and resist the temptation to remain longer than their programme allowed. If there be any doubt as to the pleasure of their own entertainment, there is none at all as to that conferred upon their sisters by their visit. They will have circled the globe on their return to Australia. We hope that all will go well with them and that they will not forget their sisters on this hemisphere. The account of an interview with His Grace Archbishop Neil McNeil of Toronto, is quoted from the pages of the Register, in "General Educational Items," of this number.

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Rev. Father Edward de la Peza of Mexico City, now resident at Loyola College, Montreal, supplemented a very excellent Retreat of eight days, by a lecture on Mexico, on the evening of August 15th, at the urgent request of a house full of Retreatants. This lecture was of intense interest, one of the best ever delivered here. After a three-hours sitting there was not the slightest sign of flagging interest on the part of the audience, nor exhaustion of thrilling detail on the part of the brilliant reconteur. The very rare encounters with English idioms in the Rev. speaker's discourse added to, rather than substracted from, its charm. We understand that Father de la Peza is only lent to Canada, but we hope that his Order will strengthen its claim upon him and delay his return indefinitely.

The first number of "The Saulteur," a Year Book from Loretto Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., is on our table. It is a gem, and having leaped into fame with its first issue, bears out its name with remarkable fidelity. It deserves a high place already among year (and quarter-year) books. Besides a number of excellent illustrations, of 1919 graduates and some highly artistic stage settings of the classical plays produced by these renowned amateurs, there are many fine literary contributions upon its pages. Few readers look for genuine pieces of literature in the advertisement section of a magazine, but in the Saulteur, the very words of Shakespeare have been most ingeniously and happily pressed into service. That section alone spells FAME for the editors and FORTUNE for the advertisers. The Rainbow overheard a certain worried looking editor of a school-magazine remark, after reading these last touches of genius in the Saulteur:

"Deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book."

—The Tempest.

#### LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE NOTES.

The Annual University Convocation was held on Friday, May 17. The L.A.C. graduates who received the degree of B.A. were Miss Madeline Smyth, Miss Grace Elston, Miss Mertis Donnelly and Miss Florence Daly. In the evening of the same day the St. Michael's graduates and their friends had the pleasure of hearing a talk on American Women Poets, by Mrs. Joyce Kilmer, at Loretto Abbey College. The pathetic and brave presence of the lecturer was even more inspiring than the stories of contemporary writers, and during the few days spent at L.A.C. Mrs. Kilmer made for herself a lasting place in the memory and admiration of the college students.

On Saturday morning Solemn High Mass was celebrated in St. Joseph's College Chapel, at which the St. Michael's women graduates of both colleges were present, with their friends and instructors. The celebrant was the Very Rev. H. Carr, C.S.B., and the deacons, Rev. F. D. Meader, C.S.B., and Rev. M. J. Oliver, C.S.B. Rev. R. McBrady delivered a most scholarly and inspiring sermon on the Christian ideal of higher education as one that includes all that was best in the old classic ideal, and adds to it a supernatural view of life.

#### Collegio Results.

The graduates of 1919 sustained the record of their predecessors in the college. Miss Madeline Smith of Bolton, Ont., completed her four years' course in Moderns, in which she has, each year, obtained First Class Honours.

Miss Grace Elston of Peterboro, Ont., completed the English and History classics course with First Class Honours in English, Latin and Greek, and Second Class Honours in History.

Miss Mertis Donnelly of Pinkerton, Ont., and Miss Florence Daly of Toronto, obtained the General Course B.A. degree.

#### THIRD YEAR.

Honour Moderns—First Class Honours, Mary Doyle; Second Class Honours, Dorothea Cronin. General Course—Frances Redmond, Gertrude Walsh, Kathleen Costello.

#### SECOND YEAR.

Honour Moderns—Second Class Honours, Kathleen O'Connell; Frances O'Brien (aegr.).

General Course—Lois McBrady, Helen Mullett, Madeline Daly.

#### FIRST YEAR.

Honour Moderns—First Class Honours—Phyllis Allen, Anna Mullett; Second Class Honours, Betty McGrath.

Honour English and History—Marjorie Cray (aegr.).

General Course—II. Proficiency, Marie Hannan, Mary Mallon; Pass Proficiency, Sheila Irvine, Kathleen Lee, Eleanor McIntosh, Marguerite Runstadler (Anc. History), Ann Henry, C. Wood, Helen Guinane (Rel. Know.), Sheila Doyle (Math., Anc. History), Loretto Flynn (Bot.), Louise Gibbons (Lat., Anc. History).

#### AWARDS FOR 1919.

- 1. Mary Ward Scholarship—Obtained by Phyllis Allen and Anna Mullett.
  - 2. College Alumnae Scholarship-No award.
- 3. St. Michael's Prize for Second Year English—Obtained by Lois McBrady.
- 4. Honour English Prize—Presented by Very Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., obtained by Kathleen O'Connell.
- 5. Prize for Religious Knowledge—Obtained by Gertrude Walsh.

Anna Mullett and Phyllis Allen stood first in the complete University for First Year Moderns in May, 1919.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT.

In October the College will have the honour of a lecture by Miss Lily Barry, of the Catholic Social Guild of Montreal, on Sociology and the practical work of the Guild. On that occasion the college honours and prizes will be conferred in the successful students of 1919, and announcement will be made of additional scholarships and prizes open for competition to the students of 1920.

#### CLASS PROPHECY.

WHILE exploring the attic this morning I discovered this box of old tokens, the relics of my school days.

Here are letters that I treasured,
From the friends of other days,
Some have gone, we know not whither—
Down life's dim and changing ways,
Scattered like the leaves of Autumn,
Drifting, drifting far apart.

In this bundle are letters from the girls of my old class 1920. What changes have come to us all in twenty years. Loretto has cause to be proud of those girls, for many of them have become famous.

Letter 1—A letter from Dorothy Hewson. Dorothy is the newly appointed Chief Justice of United States Supreme Court. She assumed the duties of her office about a month ago, and I had the pleasure of accompanying her to Washington at that time. Marion Morgan was also in the party. What of Marion? She has been doing the most natural thing in the world, living in Japan and teaching her beloved Latin to the Japs.

Letter 2—A letter from Ruth Hyman! Well do I remember the evening in New York when I went with Ruth to hear Rose McAneney in Grand Opera. After the performance we all returned to their neat little bungalow on the top of the flatiron-building and had a delightful time recalling our old school mates and the

many happy days we all spent together. Ruth, as you may know, is New York's most famous teacher of dramatic art—her specialty is teaching court bows.

Letter 3—This one is from Mary Mangan. What a glorious summer I spent with her five years ago on the farm in South Dakota! She was the most active girl in our class and we all expected her to write her name high among the immortals. Imagine our surprise when she chose to marry a farmer and devote her time to the amusement of dairy and incubator. Well! she is happy and no doubt has chosen the better part.

Letter 4—This from Kathryn Miller, our dignified class president. After leaving school she entered with much gusto into social life and became a great belle, but after a few years she wearied of social triumphs and longed for higher things. Finally she forsook the gayety of the ball-room for the quiet of the convent. She is now the much-loved head of Loretto Academy, Englewood.

Letter 5—Poor Marie Kennedy, our militant suffragette! Some years ago her interests seemed to rest in politics, but who ever thought she would continue such work! Well, she did, and some time ago went to Europe to gain admittance to the Paris Conference, that she might uphold and defend the Monroe doctrine.

Letter 6—Mary Ryan! We all knew when in school that Mary had great love for the sciences, and so we were not surprised when she followed up that line, later marrying a noted scientist. Some years afterwards, by their united efforts, they discovered the long-sought secret of electricity. She is now spending a considerable portion of her income in providing beauty parlors for all public buildings.

Letter 7—Last, but by no means least, Leonore Mortimer! And what of Leonore? We knew she always had a fancy for winning fame in some extraordinary manner. She accepted a commission from the geographical society of Norway and sailed from New York to measure the Equator and take its temperature.

Yes, the Class of 1920 has done well.

Once more in blue and white I'll bind

These tokens old, so let them rest until

Loved fancies o'er my vision steal again,

And with the dreams of youth my senses
thrill.

Yet once again 'ere memories fade I'll greet that merry throng, As on that Class-day long ago, We'll sing Loretto's song.

VERONICA JORDAN, '20.

#### LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

E, the class of 1920, of the Academy of Loretto, Englewood, City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, being of sound mind and memories, and considering the uncertainty of this frail and transitory life, do hereby make, ordain, publish, and decree this our last will and testament, in order, as justly as we may, to distribute our interests in school life among succeeding classes.

Item: To our beloved teachers we leave perfect happiness and peace of mind for three whole months. Nevertheless, we do beseech them not to pine and fret their lives away over our loss, for we would console them by disclosing the long concealed fact of the great superiority of the Fourth Year to come, over our humble selves.

Item: To the school girls at large we leave the Convent grounds, with all the trees and flowers that grow therein—especially our wonderful botanical possession—the dandleberry tree. And we give them full permission to pick aforesaid flowers whenever they may so desire.

To them also we leave the board walk which surrounds said grounds, only warning them to "watch their step," for many a shoe has scandalously divorced its heel in the cracks of the above-mentioned walk.

Item: To the girls also we do will, as objects of special interest, the swing, benches and chairs which abound in the grounds, and do sincerely advise them to hold staunchly and

bravely to their positions in the swing, despite the divers bogus messages sent to them by the jealous occupants of the benches and chairs. We also resign forever and a day, our places in the various "Mob scenes" and hand them down with our deepest sympathies to our unfortunate successors.

Item: We give our heartfelt thanks to our Spiritual Director, Father Rebedeau, and in return for his zealous efforts to instill into our hearts the fear and love of God, we give him sole authority to compile, and have published in his name, either in book or pamphlet form, all the valuable information we have given to him in the past year, especially in our treatises on the subject of Spiritism. And we do will and bequeath to him all the proceeds coming from aforesaid books or pamphlets, only on condition that, should he be taken in hand by the law, he will neither sue, nor in any way take revenge himself upon the donors of said information.

Item: And lastly, realizing the fact that the present Third Year are our just and legitimate successors, we do bequeath to them our own personal possessions, to wit:

The Assembly Room with all its comforts and conveniences, together with all the mutilated books, stubby pencils, penless penholders, and like accumulations which they are likely to find in any nook or cranny.

Our privilege of precedure are dismissal, and special privilege to "lord it over the Freshmen, Sophs and Juniors,"

To Dorothy Hewson, Marion Berry's important position as Loretto Orchestra—Ukelele, Jewsharp and Trombone included.

To Marie Kennedy, Josephine White's intense love for her books.

To Ruth Hyman, Margaret Finan's almost superhuman knowledge of Botany, and Marie Ennis' stentorian tones.

To Mary Ryan, Ursula Mortimer bequeaths her soubriquet of "Queenie," and likewise her queenly glide, with her sincerest wishes that Mary will make use of them in next year's performance. To Mary Mangan, Alice O'Malley's perpetual grin, incredible capacity for doughnuts, and almost Herculean strength, in carrying about on her shapely aquiline nose a load of tinted talcum, without completely drooping beneath the weight.

To Veronica Jordan, Jeanette Sunderland's vivacious movements.

To Marion Morgan, Mary Fitzpatrick's faculty for stepping into wire entanglements, and Helen Meyering's cheerful disposition, to be used exclusively by Marion when the Latin period draws nigh.

To Rose McAneney, Gladys Meyers' haughty demeanor, as she lisps, "I hope you do not expect me to stay in this miserable abode over Friday night!"

To Leonore Mortimer, Mary Katherine Mayer's sweet, melodious gurgle as she intones her history to Sister.

To Katherine Miller, Nona Kelly's happy faculty for picking up stray books.

And finally, our twelve exemplars leave their good will and promises of future fidelity to the dear old L. A., taking their departure amidst lamentations and tears, bearing with them many fond recollections and memories.

In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names and affixed our seals.

This instrument was published and declared by the said testators, the Class of 1919, to be their last will and testament.

KATHRYN MILLER, '20.

#### ENGLEWOOD NOTES.

Sept. 2, 1919.—8.55 a.m., opening of school. Twenty-five children applied for admission and the title of "freshies." They are rather an interesting group of children, of variegated sizes and great promise.

Sept. 4. Normal Returns. The examinations were a pronounced success, one hundred per cent. There was universal rejoicing among the happy candidates.

Sept. 8. An unusually warm day. We, the seniors, were requested to give a talk on the

disadvantages of a hot day. Our arguments in favour of studyless hot days were so good that our teachers "liberally melted," and granted a half holiday.

Sept. 18. Father Bruno, from Techny, Ill., gave a very enthusiastic talk. He interested us deeply in his missionary work, and requested us to save canceled stamps and old jewelry, for the ransom of pagan children.

Sept. 19. The announcement of a coming retreat, and consequent rejoicing.

An hour may not seem long, but the seniors, overflowing with perfectly new "stunts" in the way of initiation, utilized every minute so well that in the hour the entire first year were initiated. Only a few refused "the ordeal," and retired from the stage.

Sept. 23. Universal "in-come" of canceled stamps, and a large box on the desk in the assembly room. A modern Pandora, overcome with curiosity, opened the box, and there, reposing in peaceful quietude and rest, was some tinfoil, brought by a zealous missionary.

RUTH HYMAN.

Loretto, Englewood.

#### LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN.

One of the most attractive entertainments of the season was held on Friday, when the Junior and High School scholars of Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, gave their annual commencement. Twelve graduates from the Junior school department of the Academy presented the drama of "Everysoul" in a wonderfully sympathetic manner, the play being preceded by a musical programme of considerable merit. The musical recitation, "When We Haven't Said Our Prayers," was exceptionally well rendered by Miss Agnes Todhunter, and a beautiful pantomime of "Joan of Arc" was given by the girls of the Fifth and Sixth grades.

The Prologue of "Everysoul" was said by Miss Marie Houle and the part of "Everysoul" acted by Miss Virginia Hartley in an intelligent manner. Miss Helen Hennessey as the "Angel," and Miss Marion Morgan as "Nature," did exceptionally well. Miss Sarah Skehan and Miss Beatrice Meyers as the Voices of the Waves and Winds, were exceedingly well trained, and Miss Hazel Leck, the Sunbeam, was the incarnation of light and sunshine. A pleasing address was delivered to the Junior graduates by the Rev. C. Donovan of St. Thomas the Apostle Church.

The Commencement of the Academy was marked by great perfection of detail. Eleven young ladies received diplomas and were addressed in an eloquent oration by the Hon. John P. McGoorty. The musical numbers showed artistic taste and unusual technique. Chopin's Scherzo being rendered well by Miss Vivian Buzzer and Rachmaninoff's "Prelude, Opus 3, No. 2," being played by Miss Dorothy Tudor, with remarkable sympathy and skill.

"The Triumph," a drama adapted especially for the occasion by a member of the Order, was allegorical in character. In three acts it showed how Time is deposed by Religion. Then came the Masque of the Hundred Years of Illinois, and the celebration of Illinois' Triumph.

The graduates who took part in the drama showed the careful training and the high ideals for which this Academy has always been distinguished.

A full list of the graduates is as follows: Vivian Bruzzer, Evelyn Baskerville, Madeleine Cullinan, Mary Leona Davey, Marguerita Gilpin, Helen Maguire, Una Simmons, Della Twohy, Julia Waters, Marie Zang.

## **Examination Results**

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

List of successful candidates in Music Department:

Special mention must be made of Miss Alma Rudell, Loretto Convent, Guelph, who won the silver medal given by Toronto Conservatory of Music, for highest marks in Junior School Examination.

NOTE: Dr. and Mrs. Vogt were present at the Musicale on June 18th. At the conclusion the Doctor congratulated the teachers and pupils on the excellence of the work done in this line, and he presented Evelyn Lee with the Toronto Conservatory Medal won at her last examination, by obtaining highest marks in Intermediate Grade Piano. This was Dr. Vogt's first visit since he had been appointed Dean of the University, and his many friends among teachers and pupils were honoured and delighted by his presence.

#### Loretto Abbey and Day School.

EXAMINATION FOR ASSOCIATESHIP (A.T.C.M.)

Pass-Helen Galligan, Marcella Anderson.

INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL GRADE.

Pass—Carmilla Morrow.

JUNIOR GRADE.

Pass-Mary McDevitt.

JUNIOR SCHOOL GRADE.

Pass—Eleanor Bone, Elsa Kastner (equal); Dorothy Lloyd.

PRIMARY GRADE.

Pass-Martha Smith.

PRIMARY SCHOOL GRADE.

Pass—Frances McCarry.

ELEMENTARY GRADE

Pass-Louise Ciceri.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL GRADE.

Pass—Cecilia Harris, Alice Mason (equal); Irene Eckhardt.

INTRODUCTORY GRADE.

Honors—Mary Sheridan. Pass—Marie Smith.

PRIMARY GRADE.

Singing: 1st Class Honors—Helen Schust. Pass—Helen Morell,

INTERMEDIATE GRADE.

Theory: Form—1st Class Honors—Helen Galligan.

JUNIOR GRADE.

Harmony, Counterpoint, History: Honors—Loretto Andrews.

PRIMARY GRADE.

Harmony, Rudiments: Honors—Marcella Anderson.

Rudiments: 1st Class Honors—Helen Schust.
ELEMENTARY GRADE.

Rudiments: Pass-Kathryn Mulligan.

#### Loretto Academy, Guelph.

PIANO.

Junior School Grade: 1st Class Honors—Alma Rudell, Loyola Dooley, Anna Limpert (equal).

Primary Grade: 1st Class Honors—George Knight.

SINGING.

Junior Grade: Honors—Annunciata Tantardini.

Primary Grade: Honors—Winifred Flick.
THEORY.

Primary Grade, Rudiments: 1st Class Honors—Alma Rudell, Madeline Coffee. Honors—Anna Limpert, Levina McLelland (equal); George Knight. Pass—Grace Lansing.

#### Loretto Convent, Stratford.

University of Toronto Examinations.

Elementary Piano: Honor Standing—Mary Atkinson, Ferdian Bart, Angela Duncan, Evelyn King. Pass Standing—Olive Clarke.

Primary Piano: Honor Standing—Mary Andrews, Madeline Gravelle, Madeline Hamilton, Maurice King. Pass Standing—Hilda Chapman, Gertrude Heinbuch.

Junior Piano: Hanna Dwyer. Intermediate Piano—Vivian Thompson. Junior Singing—Masie Wilson.

Department of Education Results.

U. S. Entrance to Faculty—Part II. Margaret Kelly (hist.).

M. S. Entrance to Normal—Edna Dawson (Hon.), Margaret Moreen (Hon.), Lily Hynes, Kathleen Bannon, Louise O'Reilly (alg.), Catherine McCann, Olive Curry, Margaret Newstead (phy.), Catherine Eggert.

Junion Matriculation—Edna Dawson, Elsie Trvine, Anastatia Hughes, Jessie Proctor, Kathleen Bannon, Lily Hynes.

Pharmacy Matriculation—Kathleen Callaghan (Latin).

Lower School—Elsa Kastner (Hon.), Dorothy Fleury (Hon.), Mary Harkins, Geraldine Coffee, Teresa Howell, Mary Kearns, Alexandria Gilmore, Ina Carroll, Marguerite Pegg, Dorothy Latchford, Dorothy Burke, Marie Louise Staley, Julia Harrington, Marjory Smythe, Regina Turley, Agnes Moran, Jean Watt, Annie O'Connor, Olive Curry, Kathleen Hickey, Marcella Gibbons, Teresa Houlihan.

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#### GETTING HIM STARTED.

"George," said a Florida man not long ago to an old negro in his employ. "I understand that you intend to give your son an education."

"Dat's my intention, suh," responded George. "I know myself what 'tis to struggle along without learning, an' I has determined my son ain't goin' to have no such trouble as Ise had."

"Is your son learning rapidly?"

"He shore is, suh. Las' week he done wrote a lettah to his aunt what lives more'n twenty miles from yere, and' afta while he's goin' to write to his aunt dat lives 'bout fifty miles from yere."

"Why doesn't he write to that aunt now?" smilingly asked his employer.

"He kain't write so fur yit, suh. He kin write twenty miles fust rate, but I tole him not to try fifty miles 'til he gets strongah wif his pen."

#### THE ORGAN STOP.

An amateur musician was once performing on an organ before a number of acquaintances, and seemed very anxious to display one particular stop.

"What do you think of this?" he asked. "Well," replied a listener, "that depends

upon its name."

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed the player, "what has the name to do with it? A rose, you know, by any other name would smell as sweet."

"Yes," rejoined the listener, "but in the case of the stop the name has everything to do with it. If you call it the flute stop, for instance, I should say it is very harsh, but if you call it the railway-whistle stop I should say it is very sweet."

Casey—When ye're licked in a foight ye ought to say ye've had enough.

Dolan—Shure if Oi can spake at all Oi'm not licked yet,—Boston Transcript.

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#### THE NEW MINERAL.

A professor of geology had placed a collection of rocks on his table and was going to name them to his students, making a few remarks on each. While his back was turned a student put down with the other specimens a piece of old brick.

The professor went through the rocks, saying as he picked each up:

"This is a piece of granite. This is a piece of sandstone." At last he came to the brick, and, holding it up, said: This, gentlemen, is a piece of impudence."

#### WHO HE WAS.

Felix Mendelssohn, the famous composer, was the grandson of Moses Mendelssohn, the celebrated philosopher. His father was a Berlin banker, and one day he said:

"I should really like to know who I am! When I was young I was always called Moses Mendelssohn's son, and now that I am old I am always referred to as Felix Mendelssohn's father.'

#### THE TWO ENDS.

The wicked and corrupt Judge Jeffreys, when he went into the West of England and condemned men and women wholesale under the pretence of trying them, had a prisoner brought before him one day who maintained his innocence, and did not flinch under the judge's harsh remarks.

Pointing his cane at him, the judge said:

"There is a great rogue at the end of my cane."

"At which end, my lord?" asked the prisoner very quietly.

"How you gettin' on wid youah 'rithmetic, Lou?"

"Well, I done learned to add up de oughts, but de figgers bodder me."



